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INDEX TO VOLUME 199
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The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A	Art
C	Correspondence
D	Drama
E	Editorial Article
M	Music
MP	Moving Pictures
P	Poetry
S	Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

1- 20	July	13
21- 40	July	27
41- 60	Aug.	10
61- 80	Aug.	24
81-100	Sept.	7
101-128	Sept.	14
129-148	Sept.	21
149-176	Sept.	28
177-204	Oct.	5
205-232	Oct.	12
233-260	Oct.	19
261-288	Oct.	26
289-316	Nov.	2
317-344	Nov.	9
345-364	Nov.	16
365-392	Nov.	23
393-420	Nov.	30
421-448	Dec.	7
449-476	Dec.	14
477-504	Dec.	21
505-524	Dec.	28

A

PAGE

A-11 airplane. See YF-12A
Abel, Lionel
  Reviews of plays
    Changeling, the (Kazan production) 389
Abrams, Henry H.
  Agreement with *Nation* in support of Keating; C, opposite 149; see also E, 101
Accidents; and car design; E 234
ACT; Harlem anti-poverty group, merged with HARYOU 27, 28
Adams, Taylor
  Global nuclear poker, with prospect of China's admission to club; C, opposite 317
  Goldwater's extremist "patriotism" recalls S. Johnson definition; C 53
  Use of "Peiping" demonstrates Secretary Rusk's obsolete Far Eastern policy; C, opposite 21
Adolescents; creative subversion of Mobilization for Youth, New York social-betterment program; E 395
  Outbreaks will increase; E 129
  Why youth riots: the adolescent ghetto. F. Musgrove; S ...... 137; see also C, opposite 177
Advertising; slow reform in cigarette promotion; resignation of E. Foote from McCann-Erickson; E 207
Afghanistan; canny neutralism. L. Dupree; S 134
Africa; Soviet indifference to 187
After the first kiss—. M. J. Phillips; P 413
After a tale from Hoffman. By P. Hocks; P 144
Age: four. A. Hollo; P 338
Agriculture; Brazilian legislation on unused land unlikely to be enforced 368
  Improvement in China ...... 352 ff.
  Proposed subsidies to poor farmers in U.S. 451
  Slow reform in Chile 321
  Soviet conditions ...... 183 ff.
  Soviet failures as factor in Khrushchev's downfall 293
Air: Baltimore oriole. A. B. Spellman; P 413
Air, to dream in. A. Hollo; P 338
Airplanes; overstrain as cause of wrecks in South Vietnam. D. F. Ford; S 3
  See also Aviation; YF-12A
Alabama; Governor Wallace and the future of Dixie. R. G. Sherrill; S 266
  Huntsville economic boom from NASA activities ...... 211 ff.

PAGE

  Huntsville integration fostered by NASA activities ...... 239 ff.; see also C, opposite 317
Alaimo, Michael. First quarto commedia version of Hamlet reviewed by R. J. Schroeder; D 312
Alaska; 1964 earthquake 406
Albany. See Georgia
Alcoholism; puzzle of how nations drink. M. E. Chafetz, M.D.; S ...... 401; see also C, opposite 477
Aleichem, Sholem; short stories as basis for play Fiddler on the roof 229
Algeria; "dirty" war is paralleled in South Vietnam ...... 299 ff.; see also C, opposite 365
All these women. Reviewed by R. Hatch; MP 258
Alleg, Henri; book La question, detailing French torture of Algerians, paralleled in South Vietnam ...... 299 ff.; see also C, opposite 365
Allen, Donna
  Wages vs. benefits: who gains from the fringes?; S 379
Alper, Ethel
  Why A. Hoppe's Cuban girl is in militia; C, opposite 261; see also 216
Amada, Gerald
  Disagreement with F. W. Lindecke on second-generation poor; C, opposite 345; see also 163
American civil liberties union; role in freeing ministers jailed for 1961 Tallahassee sit-in .. 63
  Would have furnished lawyer for Oswald .. 299
American dream; caricatured in 1964 election campaign; must be re-created; E 317, 346
American society for engineering education; working with office of civil defense to revive fallout-shelter idea. S. M. Slaby; C, opposite 477
Ammons, A. R.
  Portrait; P 310
Amneus, Thomas
  Times quoted on U.S. officials' advocacy bombing Vietcong hospitals; C, opposite 365; see also C. Davidson article, 299
Anaconda co., inc.; high taxation of copper operations in Chile 321
  Successful employment in Montana of ex-coal miners from Appalachia 423
Anouilh, Jean. Play Poor Bitos reviewed by H. Clurman; D 415
  Play Traveller without luggage reviewed by H. Clurman; D 202
Anthony, George
  Summer; P 38
Appalachia; West Virginia chair firm's bankruptcy as setback to retraining of ex-miners; E 423
Architecture; New York world's fair, 1964. M. Kozloff; A 16
  For reviews, see McQuade, W.
Aref, Abdul Salam. See Iraq
Art; reviews of. See Kozloff, M.; Karlen, A.
Artists; Victims of urban renewal; E 43
Asbury, Beverly Allen
  Minister's account of summer civil-rights struggle in Mississippi; S 509
Astronautics; Mariner IV attempt to photograph Mars and fortunes of NASA; E 478
  NASA's moon boom in Southern space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 211
  Ranger 7 photos leave doubts on lunar landing surface; E 178
  Space travel deplored as major goal by scientist R. Bellman; E 263
Athletes. See Sports
Atom bomb
  Condemned by Catholic Ecumenical Council, with minority dissenting; E 366

PAGE

  Fallout-shelter idea being revived with aid of American society for engineering education. S. M. Slaby; C, opposite 477
  Five-nation conference on proposed by de Gaulle 422
  Lull in U.S.-Soviet race give chance to improve international atmosphere; E 505
  Nuclear tests
    Chinese explosion portends admission to club with tacit U.S. acceptance. T. Adams; C, opposite 317
    Possible U.S. violation of test-ban treaty in refueling French military plane bound for test area; E 506
    Protests against Polynesian site for French weapons; E 22
    Significance of Chinese device; E 289
  Operation Sea orbit, of U.S. nuclear-powered task force; E 129
  Significance of admission by scientists Wiesner and York that nuclear missile race is futile for defense; E 233
  West German finger on atom in NATO multilateral force. A. Etzioni; S 208
Atomic energy. See Nuclear energy
Australia; protest against Polynesian site for French nuclear tests 22
Automobiles; General motors strike: prototype for more conflict. B. J. Widick; S 349
  June 15 editorial, Mowing them down, corroborated by Ford booklet citing compact-car safety. E. H. Tilford; C, opposite 21
  "Tiger in your tank"—makers' stress of performance at expense of safety; E 234
Aviation; regulation by states, advocated by Goldwater, would bring chaos; E 235
Awards; Nobel prizes for M. L. King, Jr., and J.-P. Sartre commended; E 319

B

Ba'ath party; and Iraqi politics ...... 423 ff.
Backster, Cleve; testimony on lie detectors 160 ff.
Baghdad. See Iraq
Baker, Bobby; relations with Senator G. Smathers ...... 426 ff.
  Senate investigation of payoff scandals conducted with suspicious ineptness; E 451
Ball, Ed; relations of intransigent head of Florida east coast railway with Senator Smathers 428-9, 435
Bay area friends of SNCC
  San Francisco conference announced; C, opposite 289
Ball, Under secretary of state George; on economic sanctions against Cuba 117
Beecher, John
  New Orleans police raid of integrated Quorum music club; S 272
Belgium; joint rescue missions with U.S. and political intervention in Congo ...... 452 ff.
Bell, Frances
  Defense-funds plea for San Francisco sit-in rights demonstrators; C, opposite 61
Bellman, Richard; mathematician stresses health and welfare goals vs. space travel; E 263
Bellow, Saul. Play The last analysis reviewed by H. Clurman; D 256
Barber, Richard J.
  Windfall for conspiracy in IRS ruling that price-fixing damage claims are tax-deductible; S 332
Bardecke, Judith
  Loan of tapes and movies of N. Thomas requested; C, opposite 233
Baruch, Bernard M.; Baruch and his legend. A. A. Blum; S 72
Baseball; St. Louis Cardinals' manager T Keane praised for frank letter of resignation; E 291

PAGE

- Bass, Representative Ross; won Democratic Senatorial primary in Tennessee ... 62, 88
- Berger, Arthur; orchestral work Polyphony reviewed by B. Boretz; M ... 446
- Berger, Roland
  - China today: "walking on two legs"; S ... 352; see also C, opposite 421
- Bergman, Ingmar; film All these women reviewed by R. Hatch; MP ... 258
- Bernstein, Leonard; Symphony No. 3 recording reviewed by B. Boretz; M ... 258
- Bernstein, Merton C.
  - June 15 article, The pension mirage, corrobated. W. Gerstel; C, opposite 21; see also 381
- Bernstein, Richard J.
  - Educator's impressions of summer civil-rights struggle in Mississippi; S ... 512
- Bess, Donovan
  - California on trial in racist housing Proposition 14; S ... 179; see also C, opposite 261 and 365
- Bigart, Homer; on "dirty" war in South Vietnam ... 301
- Birchites. See Conservatives
- Birth control; Catholic Church and pill. R. E. Hall, M.D.; S ... 191
- Black Muslims; role in Harlem riots ... 51
- Blue woman, the. J. Sloman; P ... 224
- Blum, Albert A.
  - Baruch and his legend; S ... 72
- B'nai B'rith; study Danger on the Right ... 178
- Boebel, Jim. See Osheroff, A.
- Bonnard, Pierre. Museum of modern art show reviewed by M. Kozloff; A ... 286
- Boretz, Benjamin
  - Reviews of music
    - Berger, A., Polyphony ... 446
    - Imbrie, A., Violin concerto ... 447
    - Layton, B. J., Quartet ... 447
    - Orchestras in New York ... 342
  - Reviews of recorded music
    - Bach and Bartók ... 364
    - Bernstein's Symphony No. 3 and Britten's War requiem ... 258
    - Opera — Verdi, Puccini, and Mussorgsky ... 127
    - Records of the year ... 472
- Bowers, Faubion
  - Avant-garde festival at Judson hall, New York; M ... 172
- Brazil; military regime suppressing the future. R. H. Chilcote; S ... 368
  - Witch hunt by U.S.-backed counterrevolution; E ... 206
- Brevard county. See Florida
- Brezhnev, Leonid; Khrushchev's co-successor 293
  - Relinquishes Soviet presidency for Communist party secretaryship ... 43, 45
- Britten, Benjamin; War requiem recording reviewed by B. Boretz; M ... 258
- Brown, Governor Edmund G.; credited for decline in California executions ... 367
  - Pressure on to permit highways through California redwood regions ... 92
- Brown engineering; race relations of NASA space contractor in Huntsville, Ala. ...240, 241
- Brown & Root; favored space-installation contractors ... 277
- Brozek, Josef M.; University of California professor's paper on experiments in prolonged malnutrition. D. Cort; S ... 329
- Buchanan, Patrick J.
  - Jefferson City: the prison that just grew; S ... 355
- Buffalo, N.Y., museum; British artists show reviewed by M. Kozloff; A ... 474
- Building of the skyscraper, the. G. Oppen; P ... 468
- Burbridge, Thomas N.; professor jailed for San Francisco sit-in role ... 24
- Burford, William
  - The spell; P ... 409
- Business; medium-sized firms as source of Goldwater campaign funds; E ... 61
  - Utilities' contributions to rightist causes investigated by Senator L. Metcalf; E .. 206
  - Wrecking of U.S. cities; E ... 207
- Buttenweiser, Mrs. Helen L.; lawyer on New York divorce practices ... 461

C

- Cahn, Edmond; tribute to late legal scholar; E ... 83
- California; decline in executions ... 367
  - Defense funds needed for San Francisco sit-in rights demonstrators. F. Bell; C, opposite 61
  - Movement to repeal Rumford fair-housing act ... 24
  - On trial in racist housing Proposition 14. D. Bess; S ... 179; see also C, opposite 261 and 365
  - Plays ostrich with taboo on earthquakes. D. Cort; S ... 404
  - Reasons for passage of Proposition 14. K. M. Ruppenthal; C, opposite 365
  - Redwoods-vs.-highways controversy. H. Gilliam; S ... 91
  - Stake in space program ... 277
  - Students strike at U. of California. G. Marine; S ... 482
  - Vital pathology of art in. M. Kozloff; A .. 76
- Callaway, William N.
  - Soviet governmental stability demonstrated, not disproved, by Khrushchev ouster; C, opposite 345; see also E, 289; C, opposite 421
- Cambodia; U.S. responsibility for turn toward China; E ... 365
- Cambridge circus. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 286
- Canada. Letter from Quebec, on French separatists. M. Schleifer; S ... 386
  - *Maclean's* magazine poll on federation with U.S. By D. Cort; S ... 51; see also C, opposite 129
- Caparelli, G. A.
  - Praise for editorial Hoover the vulgarian; C, opposite 477; see also E, 394
  - Praise for Goldwaterism article by C. McWilliams; C, opposite 101; see also 68
- Cape Kennedy. See Florida
- Capital punishment; repealed in Oregon and on way out elsewhere; E ... 367
- Castro, Fidel. See Cuba
- Catholic Church; and birth-control pill. R. E. Hall, M.D.; S ... 191
  - Minority opposition in Ecumenical Council to condemnation of nuclear weapons; E .. 366
  - Responsibility for New York divorce situation ... 461 ff.
- Censorship; Los Angeles vs. film Scorpio rising; Chicago vs. book Candy. F. Haines and B. Cook; S ... 123, 125
- Central intelligence agency. See United States—Central intelligence agency
- Chafetz, M. E., M.D.
  - How nations drink: the puzzle of alcoholism; S ... 401; see also C, opposite 477
- Chambers, Hansi. See Lewis, V. E.
- Changeling, the (Kazan production). Reviewed by L. Abel; D ... 389
- Chekhov, Anton. Play The three sisters (Actors studio production) reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 37
  - Play Uncle Vanya (British national theatre) reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 19
- Chilcote, Ronald H.
  - Brazil: military regime suppressing the future; S ... 368
- Children; Juvenile delinquents: do we hate our children? R. Tunley; S ... 5; see also C, opposite 41
- Chile; protests against Polynesian site for French nuclear tests ... 22
  - Revolution of good intentions in. M. Wyman; S ... 320
- China, Communist
  - Beneficiary of U.S. errors in Cambodia; E ... 365
  - China today: "walking on two legs." R. Berger; S ... 352; see also C, opposite 421
  - Factor in Khrushchev's ouster. A. Werth; S ... 291
  - New Russo-Chinese equation following Khrushchev's ouster. F. Kuh; S ... 294
  - Possible political agreement with U.S. on U.N. neutralization of Asian trouble spots. D. Grant; E ... 1
  - Repercussions of U.S. Presidential campaign on Soviet relations ... 45
  - Significance for self and world of nuclear explosion; E ... 289
  - Soviet opinions on Khrushchev policy toward ... 188
  - U.N. membership backed by de Gaulle ... 422
  - U.S. escalation of Vietnam war would effect rapprochement with Soviet Union; E ... 421
  - Underdog fighting back with nuclear explosion; likelihood of admission to "club." T. Adams; C, opposite 317
- Christian crusade; tax-exempt status revoked. N. Mandelbaum; C, opposite 421
- Cigarettes. See Smoking
- Cimring, Harry
  - Tshombe and mercenaries likened to George III and Hessians; C, opposite 365
- Cities, U.S.; wrecking of by business; E 207
- Civil rights; Criminals, cops, and the Constitution. Y. Kamisar; S ... 322
  - 1964 act may mark break in monolithic racial stand of Southern politicians.... 133-134
  - Student demonstrations and strikes for; E ... 477; 482 ff.
  - See also Negroes—Civil rights
- Clark, Kenneth B.; opposition to politicians' control of Harlem anti-poverty program. W. Klein; S ... 27; see also C, opposite 81; E, 395 and 449
- Cleveland. See Ohio
- Clurman, Harold
  - Critic's credo, a; D ... 120, 147 (two parts); see also C, opposite 149 and 317
  - Reviews of plays
    - Cambridge circus ... 286
    - Committee, the ... 202
    - Doctor Faustus (Phoenix theatre) ... 285
    - Fiddler on the roof ... 229
    - Golden boy (W. Gibson production with S. Davis) ... 340
    - Great Britain's national theatre; D ... 18
    - Hobson's choice (British national theatre) ... 19
    - Last analysis, the ... 256
    - Luv ... 415
    - Man and superman (A.P.A. production) 522
    - Master builder, the (British national theatre) ... 18
    - Oh what a lovely war ... 256
    - Old Glory, the ... 390
    - Othello (British national theatre) ... 20
    - Physicists, the ... 340
    - Poor Bitos ... 415
    - Recruiting officer, the (British national theatre) ... 19
    - Room, the ... 523
    - Sign in Sidney Brustein's window, the .. 340
    - Slight ache, a ... 523
    - Slow dance on the killing ground ... 523
    - Three sisters, the (Actors studio) ... 37
    - Traveller without luggage ... 202
    - Tyrone Guthrie theatre ... 59
    - Uncle Vanya (British national theatre).. 19
- COFO. See Negroes—Civil rights
- Committee, the. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 202
- *Commonweal;* congratulations on fortieth anniversary ... 396
- Computers; proposed role in coding derogatory information for air force; E ... 84
- Concorde; breakdown of British-French co-operation in development of aircraft ... 399
- Conde, D. W.
  - U.S. mercenaries flying in Congo, Laos, etc.; C, opposite 1
- Congo (Léopoldville); Hostages, mercenaries, and the CIA. J. Hatch; S ... 452
  - Soviet refusal to pay Congo peacekeeping assessments bringing U.N. crisis ... 263 ff.
  - Tshombe and mercenaries likened to George III and Hessians. H. Cimring; C, opposite 365
  - U.S. mercenaries flying for government. D. W. Conde; C, opposite 1
- Congress of racial equality (CORE). See Negroes—Civil rights
- Conover, Grandin
  - Reviews of motion pictures
    - "Cinema vérité," or new documentary, at gallery of modern art ... 283
    - Laterna magika ... 79
- Conservation; California redwoods-vs.-highways controversy. H. Gilliam; S ... 91
  - Minnesota fight against power interests for control of St. Croix river. A. D. Stedman; S ... 490
- Conservative party. See Great Britain
- Conservatives; Christian crusade's tax-exempt status revoked after *Nation's* publicizing of abuses. N. Mandelbaum; C, opposite 421
  - Concerted letter-writing campaign to local papers should be countered by liberals. G. L. Guertner; C, opposite 205
  - Control of GOP: can the moderates come back? M. Viorst; S ... 217
  - FCC regulations provide recourse to victims of broadcast smears by; E ... 151
  - Goldwater nomination not a test of strength. C. McWilliams; S ... 23
  - Goldwatersim: the new ideology. C. McWilliams; S ... 68
  - Informational programs on radical Right by B'nai B'rith. National committee for civic responsibility, etc.; E ... 177; see also correction, opposite 261
  - Libel via telephone; E ... 234
  - New, new guard of G.O.P. in Memphis. V. E. Lewis and H. Chambers; S ... 85
  - Police Birchites: the blue backlash. P. Hoffman; S ... 425; see also C, opposite 505
  - Position in Republican party ... 345 ff.
  - Rightist extremists revealed through Goldwater candidacy; E ... 347
  - Should form national party, according to Goldwater; E ... 393
  - Spearheading drive against Rumford act in California through Proposition 14. D. Bass; S ... 179
  - Utilities' contributions to investigated by Senator L. Metcalf; E ... 206

PAGE

Cook, Bruce
  Art in court. 2. Chicago vs. book Candy; S 125
Cook, Fred J.
  May 25 article, Hate clubs of the air, brings disclaimer formula by rightist broadcasters; E 151
Cooley, Representative Harold D.; 1962 sugar agreement encouraged speculation.. 328-9
CORE. See Negroes—Civil rights
Corinth, Lovis. Reviewed by M. Kozloff; A .. 230
Cornell university; student volunteers in Fayette county, Tennessee, Negro registration drive .... 45 ff.; E, 62
Cort, David
  June 22 article The crafts reborn praised. E. B. Segal; C, opposite 1
  Maclean's magazine poll on federation of Canada with U.S.; S .... 51; see also C, opposite 129
  The Olympics: myth of the amateur; S 157
  Starving for science; findings of Prof. J. M. Brozek's experiments in prolonged malnutrition; S 329
Council of federated organizations (COFO). See Negroes—Civil rights
Crime; capital punishment on way out; E .. 367
  Criminals, cops, and the Constitution. Y. Kamisar; S 322
  Delinquent, the: do we hate our children? R. Tunley; S .... 5; see also C, opposite 41
  J. E. Hoover's reactionary suggestions for individual protection against; E 394
  Jefferson City: the prison that just grew. P. J. Buchanan; S 355
  Murder of Negroes by whites not penalized in a few states; E 478
  Police condemned for deals with guilty squealers, as in Miami Worthington-Gebhardt case; E 262
Crippled, the; may lose social security payments through legislative campaign. J. A. Page; C, opposite 421
Criticism. (Theatrical) critic's credo, a. H. Clurman; D .... 120, 147 (two parts); see also C, opposite 149 and 317
Crossword puzzles. F. W. Lewis. See back pages
Cuba; Castro foresees Latin-American guerrilla activity against military oligarchy 395
  Dropping by U.S. as sugar supplier affected free market in commodity .... 327 ff.
  OAS ostracism backed reluctantly by Chile 344
  Siege mentality and slogans. A. Hoppe; S .... 216; see also C, opposite 261 and 317
  Spanish exports to despite U.S.-Spanish military ties; E 317
  U.S. cold-shoulder policy toward. R. A. Falk; S 113
Cuomo, George
  Dangerous implications in P. Hoffman's article on police Birchites; C, opposite 505; see also 425
Cyprus; success of U.N. peacekeeping operation; E 1
Czechoslovakia; letter from Prague, on poetry and jazz. R. Littell; S 171

D

Dallas. See Texas
Davidson, Chandler
  America's "dirty" war in South Vietnam; S .... 299; see also C, opposite 345 and 365
Davis, William Hammatt; tribute to late chairman or war labor board; E 83
Day, Noel; independent Massachusetts Congressional candidate and rights leader. J. Grossman; C, opposite 81
de Gaulle, President Charles. See France
de Lissovoy, Peter
  Moments in a Southern town: "This little light" of civil rights act in Albany, Ga.; S 486
  Testing the Civil Rights Act: legalists, publicists, activists; S 7
Democratic party
  Dilemma of Dixiecrats in 1964 election; E 131
  Dixiecrats must be purged; E 347
  Freedom Democrats of Mississippi won moral victory at national convention; ..E 82
  Goldwater suggestion of national party realignment into liberal and conservative; E 393
  Prospects for in event of national liberal-rightist polarization 26
  Shift to right by undercutting liberal Republicans .... 375 ff.
  Significance of 1964 victory. C. McWilliams; E 345
  See also Presidential election of 1964
DeMuth, Jerry
  Summer in Mississippi. Freedom moves in to stay; S .... 104; see also C, opposite 149
Denenberg, R. V.
  Students get the Negro vote out in Fayette county, Tennessee; S .... 45; see also E, 62
Description of a process. E. F. Weisslitz; P 98
Deutscher, Isaac
  Russian problems and U.S. politics; S 43
di Suvero, Mark. Sculpture reviewed by M. Kozloff; A 313, 316
Diamond, James; correction in June 1 article, Okinawa: trigger in the Pacific 53
  June 1 article, Okinawa: trigger on the finger, cited to show we defend our own freedom first. V. Lyndman, Jr.; C, opposite 21
Diether, Jack
  M. Rosenberg's assumptions and conjectures on motives of Warren commission; C, opposite 177; see also 110
Dine, Jim. Reviewed by M. Kozloff; A 418
Divorce; New York style. P. Rowley; S 461
Dixiecrats; might have decided 1948 election .. 397
Dixiecrats; must be purged from Democratic party; E 347
Doctor Faustus (Phoenix production). Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 285
Doctors. See Medicine
Dominican republic; Senator Smathers' relations with late dictator Trujillo 432-3
Don't ask me about classic philosophy! I. Machulkova; P 171
Dowdy, Rev. June; Negro candidate for county office in Tennessee 45, 47
Draft. See United States—Defense, national
Dreyfus case; not parallel with finding of L. H. Oswald's guilt 297
Drinking. See Alcoholism
Drought. A. Planz; P 126
Drugs; doctors negligent in evaluating; E 130; see also C, opposite 233
DuBois, W. E. Burghardt; advocate of status goals for Negroes .... 243 ff.
Duerden, Richard
  Lit glass, the; P 413
Duerrenmatt, Friedrich. Play The physicists reviewed by H. Clurman; D 340
Duncan, Robert
  Fourth song; P 443
duPont corp.; Senator Smathers' favors to 428-9
Dupree, Louis
  Afghanistan: the canny neutral; S 134

E

Earthquakes; California plays ostrich with taboo on. D. Cort; S 404
Ecumenical Council. See Catholic church
Eder, Richard; *Times* man's interview with Castro on negotiation of disputes 113
Edelman, Irwin
  Role in Rosenberg case described inaccurately in F. J. Cook book The FBI nobody knows; C, opposite 505
Education
  Breakthrough for Negroes in South; E 149
  California U. students strike. G. Marine; S 482
  College-student protests betoken more than restlessness; E 477
  Freedom schools in Mississippi 104
  New segregated facilities held out to Negro leaders in South 244, 246
  Professor's impressions of summer civil-rights struggle in Mississippi. R. J. Bernstein; S 512
  Protracted dependency of adolescents 139
  Reforms in Britain proposed by Labour party 156
  S. Elam article of June 29 on teacher organization too theoretical. B. J. Zukas; C, opposite 101
  Schools in context: the Mississippi idea of freedom schools. H. Zinn; S 371
  Support of Supreme court's prayer decision makes outcast of J. G. Snavely in Lebanon, Penna. .... 303 ff.; see also C, opposite 345
Egypt. See United Arab republic
Eisenhower, Dwight D.; liberal consensus premise followed by Johnson .... 375 ff.
Elam, Stanley
  Too theoretical in June 29 article, Union or guild: organizing the teachers. B. J. Zukas; C, opposite 101
Elections
  British elections, the. R. Williams; S 154
  California on trial in racist housing Proposition 14. D. Bess; S .... 179; see also C, opposite 261 and 365
  Fayette county, Tennessee, contest preceded by Negro registration drive. R. V. Denenberg; S .... 45; see also E, 62
  Funds plea for N. Day, independent Massachusetts Congressional candidate and rights leader. J. Grossman; C, opposite 81
  Nation's endorsement of Keating for New York senator against R. Kennedy; E .... 101; E, 233; E, 366; see also C, opposite 149 and 261
  Ticket splitting gave many Republican congressional and gubernatorial victories despite 1964 Johnson landslide; E 365
  See also Presidential election of 1964; Electoral college
Electoral college; obsolete filter. D. A. Meyer and M. Nathan, Jr.; S 396
Ellis, William S.
  Brain ghettos in South's space crescent; S .... 239; see also C, opposite 317
  Moon boom in South's space crescent; S .. 211
  Reviewing Passamaquoddy tidal-power project; S .... 10; see also C, 53
  Wide blue porkbarrel in South's space crescent; S 275
Employment; role of space program 277
Epel, Beatrice P.
  Praise for R. L. Smith article on postal savings; C, opposite 233; see also 140
Kapstein, Jonathan
  U.S. following footsteps of defeated French in Vietnam; S 479
Esmen, Nurtan A.
  Readers should protest "dirty" Vietnam war described by C. Davidson; C, opposite 345; see also 299
Espionage; by orbiting Soviet and U.S. satellites makes "open skies" a reality; E 450
Ethics; toothless code for Senate; E 2
Etzioni, Amitai
  Multilateral force, the, in NATO: Germany's finger on the atom; S 208
"Extremism"; danger of indiscriminate application of label; E 21

F

Falk, Richard A.
  Cuba: our cold-shoulder policy; S 113
Farmer, James; CORE head's militancy in Harlem riots 50
Farmers. See Agriculture
Federal bureau of investigation. See United States—Justice department
Fiddler on the roof. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 229
Fields, Jack
  Pathos of A. Hoppe's Cuba: the girl and the slogan ridiculed; C, opposite 261; see also 216
Figures of the human. D. Ignatow; P 174
Films. For reviews, see Hatch, R.; Conover, G.
Fishing industry; Federal subsidy for construction and modernization of fleet; E 103
Fleming, Thomas
  June 8 article Kennedy the Catholic disputed and praised; C, opposite 1 and 205
Florida; Cape Kennedy boom from NASA activities .... 211 ff.
  Northern ministers jailed in 1961 Tallahassee civil-rights case freed through Federal-court pressure; E 62
  Police deals with guilty squealers, as in Miami Worthington-Gebhardt case; E 262
  Senator Smathers' operations .... 426 ff.
  Space boom and new problems for Negroes caused by NASA installations in Brevard county; .... 211 ff., 241 ff., 276 ff.
Food; found essential in J. M. Brozek experiments in prolonged malnutrition. D. Cort; S 329
Foote, Emerson; ad executive's resignation from McCann-Erickson for soliciting cigarette accounts 208
Ford, Daniel F.
  Misadventure in Vietnam. 2. "The only war we've got"; S 66
  Planes over Saigon: the wings tear off; S 3
  With the "redskins" (*montagnard* strike force) of Vietnam; S .... 29; see also 481
Foreign aid. See United States—Foreign policy
Foundations; as CIA fronts; E 102
  Formal disclaimer in rightist radio programs; E 151
  Rightist groups exposed by B'nai B'rith 178
Fourth song. R. Duncan; P 443
France
  Alcoholism in .... 401 ff.
  Defeated in Vietnam in 1954; U.S. following in footsteps. J. Kapstein; S 479
  "Dirty" war in Algeria compared with that of U.S. in South Vietnam .... 299, 300; see also C, opposite 365
  Proposed South Seas nuclear test; U.S. embarrassment in permitting refueling of transport plane bound for area; E 506
  Reasons for de Gaulle's stands on MLF, atomic negotiation, Chinese membership in U.N., and Rapacki plan. A. Werth; E 422

PAGE

  - Southern hemisphere protests against Polynesian nuclear test site; E .... 22; see also E, 506
  - Spiritual wartime trauma reflected in films. B. P. Solomon; MP 57
  - Squabble over proposed NATO multilateral force .... 399 ff.
  - U.S.-backed NATO multilateral force as counterweight to .... 209 ff.
- Free Southern theatre. E. Sutherland; S 254
- Freedom Democratic party; "extralegal" Mississippi group's moral victory at Atlantic City convention; E 82
  - Registration drive for 104
- Freedom schools. See Negroes—Civil rights
- Frei, Eduardo; new Chilean president's "revolution in liberty." M. Wyman; S 320
- Friedman, Milton; Goldwater economist's tax-cut plan much like Heller-Johnson proposal 378
- Friedman, Norman
  - In conflict with love; P 468
- Fringe benefits. See Labor—Union

G

- Galbraith, John Kenneth; economist's advocacy of state and local responsibility in public sector 377-8
- Gange, John
  - Misadventure in Vietnam. 1. The mix of fact and myth; S 63
- Garai, Pierre R.; cited drug firms' pressure on doctors 130
- Gaulle, President Charles de. See France
- Gebhardt, Joe; Miami co-murderer given police immunity for squealing 262
- Gelsavage, John Z.
  - Praise for R. G. Sherrill's article on Senator Smathers; C, opposite 477; see also 426
- General electric; windfall for in IRS ruling that price-fixing claims are tax-deductible 332-3
- General motors; strike at as prototype for more conflict. B. J. Widick; S 349
- Geneva agreements, 1954; Indochinese settlement unacceptable to U.S. 64
- Georgia; Albany and Columbus civil-rights struggles 9, 10
  - Moments in a Southern town; impact of civil rights act in Albany. P. de Lissovoy; S 486
- Germany, East
  - Trade expansion, including with West Germany through back door. M. Madden; S 84
- Germany, West
  - Favors participation in U.S.-backed multilateral NATO force .... 319, 393, 399 ff.
  - Khrushchev's downfall accelerated by *rapprochement* overtures 293
  - Would have finger on atom in NATO multilateral force. A. Etzioni; S 208
- Gerstel, Walter
  - Corroboration of M. C. Bernstein article of June 15, The pension mirage; C, opposite 21
  - Housing bias, as in California, should disappear through education, not legislation; C, opposite 261; see also 179
- Gibbons, Russell W.
  - Praise for T. Fleming article of June 8, Kennedy the Catholic; C, opposite 1
- Gibson, William. Adaptation of Golden boy reviewed by H. Clurman; D 340
- Gilliam, Harold
  - Fight to save California redwoods from depredations by state highway division; S 91
- Gleizes, Albert. Reviewed by M. Kozloff; A .. 203
- Golden, Harry
  - Praise for R. F. Kennedy and chiding of *Nation* for support of Keating; C, opposite 261; see also E, 101
- Golden boy (W. Gibson production). Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 340
- Goldwater, Senator Barry; against moon race, for orbital space station to thwart Soviets; E 103; 276
  - Bombshell suggestion that parties be realigned as liberal and conservative; E . 393
  - Charlatanry on control of "near space"; E 262
  - Defeat not end of Goldwater movement 345
  - Dilemma of Southern Democratic supporters. E .... 131; 132 ff.
  - Extremist "patriotism" recalls S. Johnson definition. T. Adams; C 53
  - Goldwaterism: the new ideology. C. McWilliams; S .... 68; see also C, opposite 101
  - High noon for at Republican convention. C. McWilliams; S 23
  - How to implement Goldwaterism. E. F. Nash; C, opposite 177
  - Inadvertent accomplishments for nation through candidacy; E 347
  - May be dropped by conservative backers following electoral defeat .... 217 ff.
  - Military views in *Spiegel* interview; S 41
  - On party platforms and "extremism"; E 21
  - Proposed regulation of airlines by states would bring chaos; E 235
  - Silent vote for; E 261
  - Suggestions for cabinet. G. Spencer; C, opposite 61
- Grant, Donald
  - Expanded U.N. role in Asia would permit neutralization of trouble spots; E 1
- Great Britain
  - Ambiguous policy of Labour government on multilateral NATO force 321, 400-1
  - Artists exhibited at Buffalo, N.Y., museum. M. Kozloff; A 474
  - British elections, the. R. Williams; S 154
  - Commercial rivalry with U.S. at Geneva conference on atomic energy; E 150
  - Letter from London, on "happenings" in all artistic media around country. C. Marowitz; S 99
  - National theatre productions. H. Clurman; D 18
  - Stakes in Malaysian territorial integrity; E 150
- Grenier, John E.; co-ordinated Southern delegates at Republican convention 25
- Grossman, Jerome
  - Funds plea for N. Day, Massachusetts Congressional candidate; C, opposite 81
- Guatemala; leftist Arbenz government overthrown by U.S. in 1954 115
- Guertner, Gary L.
  - Liberals should write letters to editor, vying with rightists; C, opposite 205
- Guthrie, Tyrone, theatre productions reviewed by H. Clurman; D 59

H

- Haessler, Lucy
  - "Negro removal" in urban redevelopment, as in Rochester and Detroit; C, opposite 101
- Haines, Fred
  - Art in court. 1. Los Angeles vs. film Scorpio rising; S 123
- Hall, Robert E., M.D.
  - The Church and the birth-control pill; S .. 191
- Hamalian, Leo
  - Baghdad, Iraq, between revolutions; S 423
- Hamlet (first quarto commedia version by M. Alaimo). Reviewed by R. J. Schroeder; D 312
- Hamlet. Film by G. Kozintsev reviewed by R. Hatch; MP 175
- Hanley, William. Play Slow dance on the killing ground reviewed by H. Clurman; D 523
- Hansberry, Lorraine. Play The sign in Sidney Brustein's window reviewed by H. Clurman; D 340
- Hansen, Mark
  - Funds plea for San Francisco CORE; C, opposite 505
- Hanson, Norwood Russell
  - Politics and public-opinion polls; S 331
- "Happenings"; in Britain, on stage and in other media. C. Marowitz; S 99
- HARYOU; Harlem youth project taken over by A. C. Powell and other politicians. W. Klein; S .... 27; see also C, opposite 81; E, 449
- Hatch, John
  - The Congo: hostages, mercenaries, and the CIA; S 452
- Hatch, Robert
  - Reviews of motion pictures
    - All these women 258
    - Hamlet, by G. Kozintsev 175
    - Luck of Ginger Coffey, the 257
    - Mafioso 39
    - Seance on a wet afternoon 420
    - Second New York film festival, Philharmonic hall 175
    - Seduced and abandoned 40
    - Soft skin, the 420
    - Woman on the dunes 176
- Haynie, Charles; director of Fayette county, Tennessee, Negro registration drive 46
- Hazard, Patrick J.
  - Reverse peace corps, inviting non-Americans into our homes, urged; C, opposite 61
- Heller, Walter W.; plan for states to obtain increased share of taxes 377-8
- Hocks, Paula
  - After a tale from Hoffman; P 144
- Hoffa, James R. See Labor—Union
- Hoffman, Paul
  - Police Birchites: the blue backlash; S .... 425; see also C, opposite 505
- Hollo, Anselm
  - Age: four; P 338
  - Air, to dream in; P 338
  - My ancestors; P 338
- Homosexuality; and Jenkins security case; E 290
- Hoover, J. Edgar. See United States—Justice department
- Hoppe, Arthur
  - Cuba: the militia girl and the slogans; S .... 216; see also C, opposite 261 and 317
- Horsky, Charles A.; committee's report on arrests for investigation in District of Columbia .... 323 ff.
- Housing
  - Artists as victims of urban renewal; E 43
  - California on trial in racist Proposition 14. D. Bess; S .... 179; see also C, opposite 261 and 365
  - Mobilization for youth activities in New York city 458
  - Movement to repeal Rumford act, California anti-discrimination housing measure 24
  - New urban forms. W. McQuade; S 392
  - Soviet advances 183
- Houston. See Texas
- Hughes, Robert
  - Golden grin of New York world's fair, 1964; S 189
- Hummerstone, Robert G.
  - J. N. Snavely, outcast in Lebanon, Penna., for support of school-prayer ban; S .... 303; see also C, opposite 345
- Humphrey, Senator Hubert H.; contrasted with W. E. Miller; E 149
- Huntsville. See Alabama
- Husband, W. L.
  - How to win loyalty of South Vietnamese people; C, opposite 177

I

- Ignatow, David
  - Figures of the human; P 174
  - The sky is blue; P 174
- Imbrie, Andrew. Violin concerto reviewed by B. Boretz; M 447
- In conflict with love. N. Friedman; P 468
- Incident at Vichy. Reviewed by J. Novick; D 504
- Indonesia; portents for U.S. and Britain in aggression against Malaysia; E 150
- Insurance; Senator Smathers' favors to industry 427-8, 433
- Integration. See Negroes
- Intellectuals; plight in Brazil .... 368 ff.
- Intimation. E. F. Weisslitz; P 98
- Ionesco, Eugene; critical credo similar to H. Clurman's. E. S. Rock; C, opposite 317; see also 120 and 147
- Iran; unfavorable editorial and W. Thompson article of June 8 disputed and praised; C, opposite 21
- Iraq; Baghdad between revolutions. L. Hamalian; S 423
- Israel; prisoners driven insane by Syrian captors. J. Lieber; S .... 246; see also C, opposite 289

J

- Jabara, Dean
  - J. Lieber's charges of torture of Israelis in Arab hands should be authenticated; C, opposite 289; see also 246
- Japan; alcoholism on increase 402
- Jefferson City. See Missouri
- Jenkins, Walter; illogical public reaction to arrest of Presidential aide on morals charge; E 290
- Johnson, President Lyndon B.
  - Appraisals of prospective 1964 candidacy .. 26
  - Association with establishment of Southern space crescent facilities .... 275 ff.
  - "Eisenhower premise" of consensus liberalism conceals rightward drift. S. Rousseas; S 375
  - Fellow Texan S. Long's recollections of; S 235
  - Heads big party of center 346-7
  - Hour of decision on South Vietnam; manifold reasons not to escalate war; E 421
  - Men he will need to implement program. V. P. Rock; S 348
  - Must show leadership and make effort to end Vietnam war; E 505
  - *Nation's* and *Herald Tribune's* reservations in support; E 233
  - Relations with Senator Smathers .... 427 ff.
  - Support of massive retaliation against North Vietnam, as in Gulf of Tonkin 61
- Jones, J. Raymond; Harlem politician opposed to A. C. Powell's domination of HARYOU 28
- Juvenile delinquency. See Children; Crime

K

- Kahn, Virginia
  - Praise for R. Berger article China today; C, opposite 421; see also 352
- Kamisar, Yale
  - Criminals, cops, and the Constitution; S 322

PAGE
Kaplan, Albert, M.D.
  Inadequate medical cause for insanity of Israeli prisoner mentioned in J. Lieber article; C, opposite 289; see also 246
Kaplan, J. M., fund; conduit for CIA funds; E ... 102
Karlen, Arno
  Arts in Yugoslavia, the; A ... 499
Kauffman, George
  Khrushchev's ouster no "cold war myth"; C, opposite 421; see also E, 289; C, opposite 345
Kazan, Elia. Production of The changeling reviewed by L. Abel; D ... 389
Keane, Johnny; St. Louis Cardinals' manager's resignation praised; E ... 291
Keating, Senator Kenneth B.; endorsed for re-election; E ... 101; E, 233; see also C, opposite 149 and 261
  Nation has no regrets for support against R. Kennedy; E ... 366
Kefauver, Senator Estes; worthy memorial foundation for; E ... 451
Keith, Marshall
  Refutation of W. S. Ellis's optimism on NASA promoting integration in South; C, opposite 317; see also 239
Kelly, Robert
  The new money; P ... 146
  Ordering; P ... 232
  Vesalius; P ... 118
Kennecott copper company; high taxation of Chilean operation ... 321
Kennedy, President John F.
  Platform compared with Johnson's ... 375-6
  Program seldom backed by supposed friend, Senator Smathers ... 426-7
  T. Fleming article of June 8, Kennedy the Catholic, praised and blamed; C, opposite 1 and 205
  See also Warren, Earl
Kennedy, Robert F.; association with Mobilization for youth ... 458 ff.
  Lack of zeal as attorney general in Mississippi rights cases. Mrs. L. Leonard; C, opposite 149
  Nation's congratulations on victory despite support of opponent Keating; E ... 366; see also E, 101 and E, 233
  Uses Senatorial candidacy to further grandiose ambitions; E ... 101; see also C, opposite 149 and 261
Kerr, Clark; U. of California president and student demonstrations ... 477, 482 ff.
Kerr, Robert S.; late senator's backing of rocket manufacture in Oklahoma ... 276
Khanh, Nguyen; hapless U.S. protégé in South Vietnam ... 81, 82
  Suffers from crisis fatigue; E ... 101
Khrushchev, Nikita S. See Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
King, Martin Luther, Jr.; called liar by J. E. Hoover; E ... 394
  Good choice for Nobel peace prize; E ... 319
Kirk, Grayson; on confusion of American goals ... 346
Kizner, William
  Packer article on Warren report smears liberals; C, opposite 393; see also 295
Klein, Woody
  Defeat for Harlem people in politicians' domination of HARYOU, anti-poverty program; S ... 27; see also C, opposite 81
  Northern Negro ghetto ignites; behind New York and Rochester riots; S ... 49
Kosygin, Aleksei N.; Khrushchev's co-successor ... 293, 295
Kozintsev, Gregori. Film Hamlet reviewed by R. Hatch; MP ... 175
Kozloff, Max
  Reviews of art
   American drawings, Guggenheim museum 204
   Bonnard, Pierre, at museum of modern art ... 286
   British artists at Buffalo museum ... 474
   Carnegie international, Pittsburgh ... 341
   Corinth, L., at gallery of modern art ... 230
   Dine, J. ... 418
   Dissimulated Pop ... 417
   Gleizes, A., at Guggenheim museum ... 203
   Lichtenstein, R. ... 418
   Pop (art) on the meadow (New York world's fair, 1964) ... 16
   Sculpture exhibitions, New York ... 312
   West coast (California) "sterilized" and "sweaty" schools ... 76
Krock, Arthur; on U.S. "dogged insistence" on NATO multilateral force ... 393-4
Krosney, Herbert
  Mobilization for youth (MFY): feuding over poverty in New York city; S ... 455
Kuh, Frederick
  New Russo-Chinese equation following Khrushchev's ouster; S ... 294
Kuhn, Prof. James; study of profits, bonuses, and wages in auto industry ... 351
Kunstler, William M.
  Lawyer's account of summer civil-rights struggle in Mississippi; S ... 507

L

Labor
  Union
   General motors strike: prototype for more conflict. B. J. Widick; S ... 349
   J. R. Hoffa of Teamsters "tried" by press releases and magazine articles instigated by Justice department under R. F. Kennedy; E ... 83; see also correction, 149
  Maritime problems ... 406 ff.
  Policies in Britain ... 156
  Wages vs. benefits: who gains from the fringes? D. Allen; S ... 379
Labour party. See Great Britain
Ladd, Everett C., Jr.
  Agony of the Negro leader; S ... 88
  The Negro's priorities: welfare or status; S ... 243
Lane, D.
  Racial integration will be delayed by unaffluent whites; C, opposite 129
Lane, Mark; "revisionist" disputes Warren report ... 298
  Would-be protector of L. H. Oswald rebuffed by Warren commission ... 111
Larson, Rodger
  Skeptical over Packer article on Warren report; C, opposite 393; see also 295
Lasagna, Dr. Louis; on problems of drug development ... 130
Lasers; development as weapon advocated by Goldwater; E ... 103
Last analysis, the. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 256
Laterna magika. Reviewed by G. Conover; MP ... 79
Latest word, the. T. Weiss; P ... 498
Latin America; Senator Smathers as "expert" on ... 432 ff.
  U.S. support of preventive counter-revolution may prove costly; E ... 395
Lawyers constitutional defense committee; members' participation in civil-rights work during Mississippi summer ... 507 ff.
Layton, Billy Jim. Quartet reviewed by B. Boretz; M ... 447
Lebanon. See Pennsylvania
Leggett, John; U. of California philosophy professor on reasons for rough police treatment of student demonstrators ... 485-6
Leonard, Mrs. Luke
  Praise for J. DeMuth article on Mississippi; where was Justice department?; C, opposite 149; see also 104
Let Freedom Ring; far-right political answering service; E ... 234
Letter from London, on "happenings" in Britain. C. Marowitz; S ... 99
Letter from Prague, on poetry and jazz. R. Littell; S ... 171
Letter from Quebec, on French separatist activities and organs. M. Schleiger; S ... 386
LeVan, Rose
  Praise for editorial Hoover the vulgarian; C, opposite 477; see also E, 394
Levine, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen
  Funds plea for Mississippi Negro girl's college preparation in Massachusetts; C, opposite 205
Lewis, Frank W.
  Crossword puzzles. See back pages
Lewis, Virginia E., and H. Chambers
  New, new guard of the G.O.P.; Goldwater organization in Memphis; S ... 85
Libel; new type via telephone by right-wing groups; E ... 234
Liberalism; Consensus liberalism in U.S.: Johnson's Eisenhower premise conceals rightward drift. S. Rousseas; S ... 375
  Followers should vie with rightists in writing letters to editor. G. L. Guertner; C, opposite 205
Lichtenstein, Roy. Reviewed by M. Kozloff; A ... 418
Lie detectors: trial by gadget. S. Meisler; S ... 159; see also C, opposite 205
Lieber, Joel
  Israeli prisoners driven insane by Syrians; S ... 246; see also C, opposite 289
Liebes, Reuven; Israeli prisoner's reason survived long Syrian torture ... 246 ff.; see also C, opposite 289
Life; anti-Hoffa article instigated by Attorney general Kennedy; E ... 83
  Article on "dirty" war in South Vietnam ... 300
Lindecke, Fred W.
  Poverty's second generation in Missouri Bootheel counties; S ... 163; see also C, opposite 345
Lindsay, Representative John V., supported by *Nation* ... 233
Lit glass, the. R. Duerden; P ... 413
Littell, Robert
  Letter from Prague, on poetry and jazz; S ... 171
Littlewood, Joan; play Oh what a lovely war reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 256

Lockard, Roget
  Student peace union reorganized in New York; C, opposite 393
London, letter from; on "happenings" in Britain. C. Marowitz; S ... 99
Long, Stuart
  Texan's recollections of President Johnson; S ... 235
Look; anti-Hoffa article instigated by Attorney general Kennedy; E ... 83
Los Angeles; art in. M. Kozloff; A ... 76
  Film Scorpio rising censored. F. Haines; S ... 123
  Suggested awards for making move gruesome ... 207
Louisiana; New Orleans police raid on Quorum, integrated music club. J. Beecher; S ... 272
  New Orleans space-installation boom ... 211 ff.
Lowell, Robert. Plays The Old Glory reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 390
Luck of Ginger Coffey, the. Reviewed by R. Hatch; MP ... 257
Luv. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 415
Lyndman, Victor, Jr.
  J. Diamond article of June 1, Okinawa: trigger on the finger, cited to show we defend our own freedom first; C, opposite 21

M

Macao; possible seizure by China ... 294
McCann-Erickson, Inc.; cigarette accounts bring resignation of chairman E. Foote ... 208
McCloskey, Matthew; figure in Baker investigation concedes $35,000 overpayment "goof" ... 452
McGlathery, Dave Mack; pressure on Negro mathematician at Huntsville, Ala., space installation ... 240
McGrath, Eugene; insurance man's relations with Senator Smathers ... 433
MacHardy, Earle T.
  Exceptions to D. Smith article Sugar: the market and the supermarket; C, with Smith reply, opposite 449; see also 327
Machulkova, Inka
  Don't ask me about classic philosophy!; P ... 171
  The unfinished event; P ... 171
Mack, Richard A.; suicide of ex-commissioner on FCC and associate of Senator Smathers 432
Maclean's; Canadian magazine's poll on Federation with U.S. ... 51 ff.; see also C, opposite 129
McNabb and Mallory cases; exclude confessions obtained by federal officers during prolonged pre-commitment ... 322 ff.
McQuade, Walter
  Reviews of architecture
   New urban forms ... 392
McWilliams, Carey
  Goldwaterism: the new ideology; S ... 68; see also C, opposite 101
  High noon for Goldwater at the Cow Palace, Republican convention site in San Francisco; S ... 23
  The morning after the 1964 election: deformation of two-party system; E ... 345
Madden, Max
  East German trade expansion; S ... 84
Magazines; critical vs. mass publications; E ... 396
Maine; stake in Passamaquoddy project ... 10 ff.
Malaysia; aggression against by Indonesia could involve U.S. and Britain in major war; E ... 150
Mallory case. See McNabb and Mallory cases
Man and superman; A.P.A. production reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 522
Mandel, David
  U.S. foreign policy should permit spread of variant Marxist states; C, opposite 101
Mandelbaum, Norman
  Nation commended for publicizing abuses leading to revocation of Christian crusade's tax-exempt status; C, opposite 421
Marine, Gene
  Students strike at university of California; S ... 482
Marlowe, Christopher. Play Doctor Faustus (Phoenix production) reviewed by H. Clurman; D ... 285
Mars. See Astronautics
Massachusetts; funds plea for N. Day, independent Congressional candidate and rights leader. J. Grossman; C, opposite 81
Mayhall, Judge Roy; victim of Alabama governor Wallace's vengeance ... 267
Mears, Helen
  Praise to Senators Morse and Gruening for opposition to U.S. intervention in Southeast Asia; C, opposite 101
Medicine; doctors negligent in evaluating drugs; E ... 130; see also C, opposite 233

PAGE

  Northern doctors' participation in Mississippi summer civil-rights struggle. A. O. Wells; S ... 515
  Research in favored over space flight by scientist R. Bellman; E ... 263
Meiklejohn, Dr. Alexander; head of committee seeking to abolish House un-American activities committee; E ... 450
  Obituary tribute to; E ... 506
Meisler, Stanley
  Lie detectors: trial by gadget; S ... 159; see also C, opposite 205
Memphis, Tennessee. See Tennessee
Merchant marine. See Shipping industry
Merriam, Eve
  Monstrous Christmas to all; fad in toys; S ... 463
Metcalf, Senator Lee; investigation of utilities' contributions to right-wing causes; E ... 206
  Utility stock options: executive "incentive" vs. public interest; S ... 151
Metropolitan opera; offshot formed of young artists deplored. L. Morton; C, opposite 1
Meyer, Donald A. (co-author)
  Electoral college: the obsolete filter (with M. Nathan, Jr.); S ... 396
Meyer, Howard N.
  Red infiltration of Negro rights movement charged in 1964, German incitement in 1917; C, opposite 81
Miami. See Florida
Middleton, Thomas. Play The changeling (Kazan production) reviewed by L. Abel; D ... 389
Mikoyan, Anastas I.; new Soviet president may be conciliatory toward China ... 43, 45
Miller, Arthur. Play Incident at Vichy reviewed by J. Novick; D ... 504
Miller, William E.; "gut fighter" Republican Vice-Presidential candidate compared with H. H. Humprey; E ... 149
Mills, Melissa
  Praise for D. Bess article California on trial, and experiences canvassing against Proposition 14; C, opposite 261; see also 179
Mining; President Frei's plans for copper in Chile ... 320, 321
  Retraining of Appalachian ex-coal miners; E ... 423
Minnesota; conservationists' fight against power firm to preserve St. Croix river. A. D. Stedman; S ... 490
Mississippi
  Constitution should be enforced through Federal powers; E ... 1
  Dilemma of Goldwaterite Democrats; E ... 131
  Dream in a bean field; Los Angeles carpenters' account of building Negro community center in Mileston; S ... 514
  FBI force augmented, with narrow civil-rights writ; E ... 21
  Free Southern theatre in. E. Sutherland; S ... 254
  Freedom Democratic party's moral victory at Atlantic city convention; E ... 82
  Journey to understanding: four witnesses to a Mississippi summer. H. Zinn, W. M. Kunstler, B. A. Asbury, R. J. Bernstein and A. O. Wells; S ... 507
  National civil-rights organizations' varying strategy in ... 9
  Pattern for Southern politicians' racial stand. F. E. Smith; S ... 132
  Schools in context: the Mississippi idea of freedom schools. H. Zinn; S ... 371
  Significance of Philadelphia indictments of suspects in murder of three summer-project workers; E ... 478
  Space boom in ... 211
  Summer in. Cat and mouse game with police. E. Sutherland; S ... 105; see also C, opposite 233
  Summer in. Freedom moves in to stay. J. DeMuth; S ... 104; see also C, opposite 149
Missouri; Jefferson City: the prison that just grew. P. J. Buchanan; S ... 355
  Second-generation poverty in Bootheel counties. F. W. Lindecke; S ... 163; see also C, opposite 345
Mobilization for youth (MFY); creative subversion of embattled New York social-betterment program; E ... 395 and 449
  Feuding over poverty. H. Krosney; S ... 455
Montana power company; bonanza stock options for executives ... 153
Moody, Reynolds
  Young Cubans described by A. Hoppe should have chance to rebuild country; C, opposite 317; see also 216
Moon flights. See Astronautics
Moore, Brian; film The luck of Ginger Coffey reviewed by R. Hatch; MP ... 257
Morgan, Dick; head of Texas Goldwater for President committee ... 25-26

PAGE

Morse, Senator Wayne; cited Justice department's anti-Hoffa press releases ... 83; see also correction, 149
  Exchanges with Governor Wallace of Alabama ... 267
  Opposition to Chile's discriminatory taxation of U.S. firms ... 344
  Opposition to space expenditures ... 277
  Opposition to U.S. intervention in southeast Asia praised. H. Mears; C, opposite 101
Morton, Lawrence
  Metropolitan opera offshoot of young artists deplored; C, opposite 1
Moses, Robert (Negro); director of Mississippi summer project ... 371; see also C, opposite 289
Moses, Robert (white); guiding spirit of New York world's fair ... 189 ff.
Moss, Representative John E.; investigation of Federal use of lie detectors ... 159 ff.
Mostel, Zero; performance in Fiddler on the roof ... 229
Motion pictures
  Rootless postwar French "Franglais" films. B. P. Solomon; MP ... 57
  Scorpio rising censored in Los Angeles. F. Haines; S ... 123
  For reviews, see Hatch, R.; Conover, G.
Multilateral force. See North Atlantic treaty organization (NATO)
Murray, Robert V.; Washington, D.C., police head frustrated by courts' rulings on search and seizure ... 323
Museums. For reviews of exhibits, see Kozloff, M.; Conover, G.
Musgrove, Frank
  Why youth riots: the adolescent ghetto; S ... 137; see also C, opposite 177
Music; avant-garde festival at Judson hall, New York. F. Bowers; M ... 172
  For reviews, see Boretz, B.
My ancestors. A. Hollo; P ... 338
Myrdal, Gunnar; cited on "rank order of discriminations" against Negroes in South 244, 245
Mythology. J. Oppenheimer; P ... 122

N

NAACP. See Negroes—Civil rights
Nash, E. V.; warden of Jefferson City, Mo., prison ... 356-7
Nash, Edward F.
  How to implement Goldwaterism; C, opposite 177
Nasser, Gamal Abdel. See United Arab republic
Nathan, Max, Jr. (co-author). See Meyer, Donald A.
Nation, The
  Lantern to other publications. S. Vinke; C, opposite 61
  Reasons for supporting President Johnson; E ... 233
  Support of Senator Keating; E ... 101; E ... 233; E ... 366; see also C, opposite 149 and 261
National committee for civic responsibility; informational program on radical Right ... 178; see also correction, opposite 261
National committee to abolish HUAC; petition to House; E ... 450
National guard; Camp Drum, New York, anti-riot drill; E ... 22
National lawyers guild; participation in civil-rights work during Mississippi summer 507 ff.
NATO. See North Atlantic treaty organization
Negroes
  Civil rights
    Agony of the Negro leader. E. C. Ladd, Jr.; S ... 88
    California on trial in racist housing Proposition 14. D. Bess; S ... 179; see also C, opposite 261 and 365
    Cleveland police's brutal treatment; E ... 318
    Communist infiltration charged in 1964, German incitement in 1917. H. N. Meyer; C, opposite 81
    CORE and SNCC in U. of California student demonstrations ... 483 ff.
    Defense funds needed for San Francisco sit-in demonstrators. F. Bell; C, opposite 61
    Educational breakthrough in Dixie; E ... 149
    Federal government should enforce Constitution in Mississippi; E ... 1
    Funds plea for San Francisco CORE. M. Hansen; C, opposite 505
    History of Southern politicians' opposition. F. E. Smith; S ... 132
    Importance for of indictment of suspects in murder of three summer-project workers; E ... 478
    Integration will be delayed by grim unaffluent whites. D. Lane; C, opposite 129

PAGE

    Journey to understanding: four witnesses to a Mississippi summer. H. Zinn, W. M. Kunstler, B. A. Asbury, R. J. Bernstein, and A. O. Wells; S ... 507
    Leaders' dilemma following New York-Rochester riots. W. Klein; S ... 49
    Moments in a Southern town; white participant's account of impact of civil rights act in Albany, Ga. P. de Lissovoy; S ... 486
    Northern ministers jailed for 1961 Tallahassee, Florida, sit-in freed through Federal-court pressure; E ... 62
    Quorum, integrated New Orleans music club, target of police raid. J. Beecher; S ... 272
    Schools in context: the Mississippi idea of freedom schools. H. Zinn; S ... 371
    Segregationist Governor Wallace of Alabama and the future of Dixie. R. G. Sherrill; S ... 266
    SNCC conference in San Francisco; C, opposite 289
    Students get Negro vote out in Fayette county, Tennessee. R. V. Denenberg; S ... 45; see also E, 62
    Summer in Mississippi. Cat and mouse game with police. E. Sutherland; S ... 105; see also C, opposite 233
    Summer in Mississippi. Freedom moves in to stay. J. DeMuth; S ... 104; see also C, opposite 149
    Testing the new Federal law: legalists, publicists, activists (NAACP, CORE, etc). P. de Lissovoy; S ... 7
    White backlash against as factor in Goldwater strategy ... 24 ff.
  Harlem people's defeat by politicians' take-over of anti-poverty program. W. Klein; S ... 27
  Integration fostered by NASA installations in South. W. S. Ellis; S ... 239; see also C, opposite 317
  Priorities for: welfare or status. E. C. Ladd, Jr.; S ... 243
  Rioting among slum element in Rochester, N. Y.; E ... 41
  Victims of "Negro removal" in slum clearance, as in Rochester and Detroit. L. Haessler; C, opposite 101
  Written off by Memphis G.O.P. ... 87
New money, the. R. Kelly; P ... 146
New Orleans. See Louisiana
New Republic; congratulations on fiftieth anniversary ... 396
New York city
  Architectural replanning. W. McQuade; S ... 392
  Harlem people's defeat by politicians in anti-poverty program. W. Klein; S ... 27; see also C, opposite 81
  Landmarks being destroyed by business ... 207
  Mobilization for youth (MFY), embattled social-betterment program; E ... 395
  Mobilization for youth: feuding over poverty. H. Krosney; S ... 455
  Significance of Harlem and Brooklyn Negroes' riots ... 49 ff.
  Vested interest in poverty by many groups frustrates HARYOU, MFY, etc.; E ... 449
New York *Daily News;* campaign against Mobilization for youth ... 455 ff.
New York *Herald Tribune;* reserved support of Johnson; E ... 233
New York state; Divorce, New York style. P. Rowley; S ... 461
New York *Times;* on torture of South Vietnamese prisoners ... 300 ff.
New York world's fair, 1964; golden grin of. R. Hughes; S ... 189
  Pop (art) on the meadow. M. Kozloff; A ... 16
New Zealand; protests against Polynesian site for French nuclear tests ... 22
Newsweek; quoted on "dirty" war in South Vietnam ... 301-2
Nobel prizes. See Awards
North Atlantic treaty organization (NATO)
  Disadvantages of proposed polyglot multilateral force (MLF); E ... 21
  Multilateral force, the: Germany's finger on the atom. A. Etzioni; S ... 208
  Multilateral-force muddle; E ... 319
  NATO today: the great poker game in divided alliance. A. Werth; S ... 399
  Reasons for de Gaulle's opposition to multilateral force. A. Werth; E ... 422
  "Screwball insistence" on U.S. on multilateral force; E ... 393
North Carolina; Statesville and Winston-Salem Negro leaders' compromise on status in return for welfare concessions 244 ff.
  Yesterday's Negro militants today's Uncle Toms ... 90-91
Northern States Power Co. See Stedman, A. D.
Novick, Julius
  Reviews of plays
    Incident at Vichy ... 504

Index

PAGE

Nuclear energy; U.S.-British commercial competition at Geneva conference on; E 150

O

Oceans; importance of exploitation; E 103
Oh what a lovely war. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 256
O'Hara, Frank
  Present; P 518
Ohio; Cleveland police's brutal treatment of Negroes; E 318
Okinawa; J. Diamond article of June 1 cited to show we defend our own freedom first. V. Lyndman, Jr.; C, opposite 21
Olivier, Sidney; Fabian essays, 1888, quoted on elemental instincts of disadvantaged. I. Richter; C, opposite 129
Olympic games; myth of the amateur in. D. Cort; S 157
On stuffing a goose. T. Weiss; P 500
O'Neal, John; co-founder of Free Southern theatre in Mississippi 254
Opera; K. Stockhausen music play Originale reviewed by F. Bowers; M 174
  Records reviewed by B. Boretz; M 127
Oppen, George
  The building of the skyscraper; P 468
Oppenheimer, Joel
  Mythology; P 122
Ordering. R. Kelly; P 232
Oregon; capital punishment abolished; E 367
Organization of American states (OAS); sanctions against Cuba .... 114 ff.
Originale. K. Stockhausen music play reviewed by F. Bowers; M 174
Osborne, Howard
  Alcohol offers few benefits, despite M. E. Chafetz statement; C, opposite 477; see also 401
Osheroff, Abe, and J. Boebel
  Dream in a bean field; Los Angeles carpenters help build Negro community center in Mileston, Miss.; S 514
Oswald, Lee Harvey; investigated by Warren commission .... 111-112; E, 290; 295 ff.

P

Packer, Herbert L.
  Measure of Warren report's achievement; S .... 295; see also C, opposite 393 and 477
Page, J. A.
  Legislative campaign to short-change the crippled in social security payments; C, opposite 421
Pakistan; relations with Afghanistan 135
Palmer, George Anthony
  Silence of most U.S. intellectuals over "dirty" war in South Vietnam; C, opposite 365; see also C. Davidson article, 299
Park, T. Peter
  Police as Birchite recruits; C, opposite 505; see also P. Hoffman article, 425
Parker, William H.; Los Angeles police head's harsh criticism of courts 322-3
Passamaquoddy; revival of tidal project opposed by private power interests. W. S. Ellis; S .... 10; see also C, 53
Patman, Representative Wright; exposure of Kaplan fund as CIA conduit 102
Peace and pacifism; Congress of scientists on survival (SOS) demonstrates limitations and value; E .... 3; see also C, opposite 41
  Student peace union reorganized in New York. R. Lockard; C, opposite 393
Peace corps; nursery for diplomats. I. Sclanders; S 31
  Reverse urged: invite non-Americans into our homes. P. D. Hazard; C, opposite 61
Peek, Scott; relations with Bobby Baker and Senator Smathers .... 429 ff.
Pennsylvania; J. G. Snavely as outcast in Lebanon for support of school-prayer ban. R. G. Hummerstone; S .... 303; see also C, opposite 345
Pensions; M. C. Bernstein article of June 15, The pension mirage, corroborated. W. Gerstel; C, opposite 21; see also 381
Pepoer, Representative Claude; defeated in 1950 Florida Senate race by McCarthyite campaign of G. Smathers .... 434 ff.
Philadelphia. See Mississippi
Phillips, Michael J.
  After the first kiss—; P 413
Phonograph records. For reviews, see Boretz, B.
Physicists, the. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 340
Pinter, Harold; plays The room and A slight ache reviewed by H. Clurman; D 523
Planz, Allen
  Drought; P 126
  Wetland dawn; P 413

PAGE

Plays. See Theatre
Poems
  After a tale from Hoffman. By P. Hocks .. 144
  After the first kiss—. M. J. Phillips 413
  Age: four. A. Hollo 338
  Air: Baltimore oriole. A. B. Spellman 413
  Air, to dream in. A. Hollo 338
  Blue woman, the. J. Sloman 224
  Building of the skyscraper, the. G. Oppen.. 468
  Description of a process. E. F. Weisslitz 98
  Don't ask me about classic philosophy!; I. Machulkova 171
  Drought. A. Planz 126
  Figures of the human. D. Ignatow 174
  Fourth song. R. Duncan 443
  In conflict with love. N. Friedman 468
  Intimation. E. F. Weisslitz 98
  Latest word, the. T. Weiss 498
  Lit glass, the. R. Duerden 413
  My ancestors. A. Hollo 338
  Mythology. J. Oppenheimer 122
  New money, the. R. Kelly 146
  On stuffing a goose. T. Weiss 500
  Ordering. R. Kelly 232
  Portrait. A. R. Ammons 310
  Present. F. O'Hara 518
  Sky is blue, the. D. Ignatow 174
  Space. H. Wolfert 468
  Spell, the. W. Burford 409
  Summer. G. Anthony 38
  Tenuous and precarious. S. Smith 40
  Unfinished event, the. I. Machulkova 171
  Vesalius. By R. Kelly 118
  Wetland dawn. A. Planz 413
  Wheels. R. Roseliep 283
Police; Cleveland force's brutal treatment of Negroes; E 318
  New York city force alienated by Mobilization for youth 457-8
  Police Birchites: the blue backlash. P. Hoffman; S .... 425; see also C, opposite 505
  Press's dominance of in Dallas following Kennedy assassination; E 205
  Rough handling of U. of California student strikers at Berkeley .... 482 ff.
  See also Crime
Polls; *Maclean's* on U.S.-Canada federation. D. Cort; S .... 51; see also C, opposite 129
  Politics and. N. R. Hanson; S 331
Poor Bitos. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 415
Populism; strain in Johnson, Rayburn, and Garner 237
  Strain in Wallace of Alabama 271
Portrait. A. R. Ammons; P 310
Posner, Blanche H.
  Plea for emotion in peace movement; C, opposite 41; see also E, 3
Postal savings: America's poorest buy. R. L. Smith; S .... 140; see also C, opposite 233
Poverty. See United States—Economics
Powell, Representative Adam Clayton; continued backing by constituents explained ... 90
  Domination of Harlem anti-poverty program. W. Klein; S .... 27; see also C, opposite 81; E, 449
  On Harlem riots 51
Power; private firms' opposition to Passamaquoddy tidal project. W. S. Ellis; S .... 10; see also C, 53
  See also Public utilities
Power, atomic. See Nuclear energy
Prague. See Czechoslovakia
Present. F. O'Hara; P 518
Presidential election of 1964
  Aerospace politics in; E 262
  American dream must be re-created; distorted by both candidates; E 317
  Clear choice—for Johnson; E 81
  Danger of indiscriminate application of "extremism" label; E 21
  Dilemma of Southern Goldwaterite Democrats; E 131
  Dixiecrat leaders in defecting states should be purged; E 347
  Electoral college as obsolete filter. D. A. Meyer and M. Nathan, Jr.; S 396
  Goldwater against draft; E 130
  Goldwater on space; E 103
  Goldwaterism: the new ideology. C. McWilliams; S .... 68; see also C, opposite 101
  GOP: can the moderates come back? M. Viorst; S 217
  High noon for Goldwater at Republican national convention. C. McWilliams; S .. 23
  Implications of U.S. involvement in Vietnam; E 81, 82
  Influence of racist Governor Wallace of Alabama. R. G. Sherrill; S 266
  Morning after shows deformation of two-party system. C. McWilliams; E 345
  New, new G.O.P. guard in Memphis. V. E. Lewis and H. Chambers; S 85
  Public-opinion polls in campaign. N. R. Hanson; S 331
  Repercussions in Soviet Union. I. Deutscher; S 43

PAGE

  Reservations in support of Johnson by *Nation* and New York *Herald Tribune;* E 233
  Significance of Mississippi Freedom Democrats' moral victory at Atlantic City convention; E 82
  Silent vote for Goldwater must be countered by increased Democratic efforts; E 261
  Sources of Goldwater campaign funds; E .. 61
  Soviet reaction to campaign 185-186, 188
  Third force shown in ticket splitting; E 365
  Vice-Presidential candidates compared; E.. 149
  Victory of consensus liberalism conceals rightward drift. S. Rousseas; S 375
  What we owe to Goldwater; E 347
Press, U.S.; dominance over police, as in Dallas, shown in Warren report; E 205
  See also Magazines
Price fixing; damages paid as penalty ruled tax-deductible by IRS. R. J. Barber; S 332
Prisons; Jefferson City: the pen that just grew. P. J. Buchanan; S 355
Public relations; manipulation and creation of TV personalities. A. W. Simon; S 219
Public utilities; contributions to rightist causes investigated by Senator L. Metcalf, E 206
  Stock options: executive "incentive" vs. public interest. L. Metcalf; S 151
Puzzles, crossword. F. W. Lewis. See back pages

Q

Quebec, letter from, on French separatist activities and organs. M. Schleifer; S 386
Quorum; integrated music club raided by New Orleans police .... 272 ff.

R

Rabhitt, J. J.; Missouri legislator's report on Jefferson City prison 355-7
Radio; rightist foundation programs adopt formal disclaimer. E 151
Railroads; Senator Smathers' favors to 428-9
Ranger 7. See Astronautics
Rapacki plan; proposal for nuclear-free zone in Europe considered by de Gaulle 422
Real estate. See Housing
Red Cross; refusal to inspect Israeli prisoners released by Syria .... 246, 248; see also C, opposite 289
Redfearn, L. T.; white Tennessean furthers Negro registration 45-46, 48
Redwoods; fight to save from California highway division. H. Gilliam; S 91
Religion; Southern minister's participation in Mississippi summer civil-rights struggle. B. A. Ashury; S 509
  Support of Supreme court's school-prayer decision brings persecution to J. G. Snavely of Lebanon, Penna. .... 303 ff.
Republican party
  Goldwater suggestion of national party realignment into liberal and conservative; E 393
  GOP: can the moderates come back? M. Viorst; S 217
  Liberals undercut by Democrats under Johnson .... 375 ff.
  Southern gains would weaken like-minded Dixiecrats; E 131
  Southern strength .... 25-26, 85 ff.
  See also Presidential election of 1964
Rice university, Houston; admits Negroes 242
Richter, Charles F.; seismologist's attempts to get California to prepare for earthquakes 405-6
Richter, Irving
  S. Olivier, 1888, quoted on elemental instincts of disadvantaged; C, opposite 129
Rochester, N.Y.; significance of Negro riots; E .... 41; 49 ff.; see also C, opposite 101
Rock, E. S.
  Similarity of H. Clurman and E. Ionesco on criticism; C, opposite 317; see also 120 and 147
Rock, Vincent P.
  The men Johnson will need; S 348
Room, the. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 523
Roseliep, Raymond
  Wheels; P 283
Rosenherg, Maurice
  The Warren commission probing Kennedy assassination; S .... 110; see also C, opposite 177
Rosenblatt, Alfred D.
  Praise for H. Clurman's A critic's credo; C, opposite 149; see also 120
Rothschild, Karl, M.D.
  Comment on S. Meisler article Lie detectors; C, opposite 205; see also 159
Rousseas, Stephen
  Consensus liberalism in U.S.: Johnson's Eisenhower premise conceals rightward drift; S 375

PAGE

Rowley, Peter
  Divorce, New York style; S 461
Ruppenthal, Karl M.
  Reasons for passage of discriminatory Proposition 14 in California; C, opposite 365
Rusk, Secretary of State Dean; use of "Peiping" reveals obsolete Far Eastern policy. T. Adams; C, opposite 21

S

St. Croix river; fight to preserve Minnesota-Wisconsin stream from pollution. A. D. Stedman; S 490
San Francisco. See California
Sapp, J. Hilbert; Florida contractor's relations with Senator Smathers 429 ff.
Sartre, Jean-Paul; good choice for Nobel literature prize; E 319
Saturday Evening Post; difficulties in being both critical and mass magazine 396
Sauvage, Leo; Franch journalist's questions on Oswald's guilt 297-8
Savio, Mario; leader of U. of California student strike 482 ff.
Schisgal, Murray. Play Luv reviewed by H. Clurman; D 415
Schlafly, Phyllis: book A choice not an echo expresses Goldwater ideology 68, 70
Schleifer, Marc
  Letter from Quebec, on French separatists; S 386
Schmidt, Lennie E.
  Protest to President on "dirty" war in South Vietnam; C, opposite 365; see also C. Davidson article, 299
Schools. See Education
Schroeder, R. J.
  Reviews of plays
    Hamlet (first quarto commedia version by M. Alaimo) 312
Science; strictures on present U.S. goals by mathematician R. Bellman; E 263
Science & Mechanics; Goldwater article on control of space via orbital station; E 103
Scientists on survival, congress of; limitations and value demonstrated in June convention; E 3; see also C, opposite 41
Sclanders, Ian
  Peace corps as nursery for diplomats; S 31
Scott, F. R.
  Praise for editorial Hoover the vulgarian; C, opposite 477; see also E, 394
Sculpture. New York exhibitions reviewed by M. Kozloff; A 312
Sea orbit, operation, of U.S. nuclear ships; E 129
Seance on a wet afternoon. Reviewed by R. Hatch; MP 420
Security, national. See United States—Defense, national
Segal, Evelyn Buff
  Praise for D. Cort article of June 22, The crafts reborn; C, opposite 1
Shadegg, Stephen; Goldwater strategist 24
Shapurian, A. M.
  Disputes W. Thompson article and *Nation* editorial of June 8 criticizing Iran and Shah; C, opposite 21
Shaw, George Bernard; A.P.A. production of play Man and superman reviewed by H. Clurman; D 522
Sherrill, Robert G.
  Governor Wallace of Alabama and the future of Dixie; S 266
  The power game: George Smathers, the golden senator from Florida; S 426; see also C, opposite 477
Shipping industry; SOS from ailing U.S. merchant marine. D. Smith; S 406
Shisgall, Murray. See Schisgal, M.
Sign in Sidney Brustein's window, the. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 340
Simon, Anne W.
  Going public; experiences as TV celebrity; S 219
Sky is blue, the. D. Ignatow; P 174
Slaby, Steve M.
  American society for engineering education helping revive atom-shelter idea; C, opposite 477
Slander. See Libel
Slight ache, a. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 523
Sloman, Joel
  The blue woman; P 224
Slow dance on the killing ground. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 523
Smathers, Senator George; The power game: George Smathers, the golden senator from Florida. R. G. Sherrill; S 426; see also C, opposite 477
Smith, David. Sculpture reviewed by M. Kozloff; A 313
Smith, Desmond
  SOS from ailing U.S. merchant marine; S 406
  Sugar: market and supermarket; speculation and prices; S 327; see also C, opposite 449
Smith, Frank E.
  Southern politician's compulsory racial stand; S 132
Smith, Ralph Lee
  Postal savings: America's poorest buy; S 140; see also C, opposite 233
Smith, Stevie
  Tenuous and precarious; P 40
Smoking; slow progress in Federal health warnings and advertising reform; E 207
Snavely, James N.; outcast of Lebanon, Penna., for support of school-prayer ban. R. G. Hummerstone; S 303
SNCC. See Negroes—Civil rights
Soft skin, the. Reviewed by R. Hatch; MP 420
Solomon, Barbara Probst
  Rootless postwar French "Franglais" films; MP 57
SOS. See Scientists on survival, congress of
South, U.S.; Dixiecrats deserve no consideration; E 347
  Governor Wallace of Alabama and the future of Dixie. R. G. Sherrill; S 266
  Moon boom in space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 211
  Space crescent's brain ghettos and integration. W. S. Ellis; S 239
  Wide blue porkbarrel in space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 275
  See also respective states; Negroes—Civil rights
Southeast Asia treaty organization (SEATO); symbolizes U.S. faith in military power 65
  U.S. request for increase in token Vietnam aid 261
Space; aerospace politics in 1964 election; E 262
  Goldwater against moon race, for orbital station to thwart Soviets; E 103
  NASA installations creating boom in Southern space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 211 and 239
  Wide blue porkbarrel in South's space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 275
  See also Astronautics
Space. By H. Wolfert; P 468
Spain; close military relationship with U.S. no hindrance to trade with Cuba; E 317
  Falangist spokesman's advocacy of flexible attitude toward communism 394
Spell, the. W. Burford; P 409
Spellman, A. B.
  Air: Baltimore oriole; P 413
Spencer, George
  Suggestions for Goldwater cabinet; C, opposite 61
Spiegel, Der; Goldwater interview; E 41
Spies; and homosexuality; E 290
Sports; Olympics' amateur myth. D. Cort; S 157
Stalin, Joseph V.; possible rehabilitation following Khrushchev's ouster 294
Stankiewicz, Richard. Sculpture reviewed by M. Kozloff; A 313, 316
States, U.S.; Heller-Johnson plan for increased share in taxes 377-8
Stedman, Alfred D.
  Who owns a river?; conservationists vs. Northern states power co. for control of St. Croix in Minnesota; S 490
Steinmann, Anne
  F. Musgrove article disputed on retirement; C, opposite 177; see also 137
Stock market; utility stock options: executive "incentive" vs. public interest. L. Metcalf; S 151
Stockdale, Grant; suicide of ex-ambassador to Eire, former associate of Bobby Baker and Senator Smathers 430, 432
Stockhausen, Karlheinz. Music play Originale reviewed by F. Bowers; M 174
Stoessinger, John G.
  U.N. crisis: the politics of money; S 263
Stormer, John A.; book None dare call it treason expresses Goldwater ideology 68 ff., 178; see also correction, opposite 261
Stovall, "Babe"; Negro folk singer arrested in integrated New Orleans music club 272 ff.
Strikes. See Labor Union
Stuber, Stanley I.
  U.S. Catholic bishops at Ecumenical council should emulate J. F. Kennedy in U.S. on truth and freedom; C, opposite 205
Student nonviolent coordinating committee (SNCC). See Negroes—Civil rights
Student peace union; reorganized in New York. R. Lockard; C, opposite 393
Sudler, Culbreth, Jr.
  Correction of T. Fleming article of June 8, Kennedy the Catholic; C, opposite 1
Sugar; speculation and prices. D. Smith; S 327; see also C, opposite 449
Sukarno. See Indonesia
Summer, G. Anthony; P 38
Suslov, Mikhail; speculation on role in Khrushchev's downfall 292, 293
Sutherland, Elizabeth
  Summer in Mississippi. Cat and mouse game with police; S 105; see also C, opposite 233
  Theatre of the meaningful; free Southern theatre in Mississippi; D 254
Swenson, C. W.
  Noisy U.S. helicopter attack in South Vietnam no surprise to Vietcong; C, opposite 129
Syria; maltreatment of Israeli prisoners. J. Lieber; S 246; see also C, opposite 289

T

Tahiti; protests against Polynesian site for French nuclear tests 22
Taxes; Alabama sales levies under Governor Wallace 271
  See also United States—Finances
Taxis; dishonest meters, as in Los Angeles; E 131
Taylor, Maxwell D.; ambassador's reported advocacy of escalation of South Vietnamese war 421, 449 482
Teague, Representative Olin; Texan's role in space-program installations 275, 277
Teamsters union. See Labor—Union
Teen-agers. See Adolescents
Telephones; libel over by far-right groups; E 234
  Reaction in California against invasions of privacy; E 2
Television; public-relations creation and manipulation of celebrities. A. W. Simon; S 219
  Senator Smathers' relations with industry 432
Tennessee; new, new guard of the G.O.P. in Goldwater organization. V. E. Lewis and H. Chambers; S 85
  Students get Negro vote out in Fayette county. R. V. Denenberg; S 45; see also E, 62
Tenney, Charles W., Jr.
  Juvenile court judges working to improve justice; C, opposite 41; see also R. Tunley article, 5
Tenuous and precarious. S. Smith; P 40
Teshigahara, Horishi. Film Woman on the dunes reviewed by R. Hatch; MP 176
Texas; Dallas police dominated by press following Kennedy assassination; E 205
  Dallas police's mishandling of Oswald 298-9
  Houston space boom 211 ff, 276 ff.
Theatre
  Critic's credo, a. H. Clurman; D 120, 147 (two parts); see also C, opposite 149
  Free Southern theatre in Mississippi. E. Sutherland; S 254
  "Happenings" in Britain. C. Marowitz; S 99
  For reviews, see Clurman, H.; Schroeder, R. J.; Abel, L.; Novick, J.
Theobald, Robert
  May 11, 1963, article, Abundance: threat or promise?, proposed guaranteed annual income; signs of adoption by Federal government; E 450
Thomas, Representative Albert; worked with Senator L. B. Johnson to obtain Texas space installations 277
Thomas, Norman; 80th-birthday TV documentary planned; loan of tapes and movies on requested. J. Bardecke; C, opposite 233
Thompson, Wade
  June 8 article on Shah of Iran, season of kudos, disputed. A. M. Shapurian; C, opposite 21
Tilford, Ernest H.
  June 15 editorial, Mowing them down, corroborated by Ford booklet citing compact-car safety; C, opposite 21
Tobacco industry. See Smoking
Todd, D. D.
  Comments on D. Cort's Canada under Old Glory; C, opposite 129; see also 51
Togliatti, Palmiro; late Italian Communist leader's memorandum warning Khrushchev not to split Communist movement 292
  Political testament on socialist countries' problems; Khrushchev oration on 183, 188; see also C, opposite 233
Tower, Senator John; distress over *Nation's* exposé of rightist foundation broadcasts; E 151
Toys; Monstrous Christmas to all. E. Merriam; S 463
Trading stamps; raise prices of goods; FTC investigation; E 179
Traveller without luggage. Reviewed by H. Clurman; D 202
Tregaskis, Richard; book Vietnam diary quoted 301-2
Truffaut, Francois. Film The soft skin review by R. Hatch; MP 420
Tshombe, Moise. See Congo (Léopoldville)
Tunley, Roul
  The delinquent: do we hate our children?; S 5; see also C, opposite 41

- Tupper Lake, N. Y.; realistic civil-defense exercise; E 42
- Turkey; U.S. foreign aid ineffective; E 42

U

- Unemployment; chronic in Bootheel counties of Missouri .... 163 ff.; see also C, opposite 345
  - Defense cutbacks should initiate reconversion program 422
  - Factor in adolescents' riots. F. Musgrove; S 137
  - West Virginia chair firm's bankruptcy as setback to retraining of ex-miners; E 423
- Unfinished event, the. I. Machulkova; P 171
- Union of Socialist Socialist Republics
  - Abrupt removal of "Khrushchev the terrible"; E .... 289; see also C, opposite 345 and 421
  - And the United States
    - Cuban foothold adamantly opposed by State department .... 114 ff.
    - Futility of nuclear missile race conceded by scientists Wiesner and York; E 233
    - Lull in nuclear arms race gives chance for improving international atmosphere; E 505
    - Relations as fulcrum of U.S. foreign policy; escalation of Vietnam war would bring disastrous rupture; E 421
    - Russian problems and U.S. politics. I. Deutscher; S 43
    - Showdown in U.N. being forced by Soviet refusal to pay assessments. J. G. Stoessinger; S 263
    - Understanding as fulcrum of U.N.; steps toward agreement on assessments; E 477
  - Foreign relations
    - New Russo-Chinese equation following Khrushchev's ouster. F. Kuh; S 294
    - With Afghanistan, canny neutral. L. Dupree; S 134
  - Kremlin votes no confidence in Khrushchev. By A. Werth; S 291
  - Russia in 1964: report on a two-month visit. A. Werth; S .... 183; see also C, opposite 233
  - Speculation on intensity of opposition to NATO multilateral force 401
- Unions. See Labor—Union
- United Arab republic; abortive merger moves with Iraq 423
- United automobile workers. See Labor-Union
- United Nations
  - Communist Chinese membership backed by de Gaulle 422
  - Crisis in over politics of money. J. G. Stoessinger; S .... 263; see also E, 477
  - Expanded role in Cyprus and southeast Asia would permit neutralization of trouble spots. D. Grant; E 1
  - U.S.-Soviet understanding as fulcrum, with Security Council potentially useful following agreement on peacekeeping payments; E 477
  - World health organization's refusal to inspect tortured Israeli prisoners released by Syria 246, 248
- United States
  - And the Soviet Union. See Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—And the United States
  - Central intelligence agency
    - Congo machinations. J. Hatch; S 452
    - Use of Kaplan and other funds as conduits; E 102
  - Congress
    - Bobby Baker investigation by Senate conducted with suspicious ineptness; E 451
    - Campaign to short-change the crippled in social security payments. J. A. Page; C, opposite 421
    - History of Southern members' racial stand. F. E. Smith; S 132
    - Moss subcommittee's investigation of Federal use of lie detectors .... 159 ff.
    - Petition to abolish House un-American activities committee; E 450
    - Politics in space-program expenditures in South. W. S. Ellis; S 275
    - Power game in, as exemplified by Senator G. Smathers of Florida. R. G. Sherrill; S 426
    - Senator L. Metcalf's investigation of utilities' contribution to rightist causes; E 206
    - Shipping legislation 407-8
    - Toothless code of ethics for Senate; E 2
  - Constitution
    - Criminals, cops, and the Constitution. By Y. Kamisar; S 322
    - Electoral college as obsolete filter. D. A. Meyer and M. Nathan, Jr.; S 396
    - Federal power should be used for enforcement in Mississippi; E 1
  - Council of economic advisers
    - Heller plan for states to obtain increased share of taxes 377-8
  - Defense, national
    - Aerospace medical division proposes computerized coding of derogatory information; E 84
    - Aerospace politics in 1964 election; E 262
    - Air force orbital station advocated by Goldwater; E 103
    - Civil-defense exercises at Tupper Lake, N. Y.; E 42
    - Civil defense office aided by American society for engineering education in reviving fallout-shelter idea. S. M. Slaby; C, opposite 477
    - Cutbacks painful to politicians as well as workers; E 422
    - Draft opposed by Goldwater; E 130
    - Futility of nuclear missile race conceded by scientists Wiesner and York; E 233
    - Operation Sea orbit of nuclear-powered task force; E 129
    - Payoffs for contracts implied in Baker investigation 452
    - Space installations boom in South. W. S. Ellis; S 211
    - Vietnamese misadventure .... 63 ff.
    - Wide blue porkbarrel in Southern space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 275
  - Economics
    - Mobilization for youth: feuding over poverty. H. Krosney; S 435
    - Second-generation poverty in Missouri's Bootheel counties. F. W. Lindecke; S .... 163; see also C, opposite 345
    - Signs of Federal subsidy to poor, adumbrated by R. Theobald article of May 11, 1963; E 450
    - Various groups' vested interest in poverty, as in New York city; E 449
  - Federal communications commission
    - Regulations provide for notification by broadcasters to smeares; E 151
  - Federal power commission
    - On stock options for utilities executives .... 152 ff.
  - Federal trade commission
    - Investigation of trading-stamp practices; E 179
  - Finances
    - IRS ruling that price-fixing damage claims are deductible seen as windfall for conspiracy. R. J. Barber; S 332
    - 1960 and 1964 Democratic platforms compared .... 375 ff.
  - Foreign policy
    - Aid to Afghanistan in competition with Soviets. L. Dupree; E 134
    - Expanded role for U.N. would permit face-saving neutralization of Asian trouble spots. D. Grant; E 1
    - Foreign-aid fetish, as in Turkish experience; E 42
    - Foreign-aid waste resented by new Goldwater guard 86
    - Fundamental change in State department needed to implement Johnson program 349
    - Goldwater on, in *Spiegel* interview; E 41
    - Lack of realism for Far East revealed in Rusk's use of "Peiping." T. Adams; C, opposite 21
    - Muddle caused by backing of multilateral NATO force; E 319
    - Must adjust to fact of united China. J. Gange; S 63
    - "Screwball insistence" on multilateral NATO force; E 393
    - Should permit spread of vying, variant Marxist states. D. Mandel; C, opposite 101
    - Soviet relations as fulcrum; escalation of Vietnam war would bring disastrous rupture; E 421
  - Foreign relations
    - Backed witch-hunting Brazilian counter-revolution; E 206, 370
    - Cambodia's turn toward China through U.S. errors; E 365
    - Close military relationship with Spain no hindrance to latter's trade with Cuba; E 317
    - Congo, the: hostages, mercenaries, and the CIA. J. Hatch; S 452
    - Cuba: our cold-shoulder policy. R. A. Falk; S 113
    - Deeper involvement in South Vietnam cannot bring victory; time to negotiate; E 81, 82
    - "Dirty" war in South Vietnam. C. Davidson; S .... 299; see also C, opposite 345 and 365
    - Escalation of Vietnamese war in air and Gulf of Tonkin; E .... 61; E, 177
    - Following footsteps of defeated French in Vietnam. J. Kapstein; S 479
    - Manifold reasons for Johnson not to escalate war in South Vietnam; E 421
    - Misadventure in Vietnam. 1. The mix of fact and myth. J. Gange; S .... 63. 2. "The only war we've got." D. F. Ford; S 66
    - Peace corps as nursery for diplomats. I. Sclanders; S 31
    - Planes over Saigon: the wings tear off. D. F. Ford; S 3
    - Pressure for ending participation in Vietnam war; E 505
    - Significance of Chinese nuclear explosion; E 289
    - Vietnamese presence due to power politics; we should depart; E 449
    - With Afghanistan, canny neutral. L. Dupree; S 134
    - With Canada; effects of imagined federation. D. Cort; S 51
    - With Chile under President E. Frei. By M. Wyman; S 320
    - With Cuba bringing siege mentality. A. Hoppe; S .... 216; see also C, opposite 261 and 317
    - With Indonesia, aggressor against Malaysia; E 150
    - With the "redskins" (*montagnard* strike force) of Vietnam. D. F. Ford; S 29
  - Health, education and welfare department
    - Legislative campaign to short-change the crippled in social security payments. J. A. Page; C, opposite 421
  - Interior department
    - Backing for redwood national park 93
    - Holds Passamaquoddy tidal project feasible 11
  - Justice department
    - FBI activity in Mississippi .... 105 ff.; 478
    - FBI and Warren report 290, 295
    - FBI force augmented in Mississippi; chief J. E. Hoover's narrow construction of authority; E 21
    - J. E. Hoover, FBI head, as reactionary vulgarian in statements on Warren commission, M. L. King, and crime; E .... 394; see also C, opposite 477
    - J. R. Hoffa's "trial by press release" instigated by Attorney general Kennedy; E .... 83; see also correction, 149
    - Lack of zeal in Mississippi. Mrs. L. Leonard; C, opposite 149
  - National aeronautics and space administration (NASA)
    - Fortunes vary with publicity, for which manned flights outpull Mariner photography of Mars; E 478
    - Space installations creating economic boom and brain ghettos in Southern space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S .... 211 and 239; see also C, opposite 317
    - Wide blue porkbarrel in South's space crescent. W. S. Ellis; S 275
  - Post office department
    - Postal savings: America's poorest buy. R. L. Smith; S .... 140; see also C, opposite 233
  - Securities and exchange commission
    - Hearings on utilities' stock-option plans for executives 152
  - State department
    - Cuban cold-shoulder policy. R. A. Falk; S 113
    - Fundamental personnel change needed to implement Johnson program 349
    - "Screwball insistence" on NATO multilateral force; E 393
  - Supreme court
    - J. G. Snavely's support of school-prayer decision makes him outcast in Lebanon, Penna. .... 303 ff.; see also C, opposite 345
    - Rulings on wiretapping and due process irksome to police .... 322 ff.
  - Treasury department
    - Internal revenue service rules that price-fixing damages are tax-deductible. R. J. Barber; S 332
- Unruh, Jesse; California Democrat on effects of Goldwater nomination 23

V

- Velichansky, Leonid
  - Togliatti testament printed in Soviet press despite A. Werth statement; C, opposite 233; see also 183
- Vesalius. By R. Kelly; P 118
- Vietnam, North
  - Manifold reasons for Johnson not to escalate war in hour of decision; E 421
  - Tonkin gulf: round II; actual engagement or just radar blips?; E 177

PAGE

  U.S. escalation of war by naval retaliation in Gulf of Tonkin; E ...... 61; see also C, opposite 101
  U.S. escalation of war would be disaster for foreign policy; E 421
Vietnam, South
  America's "dirty" war in. C. Davidson; S ...... 299; see also C, opposite 345 and 365
  Deeper and deeper U.S. involvement after Gulf of Tonkin incident; E 81
  Demoralization of government points to end of war; E 261
  How we can win people's loyalty. W. L.. Husband; C, opposite 177
  Khanh's crisis fatigue won't be improved by U.S. "advisers"; E 101
  Misadventure in Vietnam. 1. The mix of fact and myth. J. Gange; S ...... 63. 2. "The only war we've got." D. F. Ford; S 66
  Mobile U.S.-*montagnard* ("redskin) strike force. D. F. Ford; S ...... 29; see also 481
  Noisy helicopter attack no surprise to Vietcong. C. W. Swenson; C, opposite 129
  Planes over Saigon: the wings tear off. D. F. Ford; S 3
  U.S. following in footsteps of defeated French. J. Kapstein; S 479
  U.S. groups speaking out to end our participation in war; E 505
  U.S. opportunities to educate *montagnards* 67-68
  U.S. should depart, no longer forcing policies on people; E 449
  War should be negotiated now; E ...... 82; see also C, opposite 177
Vinke, Sarah
  Nation as lantern; C, opposite 61
Viorst, Milton
  GOP: can the moderates come back?; S 217

W

Wages. See Labor—Union
Wagner, Mayor Robert F.; permitted politicians' take-over of Harlem anti-poverty program 28, 29
Wallace, Governor George; advocacy of unpledged electors 397, 398
  Alabama racist patronized by Southern Republican convention delegates 25
  Rebuffed by integration of Huntsville schools 239
  Wallace and the future of Dixie. R. G. Sherrill; S 266
  Wellsprings of racial appeal 132
Walter, Mrs. P. J.
  U.S. as bullyboy monster, as in South Vietnam; C, opposite 177; see also E, 82
Ward, James P.
  T. Fleming article of June 8, Kennedy the Catholic, disputed; C, opposite 1
Warren, Earl; commission did its work well; E 290
  Commission report blasted by J. E. Hoover; E 394
  Commission's findings on effects of Dallas police's "playing along" with press; E 205
  Head of commission investigating Kennedy assassination. M. Rosenberg; S ...... 110; see also C, opposite 177
  Measure of report's achievement. H. L. Packer; S ......295; see also C, opposite 393 and 477
  See also United States—Supreme court
Washington, Booker T.; advocate of welfare goals for Negroes ...... 243 ff.
Washington, D.C.; police irked by courts' restrictions on search and seizure 323-4
Waterman, Samuel B.
  R. F. Kennedy disqualified as lawmaker by record as attorney general; C, opposite 149; see also E, 101
Weber, Hyman
  Objections to *Nation's* reasons for support of Keating; C, opposite 149; see also E, 101
Weiler, G. H., Jr.
  Disputes editorial Drugs and doctors; C, opposite 233; see also E, 130
Weinberg, Paul S.
  Editorial Shortening the fuse tendentious; U.S. properly involved in South Vietnam; C, opposite 101; see also E, 61
Weiss, Theodore
  The latest word; P 498
  On stuffing a goose; P 500

PAGE

Weisslitz, E. F.
  Description of a process; P 98
  Intimation; P 98
Wells, Aaron O.
  Northern doctors' participation in Mississippi summer civil-rights struggle; S 515
Werth, Alexander
  The Kremlin votes no confidence in Khrushchev; S 291
  NATO today: the great poker game in divided alliance; S 399
  Reasons for de Gaulle's stands on MLF, atomic negotiation, Chinese membership in U.N., and Rapacki plan; E 422
  Russia in 1964: report on a two-month visit; S ...... 183; see also C, opposite 233
West Virginia; setback to ex-miners' retraining in chair company's bankruptcy; E 423
Wetland dawn. A. Planz; P 413
Wheels. R. Roseliep; P 283
Whitman, Sam
  Effectiveness of economic weapon against bigotry implied in Lebanon, Pa.; C, opposite 345; see also 303
Widick, B. J.
  General motors strike: prototype for more conflict; S 349
Wiesner, Jerome B. See Atom bomb
Wilkins, Ray; NAACP president's strategy on testing of 1964 civil rights act ...... 7 ff.; 50
Williams, Raymond
  The British elections; S 154
Willson, Gordon B.
  Disappointed with Packer article on Warren report; C, opposite 393; see also 295
Wilson, Harold; British Labour party candidate for prime ministership 155
Wilson, O. W.; Chicago police head critical of courts 322
Wiretapping; California "monitoring service" ruled illegal; E 2
  Courts' restrictions on decried by police officials 323
Wolfert, Helen
  Space; P 468
Woman on the dunes. Reviewed by R. Hatch; MP 176
Worthington, Richard; case against Miami murderer clinched by police immunity for partner 262
Wright, Marian E.
  Negroes' defense lawyers in Mississippi allowed to work more than claimed in E. Sutherland article; C, opposite 233; see also 105
Wyman, Mark
  Chile: revolution of good intentions; S 320

Y

Yarborough, Senator Ralph; Johnson's relations with 239
YF-12A; multiple functions asserted for new U.S. warplane 262
York, Herbert F. See Atom bomb
Young, Mr. and Mrs. Matt
  Praise for realism of H .L. Packer's article on Warren report; C, opposite 477; see also 295 and C, opposite 393
Young, Whitney, Jr.
  Corrections of W. Klein's Defeat in Harlem; C, opposite 81; see also 27
  National urban league director persuaded K. C. Clark to withdraw opposition to A. C. Powell's domination of Harlem anti-poverty program 29
Youth. See Adolescents
Yugoslavia; arts in. A. Karlen; A 499

Z

Zandy, Hassan F.
  Praise for June 8 editorial on Iran; C, opposite 21
Zeldin, Marvin
  Praise for and addendum to W. S. Ellis's Reviving Passamaquoddy; C ...... 53; see also 10
Zinn, Howard
  Introduction to Journey to understanding: four witnesses to a Mississippi summer; S 507
  Schools in context: the Mississippi idea of freedom schools; S 371
Zukas, B. J.
  S. Elam too theoretical in June 29 article. Union or guild: organizing the teachers; C, opposite 101

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are listed under author and title and in some cases under subject.

The following explanatory letters are used in the index:

B	Book review
R	Reviewer

PAGE

A

Abel, Lionel; R 438
Abrams, Charles
  Man's Struggle for shelter in an urbanizing world; B 199
Alain Robbé-Grillet and the new French novel. B. F. Stolzfus; B 362
Alger, Horatio. From rags to riches:
  Horatio Alger and the American dream. J. Tebbel; B 13
  Horatio Alger, or the American hero era. R. D. Gardner; B 13
Algren, Nelson; R 142
Anthropology. Two books on reviewed in article Men with their faces on, by G. P. Elliott ...... 201; see also A. Liazos letter, opposite 289
Arabs. Five books on reviewed 36
Arabs, the: a narrative history from Mohammed to the present. A. Nutting; B 36
Arabs, the: their history, culture and place in the modern world. A. Hottinger; B 36
Architecture; books on reviewed by L. Kirstein 519
Art books of 1964. Reviewed by L. Kirstein 470, 502, 519

B

Bachmann, Ingeborg
  The thirtieth year; B 34
Baer, Gabriel
  Population and society in the Middle East; B 36
Baseball. Books on by J. Brosnan discussed in article Truth strikes out, by C. Cilo 281
Beginning again. L. Woolf; B 310
Bellow, Saul
  Herzog; B 252
Bergier, Jacques. See Pauwels, L.
Bess, Donovan; R 358
Books by *Nation* contributors 475
Bourgeois poet, the. K. Shapiro; B 74
Breitbach, J.
  Report on Bruno; B 34
Brooklyn Heights pad, home of literati in 1940's. Article by O. Evans 15
Brosnan, James. Books on baseball discussed in article Truth strikes out, by C. Cilo 281
Browne, Sir Thomas
  Works of, edited by G. Keynes; B 282
Burgess, Anthony
  Nothing like the sun: a story of Shakespeare's love-life; B 196
Burroughs, William
  Notes on books Naked lunch and Nova express. Article by M. McLuhan 517

C

Can we explain the poltergeist? A. R. G. Owen; B 358
Candy, by T. Southern, censored in Chicago. B. Cook; S 125
Carruth, Hayden; R 168, 442
Carter, John; R 465
Caute, David
  Communism and the French intellectuals: 1914-1960; B 496
Cela, Camilo Jose
  The family of Pascual Duarte; B ...... 307; see also O. T. Myers letter, opposite 345
Chambers, Whittaker
  Cold Friday; B 306
Chametsky, Jules
  K. Rexroth distorted Negro writers' conference; C, opposite 289; see also 97 and R. Scheingold letter, opposite 205
Chaos and night. H. de Montherlant; B ...... 307; see also O. T. Myers letter, opposite 345
Chaplin, Charles
  My autobiography; B 222
Children and the threat of nuclear war. Child study association of America; B 412
Cilo, Charles
  Article Truth strikes out, on baseball books by J. Brosnan 281
Cold Friday. By W. Chambers; B 306
Communism and the French intellectuals: 1914-1960. D. Caute; B 496

Index

Complete poems of D. H. Lawrence, the. Collected and edited by V. de S. Pinto and F. W. Roberts; B ...... 382; see also correction, opposite 481
Cort, David; R 306
Crane, Stephen, the war dispatches of. Edited by R. W. Stallings and E. R. Hagemann; B 54
Creeley, Robert; R .... 336; see also letters, opposite 393
Crisis in black and white. See Silberman, C. E.
Culture consumers, the. A. Toffler; B 466

D

de Lissovoy, Peter; R 334, 383
Deutscber, Isaac; R 494
Diaries of Paul Klee, the. 1898-1918. Edited by F. Klee; B 414
Dienstfrey, Hans; R 466
Doderer, Heimito von
  Every man a murderer; B 34
Drawings, books on, reviewed by L. Kirstein 502
Drugs. LSD: the consciousness-expanding drug. Edited by D. Solomon; B 360
  Real voice, the, in investigations (Senator E. Kefauver). By R. Harris; B 166
Duncan, Robert
  Roots and branches; B 442

E

Eastlake, William; novels analyzed in article by D. Pbelps, The land of grace and isolation 225
Eberbart, Ricbard
  Quarry, the: new poems; B 56
Economics of taste, the: the rise and fall of the picture market, 1760-1960. G. Reitlinger; B 465
Ebrenburg, Ilya
  Memoirs: 1921-1941; B 494
Elliott, George P.; R .... 118, 201, 252; see also A. Liazos letter, opposite 289
Ellison, Ralph
  Shadow and act; B 334
Ellul, Jacques
  The technological society; B 249
Erasers, the. A. Robbé-Grillet; B 362
Erikson, Erik H.
  Insight and responsibility: lectures on the implications of psychoanalytic insight; B 438
Evans, Oliver
  Article The pad in Brooklyn Heights, brownstone home of literary celebrities in 1940's 15
Every man a murderer. H. von Doderer; B 34

F

Family of Pascual Duarte, the. C. J. Cela; B .... 307; see also O. T. Myers letter, opposite 345
Far field, the. T. Roethke; B 168
For the Union dead. R. Lowell; B 278
Friedman, Bruce Jay
  A Mother's kisses; B 142
From rags to riches: Horatio Alger, Jr., and the American dream. J. Tebbel; B 13
Fruchter, Norman; R 169

G

Gainham, Sarah; R 34
Gardner, Ralph D.
  Horatio Alger, or the American hero era; B 13
Gilliatt, Penelope; R 227
Glubb, John Bagot
  The great Arab conquests; B 36
Goldberg, Harvey; R 496
Great Arab conquests, the. J. B. Glubb; B 36
Great Britain. Article Letter from London, on "happenings." C. Marowitz 99
Gregory, Dick
  Nigger (with R. Lipsyte); B 383
Gnrin, David; R 199

H

N

Hagemann, E. R. (ed.). See Stallings, R. W.
"Happenings" in Britain. Article Letter from London, by C. Marowitz 99
Harris, Richard
  The real voice (Senator E. Kefauver); B 166
Herzog. By S. Bellow; B 252
H. G. Wells: journalism and prophecy, 1893-1946. Edited by W. W. Wagar; B 444
Hinden, Rita (ed.). See Tawney, R. H.
Hollo, Anselm (translator)
  Selected poems of Andrei Vozneseneky; B .... 336; see also letters, opposite 393
Holmes, Deborah A.; R 194
Horatio Alger, or the American hero era. R. D. Gardner; B 13
Hottinger, Arnold
  The Arabs: their history, culture and place in the modern world; B 36
Houseman, Jobn; R 222
Housing. Man's struggle for shelter in an urbanizing world. C. Abrams; B 199
Howard, Richard; R 278, 469
Hyneman, Charles S.
  The Supreme Court on trial; B 280

I

I know what I'm doing. H. Koningsberger; B 385
I never saw another butterfly. Edited by H. Volakova; B 411
Insight and responsibility: lectures on the ethical implications of psychoanalytic insight. E. H. Erikson; B 438
Issawi, Charles; R 36
Italian girl, the. I. Murdoch; B 339

J

Jobnston, Denis
  Article on S. O'Casey 198

K

Karlen, Arno; R 54
Kefauver, Senator Estes. Real voice, the. R. Harris; B 166
Keynes, Geoffrey (ed.)
  The works of Sir Thomas Browne; B 282
Kiev. Ari (ed.)
  Magic, faith, and healing; B 358
Kirstein, George G.; R .... 409; see also letter, opposite 449
Kirstein, Lincoln; R 470, 502, 519
Klee, Paul, the diaries of, 1898-1918. Edited by F. Klee; B 414
Koch, Robert
  Louis C. Tiffany, rebel in glass; B 469
Koningsberger, Hans
  I know what I'm doing; B 385
Koten, Bernard
  Article On translating Voznesensky 337
Kott. Jan
  Sbakespeare our contemporary; B 94
Kriegel, Leonard; R 339
  The long walk home; B 144

L

Langer, Elinor; R 166
Lakin, R. D.
  W. Schott, in review of Last exit to Brooklyn, makes shotgun charges against literary "establishment"; letter, opposite 505; see also 440
Last exit to Brooklyn. H. Selby, Jr.; B .... 440; see also R. D. Lakin letter, opposite 505
Latta, William C., Jr.
  Mr., not Mrs., V. de Sola Pinto co-editor of D. H. Lawrence poems; letter, opposite 421
Lawrence, D. H., the complete poems of. Collected and edited by V. de Sola Pinto and F. W. Roberts; B .... 382; see also correction, opposite 421
Lawrence, D. H., paintings of. Edited by M. Levy; B 382
Leavitt, Jack; R 280
Letter from Quebec, on French separatist organs and activities. Article by M. Schleifer 386
Levi-Strauss, Claude
  Tristes tropiques; B .... 201; see also A. Liazos letter, opposite 289
Levy. Mervyn (ed.)
  Paintings of D. H. Lawrence; B 382
LeWinter, Oswald; R 94
Lewis. Bernard
  Middle East, the, and the West; B 36
Lipsyte, Robert. See Gregory, D.
London, letter from; "happenings" in Britain. Article by C. Marowitz 99
Long walk home, the. L. Kriegel; B 144
Louis C. Tiffany, rebel in glass. R. Koch; B 469
Lowell. Robert
  For the Union dead; B 278
LSD: the consciousness-expanding drug. Edited by D. Solomon; B 360
Lyon, Peter
  Success story: the life and times of S. S. McClure; B 13

M

Mayer, Martin
  June 29 review of Crisis in black and white, by C. E. Silberman, criticized; L. Stevenson letter, with Mayer reply, opposite 41
Mayor, A. Hyatt; R 414
Memoirs, 1921-1941. I. Ehrenburg; B 494
Mercier, Vivian; R 362
Middle East, the, and the West. B. Lewis; B 36
Milgram, Stanley and Alexandra; R 412
Miller, Warren; R 196
Mills, Ralph J., Jr.; R 56
McClure, S. S. Success story: the life and times of S. S. McClure. By P. Lyon; B 13
McGlothlin, William H.; R 360
McLuhan, Marshall
  Article Notes on W. Burroughs 517
  Understanding media; B 194
Madow, Pauline; R 444
Magic. Three books on reviewed 358
Magic, faith, and healing. Edited by A. Kiev; B 358
Man's struggle for shelter in an urbanizing world. C. Abrams; B 199
Marowitz, Charles
  Article Letter from London, on "happenings" in Britain 99
Martin-Santos, Luis
  Time of silence; B 307
Montberlant, Henri de
  Chaos and night; B .... 307; see also O. T. Myers letter, opposite 345
Moosdorf, Johanna
  Next door; B 34
Morning of the magicians, the. L. Pauwels and J. Bergier; B 358
Mother's kisses, a. B. J. Friedman; B 142
Murdoch, Iris
  Italian girl, the; B 339
My autobiography. C. Chaplin; B 222
Myers, Oliver T.
  Disagreement with P. West review of Spanish novels; letter, opposite 345; see also 307

N

Naked lunch. Notes on W. Burroughs book by M. McLuhan .... 517 ff.
Nation, The; books by contributors 475
  Titles of interest to readers 284
Negroes. Panelizing dissent, as at Asilomar conference on Negro writer in U.S. Article by K. Rexroth .... 97; see also R. Scheingold letter, opposite 205
Next door. J. Moosdorf; B 34
Nigger. D. Gregory (with R. Lipsyte); B 383
Nothing like the sun: a story of Shakespeare's love-life. A. Burgess; B 196
Nova express. Notes on W. Burroughs book by M. McLuhan .... 517 ff.
Nuclear war, children and the threat of. Child study association of America; B 412
Nutting, Anthony
  The Arabs: a narrative history from Mohammed to the present; B 36

O

O'Casey, Sean. Tribute to. Article by D. Johnston 198
Only lovers left alive. D. Wallis; B 227
Owen, A. R. G.
  Can we explain the poltergeist?; B 358

P

Paintings by D. H. Lawrence. Edited by M. Levy; B 382
Pauwels, Louis (co-author)
  Morning of the magicians, the (with J. Bergier); B 358
Phelps, Donald
  Article The land of grace and isolation, on W. Eastlake's novels 225
Pinto, Vivian de Sola (ed.)
  Complete poems of D. H. Lawrence, the (with F. W. Roberts); B .... 382; see also correction, opposite 421
Poltergeist, can we explain the? A. R. G. Owen; B 358
Population and society in the Arab East. G. Baer; B 36
Portrait of an artist with twenty-six horses. W. Eastlake; B 225
Psychoanalysis. Insight and responsibility: lectures on the ethical implications of psychoanalytic insight. E. H. Erikson; B 438
Pueblo gods and myths. H. A. Tyler; B 201

Q

Quarry, the: new poems. R. Eberhart; B 56
Quebec, letter from. Article by M. Schleifer .. 386

R

Radical tradition, the: twelve essays on politics, education, and literature, by R. H. Tawney. Edited by R. Hinden; B .. 169
Real voice, the (Senator E. Kefauver). By R. Harris; B 166
Reitlinger, Gerald
  The economics of taste: the rise and fall of the picture market, 1760-1960; B 465
Report on Bruno. By J. Breitbach; B 34
Rexroth, Kenneth; R .... 282, 382; see also letter, opposite 421
  Article Panelizing dissent, as at Asilomar conference on Negro writer in U.S. .... 97; see also R. Scheingold letter, opposite 205, and J. Chametsky letter, opposite 289
Richard, Jerry; R 411
Robbé-Grillet, Alain
  The erasers; B 362
Robbé-Grillet, Alain, and the new French novel. B. F. Stolzfus; B 362
Roberts, F. Warren (ed.). See Pinto, V. de S.
Rockler, Walter J.
  Nazis superior to Russians in barbarity—comment on G. Kirstein review of A. Werth's Russia at war, 1941-1945; letter, opposite 449; see also 409
Roethke, Theodore
  Far field, the; B 168
Roots and branches. R. Duncan; B 442
Rose, W. K.; R 96
Rosenthal, Mel; R 144
Rucker, Marcia G.
  R. Creeley missed Voznesensky's word play in translating terms; letter, opposite 393; see also 336
Russia at war 1941-1945. A. Werth; B .... 409; see also W. J. Rockler letter, opposite 449

S

Sartre, Jean-Paul
  The words; B 118
Scheingold, Ruth
  Disagreement with K. Rexroth article Panelizing dissent, on Negro writers; letter, opposite 205; see also 97 and J. Chametsky letter, opposite 289
Schleifer, Marc
  Article Letter from Quebec, on French separatist activities and organs 386
Schott, Webster; R .... 74, 440; see also R. D. Lakin letter, opposite 505
Selby, Herbert, Jr.
  Last exit to Brooklyn; B .... 440; see also R. D. Lakin letter, opposite 505
Selected poems. S. Smith; B 96
Selected poems of Andrei Voznesensky; translated by A. Hollo; B .... 336; see also letters, opposite 393
Shadow and act. R. Ellison; B 334
Shakespeare, William. Nothing like the sun: a story of Shakespeare's love-life. A. Burgess; B 196
Shakespeare our contemporary. J. Kott; B 94
Shapiro, Karl
  Bourgeois poet, the; B 74
Silberman, Charles E.
  Objections to M. Mayer review of book Crisis in black and white, June 29; letter, with Mayer reply, opposite 41
Smith, Stevie
  Selected poems; B 96
Solomon, David (ed.)
  LSD: the consciousness-expanding drug; B 360
Spain. Three novels of reviewed .... 307; see also O. T. Myers letter, opposite 345
Stallings, R. W. (ed.)
  The war dispatches of Stephen Crane (with E. R. Hagemann); B 54
Stevenson, Lynward
  M. Mayer's June 29 review of C. E. Silberman's Crisis in black and white disputed on Woodland organization, Chicago; letter, with Mayer reply, opposite 41
Stolzfus, Ben F.
  Alain Robbé-Grillet and the new French novel; B 362
Success story: the life and times of S. S. McClure. By P. Lyon; B 13
Supreme Court on trial, the. C. S. Hyneman; B 280
Swados, Harvey; R 13
Sykes, Christopher; R 310

T

Taste, the economics of: the rise and fall of the picture market, 1760-1960. G. Reitlinger; B 465
Tawney, R. H.
  The radical tradition: twelve essays on politics, education, and literature. Edited by R. Hinden; B 169
Tebbel, John
  From rags to riches: Horatio Alger and the American dream; B 13
Technological society, the. J. Ellul; B 249
Theobald, Robert; R 249
Thirtieth year, the. I. Bachmann; B 34
Tiffany, Louis C., rebel in glass. R. Koch; B 469
Time of silence. Luis Martín-Santos; B 307
Toffler, Alvin
  The culture consumers; B 466
Tristes tropiques. C. Levi-Strauss; B .... 201; see also A. Liazos letter, opposite 289
Tyler, Hamilton A.
  Pueblo gods and myths; B 201

U

Understanding media: the extensions of man. M. McLuhan; B 194

V

Volakova, H. (ed.)
  I never saw another butterfly; B 411
Voznesensky, Andrei
  Selected poems of, translated by A. Hollo; B .... 336; see also letters, opposite 393
Voznesensky, Andrei, on translating of. Article by B. Koten 337

W

Wagar, W. Warren (ed.)
  H. G. Wells: journalism and prophecy, 1893-1946; B 444
Wallis, Dave
  Only lovers left alive; B 227
War dispatches of Stephen Crane, the. Edited by R. W. Stallings and E. R. Hagemann; B 54
Waterhouse, Keith; R 385
Wells, H. G.: journalism and prophecy, 1893-1946. Edited by W. W. Wagar; B 444
Werth, Alexander
  Russia at war 1941-1945; B .... 409; see also W. J. Rockler letter, opposite 449
  Strictures on R. Creeley translation of Voznesensky's words; letter, opposite 393; see also 336
West, Paul; R .... 307; see also O. T. Myers letter, opposite 345
Woolf, Leonard
  Beginning again; B 310
Words, the. J.-P. Sartre; B 118
Works of Sir Thomas Browne, the, edited by G. Keynes; B 282
Writers' conferences; at Asilomar, Calif., on Negro writer in U.S. Article by K. Rexroth .... 97; see also letters, opposite 205 and 289

Z

Zabriskie, George; R 194

THE ALGER LEGEND: Harvey Swados

THE NATION

July 13, 1964 . . 35c

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Planes over Saigon

THE WINGS TEAR OFF

Daniel F. Ford

Testing the New Law

Legalists, Publicists, Activists

Peter de Lissovoy

The Delinquent

Do We Hate Our Children?

Roul Tunley

LETTERS

Catholics and Kennedy

Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs: In "Kennedy the Catholic" (*The Nation*, June 8) Thomas Fleming makes a truly remarkable statement: "Schooled in a philosophy of obedience, most Catholics will continue to find freedom an unnerving experience. . . ." Talk like that has become almost as unfashionable as anti-Negro or anti-Semitic talk. But to take the statement at its face value: from the Catholics who framed the Magna Charta, through the Catholic who discovered America, through the Catholics (Spanish and French and even a not minute number of English) who explored and colonized three-quarters of the New World, through the Catholic who signed the Declaration of Independence and the two who signed the Constitution, through the Catholics who fought and, as in the case of Pulaski, died in the War of Independence, through the French Catholics who assured American victory in 1781, through the Catholics who by the millions have served the nation in both war and peace—all these poor, superstition-dominated people have, believe it or not, really felt at home in the United States. . . .

The really unfortunate thing about the article is that there is a need for mature, responsible criticism of the Catholic Church, on the part of Catholic and non-Catholic alike. But articles containing such demonstrative inanities cannot well serve this purpose. . . . *James P. Ward*

Orchard Park, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Thomas J. Fleming's masterful piece, "Kennedy the Catholic," is especially profound in light of the real JFK mythology which has already taken root in the ghetto remnants of the Catholic community.

It recalls a tale which is currently making the rounds of the communion-breakfast circuit. The speaker occasioned to meet a very knowledgeable nun who was in turn a good friend of the late President's priest in Boston.

Reminding his audience that Kennedy had a habit of keeping his right hand in his pocket . . . he declared that the President was really saying the rosary. "Kennedy always had a rosary in his pocket, and turned to it in times of crisis. . . ."

For those Catholics who could never accept the intellectual quality, the liberalism, the social morality of John Kennedy, what better comfort than to believe that he was making his private peace through a rosary in his pocket?

My only lament is that Mr. Fleming's article — without question the finest that has appeared on this subject—is not seeing print in the mass-circulation Catholic magazines which have experienced an agonizing reappraisal since the Kennedy years began.

Russell W. Gibbons

Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In "Kennedy the Catholic" the statement that "He had never been inside a Catholic school" is slightly in error. In fact he attended Canterbury, a school run by Catholic laymen, for one year at the age of 13.

Culbreth Sudler, Jr.

Armies, Inc.

Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The State Department has recently admitted that privately hired U.S . mercenaries *are* flying for the Congo "government" against the "rebels." Earlier we were also given belated confirmation that privately hired American fliers were operating in Laos. Could this be the reason "business" likes the Johnson Administration? . . .

With this as a guide, perhaps we can soon look forward to privately owned and financed armies operating in foreign fields. Perhaps a "Standard Oil Army" fighting China for the right to deliver oil to the "lamps" that no longer exist. . . . *D. W. Conde*

Correction

Dear Sirs: David Cort's "The Crafts Reborn" (*The Nation*, June 22) is most reassuring to those who have shared the convictions about crafts, craftsmanship and the infinite possibilities for Americans. . . . The School for American Craftsmen is a part of the Rochester Institute of Technology, not the University of Rochester.

Evelyn Buff Segal

Child of the dowager

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Benjamin Boretz's excoriation of the Met (*The Nation*, June 1) unfortunately stopped short of discussing the most horripilating fact about that "smug dowager"—namely, that she is scheduled to be impregnated, in spite of her senility and decrepitude, by a cultural agency potent with public (or publicly subscribed) money. After a still indefinite period of gestation and, according to reports, with the midwifely assistance of Risë Stevens, she is to be delivered of a junior image of herself—a second Met composed of "young American artists" who will be trained in a National Cultural Center and then sent out to spread the tired old gospel across the land. When this great cultural leap backward was announced by Mr. Kennedy, with full Presidential fanfare, one could hardly suppress a certain skepticism about the new frontiers of the arts. True, the Kennedys had made a handsome shrine of the White House, and they had had the Stravinskys over for dinner. But why didn't someone tell them that the Met is as inimical to a genuine culture as Big Steel was to the economy? *Lawrence Morton*

THE
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In this issue

EDITORIALS

1

ARTICLES

3 Planes Over Saigon: The Wings Tear Off
Daniel F. Ford
5 The Delinquent: Do We Hate Our Children?
Roul Tunley
7 Testing the New Law: Legalists, Publicists, Activists
Peter de Lissovoy
10 Reviving Passamaquoddy
William S. Ellis

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

13 Ragged Dick in the Last Lap
Harvey Swados
15 The Pad in Brooklyn Heights
Oliver Evans
16 Art
Max Kozloff
18 Theatre
Harold Clurman
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 20)
Frank W. Lewis

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EDITORIALS

Enforce the Constitution

In a special issue, "Time To Kill Jim Crow" (July 7, 1956), *The Nation* declared that the Constitution "is not a document to be accepted or rejected as each locality sees fit." *The Nation* said further that if all other means to insure the Negro's right to vote in Mississippi failed, troops and bayonets, and for that matter tanks and grenades, should be used to insure that right. And that is what *The Nation* says now.

Negroes and whites must be free to vote, free to travel, free to worship, free to speak and write, everywhere in the territory of the United States. If they do not have these freedoms, the Constitution is no more than a scrap of paper. In Mississippi, the only freedom the Negro has is to cringe before the white man. The white citizen from another state, who goes to Mississippi to help the Negro get the ballot, is free to be assaulted or murdered. In many sections the local law-enforcement officers are in league with homicidal segregationists, or are themselves members of lynch mobs. It was said of Nazi Germany, and of Fascist states generally, that the criminal had taken over the government and the law-abiding citizens were silent—or dead. That is not far from the situation in parts of the Deep South today.

William Bradford Huie of Alabama, writing from Philadelphia, Miss., compares the situation there with Auschwitz and the terror in Algeria before de Gaulle suppressed the French extremists. Huie points out that at least five human beings have disappeared without a trace in Mississippi this year—and the year is only half over. Noninterference with racist terrorism masquerades as "moderation." It is not moderation, it is bloodshed, and it will lead to more bloodshed. There is no difference between Negro blood, or the blood of white integrationists, and the segregationist blood which might be spilled if the President sent troops into centers of insurrection. No difference except that those who are now being killed are trying to uphold the Constitution; the insurrectionists are defying it.

Attorney General Kennedy has stated that the situation in Mississippi is a "local matter for law enforcement" in which the federal authority is "very limited." He is contradicted by twenty-nine professors of law from six universities for whom Mark De Wolfe Howe of Harvard is acting as spokesman. The jurists hold that the President has clear power to act under Section 333 of Title 10 of the Federal Code, which authorizes him "to take such action as he considers necessary to suppress, in a state, any insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combination, or conspiracy, if it . . . opposes or obstructs the execution of the laws of the United States. . . ."

The lawyers concede that Mr. Johnson and his attorney general may think that that moment had not yet arrived in Mississippi. In that case, Mr. Howe and his colleagues imply, they should present themselves, not as powerless, but as patient to a fault.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 27, Aug. 10 and 24.

UN: Peace and Politics

A third resolution on the Cyprus question has been passed unanimously by the United Nations Security Council. This impressive demonstration of the ability of Security Council members, notably the United States and the Soviet Union, to agree on measures to keep the peace is all the more significant because of the earlier failure of NATO to handle the Cyprus problem and the limitations of White House diplomacy made apparent by President Johnson's recent conferences with the Prime Ministers of Greece and Turkey. This raises the question whether the time is not at hand when the world organization should be given *the* major role in world affairs.

This question should not be confused with the ritual advocacy of "improving the peace-keeping machinery of the United Nations." The problem is political, not mechanical. It is, of course, useful to have a well-organized force in the field when peace-keeping is necessary. But efficiency is an attribute of the means; an efficient United Nations peace-keeping force moving in the wrong political direction will not help matters.

So long as the great powers remain in agreement the Cyprus operation will succeed. The Congo operation very nearly failed simply because the great powers were by no means uniformly determined that it should not fail. If the United Nations is given a larger role in the immensely more difficult China question — a growing possibility — the same reality applies. The underlying condition for success will be political agreement, especially by the great powers.

It is obvious, one would think, that the China question is not going to be solved peaceably without the political agreement of Peking. It should be equally obvious — as it certainly is to Secretary General U Thant and his advisers — that problems in Laos, Cambodia, North and South Vietnam are all aspects of the China problem. So, palpably, is the problem of Taiwan.

It is unfortunate, as Charles de Gaulle and Alec Douglas-Home agree, that Peking is not represented in the United Nations. Meaningful political agreement is difficult in a world institution from which nearly a quarter of the human race is excluded. Fortunately, the situation is not insoluble. The way is still open for a new meeting of the nations involved in the mess in Indo-China. Such meetings were held in Geneva in

1954 and again in 1962. China would again be included. From Geneva the issue could be referred to the Security Council. Agreements on neutralization of the area could be policed by the United Nations.

What Peking would accept in the way of neutralization cannot be known until the diplomats meet. It is interesting, however, that an unofficial suggestion recently has been made in United Nations circles that Peking might even consider such a solution to the problem of Taiwan.

This is an exciting vista: Neutralization at once of Laos, Cambodia, North Vietnam, South Vietnam — and Taiwan — with United Nations forces policing that neutrality and United States troops coming home. It is a possible way out for the United States that does not involve "turning its friends over to the Communists." Neutralization of Taiwan would open the way to representation of mainland China in the United Nations. Neutralization of North Vietnam and South Vietnam would open the way to UN membership for those nations. Membership for the representatives of all the world's 3 billion inhabitants would be brought closer to realization.

DONALD GRANT

Call This a Code?

After eight months of gestation, the Senate Rules Committee, winding up the Bobby Baker investigation, has brought forth a bill purporting to embody a code of ethics for Senators and Senate employees earning more than $10,000 annually. L. P. McLendon, the committee's special counsel, who had originally proposed a stronger measure, commented: "I don't think you can draft one that doesn't have some loopholes." That is all too true, but the proposed bill is so feeble that an aircraft carrier could be maneuvered through the holes built into it.

Anything derogatory that can be said of this travesty has already been said by the three members of the committee who voted for a stronger bill—Senators Joseph Clark (D., Pa.), Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) and John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.). The provisions of the bill that was passed must be seen to be believed. Disclosure must be made of any business or professional activity in which the Senator or Senate employee (or officer of the Senate) has an interest in excess of 50 per cent of his salary. The amount of the interest need not be disclosed. The name and address of firms in which those affected by the measure have an interest, and which do business with the government, must be disclosed—that and nothing more. Transactions of other members of the family are exempted—all a Senator who has something to hide need do is operate in his wife's name.

Senate employees must not take part in the allocation of political campaign funds among members of the Senate. They must not, but there is no provision for penalties if they do, though Senator Clark, much to his own surprise, was able to push a belated amendment through the Rules Committee which would give that body a continuing watchdog role.

As if to make sure that the bill contained no teeth and could never be fitted with any, only financial interests held as of January 31 are reportable. Sen. B. Everett Jordan, chairman of the Bobby Baker investigating committee, was asked if a Senator or employee who made a stock killing during the year and disposed of the shares before January 31 would be required to report. Senator Jordan affirmed that he would not.

One Senator who voted for the measure said he had done so only because it was "a better-than-nothing compromise." He was wrong. A compromise that gives the appearance of correction, without the reality, is worse than nothing.

Electronic Privacy

There seems to be growing resentment against the invasion of privacy, especially in the form of telephonic intrusions and surveillance. The state of California, which often manages to be simultaneously in the forefront of reaction and of progressivism, is the locale of much of the agitation. Clifton Fadiman, who lives in Los Angeles and makes his living in New York, lets the electronic Yahoos have it in an article in the July *Holiday*: "Please Tap My Wire, I Like It!" But he doesn't; no one could be more outraged at the obsolescence of the Private Man (Fadiman's capitals).

Another rebellious Californian, Morey W. McDaniel of Palo Alto, has filed a complaint and brief with the California Utilities Commission against the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. Mr. McDaniel, described as an "exasperated Stanford law student," has had a bellyful of telephone solicitors, a tribe of hard sellers which is apparently on the increase all over the country. He wants the company to put an asterisk next to the name of any telephone subscriber who requests it, and in the front of the book to insert an explanatory statement reading somewhat as follows:

> No uninvited solicitation for a commercial or charitable purpose is permitted to any telephone number preceded by an asterisk (*).

The hardened hawker might try anyway but there would be some relief, at least until the number of asterisks approached the number of listings.

If there is an element of humor in all this, the picture ceases to be funny when it is viewed in the large. Unresisted, the invasion of privacy takes on constantly more virulent forms. Thus Pacific Tel & Tel offers, under a stated tariff, telephone-monitoring equipment. It is nothing new and other units of the Bell System presumably are prepared to provide similar services, which are attractive to managers perhaps in inverse ratio to the loss of their functions to computers. According to one "educated guess," some 10,000 California businessmen avail themselves of such legally permissible devices (to be distinguished from illicit wire tapping). The stated objective is to check on the "efficiency" of the employee, e.g., whether he is courteous to the customer over the telephone, whether he is sufficiently zealous in salesmanship, how much time he spends placing bets with his bookie, etc.

Some of this may be regarded, especially by employers, as wholly justified, but the borderline is shifty. A monitoring device was installed in an out-of-the-way cellar room of a large hospital by the administrator, ostensibly to obtain data for the improvement of the institution's telephone service. The equipment remained connected for three months, until the medical staff found out about it and raised a rumpus. During this period all conversations could be monitored, including, for example, reports from the laboratory that certain patients had venereal disease. In a report dated June 5, Commissioner William M. Bennett of the California Public Utilities Commission, applying basic legal doctrines, concluded that the entire Pacific Tel & Tel monitoring service was unlawful. At the very least, it needs more stringent regulation than it has been getting, in California and elsewhere. Probably it would be a good riddance if it were abolished entirely, except for specifically defined instructional purposes in situations where the trainee knows he is being overheard.

SOS — Fourth Year

The weaknesses of the Congress of Scientists on Survival (*The Nation*, July 13, 1963) were still in evidence at the fourth convention, held in New York City June 19 to 21. These limitations—perhaps a better word—are inherent in its organization as a forum for all intellectually respectable viewpoints, ranging from a doctrinal presentation of the Soviet case (including the obligatory castigation of the Chinese Reds) by academician V. S. Emelyanov, to a defense of the fall-out shelter program by Steuart L. Pittman, former Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense. While all these hundreds of thousands of words were being exchanged, the Johnson Administration was engaged in enlarging the war in Southeast Asia. The gap between the doers in Washington and the speakers in New York could not have been more sharply emphasized.

Yet, if the ultimate catastrophe is avoided and the scientists continue to forgather, any partisan of peace who fails to attend will be neglecting his duty. One reason for this affirmation is that SOS consistently brings together as knowledgeable a group of people as can be assembled in the United States, or anywhere else for that matter, and a majority of the panels are highly professional. To be for peace is not enough: one must know what peace and war are all about. If peace were easy, we should have it. If we are ever to move toward it, we must bring not only emotion to the task, but technical knowledge. Women carrying babies in demonstrations may have both, but they are apt to be long on emotion. SOS is long on knowledge; on that account it is worth the time, the money, and even three days in New York in the heat of June.

The second reason for attending is that a degree of convergence is taking place between various organizations and individuals: the semi-official Pugwash conferences; the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, which made one of the panels especially enlightening; some European bodies similar to SSRS; the Federation of American Scientists; Physicians for Social Responsibility, which did a good publicity job on biological-chemical-radiological warfare; the Council for a Livable World (one of the luncheons was a memorial to Leo Szilard); and even some East European organizations or informal groupings. The yearly SOS conferences assist in a meeting of minds from which an effective consensus may emerge.

Third, there are some extremely astute operators among the SOS officials and directors. These people know what needs to be done and there is some hope they will manage to bring it about. The problem is to transmit upward through the layers of government power ideas that originate among the intellectuals who, in the United States, occupy a lowly but indispensable position. When the doers are lost in their doing they may, at some critical juncture, listen to advice. God knows they need it. What SOS needs is time.

Planes Over Saigon

THE WINGS TEAR OFF . . . . . .

Daniel F. Ford

Saigon

In every daylight hour, from runways and clearings all over South Vietnam, the aircraft lift off under maximum power—helicopters, cargo planes, fighter-bombers, observation craft, even an occasional U-2. They strain for altitude, climbing in tight spirals until their altimeters read 2,000 feet or more. Only then do crews and engines relax. The only safe highway in South Vietnam is the sky, and the only safe accesses to it are the slender columns of air space above government-controlled outposts and towns.

"We've been shot at right over the city," a helicopter pilot told me in Vinh Long, home of the 114th Aviation Company. "So we don't fool around any more. These aircraft are flying at 'max gross' every time they take off. Watch the tail-boom — you'll see the skin wrinkling from the torque. No aircraft can take that kind of strain every day of the year."

He might have been any military pilot in South Vietnam, but he happened to be flying the turbo-jet helicopter which the Bell company christened the Iroquois but which everybody else calls the Huey, from its military designation as the HU-1. The Huey is fast, compact and fair-

---

Daniel F. Ford, a free-lance journalist, is now in South Vietnam on a magazine writer's grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. This is the first of several articles he will write for The Nation.

ly powerful. It was designed for evacuating battle casualties, but here it flies every conceivable mission from transporting pigs and cabbages to assaulting fortified Vietcong positions. Most of the Hueys in the 114th have flown more than 1,000 hours in the past year. Four of them have gone down, and ten of their crew men have died.

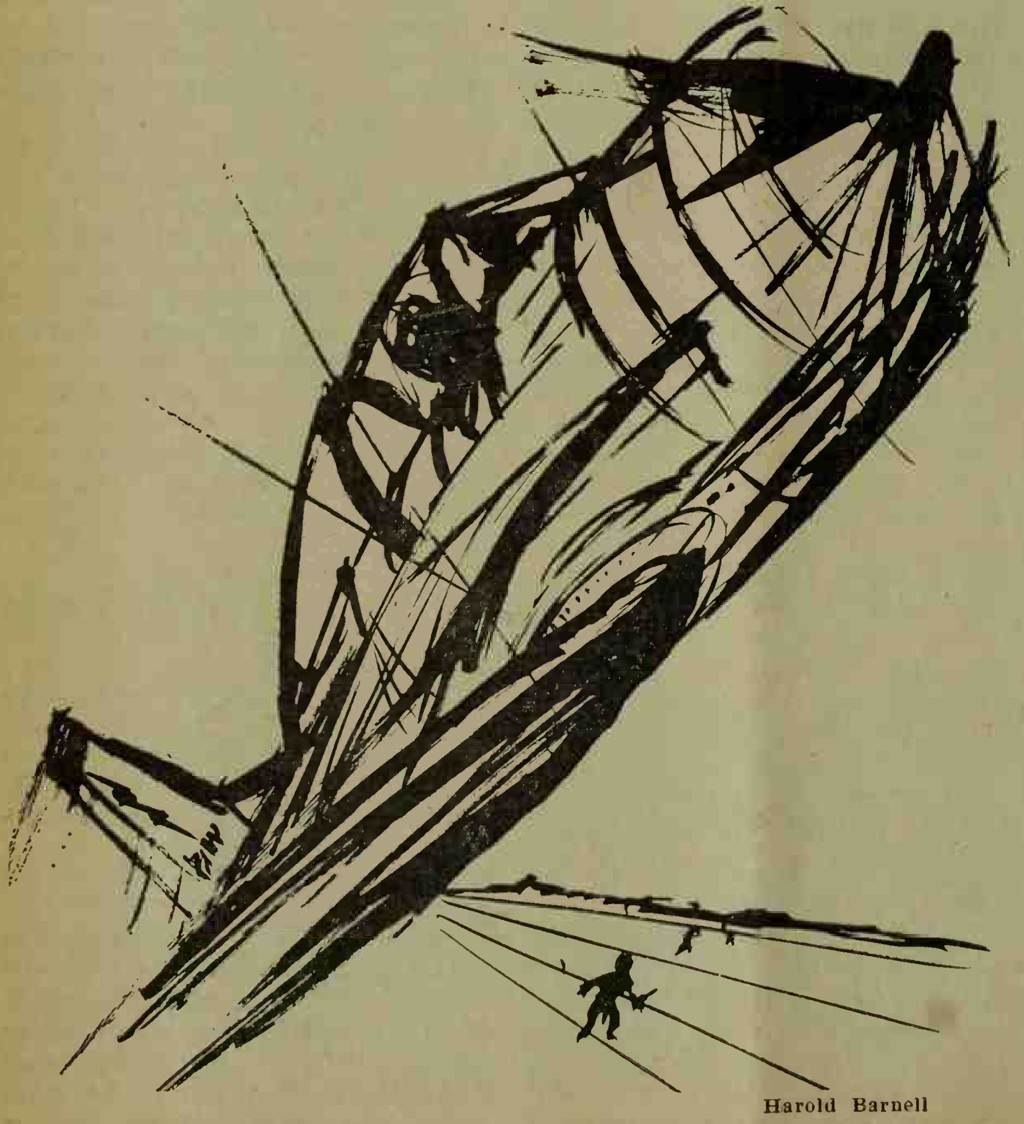
Altogether, 136 of the 277 Americans who have lost their lives in South Vietnam died in plane and helicopter crashes. All but forty of these deaths were attributed to "hostile action," but there is a general feeling here that the casualty list gives the Vietcong far too much credit.

"You'll hear about planes being shot down," one T-28 pilot told me when I first arrived in Saigon. "But don't you believe it. They just fall apart in mid-air."

This attitude is common among fighter pilots, who must push their aircraft to the limits of their endurance. It became public opinion when the letters of Capt. Jerry Shanks were published in *Life* magazine. Captain Shanks was killed on March 24 when his T-28 shed its wings during a bombing run, a possibility he had predicted many times in letters to his wife.

Since the Shanks letters were published, the Department of Defense has been fighting a rear-guard action against journalists and politicians in search of headlines. A particularly misguided example of legislative zeal appeared in *Stars and Stripes* a few weeks ago. The story told of a Congressman who was demanding an investigation of "obsolete" aircraft in Vietnam, because one of his constituents had died when a Huey lost its tail-boom and spun into the ground. But the HU-1 is not obsolete; it is simply overworked. And so is every plane which lifts off from a field in South Vietnam—even the great Pan American jets. A Pan Am clipper was hit by rifle fire last year, and its pilots don't fool around any more, either. They take off with the same urgency as the military aircraft.

It is the urgency that kills, not obsolescence. Not all U.S. aircraft in South Vietnam are as new or even as reliable as the Huey. The twin-engined B-26, which killed nineteen airmen before it was grounded, was designed and built during World War II. But even the B-26 cannot fairly be called obsolescent, given the combat conditions in Southeast Asia: a burro is not obsolete on the east wall of the Grand Canyon. We now build jets. And our planes can fly at twice the speed of sound, carry enormous loads and span continents without refueling. They are useless in South Vietnam. Here we need planes that can rise from short, makeshift runways and fly at tree-top level at speeds slow enough to permit the pilot to spot the most elusive enemy the U.S. has ever encountered. In short, we need planes very much like those we fielded in World War II. (The reader will have noticed that I write as though the United States were waging a war in South Vietnam. Technically, of course, it is not, but out here it is difficult to be technical about it. Hypocrisy is not easily maintained in a combat zone.)



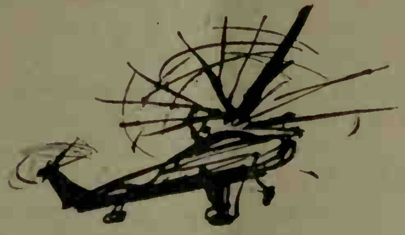
Harold Barnell

We should have learned the lesson of air combat in the Pacific fourteen years ago. The Air Force put its newest jet fighters into Korea, only to discover that they were too fast to support the ground forces. The pilots could not sight their targets at supersonic speeds, nor could they return soon enough for a second strike, nor pull up in the face of Korea's precipitous mountains. So the Air Force took its P-51 Mustangs out of moth balls, and the Navy flew AD-6 Skyraiders from carriers in the Sea of Japan.

The Skyraider is beginning to see service in Vietnam. It has not been used until now because it is a single-seat aircraft, and Americans fly air strikes against the Vietcong only when there is a Vietnamese aboard, to maintain the fiction that we are here only to advise and assist, not to fight. Whether he was a legitimate student pilot or just a sacrificial lamb, the need for a Vietnamese observer prevented us from using the Skyraider until the Vietnamese Air Force had competent pilots of its own, or until the plane was modified to seat two persons. Both changes are now in progress. Vietnamese pilots are flying a squadron of Skyraiders (under the designation of A1H) out of Bien Hoa, near Saigon, and two-seater A1E Skyraiders are scheduled to arrive soon.

The Army has had a similar experience with cargo planes. A few years ago, over Air Force protests, the Army won its case for a cargo plane that was small, sturdy and able to operate under primitive conditions. Vietnam has proved the wisdom of that decision. But when the Army went shopping, it found that there was no U.S.-built aircraft which met its specifications. So it bought the Caribou from de Havilland in Canada, where bush pilots still value tough little planes. The Caribou is a Roman-nosed, cigar-shaped plane with a great, soaring tail and an endearing homeliness that is matched by one other vehicle in the world: the Volkswagen sedan.

We are not winning our nonwar in South Vietnam—perhaps we are losing it—and we insist upon knowing why. First we blamed our setbacks on the oppressive Diem government, and the government was changed; then we blamed the Vietnamese soldier's reluctance to fight, and that was disproved by a series of costly operations; now we are blaming our aircraft. Down in the Mekong Delta at the end of June, while waiting for the afternoon Caribou to Saigon, I read an editorial entitled "Brave Men Betrayed." It had been clipped from a Scripps-Howard newspaper by an irate colonel, and it told how "courageous young Americans are being betrayed by ancient equipment that is no longer equal to the demands of modern aerial combat."



Unfortunately, combat in South Vietnam is neither modern nor aerial. If it were, we would have won long ago.

The Delinquent

Do We Hate Our Children?

Roul Tunley

Recently I made a trip around the world, seeking background on our juvenile delinquency problems from experience in other countries. It had not been done before, and one of the strongest impressions I brought back from twenty nations in Asia, Africa, Europe and the Middle East is that we don't like our children very much.

Europeans and others expect their young to get into trouble, and are delighted when they don't. In this country, we expect children to behave, and are annoyed and frustrated when they don't. Most youth workers who come from abroad to study our methods talk about "a climate of hostility" in the United States. I think they are right. Young people who get into serious trouble, the real delinquents who commit real crimes, should be handled with dispatch and intelligence, as they are in most countries. But this type of crime is *not* at the core of our delinquency, even though it hits the headlines.

To judge from our movies, press, TV and radio, most of our delinquency stems from gang kids, or even drug addicts. As a matter of record, membership in gangs totals only 15,000 in the entire country, 8,000 (more than half) being in New York City. Dope addiction has been wildly exaggerated because it is good copy. In my own state of New Jersey, which has big cities and a highly industrial population, the average number of juveniles appearing before the courts on drug charges annually is *seven*. For the seven, it is a catastrophe, but statistically it is not serious.

Sensationalism obscures the facts, and the facts are bad enough. At the present time, one American boy out of five will be arrested and hauled into court on delinquency charges at least once during his teen-age years. This is a shocking figure, and except for Sweden, it is the highest in the world. But if you look behind the figures, you soon wonder whether our children are getting the kind of break they would get in other countries.

For many reasons, but in large part because of our very active communications media, we balloon the difficulties out of all proportion, and very often create a problem where none exists. As a result, the public gets panicky; the police gets panicky; the press gets panicky. And because of this panic, we extend the definition of delinquency beyond anything known elsewhere. From outside the United States it almost looks as though Americans were trying to pin the delinquency label on every kid in the nation.

For example, in nearly every country except ours, a youngster is hauled into court on delinquency charges *only* if he has committed a crime for which an adult can be arrested. Here, a youth is arrested not only for adult crimes but for a whole list of other things as well: running away, stubbornness, violating curfew, truancy, crossing the street against the lights, even smoking. In one county not long ago, a boy was held in jail 48 hours for jaywalking. Others have been arrested for swimming naked in the old swimming hole—a sport that used to be considered as American as Norman Rockwell's covers. We have promoted delinquency by statute so recklessly that our definition includes nearly every transgression of childhood.

Hence the black statistical picture. In Los Angeles, just as an example, 1,000 young people are probably in detention on any given day. In London, a city four times as large, the average juvenile detention figure never rises above 100. I doubt that anyone would seriously suggest that young criminals are forty times as prevalent in California as in England, but that is what the figures say.

Several years ago, a conference was held in London to discuss the international delinquency problem. The Americans found that to make any kind of valid comparison they had to take out of our statistics all those youngsters picked up on

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Roul Tunley is the author of Kids, Crime & Chaos *(Harper & Row).*

charges for which a European child would not be arrested. *Our figures of delinquency immediately dropped 50 per cent.*

I think we're too quick to call our children delinquent, and I think we're unfair in other ways. For example, we're much less generous with public funds for youth than are many other countries. Let's not consider the Scandinavian countries which are relatively rich, socially progressive and always used for comparisons of this sort. But Austria is quite a poor country. Yet the city of Vienna spends 4 per cent of its budget on child welfare, excluding schools. New York, perhaps the richest city in the world and certainly the one with the highest budget, spends 1.6 per cent on child welfare, excluding schools. In America as a whole, during the last decade, Americans have spent $110 billion on cars. They have spent $127 billion on recreation, $151 billion on beauty and cosmetic aids, on alcohol and tobacco. How much have they spent on public education? Seventy-eight billion!

It is not surprising, in view of these figures, that half the counties in the country have no probation service for juveniles. Or that half the counties must still lodge youthful offenders in adult jails.

Still another way in which we are unfair to the young, as compared with other countries, is in the conduct of our courts. It was not always so. We were the first country in the world to establish a juvenile court (Cook County, Ill., 1899), and by the middle of this century every state had such courts. The basic idea was that in this special jurisdiction a child would not be handled as a criminal. Guilt or innocence was not the issue, but rather, what course was best for the child. The theory is good, but the practice has fallen sadly short of it. In one county recently, two boys, with no previous record of delinquency, were sentenced to a solid year in a reformatory for prankishly painting the base of a local statue red. The judge who locked them up was automatically exposing them to a 50-50 chance of becoming adult criminals—that is the unhappy recidivism record in our prisons and reformatories. Furthermore, the taxpayers spent at least $6,000 for their punishment.

André Galland, Illustrated London News

It sounds right that a child who has run foul of the law should be regarded as a ward of the state rather than a criminal, but as one supreme court justice has pointed out, "a child also has a right *not* to be a ward of the state." The privacy in which such cases are heard, and the very wide discretion given the judges who preside in youth courts, are an invitation to arbitrary actions. It is small wonder that the late Dean Pound should have declared that, compared with the procedures in many of our juvenile courts, the Star Chamber was a trifle.

I do not suggest that we should have criminal court proceedings for every youngster who gets into trouble. But I think we need to tighten up our procedures. We should have a stricter interpretation of the juvenile statutes, and an attorney, either retained by the parents or court-assigned, should be present to see that the rights of the child are not ignored. If the police were subject to cross-examination by attorneys in children's courts, they might be less quick to pick up boys and girls for acts of alleged delinquency.

Most people engaged in youth work in other countries feel that we are not only hostile to children, but that we put them in an impossible situation. On the one hand, we raise them to mature earlier, and studies show that as the living standard rises the onset of puberty comes sooner. Our children therefore acquire the bodies and the emotional needs of adults earlier than did their parents. Moreover, because we have a highly advanced communications system, youngsters today are exposed as never before to adult temptations in dress, travel, smoking, drinking and sex. We have made them avid—through advertising—for the material advantages of their elders.

On the other hand, while we hold out the glittering prize of maturity, we tell our teen-agers that they musn't really touch. In fact, we withhold the advantages of being an adult longer and longer. We've told the male teen-ager that he musn't leave school until he is 16 or 17. And if he does leave school, we've made it next to impossible for him to get a job until he's 18. In the matter of sex, we assure our young maximum exposure, but offer little or no sex education in the schools. This may have something to do with the fact that there has been a 67 per cent increase in illegitimate children among teen-agers since World War II.

All in all, we place a large segment of our youngsters in an almost intolerable situation. And although they may be living in the most privileged society in history—certainly the best fed, best housed and the best automobiled—I doubt that the most important privilege of all, *proving oneself a man*, is as easy to obtain here as it is in other countries. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that there is not a great deal more delinquency.

Testing the New Law

Legalists, Publicists, Activists . . Peter de Lissovoy

Washington, D.C.

Roy Wilkins, opening the 55th annual convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Washington, D.C., called the civil rights act a "leap forward," welcomed it as "an ally in the onward struggle," and remarked, "No sane person contends that the bill solves all problems. . . ."

A lady delegate from the Midwest arrived at the Statler-Hilton singing "We *have* overcome," in a glad, loping voice. People in the lobby looked around, smiled and murmured, but did not join in. She changed back to "shall."

Leaning on a balcony railing, touching the elbow of a Southerner, a high-voiced gentleman from New Jersey was wondering: "But Mississippi! What'll it do down your way—way Deep South"? He paused and added, "I mean *really*."

Negro reaction to the new civil rights legislation has made of it everything from an insult after injury to a promise of earthly salvation. Malcolm X, an "observer" (being observed and making observations) at the convention, nodding, half-smiling, a full head taller than most of the delegates who stopped to exchange pleasantries or to argue, told newsmen that the very notion of a law which gives rights to citizens reveals a basic American immorality, and that inevitable noncompliance with the act will in the end render it a taunt, a mockery, another slap in black faces. The NAACP, by implication, was supposed to hold the opposite and rosy view that the new law represents a culmination or moment of triumph or, in the optimistic cliché of Senator Humphrey, "a watershed of our history." From Malcolm's (and all the malcolms') steady commentary on events — also from occasional asides by listening students — emerged the image of a very smug Negro *bourgeoisie*, NAACP pins in its lapels, that is satisfied with fine words, paper pronouncements, acceptance in high places, while the "militants" seek "real" changes. Malcolm may have intended his appearance at the convention to be a conciliatory gesture; he has a new organization to build. Provoked, however, he jabbed repeatedly at "conservative leadership," played the "militant" of his own imagery, and hardly succeeded.

NAACP people are a little weary of being called "conservative." The charge has to do with a tactical difference, they say, but it does not even begin to express that difference. The convention evinced no complacency. It was certainly jubilant about the bill: the NAACP's Washington lobby had spent much time, money and energy organizing it through Congress. Especially at the peak of the hate campaign against the bill during the spring, the lobby's force was invaluable. Congress, at last, had caught up with the judiciary and the President; here was the long-sought legislative recognition of Negro citizenship.

But the jubilation of the delegates was always qualified, their optimism always guarded. At a meeting convened on the first day by the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, Negro lawyers sketched almost bitterly the bill's weaknesses and loopholes. The act, it was agreed on every platform, was indeed a very fine document, but fell a long way short of being effectual law. The greater part of the week's discussions, and the majority of resolutions passed, dealt with the problems and possibilities and exigencies of its implementation.

Afternoons were taken up with a dialogue between the delegates and the "experts" on political action, poverty, *de facto* segregation of Northern schools, desegregation in the South, labor, housing. Actions by the national office were anticipated and explained, local problems discussed. NAACP labor secretary Herbert Hill declared that under the new act a "comprehensive series of complaints" would be filed against certain large unions and corporations. Education consultants outlined the NAACP program of negotiation, litigation and direct action to correct school segregation in the North and called upon Southern delegates to file complaints of segregation with the Justice Department. Workshops on voter registration and on the voting provisions of the act were held for Southern delegates and youth representatives. But most controversial, most significant and most discussed was the question of testing and effecting compliance with the public accommodations section of the bill.

Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, expressed his public feelings on the subject at a press conference the day before the convention opened. "If you have to change spark plugs in your car," he quipped, "you don't use a sledge hammer." The NAACP, he went on, did not intend to get involved in a "race" with other organizations to test the new legislation. The reference was clear. Martin Luther King had just announced that the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) would look for enforcement of the law in seven Southern cities during the summer. James Farmer had indicated that, as soon as the President signed the act, CORE would organize sit-ins and demonstrations to challenge resisters. Wilkins' stated feeling was that the law's success across the nation would depend largely upon voluntary compliance, and that neither headlines now nor a militancy contest among civil rights groups during the summer would do much to stimulate the necessary good will.

Wilkins' antipathy to King's battle style is not new. For several years, the latter's growing constituency and apparent successes have provoked some demand at a local level within the NAACP for stronger, more dramatic leadership, and for as many years it has been clear that Wilkins would not, or could not, provide it. NAACP branches enjoy an autonomy far greater than do those of the other organizations. Policy is made by the national of-

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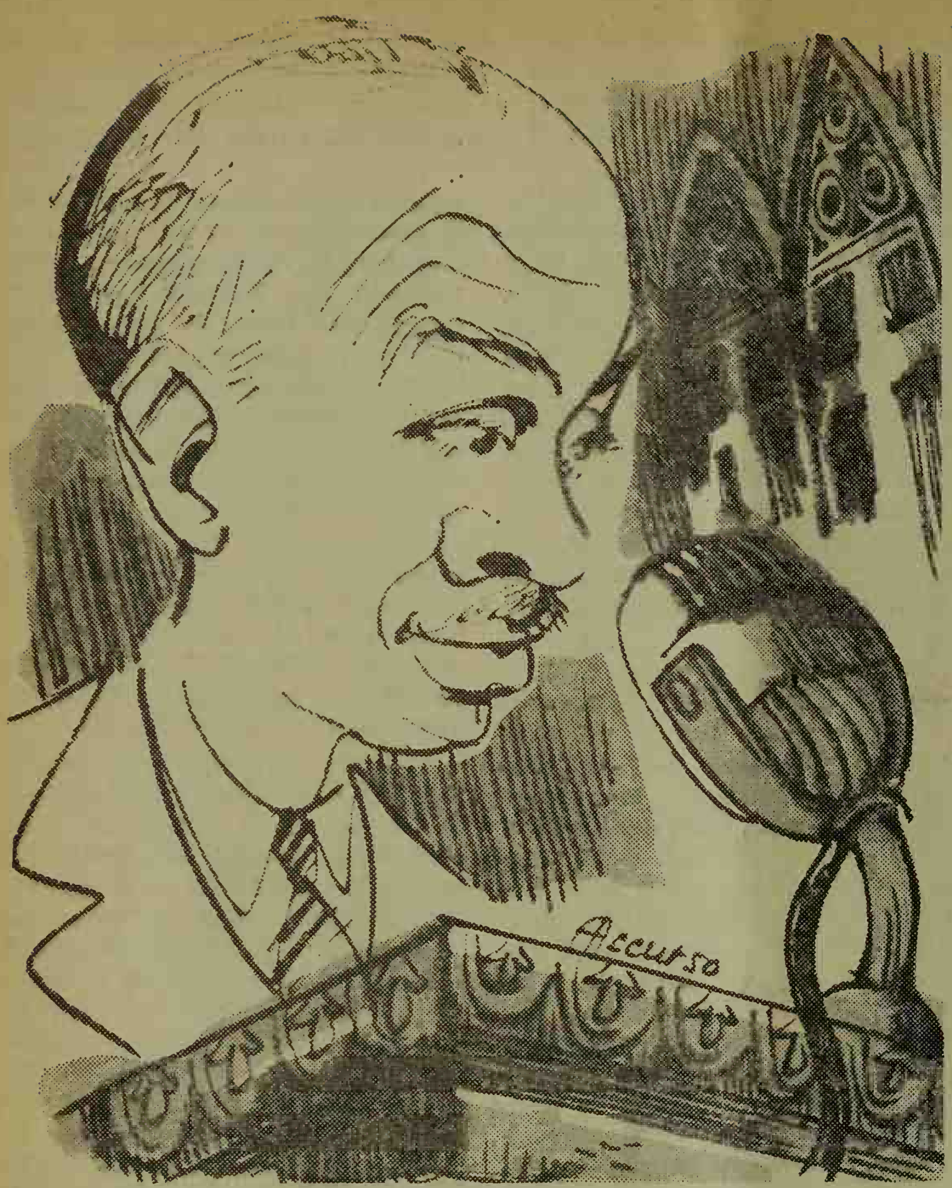


Roy Wilkins

fice, but the details of its execution are left to the locals; convention resolutions, similarly, are always fairly general. There is relatively little personnel at levels of the NAACP hierarchy between the national office and the branches, and the executive secretary has never felt empowered to seize control of the affairs of any branch, no matter how strategic the branch or important the affairs.

Critics of the setup say that the very structure of the NAACP, and certainly the personalities of the men leading it, prevent the organization from capturing mass imagination, or from directing the Negro struggle as it assumes new forms. The ambiguities of the public accommodations title of the act and the certainty of resistance to it in the South, they claim, will give new life to the nonviolent movement; the NAACP, accordingly, will suffer further setbacks.

Defenders of Wilkins and the methods he represents point to the ill feeling about "outsiders" that spreads like a wake across the black communities that have been organized by King and his lieutenants in their swing through the South. If the movement might best be served at this time by a careful and selective testing of the public accommodations title, SCLC is probably least fit to serve. A visitor from Atlanta phrased it clearly: Charismatic leadership may well run away with the masses; it can as easily run away with itself.

At the convention this year, the dissidents made a bid for change. The Manhattan (New York) branch — regarded as one of the more "radical" locals — proposed an amendment to the NAACP constitution that would have had the president, now chosen by the board of directors, elected by the rank and file. Amendments and resolutions are not supposed to be made public until they have been adopted, but the Manhattan proposal was quickly leaked to the press — by its opponents, according to Manhattan — and was immediately and widely interpreted as a move to replace white President Arthur Spingarn with a Negro. Many of the delegates, reacting to the news about the proposal rather than to the proposal itself, felt that it would be construed outside the organization as a pro-black step, and that they had to oppose it. The amendment's supporters emphatically denied this interpretation of their intentions, and insisted that they wanted simply to democratize the organization. Whatever their motives, direct election of the president or other national officials could mean a change in the nature of NAACP leadership, and the proposal rallied those who seek such change.

The amendment was defeated. When both the resolutions and the constitutional revisions committees rejected it, L. Joseph Overton, its chief backer and a member of the national board, brought it before the board, where it found no second. Supporters then took it to regional meetings, seeking approval among the rank and file of delegates, and there it was finally and decisively killed. The defeat was in some measure a vote of confidence in Wilkins and the established conception of leadership in the organization. Whatever reservations delegates might have had about the leadership were not strong enough to outweigh the risk of making what could be construed by the public as a black chauvinist move. The convention's overall resolution on implementing the civil rights law called on branches to "seek immediate compliance" by owners of public accommodations covered by the law in their areas, but made no specifications whatever about tactics or timing.

On the third day of the convention, the more than 2,000 delegates marched from their meeting place to the Justice Department to demand federal protection for the students and Mississippi residents who are seeking this summer to register Negro voters and maintain "freedom schools" for black children in the state. In the morning, when the marchers were gathering, I spotted two SNCC pins — black and white hands clasped on a black and white background—and asked the students wearing them if they represented a SNCC delegation to the convention. The boy said no: they hadn't even remembered that there was going to be a convention until, two days earlier, they had chanced to see some Nazis picketing the hotel and, figuring that there would therefore be something worth seeing, had stepped in for a look.

I asked them what they thought of the march.

"Oh it's fine," the girl replied. "Better late than never, you know."

Would she participate in it?

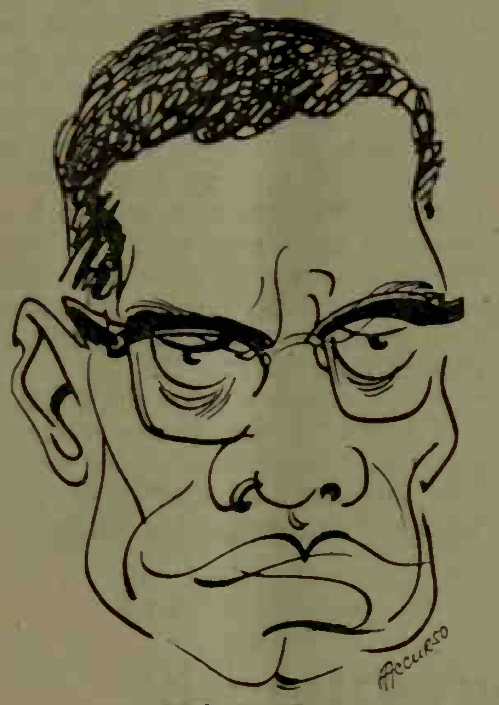
"No, I've got to pack for Mississippi. Give 'em something to demonstrate about up here."

It was clear that she felt toward the NAACP's reaction to Mississippi terror as she did toward the nation's: it was about time. An older woman listening to us grew a trifle indignant: "Look honey, everybody's got to do what they can. The march. . . ."

"Oh the march is fine," the girl broke in. "Really!" she said, and raised her eyebrows, and that was the end of the conversation.

The leadership issue has been part of a wider difference, most apparent in recent years as controversy over direct action and the role of youth. By 1961, the visible Negro rights movement in this country was being led by preachers, like King, and students, some of whom had just broken from the NAACP and formed their own organization, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). The tactic of the day was direct mass action, and the organization best able to dispense it was one equipped with a few golden voices and a tight squad of daring young organizers. The NAACP, committed for half a century to the courts, the schools, the conference table and the press, was losing support fairly rapidly, especially among the young. Not that it had ceased doing a job, but with school desegregation its most dramatic issue, it was losing touch with the masses. A faction developed that envisioned the NAACP's regaining command by employing one or more elements of that magic combination: dramatic leadership, a commitment to direct action, and the independence of and support for students and the young.

The push in that direction culminated last summer. Resolutions adopted at the July, 1963, convention in Chicago called for use of "all appropriate means of attacking segregation and discrimination . . . including sit-ins, picketing, mass protests . . ." and a greater autonomy for youth leagues from local branches. Weeks later, demonstrations in Columbus, Ga., organized by local youths and youngsters on the staff of the national office, put the resolutions to a test. The adult leadership of the Columbus branch opposed the demonstrations and asked Wilkins to call home staff members and to cut off whatever funds they might be receiving from the national office. Wilkins refused, affirming the convention's resolutions. The demonstrations continued.



Malcolm X

The Columbus situation typified subsequent NAACP involvement in the nonviolent movement. The national executive played a supportive rather than a leading role. For reasons of image, Wilkins does not lead demonstrations, but in Columbus, as elsewhere, he has had a hand in them through his youth field secretaries. At present, there are two such national secretaries—one for the Southeast and one for the Northeast, but there are plans for more. The youth "task force"—a secretary and the student staff he directs—represents an almost SNCC-like organization within the NAACP. The task force, responsible to the national office, is free of control from local branches—and free thus to carry on a direct action campaign of some scale.

Thus, the NAACP will become involved in testing the public accommodations aspects of the new law after all. Bobby Hill, the secretary for the Southeastern states, has funds for at least twenty student organizers and a summer program for testing by direct action in Florida, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi. His twelve organizers will try response to the bill in accommodations clearly "public," but also in smaller cafés and restaurants not so obviously covered by the legislation, in order to gain court rulings that would enlarge the domain of the act. There have been no trumpets for the program. Headlined predictions which might make of it the kind of "sledge hammer" Wilkins disparaged have been avoided. There will be news enough in the next few months.

The Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), which is behind the Mississippi Summer Project, includes the NAACP as one of its members, but it is very much the creature of SNCC and CORE. The NAACP has yielded up some money for the summer, but the other two groups have done almost all the organizing and recruited almost all the personnel. The verbal support which the Washington convention offered the students in Mississippi seemed therefore a little belated and did not wholly avoid charges of show stealing. Indeed, some of the measures and proposals—notably the selection of a team of delegates to go to Mississippi and "investigate"—appeared more show than anything else.

But it was not all show. A speaker to a civil rights rally can throw out no surer bait for applause than "unity in the struggle." A lot of verbiage is expended weekly on a lot of platforms to paper over some real splits in the movement with rhetoric about togetherness. But the differences in policy, personality and prejudice that do divide the various civil rights organizations have a way of closing up in the presence of any real crisis, and Mississippi this summer presents such a crisis.

The convention's call for a boycott of products from Mississippi, if the whole organization moves behind it, could start a most significant and successful selective-buying campaign. The proposed expansion of staff in Mississippi might make the NAACP's presence in COFO somewhat more apparent. The convention, at the end of the week, called upon both major parties to repudiate the Mississippi delegates to their national nominating conventions and to certify "freedom delegates" elected not at white-only caucuses but democratically at genuinely open meetings. SNCC has spent many months gathering evidence to prove discrimination and illegality in the elections sponsored by state party machines. The NAACP will maintain a lobby at each of the nominating conventions in order to influence the selection of candidates. At the Republican Convention, the lobby will make an all-out attempt to block Goldwater's nomination. An unprecedented resolution stating NAACP opposition to the Senator and calling for his rejection by the Republican Party insures an anti-Goldwater campaign before, during—and if necessary—after the convention.

In 1964 a maximum number of local, state and federal officials will be elected. More strongly than at any time during the past several years, the "militant" youngsters in SNCC and CORE and the "conservative" NAACP are moving toward one another. The political opportunity is what draws them together. Delegates at the NAACP convention were urged time and again to speed up voter-registration drives in their home areas, to participate in political activity on every level and of every kind, to carry on education programs in their communities in order that the civil rights stands of every candidate for every office be manifest to voters. The stress of SNCC's program in Mississippi this summer is upon voter registration and education. Across the South the organization is supporting six Negroes who are running for Congress, and numerous candidates for lesser offices. Though NAACP policy precludes outright endorsement of candidates, the programs of education it carries on mean in practice endorsement or opposition, and, with the anti-Goldwater resolution as a precedent, its opinions will be clearer than ever in the fall.

In the past few years the NAACP has begun to follow the students' lead into a program of direct action. The students, during the same period, have augmented the single tactic which initially gave them independence and force with an increasing commitment to political action. The gap that was unspannable two years ago is bridged occasionally today. In southwest Georgia, SNCC, working with the C. B. King-for-Congress campaign, has decided to eschew direct action this summer in the interests of King's political chances. Rather than risk middle-class Negro alienation from the campaign or the kind of disorder that might prevent King from stumping into the farthest regions of his district, the students will work to delay direct action till after the election.

The NAACP task force that will be testing the public accommodations title of the civil rights law, however, will move into Georgia. An organizer was to be in Fitzgerald, Ga., on July 1, and Bobby Hill will visit Albany—headquarters of King's campaign—during the month to assess the effects that direct action by the NAACP might have upon that segregated town. The irony of the switched roles is apparent—and with it, the inadequacy of the labels by which we understand the civil rights organizations.

Reviving Passamaquoddy . . . . William S. Ellis

Gorham, Me.

It is a paradox of our times that while man strives to reach the moon, the moon itself is offering an unclaimed benefit right here on earth. Harnessing the tides for electrical power is not a new idea. Indeed, it has been under serious consideration off and on for forty years. And even now, in this countdown age of scientific sophistication, it has retained its boldness. Just as Franklin D. Roosevelt became enthusiastic when he was first sounded out on the idea in 1920, so today there are those who see an exciting challenge in the development of tidal power.

There are those, too, who remain convinced that it would represent the height of folly. The battle lines have formed, as they have formed several times in the past, and the war cries always associated with TVA-like stirrings are being heard again. As usual, the shrillest voice is sounding the shibboleths of Free Enterprise. Socialism not only creeps, it warns us; it also rides the waves.

Where and how to harness the tides are no longer problems. In this country there is only one feasible location for such a project, and that is at Passamaquoddy Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy, that terrible-tempered body of water separating Maine and the Canadian province of Nova Scotia. Fundy's tides are the highest in the world, rising to 40 and even 50 feet. The amount of water that the Bay of Fundy feeds into Passamaquoddy twice each day is more than double the flow down the Mississippi River in a two-week period. It is a tremendous surge of raw power, simply waiting to be trapped, channeled and utilized by many New Englanders who now buy power at one of the highest rates in the nation.

The basic engineering principles of the plan are simple (see diagram). Certain of the many islands in Passamaquoddy and adjoining Cobscook Bay would be joined by dams to create two pools, a high pool and a low one. The waters of the incoming tide from Fundy would be trapped in the high pool, then released when power is wanted through power-plant turbines into the low pool. At low tide, the water would leave the low pool and go back through the bay to sea once again. The engineers of Quoddy plan to fit it into the Eastern power grid as a peaking facility (to provide extra power at the hours, principally late afternoon and early evening, when the demand suddenly jumps). As the urbanization and industrialization of the Eastern seaboard grows, peaking becomes an increasingly important factor, and hydrogenerators have the advan-

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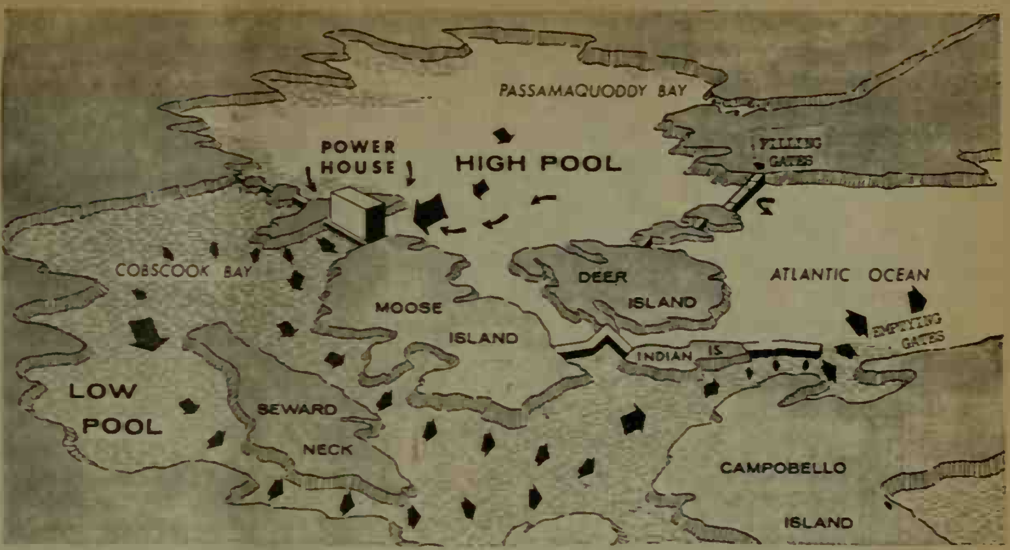
William S. Ellis, a former New England newspaper reporter, is now a free-lance writer.



tage over the usual steam plants, and even more over the coming nuclear plants, that they can deliver power instantly, with no warm-up time. Quoddy would not be dependent on the tide schedule; water would be held in the upper pool until such time as the periodic need for current called for its release. Eventually, transmission lines from its generators would reach as far as Boston, and they might hook into the network serving the New York area.

To work in combination with Quoddy, and provide power at other than peak hours, a dam and hydroelectric plant would be built on the St. John River, at the northern Maine village of Dickey.

Quoddy would cost more than $1 billion and would probably take between ten and fifteen years to complete. In February of this year, members of the Maine Congressional delegation introduced bills in the House and Senate to authorize government construction of the mammoth project, and thus to revive one of Roosevelt's most cherished dreams. While vacationing on Campobello Island, he came to know well the waters of Fundy. He gave his full support to the project, as conceived by an engineer named Dexter P. Cooper, and in the late 1930s work was actually started. When an initial outlay of $7 million was authorized, a community known as Quoddy Village sprang up on the Maine coast to house workers. Critical reaction was quick and strong. Quoddy became a major target for the private power companies and others who deplored the government's growing role in economic and social affairs. There was no letup, and Congress, stung again and again by charges of boondoggling with Quoddy, finally retreated. Funds were cut off. By the end of 1939, work had been abandoned.

As the years passed, Quoddy was never entirely forgotten. There were the reminders of the one false start: the shuttered barracks at Quoddy Village; the partially completed earth dikes; yellowed clippings of newspaper editorials hailing a new and prosperous era for Maine and, indeed, all New England (not too many of these, though, since many of the papers in Maine counted, and still count, heavily on power-company advertisements). Meanwhile, the rates for power from private companies continued to rise and the memories of a Quoddy that almost was became sweeter still.

Nor was it forgotten in Washington. In 1948, at the urging of Senator Margaret Chase Smith and others, the United States and Canadian Governments asked the International Joint Commission (IJC) to take another look at the proposed project. Eight years later, Congress authorized an appropriation of $3,300,000 for a comprehensive study by the IJC; after another five years the commission determined that, while Quoddy was feasible from an engineering standpoint, it would not be worth the money.

But the IJC had failed to take into account certain new developments, such as an expanded market for the cheap power and recent innovations in low-cost construction methods. This time Maine's other representative in the Senate, Edmund S. Muskie, did the urging, and President John F. Kennedy directed the Department of Interior to conduct a "special review" of the IJC study. For awhile it all sounded like a new round of dodge ball with the same old assortment of political pitches. However, the Department of the Interior then announced a new Quoddy plan, one taking into consideration all the new cost and engineering and power-use factors. Now, they said, Quoddy was feasible in all respects. On the strength of that finding, and with President Kennedy's strong endorsement, the project's backers decided once again to seek Congressional authorization.

At first the private power companies tended to ignore what was happening. They had heard it all before. Cheap public power in New England, the home ground of hickory-hard conservatism? Not likely. Yankees, they reasoned, take pride in their stubborn independence, even if it results in exorbitant electric bills. In 1963, the national average cost to a user for 250 kwh. of electricity was $7.48. The cost in Maine was $8.99. Only in Alaska were rates higher.

But when it became apparent that Washington was seriously excited about the new Quoddy plan, the private companies began their campaign. It is now in full swing and includes such tactics as having representatives appear in high school classrooms to show films of the atomic power plan in Rowe, Mass., owned by a combine of a dozen utility firms in New England. This, the students are told, is what the future holds for power production — a statement both true and already taken into account by the designers of Quoddy's special function. Another sample of the propaganda is this from the Central Maine Power Company's bulletin, *The Lamplighter,* mailed out each month with bills: "The Federal government now owns over one-third of the nation's land area—771 million acres. In eleven western states and Alaska the government owns 65 per cent of the land. Socialism is leaping—not creeping."

The Massachusetts Electric Company went straight to the point in a tract sent out recently to its customers:

A classic illustration of waste by government of the American taxpayers' dollar is contained in the recent announcement by the Interior Department that the long ridiculed and discarded Passamaquoddy project for harnessing the tides as a source of electric power suddenly has become "economically feasible" and should be

> *built at a cost of over a billion dollars to provide power for one hour a day use. Based upon Interior's own figures, it is difficult to conceive of any source of power which could be quite as expensive as Quoddy. . . . Your electric company has taken the position that there is no need for a government power project such as Quoddy in the northeast.*

The leaflet invites readers to send for a copy of its house organ, *Contact.* Those who do so receive an issue given over to a piece called "The Folly of Quoddy." Here, heavy emphasis is placed on the fact that the tidal-power project would be used only a short time each day. This, it is maintained, constitutes a monstrous waste of money. The fact remains, however, that peaking power is urgently needed in New England and that the private companies are not able to provide it. Furthermore, with the inclusion of the hydroelectric unit on the St. John River, power would be available at other than periods of peak use and rates to users would be cut 25 per cent, according to government estimates.

The long-term benefits of Quoddy are grandly dismissed by private power. For every dollar invested, it is estimated that returns in benefits will amount to $1.27. Further, Quoddy would mean more jobs in an area where unemployment has been a serious problem ever since the Civil War. To stroll through the streets of Eastport and other upper Maine coastal communities is to be enveloped in the awful silence of aged inactivity. The only thing that seems to be moving is the wilderness; the forests are reclaiming parts of Maine. Abandoned farmhouses are swallowed up in wooded growths; branches stab through windows, many still with shutters designed for protection against the arrows of Indians, and roots eat away at the fine pumpkin pine floors. Recently, there have been reports of mountain lions stalking the encroaching wilderness in the north-central section of the state.

So, if Quoddy did nothing else, it would go a long way toward helping the state to get out from under the dreadful weight of depression and decay. It would provide many years of work for many men — more than $80 million in salaries. Even as a tourist attraction alone, Quoddy would be a significant benefit to Maine. It is important to note that, unlike most other hydropower systems, a tidal plant involves no flooding of existing land, since the water in the upper pool cannot rise above the normal high-water mark. As plans are now developing, Quoddy would be closely tied to the proposed Allagash National Riverway, an area to be supervised by the National Park Service and designed to preserve northern Maine's classic wilderness.

The development of Quoddy would break the grip of the powerful economic interests that profit from northern New England's reluctance to meet the twentieth century head on, and they are not going to give up easily. For instance, when Albert A. Cree, board chairman of the Central Vermont Public Service Corporation, and William H. Dunham, president of Central Maine Power Company, spoke at the recent 26th annual American Power Conference in Chicago, the subject was Quoddy. "Economic monstrosity" and "a sinful waste of national resources" were but two of the labels these managers of private power in New England fashioned for the project.

At one point Mr. Cree said:

> *The truth of the matter is that this is just another attempt by the federal public-power crowd to secure a foothold in New England in order to establish a federalized power empire in the great Northeast — New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and perhaps reaching into Ohio and Indiana. The people of New England do not need and, in my opinion, do not want the federal power crusaders operating within their borders.*

Mr. Cree is quite wrong about the sentiments of the people. For the most part, they do want Quoddy, and if their shouts of encouragement to what Mr. Cree calls "the federal power crusaders" are somewhat lacking in volume, it is simply because they have been disappointed before. These people have no fear of being subjects in a "federalized power empire." The truth is, they have been subjected to the dictates of a private power empire for as long as they can remember and it has cost them dearly. Also, to tell them that Quoddy would be a waste of taxpayers' money makes little impression. Can they be expected to be impressed with that argument when they read that the amount it would take to construct Quoddy was spent to design and build the XB70A bomber, an airplane no one seems to know what to do with? For the cost of this one flying machine—this useless, ridiculous, sleek-nosed thing—New England could have cheap power for as long as the moon is in the sky.

Some opposition to Quoddy has come from Canada. It is feared that the project may bring harm to the extensive Canadian fisheries in the maritime provinces. In April, representatives of both governments met in Boston to discuss the matter. Although no details of the session were disclosed, it was reported that all present agreed that the problem could be overcome. A report for presentation to the two governments was drawn up.

Canadians living in New Brunswick have in the past been unresponsive to Quoddy because of their fervor over the proposed all-Canadian Chignecto Power and Navigation Scheme, at the site where the Bay of Fundy meets the Northumberland Straits. They are somewhat wary of Quoddy because past Canadian-United States power ventures have not always worked out to their advantage. However, the attractiveness of Quoddy becomes clearer each day, and more and more voices of support are being heard in the province. Chignecto, like Quoddy, would be a peaking power station, and it is possible that some of its output would be transmitted on the Quoddy lines to Boston.

While development of Quoddy continues to emerge slowly as a very real possibility, France and Russia are going ahead with tidal power projects of their own. Under construction since 1961, the final gap in the French dam in Brittany was closed late last year, blocking off the Rance River from the Atlantic Ocean, at St. Malo. This installation will work on much the same principle as Quoddy. It is expected to start producing electricity in 1966. The Russians are constructing a huge tidal power plant in Kislayaday Bay, Siberia; it will have a capacity of perhaps 5 million kw.

It is not unlikely that Quoddy will die once more in Congress. But if it does, it will be proposed again in future years. Its very boldness is like a life jacket, preventing it from ever sinking into oblivion.

Ragged Dick in the Last Lap

FROM RAGS TO RICHES: Horatio Alger, Jr., and the American Dream. By John Tebbel. The Macmillan Co. 245 pp. $4.95.

HORATIO ALGER or *The American Hero Era.* By Ralph D. Gardner. Wayside Press. 505 pp. $5.95.

SUCCESS STORY: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure. By Peter Lyon. Charles Scribner's Sons. 433 pp. $7.50.

Harvey Swados

In between reading Mr. Tebbel's modest new study of Alger, and Ralph D. Gardner's amateurish treatment of the same subject, I had an interesting conversation with a recent immigrant to the United States.

The young man with whom I spoke had arrived less than three years ago, knowing no more English than hello and goodby, and without a trade. Born a Moslem on the island of Rhodes, and speaking only Greek and Turkish, he had come here determined to make something of himself, leaving behind his parents and almost all his relatives. He had studied electronics in trade school, and English as well.

"At first it was awful," he said to me. "Not to know a word in a big city like New York, it's like having the walls pressing down on you all day."

Now he is service manager of a metropolitan store. He earns what he himself calls "crazy money," $10,000 a year. He has an American wife, a house in the suburbs, a new car.

"In Greece," he concluded, "I could have dreamed about this, sure. But I would have been dreaming about it all my life. Here in this country you can do it. If you want it bad enough, you can do it."

The young man had never heard of Horatio Alger, but he was a personification of the American Dream, a tribute to its persistence. Even during the depression Gilbert Seldes could write (in *Mainland*):

> *The Horatio Alger stories were not compensations for defeat; they were true to the universal American belief and true to fact in enough instances known to every man. It was not a handful of robber barons who were successful, but millions of immigrants who came with nearly nothing and lived to see their children prosperous. . . .*

Mr. Seldes, demonstrating that he had more of a handle on the reality of the mental state of the Union in 1936 than did many contemporaries on his Left, went on to say: "After five years of a depression which all the experts name as the final convulsion of the capitalist system, the average American still rejects the idea of any inevitable tragedy in his life. He may be an utter fool but he lives by his folly."

It is the opinion of Mr. Tebbel that "the American Dream was in itself a chimera, without real substance, a delusion so strongly held that no one dared question it, and so beloved for itself that no one wanted to doubt it." He turns to Henry Steele Commager for a definition of the Dream as expressed in Alger's tales of boys who made good. In *The American Mind*, Commager observes that these tales were alike in "preaching the same moral in language so simple that even the most immature mind could not fail to grasp it: opportunities lie all about you; success is material and is the reward of virtue and of work."

Since Mr. Tebbel feels that the Dream, so defined, "was doomed from the beginning," he finds a nice irony in the life and works of the strange little man who always wanted to be a serious novelist, admired above all other writers Henry James (!), ran away from Harvard Divinity School two months before graduation in order to take a crack at *la vie bohème* in Paris, and alternated between stealing other men's wives and living as the celibate confidant of the inhabitants of the New York Newsboys Lodging House. It may be noted in passing that almost none of this is to be found in the hagiography of Mr. Gardner, who apparently wishes us to believe—despite the fact that his research has been more painstaking than Mr. Tebbel's—that Alger was both sexless and unswervingly devoted to a father whom Tebbel describes as sanctimonious and sadistic.

Mr. Tebbel is struck by the "astonishing" possibility that Alger himself "did not believe in the American Dream and distrusted his own formula." As he says of the Alger books (no one knows for sure how many of them Alger wrote himself), "what he [the Alger hero] came to be celebrated for was precisely what he did not do. [Alger] constantly preached that success was to be won through virtue and hard work, but his stories tell us just as constantly that success is actually the result of fortuitous circumstance." Invariably, Alger's heroes are honorably poor and hideously virtuous, but neither their poverty nor their virtue turns the trick: "It is almost always an incident which brings them to the attention of a successful businessman, who gives them the job which makes the difference. . . ."

So Mr. Tebbel concludes, "Money, Alger seems to be saying, should be the natural reward for honesty and hard work, but it makes a better story if the boy gets it by saving a rich man's son from drowning or proving to be the same man's son, kidnapped in childhood by a scheming relative."

This perception is one of the few new elements in Tebbel's biography, which draws heavily, as the author acknowledges at the outset, on a previous one by Herbert Mayes published thirty-five years ago. (Mr. Gardner makes no mention of the existence of the Mayes book in his extensive and otherwise useful bibliography and catalogue of Algeriana. We may assume however that it is Mayes to whom he refers in his preface: "A previous volume, written more than a generation ago, was interesting, but contained few facts, many errors and omissions, and must be considered as fiction." A curious charge, coming from one whose notion of biography is the invention of wholesome, high-minded, and wholly imaginary conversations between the hero and his family and friends.)

What Tebbel is saying, in effect, is that the American Dream and the Alger myth are not quite interchangeable concepts; according to the first, material success is a direct result of hard work, while in Alger, success comes by accident. But Tebbel may be making much of little, and perhaps Gardner in all his simplicity may be nearer the mark when he

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Harvey Swados, author of several works of fiction, also edited the anthology, Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers, *for Meridian.*

observes: "Readily acknowledging that luck played a hand in their destiny, Alger often pointed out that his boys, by being alert and intelligent, were able to take advantage of opportunities that passed others by. And frequently, the author explained, his hero—sensing emergency—was quick to act while others stood by, transfixed by fright or bewilderment."

Even if Tebbel's point has merit he does not pursue its implications. For in that case Alger himself was implying that in America success could only be achieved by grace of the upper class. If the Alger hero invariably succeeded not through merit but through a deed touched by luck and by the gratitude of rich men, then he lived out a fairy tale in a class society.

The American Dream, unlike the Alger myth, is not rooted in upper-class largess or accident. But it has depended none the less on the tolerance if not the aid of what we nowadays prefer to call the Establishment. And while such aid, acceptance or co-optation is accorded more subtly than it used to be to Ragged Dick or to Tom Tracy, it is still essential. That is why Mr. Gardner's extraordinary collection of testimonials to Horatio Alger is at once unintentionally hilarious and unintentionally touching, for this weird crowd of public personalities is for the most part dead or superannuated: Benjamin Fairless, Alfred E. Smith, Carl Sandburg, Herbert H. Lehman (who knew Alger personally), Michael V. DiSalle, Francis Cardinal Spellman, James A. Farley, Joyce Kilmer ("who produced some of our loveliest poetry"), Ernest Hemingway, Christy Mathewson and Knute Rockne. . . .

Observers more attuned to the contemporary than these have elected to recognize the class nature of American society. In the process they have often tended to regard the American Dream as invalid; as Tebbel says:

"In the twentieth century, the dream as expounded by Alger was no longer the belief of millions but the transmuted property of a conservative bloc in Big Business, with an auxiliary in the advertising industry."

But what of my friend from the island of Rhodes? The mystical belief that America is different *does* persist, through depression and war, and it is nourished not only by capitalist propaganda in the mass media, but by the letters the old folks in Greece are no doubt receiving from their son.

A more precise definition of the American Dream would have to take into account not only the Alger moral that success is material and the reward of virtue and hard work, but also, I should think, the specifically American belief that success can be won by the individual acting as an individual, and not as a member of a clan, a class or a nation. Otherwise how are we to distinguish the American Dream from the Russian Dream?

When we regard the matter as it is reflected in the flashy career of S. S. McClure, the miserable little immigrant boy whose first years in this country, Peter Lyon tells us, were "closely akin to the preposterous tracts of Horatio Alger," who struggled through college, wed the girl of his dreams, and went on to become one of America's great editors (and greatest has-beens), we are rewarded with an irony far more pungent than the one which intrigues Mr. Tebbel. It is not that, after having won his Hattie, McClure discovered that he needed to conquer other women, just as he needed the dream of other publishing triumphs even while he was hailed as one of America's most brilliantly successful magazine editors. It is rather that this self-made man lived his finest hour as the sponsor of the muckrake campaign in American journalism, with the simultaneous publication in January, 1903, of "three long, vivid, arresting, carefully documented articles, each probing deep into a sore in the American body social and politic."

This embodiment in American journalism of the Alger hero and the American Dream reached his apogee with these attacks on industry, labor and government by Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens, which McClure printed, together with an editorial, "Concerning Three Articles in this Number of McClure's," described by Mr. Lyon as "perhaps the most important ever to be published in an American magazine."

While Mr. Lyon may exaggerate somewhat the singular significance of S. S. McClure's editorial role in the muckrake movement, and downgrade those who did the actual writing, there can be no question but that the American Dream, or at least the myth so assiduously reiterated throughout the age of the robber barons by Horatio Alger, Jr., could never again be absolutely accepted after the rags-to-riches tycoon brought out his January, 1903, issue of *McClure's*. The robber barons of the late nineteenth century were denuded of the ennobling garments of the Alger myth, for even if they had worked as hard as Ragged Dick, it was now made clear that they had not worked virtuously. There is the finest irony of all—it is almost as if Alger himself had plowed back his royalties into lobbying for an early version of medicare or a crash program for the technical training of the underprivileged.

But if the American Dream has been fading ever since the muckrakers first undertook to bury it, five years after Alger's death, it persists in two seemingly unrelated quarters—the underdeveloped lands like that from which my Moslem acquaintance fled less than three years ago, and the white working class here in America, which still nourishes itself with the belief that a man can make it on his own rather than in concert with his union or his class. Among the vast middle class, the Dream has been supplanted by the cooler notion of seeking security by meekly entering the corporate hierarchy and playing the game according to the new rules. Since this idea has been sweeping Western Europe as well, it should be identified as an international rather than a purely American mystique despite such apparently contradictory phenomena as the French student demonstrations for better education and the British "brain drain"—the migration of English intellectuals to America.

Only in the age we are just now entering, characterized by a great movement toward absolute automation of commodity production and consequent unemployment, distinguished not by its temporariness but by its permanent presence, shall we see the destruction of the Alger myth and the American Dream once and for all — not only among the poor blacks but among the poor whites as well. The latter are hardly likely to accept as its replacement the dream of the mindless, middle-class cuddle in the secure bosom of the corporation; they are too dispossessed to consider *any* dream of self-improved status as worth dreaming. More probably, the dreadful void already spreading in the hearts and souls of the dispossessed, which neither religion nor Marxism nor television has so far been able to fill, will become epidemic among them.

The Pad in Brooklyn Heights

Oliver Evans

In the late thirties and early forties, cooperative living establishments — both formal and informal — were fairly common throughout the United States. One of the most extraordinary of these was located in Brooklyn Heights, in an old brownstone house that has since been torn down, and what made it extraordinary was the number of talented individuals—most of them relatively unknown at the time—who lived there between 1940 and 1945. Not since the Brook Farm venture in Massachusetts a hundred years earlier had so many American intellectuals attempted the hazardous experiment of living together under one roof.

Everything about the Brooklyn colony was sensational, including the way its headquarters came to be chosen. George Davis, the editor of *Mademoiselle* and a bachelor, had for some time been dissatisfied with his apartment. One night, the story goes, he dreamed he was living in a huge old brownstone house in Brooklyn Heights; the dream was so vivid that the next day he took a subway to Brooklyn and, after a brief search, actually found the house he had dreamed about. The two were identical down to the smallest detail — and the real one was for rent. Davis telephoned Carson McCullers, the twenty-two-year-old girl whose first novel, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, had just been published and who, he knew, was also looking for a place to live; they met at the house and took immediate possession.

Wystan Hugh Auden was also in New York at this time, looking for a place to settle. Carson McCullers and George Davis invited the poet to stay with them and he accepted. In time they were joined by Auden's friend, Benjamin Britten; by *his* friend, Peter Pears, the operatic tenor who has often sung Britten's work; by poets Louis MacNeice and Chester Kallman; by novelists Christopher Isherwood and Richard Wright; by the historian Golo Mann (Thomas Mann's eldest son); by the composer and novelist-to-be Paul Bowles and his wife, Jane, who was a novelist and future playwright; by Oliver Smith, the stage designer; and by Gypsy Rose Lee, whose collection of surrealist paintings became one of the finest in the United States. All of these people did not occupy the house simultaneously — some of them were great travelers, and when one went away another would sometimes take his place — but they all considered themselves charter members and continued to live there off and on for the next five years or so.

Though the orientation of the group was artistic rather than political, most of its members considered themselves liberals and endorsed Roosevelt's policies. Brooklyn was an appropriate home for them, with its liberal tradition which dated back to the time when it had been a center of abolitionist activity and Walt Whitman worked on the *Daily Eagle*, where he wrote the antislavery editorials that eventually cost him his job. There was a strong literary tradition as well, of course, with Whitman and Whittier, Emerson and Thackeray living or coming to speak there frequently in the nineteenth century — a tradition which was carried into modern times by such noted residents and habitués as Hart Crane, Marianne Moore, Truman Capote.

Seven Middagh, as the house was generally known, became the nearest thing to a salon this side of Paris. Dozens of house guests and hundreds of callers passed through, among them some of the most impressive names in literature, art and music during the war years: composers Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Marc Blitzstein and Leonard Bernstein; surrealist painters Pavel Tchelitchew, Eugene Berman and Salvador Dali; novelists Anaïs Nin and Erika Mann. Tchelitchew did a whole set of murals on the walls. Friendships were formed there that have lasted over the years.

As Mrs. McCullers was, in the beginning, the only regular woman occupant, the housekeeping chores fell to her, but she was not overscrupulous about them and in any case the task must have appeared insurmountable; the place, therefore, customarily had a littered look. Sometimes, with Auden's assistance, she would cook some of the dishes that she had learned to make as a child in Columbus, Ga. Later, when the establishment achieved a greater degree of organization, servants were hired and each occupant paid his share of the cooking and housekeeping expenses to Auden, who ran the show. Paul Bowles recalls: "It worked very well except for a few terrible rows, which were inevitable."

Brooklyn's Brook Farm stood on a quiet street lined with maple trees; in the autumn the children would rake the leaves and make bonfires of them. It was a big, comfortable house with a back yard, and the neighborhood still had something of the quality of a small town while remaining metropolitan in spirit because of its ethnic and cultural variety. The Middagh house people knew their neighbors — especially Mr. Parker, the druggist on the corner, who seemed to be acquainted with everyone in Brooklyn Heights. On their right lived an eccentric old lady; it was rumored that she had once been jailed for smashing the window of a saloon in a temperance demonstration. She collected stray dogs, kept a pet monkey, and was said to be very rich and very stingy. "Miss Kate," the antique dealer on Fulton Street from whom the charter members bought many furnishings, suffered greatly from the cold, took a bath only once a year, and was usually to be found crouched over a little coal stove in the rear of her shop. "She has one of the handsomest and dirtiest faces that I can remember," Carson McCullers wrote. "She

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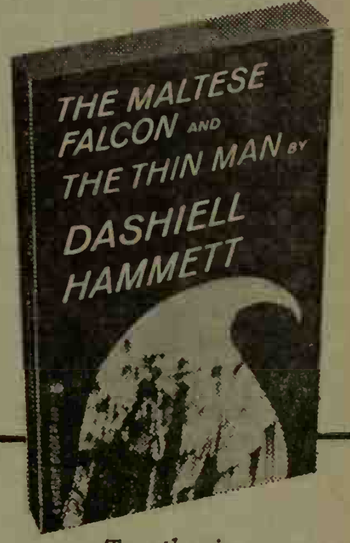

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RANDOM HOUSE

sleeps every night wrapped in a Persian rug and lying on a green Victorian couch."

Mrs. McCullers used to walk with George Davis along Sand Street, which stretched from Brooklyn Bridge to the Navy Yard. Lined with bars, with shops selling navy uniforms, and with cheap hotels and rooming houses, it was a gloomy place by daytime. But when night came, there was a never-ending flow of sailors and streetwalkers, and the lights of the bars glittered. In one of these bars Mrs. McCullers saw a little hunchback who skipped about, was petted by everyone and treated by the proprietor as a sort of mascot. He became, of course, the model for Cousin Lyman in *The Ballad of the Sad Café*.

It was in Brooklyn, too, that Mrs. McCullers conceived another of her novels with a Southern setting. The characters — drawn from her own childhood — had haunted her for some time, but she had not been able to arrange them in any sort of satisfactory relationship. One Thanksgiving, when everyone was sitting before the fire with brandy and coffee after the big turkey dinner, a fire engine roared by. Gypsy Rose Lee rushed out to look; Carson followed, and suddenly the idea of the book became clear to her. Catching Gypsy's arm, she shouted over the noise of the fire engine: "Frankie is in love with her brother and his bride and wants to become a member of the wedding!"

With the ending of the war, the colony began to disperse. Some of the members returned to Europe; Paul and Jane Bowles went to Morocco where, except for brief visits to this country, they have remained ever since; and still others relocated in Manhattan or suburban New York. From Seven Middagh Street they went on to produce the works of their maturity, so that the Brooklyn period of apprenticeship constitutes an important footnote in the intellectual history of America. Their decisions to move in no way meant that the "experiment" had failed; they had always been transient, cosmopolitan people, and the really remarkable thing — even taking the war into account — is that they stayed together as long as they did.

Oliver Evans teaches English at San Fernando Valley State College. He has written poetry and a travel book; his critical biography of Carson McCullers is scheduled for fall publication.

ART

POP ON THE MEADOW

It was hard this last season to be indifferent to a horde of needling exhibitions, notable for their attack as sheer theatrical environment. Ever more frequently, the galleries have presented such varying delights as fetishism, gigantomachy, nudie movies, kinetic sculpture, billboards and Brillo (both fake), electrically operated noise makers and neon assemblage. This hurly-burly — hard sell, resourceful or sarcastic by turns — might be called the new amusement park syndrome in art. At its mercantile heart are techniques impersonal, even industrial in operation. In fact, the distinction between art and artifact so dwindles as to cause not merely basically equivocal attitudes toward creation, but a uniformity of feeling about it. The ambiguity may conceivably be an advantage, but the uniformity is potentially a drag upon the vitality of modern art. No recent show of contemporary art has embodied these contradictions more completely, or with greater fascination, than the New York World's Fair.

In fairs on the scale of the present one at Flushing Meadow, the free-enterprise system mirrors itself as flatteringly and seductively as it knows how. Neither permanence nor restraint hobbles a project whose aim is an artful fantasy in which individual products are not nearly so important as the spectacular packaging of the business idea itself.

But fairs usually generate the same dilemma: how to implement their rage for symbolism without an awareness of or respect for the advanced architecture of their day. In the past they had recourse to nascent engineering, a solution as inspired as it was appropriate. The industrial revolution could come increasingly out into the open, and after a long-fought battle the machine itself could be exhibited in lieu of, but with all the seriousness of, art. Technology, bathed in an aura of heroism, became self-symbolical, and fairs, as one writer phrased it, penetrated social consciousness as "apotheoses of progress." All this no longer stands as an issue at Flushing Meadow. Instead, we are shown something no less — and no more — than the world of our own experience. And if this gaggle of structures falls short of utter realism in depicting our promiscuous urbanscape, it is only because they are grouped a bit too cheek by jowl, a trifle too hugger-mugger.

This is not to say that the spectacle ever for one moment approaches the reasonable. Business has for so long been presenting itself throughout the land in vulgarizations of the geodesic and poured-concrete wonders of modern architecture (themselves nourished by engineering), that the fair seems merely a concentrated reflection of them. As a result, an unrewarding (because egalitarian) search for ornament, and the effect-mongering of the present building scene, have been hardened into a caricature and put into the special context of an occasion. This context charges edifices which have the scale and stance of architecture, but not its abstractness, which possess the spatial daring of sculpture, but not its individuality, with the bizarre status of Gargantuan objects. Even this, or perhaps especially this, has its own peculiar relevance and justness in mirroring American life in 1964. (To the extent that the foreign pavilions approach this status — and hence show American influence — they gain interest, and in proportion to their reaction against it, mere distinction.) To gaze upon the forest and egg IBM pavilion (planned by Eero Saarinen) and the Tower of Light (sponsored by private utility companies, and looking like a clot of broken-off searchlight beams) is to witness the curiously sterile excitement required by a childish American imagination. Nothing at Flushing is more frivolous or phony than the religious pavilions, which have been cut off severely from their decorative and ethnic traditions. The New York World's Fair, inevitably, is a fun house for adults.

Under the circumstances, the fair's connivance with modern architecture has been only a trifle more deliberate than its collusion with modern art. The latter has not merely been trying some rather striking new paths of synesthesia; it is also becoming notorious for defining beauty always in the terms of the commercial culture itself. For the first time, the aesthetic qualities of a world's fair cannot be measured against those of contemporary visual art (and of course, found wanting) because the two are now locked together in a symbiotic relationship quite beguiling to behold. On the level of taste, if not intention, there has been such astonishing agreement that the difference between commerce and art begins to dissolve very much as do objects, images and reflections in a hall of mirrors.

Doubtless the man of the hour here is Philip Johnson, whose garrulous control-observation tower with the gaudy plastic canopy, at the New York State Pavilion, is far more uninhibitedly and agreeably *kitsch* than his new theatre at Lincoln Center. There is no more significant tip-off of the fair's character than Johnson's sophisticated choice of ten artists, mostly Pop, to decorate his set piece at Flushing Meadow. But one wonders if he anticipated the effect of the Lichtenstein or Indiana (a monstrous "Eat" sign), and the excellent Rauschenberg and Rosenquist, blown up to epic proportions, and clarioned outdoors for all to see. Deprived of their intimate gallery atmosphere, the silkscreen-transformed color photographic and billboard montages of the latter two artists are returned to their approximate point of origin, and the displacement which once gave them so much pungency is minimized. These works of art cease to be creative expressions intruding into the world of manufacture, and become instead equivocal flora of that world. An alarming cycle has been completed.

One learns a great deal from such an episode. At bottom, art and commerce have never been genuinely allied, but it took this moment of their greatest convergence to dramatize the full quality of their opposition. Even in their obsession with commercial design, ambitious artists always bracket or contain it. Popular culture is their subject, their nature, so to speak; it is not their artistic form. Business, on the other hand, when it is not collecting art as a corporate display of status, is bent on subjugating, or more politely channeling, it to widespread purposes of cajolery. Each force thus tries to encircle the other. If the captains of industry were pleased to find artists gratuitously affected by the glamour of advertisements, they must by now be disconcerted to see how unaffiliated that interest has become. Art, typically enough, is not playing fair.

Some rather confused intimations of that resentment crop up here and there in Mr. Moses' vast enclave. In the patriotic introductory film at the United States Pavilion, for instance, there is to be seen among an orgy of American flags, the "Three Flags" of Jasper Johns—visible long enough for a quick eye to note the brush strokes. A bit less mysterious was a touch of nervous horseplay at the sparkling IBM show (conceived by Charles Eames). Here, an announcer calls for a work of art to appear on the screen, gets a filmed shot of Andy Warhol's Campbell Soup cans, demands "real" art, and is rewarded with an Ingres Odalisque by an obediently programed projector. If anyone was aware that monotonously aligned soup cans may contain an oblique comment on computer technology, there was little to indicate that Johns's painting has nothing to do with nationalism. But there is no reason why the works of art should not be manipulated this way, since they themselves similarly subvert the signs and symbols which were their original motifs. This is another *volte-face* in which "communication techniques" triumph over a content which is too simple to stand unadorned in commerce, and too ambiguous to be more than secondary in art. Not what you say, but how you say it: that is the principle.

In this light, the New York World's Fair is a riot of vignettes that would make many a Pop artist jealous, just as it is a sequence of tableaux that were indirectly influenced by him. And everywhere there are coincidences and parallels between the two. To a person who has seen the latest Rauschenbergs, for example, the possibilities of what that artist could do with the controls of the RCA color television engineers — who "tune in" the complexions of TV stars — are excruciating. And the grotesque wonders Oldenburg might perform if given access to the new synthetics in the duPont labs fairly stretches the imagination. Already his work (and that of Wesselman) suggests that in the "House of Good Taste" industrial life is imitating art. In addition, the allover lettering on the IBM dome is reminiscent of Chryssa, and a U.S. Pavilion display of a cardboard cut-out crowd waving real placards recalls Marisol. Finally, Disney's auto-parts jazz band (Ford) is a cute variant of an idea that Joe Jones used quasi-electronically in his music-making contraption a while back at the Cordier show, "For Eyes and Ears." In fact, the environmentalist's dream is a living reality at the fair— if the

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vicarious sensations it so incredibly amplifies can be called reality.

The most authentic innovation of the fair is its employment of a kind of environmental cinema, which ranges from the 360-degree theaterama at New York State, through the encompassing screens at Johnson's Wax, to the dialogue with real people at duPont, to the flashing, segmented, shifting and sliding screens (showing photographs, movies, prints and diagrams) at the IBM and the United States Pavilions. Coupled with its recorded voices, its Muzak and its conveyor-belt handling of spectators, this cinema presages whole future areas of the audio-visual to be explored by the Pop artists — especially those like Warhol, Conner and Whitman who are going into the movies. It is all a great testament to Yankee ingenuity, shared incestuously by artist and business designer alike.

Of course, artists are hampered by a shortage of funds and materials which are at the limitless disposal of the latter. Or at least they are suddenly made to look hampered when big business decides to gild itself in Veblenian ostentation. Art, however, can take its revenge in satire which, in turn, makes industry look totally wanting in self-criticism.

The final cleavage between the fair and the galleries, however, lies not in appearance, theme or methodology — which are at moments startlingly similar — but in mentality. The gap is best expressed in terms of innocence and cynicism. Any image or process which the two fields have in common forces a comparison between the enlightened and realistic cynicism of the artists and the unenlightened, dreamy innocence of Madison Avenue. The one shocks, the other lulls. But on the level of ethical comparison the rules are reversed. Thus, products are unscrupulously marketed, and appetites shamelessly pandered to, in a capitalist system whose moral corruption throws the aesthetic world into a light of touching purity and ingenuousness. And yet Pop art gains affluence and recognition essentially through businessmen collectors whose way of life is deeply questioned by the art they patronize.

Hence the ambiguities of the New York World's Fair are moral as well as aesthetic, and its tensions are social as well as technological. Above all, in its waste, opulence, impermanence, falsity, cheeriness and energy, it expresses something quintessential about that hybrid work of art which is American civilization. It also develops eyes to see a new beauty. All in all, the show has considerable color in its cheeks.

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THEATRE

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The British have had to wait till 1963 to establish a national theatre for which the first concrete suggestion was made in 1848. Now that it has been set up we see that it is good. Since its opening last fall, ten plays have been presented. Of these I have seen seven. All of them, despite the reservations I shall make, are also good. I shall not speak of *Saint Joan*, transferred from the repertory of the theatre in Chichester (a sort of summer annex of the main enterprise), nor of *Hamlet*, Frisch's *Andorra* and a double bill of Sophocles' *Philoctetes* and Beckett's *Play* which, failing to attract a sufficient audience, have been dropped.

The first play I saw—the company's latest—was *The Master Builder*. The critical response to this production has been negative. The play was held to be "dated" and fault was found with the casting of Maggie Smith as Hilde Wangel. I thought the play fascinating and Maggie Smith, one of England's best actresses, though certainly not a conventional choice for the part, quite interesting. I am exasperated when a play like *The Master Builder* is called "dated" because certain of its characters refer to trolls and Hilde speaks of hearing "harps in the air." It was as normal for Norwegians in 1892 to speak of "trolls" as for us to talk of "traumas." A trauma is no more material than a troll! And for an enthusiastic young girl of the time to speak of hearing "harps in the air" is no more odd than for a girl today to say that listening to Thelonius Monk "sends her."

The theme of Ibsen's play remains vital. It concerns the fear and frustration which often agitate the aging artist (or anyone of signal achievement) that he may be superseded by a rising generation and be found "dated!" The temptation of such a man is to suppress or deny the new voices clamoring to be heard; frequently he harbors a sense of defeat, the suspicion that he has not accomplished all that he might have done or dreamed of doing.

The Master Builder is Ibsen's confession, an avowal of the contrary pulls of his nature. The protagonist, the architect Solness, began his career by building churches, but made his reputation by putting up ordinary homes for well-to-do families. Ibsen aimed at creating great epic drama—*Brand, Peer Gynt, Emperor and Galilean*—but the world came to honor him for *A Doll's House, The Wild Duck, Hedda Gabler*. Ibsen foresaw the time when his "middle-class" art (his realism) would no longer serve our needs. He denounced the old "ideals"—the God or gods of his fathers—but felt a deep hunger for some inspirational force with which to replace them.

The dialectic of the generations with its concomitant psychological tensions are real enough and constant. What brings all this to life in *The Master Builder* is Hilde Wangel, a character who, for all the nineteenth-century and Scandinavian innocence of her vocabulary, is as vivid, sharp, contradictory, virtuous and amoral as any impatient young girl anywhere today. To this aspect of the role—the bubbling will to mount to the heights—Maggie Smith, with her irrepressible humor, adds a tangy contemporary touch that emphasizes what is enduring in the play.

Michael Redgrave may be a little soft for the ruthless, egocentric Solness (though "soft" men—particularly artists—in such circumstances are often unconscionably tough, even petty) but he has a certain grandeur, he is thoughtful and he knows very well what the part is all about.

The result is a production—all of it well cast—very much to the point. What is missing is *mood;* the spiritual atmosphere which must inform a play's structure. This fault, as we shall later note, is perhaps symptomatic of something in the artistic make-up of the National Theatre company.

Next I saw Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* (1706) in which love intrigues typical of eighteenth-century English comedy are combined with a shrewd commentary on the army's ugly devices of recruiting. The play is richly written, utterly beguiling in its characters, as well as delightfully funny in its scenes.

With a perfect cast, the production is in every way successful. Once again Maggie Smith holds the stage with a wise gleam in her eye, benevolently feminine mischief in her heart, laughter in her spirit and an attractiveness that stems more from the whole composition of her qualities than from her physical person. In the cast, too, Laurence Olivier (artistic director to this company of fifty-one actors) plays a small part in a manner so absolutely right and original that it lingers emblematically as the obtuse, mendacious, boastful, good-natured, thoroughly self-satisfied (satisfied with the fun of cheating, fighting, guzzling, wenching) petty officer who is as much at ease in the army as a pig in a trough. This characterization, which should be set beside Olivier's unforgettable Shallow and his fop in Sheridan's *The Critic,* is a masterpiece.

The Recruiting Officer was followed on my schedule by Harold Brighouse's *Hobson's Choice,* a play first produced in 1916, though it mirrors the Salford (Lancashire) of 1880. The play foreshadows the breakdown of class snobbery in England; it also proves that a "corny" comedy can be art and that social reflection may be fun. The story is of a masterful lady of thirty, threatened with spinsterhood by her plainness and by her father's exploitation, who chooses a semi-literate cobbler as her husband, and sets out to stiffen his backbone and give him the semblance of an education. In doing so, she shatters the paternal fortress. *Hobson's Choice* is an utterly charming stage piece—all smiles, sound sentiment and good sense.

Joan Plowright, with her spunk and dark, determined, glistening eyes, her speech that sounds sweetly of Midland streets (the accent is usually accounted ugly, but on Miss Plowright's lips it acquires a wonderful savor) makes Maggie Hobson a girl to treasure, the salt of womankind and of British moral will.

No less effective is Frank Finlay, an actor who plays bluff working-class characters with archetypal truthfulness and lends them a warmth one might not guess they possessed. He is the darling boob of whom Maggie makes a man. Michael Redgrave has been accused (partly because of the enormous beard which frames his face) of turning Hobson into a musty King Lear. It seems to me, however, that his performance was "saved" by that beard! There are actors who require a mask—a strong external characterization—to set their imagination free. Redgrave is such an actor. His Hobson, formidable in girth as well as in height, red-nosed, cunning and stupid, blustering and weak, embattled and pathetic, is both funny and forgivable. He provides the production with a strong anchor.

Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* with Redgrave in the name part, Olivier as Astrov, Plowright as Sonya and Rosemary Harris as the professor's wife, was given a thoroughly understanding production. The last two acts are especially moving. Redgrave is brilliant in the scene where he bursts out against his selfish pedant of a brother-in-law, and in his final grief, inconsolable by the brokenhearted encouragement of Plowright's Sonya, he reduces us to tears.

Still, for all its excellence, the production reveals something of the company's shortcomings. Mannerism often takes the place of mood. ("Mood" results from a confluence of the actor's being with the total environment or soul of the dramatist's creation.) In this production one recognizes a company of meticulous actors who have gone reverently to work. But for Chekhov, sound craftsmanship, even dramatic intelligence, are not enough. This *Uncle Vanya* lacks, not entirely, but enough to leave me a little dissatisfied, the true core of the play—that palpable *idealism* which is at the heart of Chekhov's writing and generally of the Russian character, even in some of its negative aspects.

Thus Rosemary Harris, exquisite as the beauty gone to waste, seems more like an affected bluestocking than a richly endowed woman in whom the sap of life is slowly evaporating. The effect is unintentionally comic, but not comic in Chekhov's way, which is never the least brittle or even faintly depreciatory.

Redgrave's Vanya, on the other hand, might assume more comic meaning in the correct sense if he were less the stifled intellectual at the outset (less "romantic" looking as well) and more the flustered, slightly disheveled, self-neglecting dreamer going to seed.

The visual sign of what I have indicated is the stylized plain wood setting, which is an abstraction of noth-

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ing. It suggests hardly any place either actual or symbolic—only a kind of literal dead end, wholly juiceless. The loneliness and ennui of Chekhov's world may be stultifying but they are never dry.

The climax and sensation of the National Theatre's season is *Othello*. With *Macbeth*, *Othello* is the most closely knit, the most tightly constructed of Shakespeare's plays. Here poetry and action are perfectly wed.

As Othello, Olivier—and this production is all Olivier, though Maggie Smith is an appealing Desdemona—builds the part with crafty logic. But what is most remarkable about Olivier's performance is not the line of its dramatic evolution or the kind of common-sense realism he brings to the opening scenes but the bravery, the tempestuous scenic courage with which he depicts the moments of Othello's agony. Here there is such an explosion of searing sound, of groans, of gasps, wild and broken outcries such as few English-speaking actors would attempt. Such display of histrionic temperament—in this instance the savage orchestration of the emotion of jealousy — is, despite Hamlet's admonition against overacting, the proper style for the interpretation of Shakespearean tragedy.

The killing of Desdemona and Othello's suicide are staged with fierce imagination: Othello holds Desdemona in his arms all through the speech which precedes the moment when he stabs himself with a thin blade concealed in a leather band around his wrist. This, and the elaborate murder of Desdemona, exemplify the kind of red-blooded theatre which we long to see because, while it is supposed to be "traditional," it is rarely found on our "serious" stages today.

Audiences and critics, too, have been much impressed with Olivier's Othello as a *Negro* characterization: the special gait (a slight swagger on bare feet), the resonant low-keyed voice, the somewhat weighted tone and stress of speech, the sensuous mouth, the black man's particular smile and laugh. All this is notably well done, but my mind refused to acknowledge it because I could not help thinking that all this paraphernalia might be unnecessary if a Negro were acting the part.

Everything that consummate skill, splendid vocal and physical equipment, intelligence, observation, theatrical flair can accomplish, Olivier achieves. And yet — I am almost tempted to apologize for saying it — the substance of genuine feeling, which Olivier indicates magnificently, is not actually present. I am excited; I am not touched. I shake with the impact and daring of the performance. But I am not convinced of the authenticity of the play's emotion, nor am I entirely informed as to its meaning.

Olivier knows all about what happens to a man suffering the anguish of jealousy, but he can only imitate—not live it—on the stage. Something in this marvelous actor's nature is perpetually withdrawn. There is always a captivating mystery in Olivier's performances of tragic roles, but also a strange stoppage of personal feeling at their center. The inner sources of emotion—the "floodgates"—are unaccountably closed. Though he has a superb faculty for forcing their release, the will to make his secret and most intimate sentiments emerge, they seldom do. That is why I am obliged to consider his acting in comedy or character roles more complete than his performances in tragedy.

Two more things must be said. The production is not especially euphonious. The reasonable realism of the approach makes most of the lines clear but rarely gratifying to the ear. This may also be due to Frank Finlay's utter unsuitability for the role of Iago. He was chosen on the ground that Othello would never be taken in by Iago if he were a "spectacular" character, one whose "honesty" was not of a blunt unvarnished nature. This is mere rationalization, a trick to heighten the effect of an effulgent Othello by a dun Iago. It has little to do with Shakespeare, whose realism is never commonplace but always heroic.

A far more important consideration is the fact that although Olivier is intuitively right in trying to make his "Negroid" characterization a means to reveal the crucial element of sensuality in *Othello*—the play is a "history of lust"—he brings to this aspect of the part a charm, a sort of subtle, leading-man sex appeal which is not precisely what the play demands. *Othello* is a tragedy of desire. There is more appetite than love in the "noble" Moor. Iago's machinations are, so to speak, only a function of Othello's concupiscence. His sensual passion is the cause of his torment; the true reason for his downfall. It should have a torrential force, a volcanic heat. When Olivier suffers the throes of jealousy he is human, all too human, which may endear him to us, but by that very fact diminishes Othello's Shakespearean stature.

If I have seemed unduly crabbed about a week of playgoing, which at all times afforded me true pleasure and with a company I hold in high esteem, it is because I have chosen to regard the work of the British National Theatre in the light of art rather than as a series of "great shows" that may serve to give a kick to our spare time. One doesn't gush over art; one contemplates or ponders it as an event in one's life.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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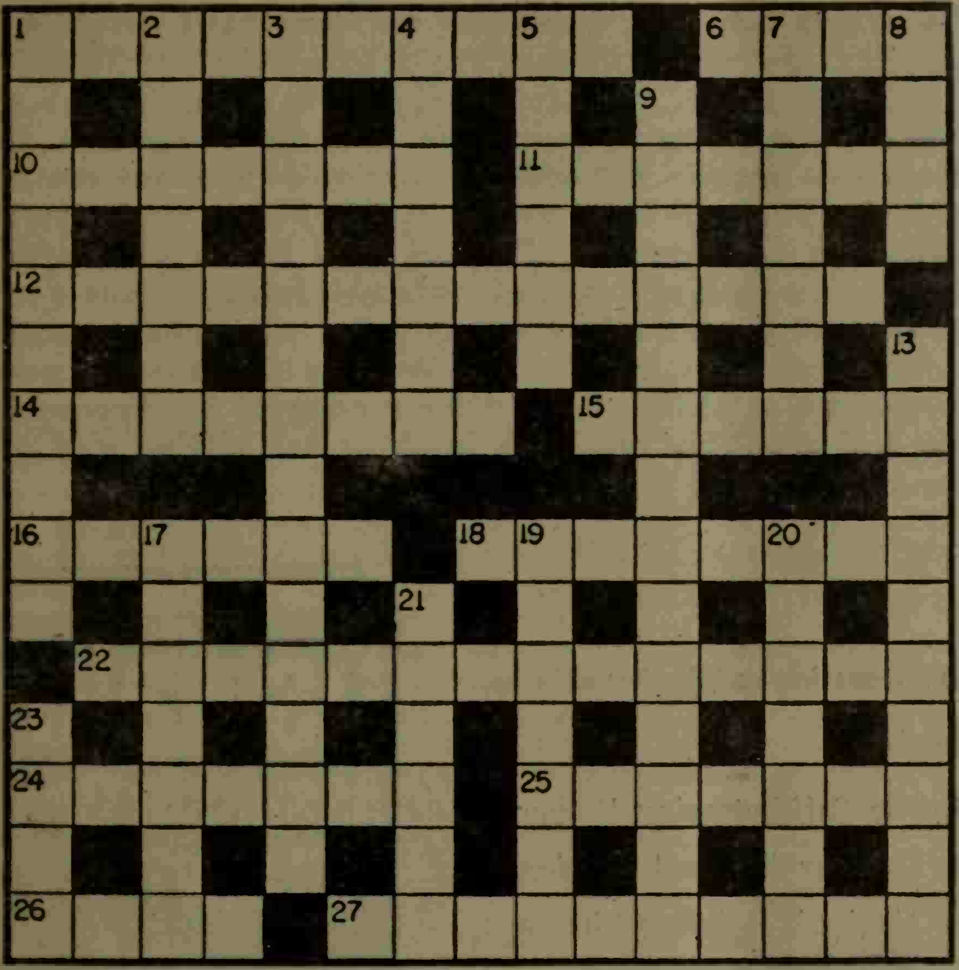

ACROSS:

1 Does it show how much stock is taken in welcoming visitors? (6, 4)
6 Found on a king? Quite the opposite. (4)
10 Tire for a wheel animalcule? (7)
11 This is rich! (7)
12 Development land? (8, 6)
14 To bring it back in defeated circumstances makes it stupified. (8)
15 Where the iceman might make a spectacle of himself. (6)
16 Its course was westward. (6)
18 Dish you might find when you have the back edge reexamined. (8)
22 Evidently they allow pets in at least part of the hotel. (3-2-3-6)
24 An unexpected stroke allowed in a certain rhyme scheme. (7)
25 Progression of steps. (7)
26 One who knots things in a row? (4)
27 Did Carson think they kept the noise level down? (10)

DOWN:

1 Do they stand on the record? Quite the opposite, as the underdog may aspire to. (10)
2 It might prove dangerous to spurn a maiden so. (7)
3 Evidently a French rod wasn't used to make one. (6, 8)
4 He is sometimes called the founder of polite comedy. (7)
5 The result of divided points. (6)
7 His father came back and sat in Macbeth's place. (7)
8 Deeds of 23 down. (4)
9 Would an omnibus story be? (14)
13 How to title such things as the Rocking R? (Particular smokers might.) (4, 6)
17 Get something other than lay healing, perhaps. (7)
19 An afterdinner nap for some marks a high spot. (7)
20 Storm in full color? Delighted to see it! (7)
21 One spoke to Don Juan. (6)
23 What's supposed to make Tom go bad in 8? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1065

ACROSS: 1 Straphanger; 9 Recalled; 10 Tailor; 11 Fenders; 12 Rattail; 14 Maroon; 15 Overcoat; 17 Chessman; 20 Uplift; 22 Anodyne; 24 Goodman; 26 and 28 Franco-Prussian War; 27 Spinners. DOWN: 2 Trap doors; 3 Aileron; 4 and 13 Hide-bound; 5 Nitrate; 6 Exist; 7 Geneva; 8 Lolita; 16 Caledonia; 18 Honors; 19 Minnows; 20 Utopian; 21 Flairs; 23 Donor; 25 Asti.

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—Commentary

"There is a feling that the responsible authorities are in possession of information that has not yet been given to the public. . . . " — Henry Brandon, Saturday Review.

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"The Warren Commission must tell us if the FBI or any other government intelligence agency was in any way connected with the alleged assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald." — Harold Feldman, The Nation.

"As citizens the aspects of the case we should find most troubling are the ineptitudes of the Dallas police, the carelessness of the Secret Service and the arrogant above-the-fray attitude of the FBI. In a democracy there is no place for a 'secret police', however holy their reputation." — Harriet Van Horn, N.Y. World Telegram & Son.

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6. "I Didn't Kill Anybody"
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THE NATION

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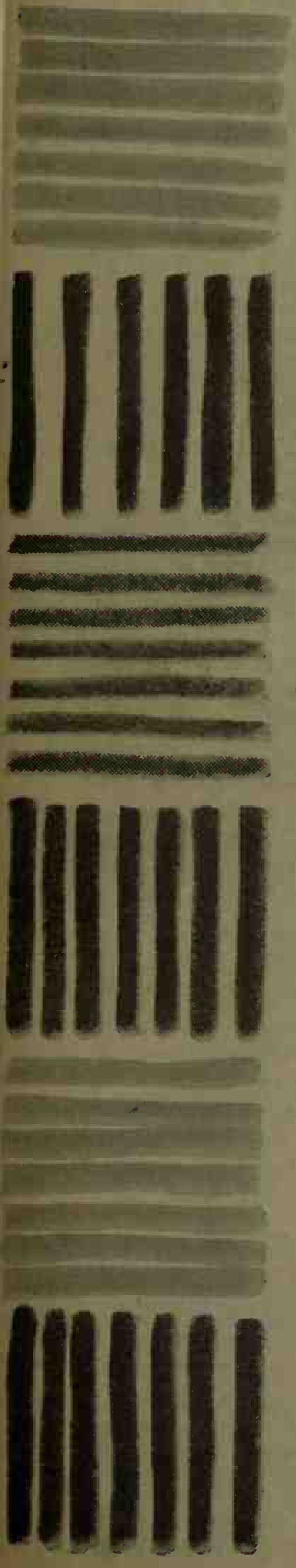

WITH THE 'REDSKINS' OF VIETNAM

Daniel F. Ford

HIGH NOON IN THE COW PALACE

Carey McWilliams

People vs. Politicians

DEFEAT IN HARLEM

Woody Klein

LETTERS

Honored Shah

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: It is regrettable that both your editorial, "Here He is Again," and references made to the Shahanshah of Iran in Wade Thompson's article, "Season of Kudos" (*The Nation*, June 8), convey nothing but the same slanders and falsehoods and distortion of facts about the Iranian monarch that have appeared in the writings of his opponents. . . .

Allow me once again to repudiate your statement concerning the size of the Iranian army and the "secret police." To refrain from being monotonous in your statements about Iran, why don't you once reflect the fact that Iran has the most vital strategic position in the Middle East and that its armed forces must be trained and equipped better to safeguard its territorial integrity. . . ? Why don't you tell your readers that Iran is living under a constant barrage of propaganda from the Communist world and other organizations of international subversion?

During his twenty-four years of reign His Majesty has been honored by institutions of higher learning the world over. Therefore, it was not, as Wade Thompson asserts, "outside pressure" that forced the universities to confer honorary degrees upon His Majesty. . . . *A. M. Shapurian*
Press Counselor
Iranian Embassy

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your bold and outspoken editorial describing openly the hypocritical aspect of the Shah of Iran's recent visit to this country, has roused great excitement mixed with a deep sense of admiration among hundreds of Iranian students in America who have read it.

On behalf of the Iranian students in the Greater New York area, I take this opportunity to express my hearty appreciation and gratitude to you for presenting . . . so bluntly and vividly the appalling situation in Iran under the Shah's ruthless military regime and secret police force.

Hassan F. Zandy
Professor of Physics
Yeshiva University

Pension grab

El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Merton C. Bernstein's observations as well as his conclusions ("The Pension Mirage," *The Nation*, June 15) are only too true, as my own experience proved recently when I and 1,200 other employees of many years' service lost our jobs as well as our chance to collect pension payments when the Marchant Calculator plant of Oakland, Calif., moved its entire facilities sans its production staff to Orangeburg, S.C.

The company benefited by this shrewd move from a highly unionized, high-labor-cost area to a low-labor-cost, right-to-work state and... no law could be found to prevent the company from pocketing its tax-free pension fund (except for already vested rights) and we employees were left minus our rightful benefits. . . . *Walter Gerstel*

Compact risk

Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: "According to most insurance companies, compact cars cause and sustain less damage in accidents. In addition, they are more easily and economically repaired. As a result, most insurance companies charge 10 per cent less for liability and collision coverage among owners of compact cars."

This quotation (called to mind by your editorial "Mowing Them Down," June 15) comes from . . . the *Buyer's Digest of New Car Facts for 1964*, a publication of the Ford Motor Company. *Ernest H. Tilford*

Dusty symbols

New York City

Dear Sirs: In a single, seven-letter word, Secretary of State Rusk clearly reveals the archaic, unrealistic character of our Far Eastern policy. He calls the capital of the 15-year-old, 700-million-strong People's Republic of China, "Peiping"—the name used by Chiang Kai-shek when the Generalissimo strutted briefly in China's ancient seat of government. . . . When I heard our bland, bumbling Secretary use the name in a recent television interview, I was reminded of Governor Wallace of Alabama, who flies the Confederate flag in a vain attempt to delude himself and his followers that their long-dead slave oligarchy still exists. . . . The ideas of both men are plainly signaled by their use of word and symbol long since thrown into the dustbin of history. *Taylor Adams*

Real politik

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs: Mr. James Diamond correctly pointed out "Okinawa: Trigger in the Pacific," (*The Nation*, June 1) that United States rule on Okinawa is a military expedient rather than legally sanctioned. . . . Nations seldom act for altruistic reasons, but for reasons of national self-interest. It is primarily *our* freedom we are defending, and only secondarily the freedom of Okinawans. . . .

The Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty with Russia was signed *after* we handed them a stunning loss of face in Cuba — which leads me to believe that some nations may be more amenable to negotiation when they are "one-down. . . ." *Victor Lygdman, Jr.*

THE
NATION

Monday, July 27, 1964
Volume 199, No. 2

In this issue

EDITORIALS

21

ARTICLES

23 High Noon in the Cow Palace
Carey McWilliams
27 People vs. Politicians: Defeat in Harlem
Woody Klein
29 With the "Redskins" of Vietnam
Daniel F. Ford
31 The Peace Corps: Nursery for Diplomats
Ian Sclanders

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 Four From the Badlands
Sarah Gainham
36 Five on the Desert
Charles Issawi
37 Theatre
Harold Clurman
38 Summer (poem)
George Anthony
39 Films
Robert Hatch
40 Tenuous and Precarious (poem)
Stevie Smith
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 40)
Frank W. Lewis

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EDITORIALS

The Danger of 'Extremism'

Senator Goldwater has said that a political platform is typically "a packet of lies and misinformation." Had he been willing to go the limit in candor, he could have added that national conventions, *in toto*, are outstanding examples of the art of sowing confusion in order to reap the votes of the thoughtless. Since most adult Americans are perfectly aware of this, little lasting harm is normally done by platform claptrap.

The fight over "extremism" at San Francisco was an exception, and liberals should beware of its possible results. The contest was one phase of the conquest of the Republican Party by a coalition which includes some Taft-type moderates—George M. Humphrey, for instance—but also embraces the genocidal lunatics who would like to have seen Barry drop the bomb on the Soviets at the climax of his inaugural speech, the white backlashers, the impeach-Earl-Warren mob, et al. The majority of Republican moderates are not reconciled to this transition, hence the Scranton-Rockefeller-Romney attack on "extremists." But there is a potential double danger in this excoriation of the far Right and the far Left (the latter included more out of custom than because it represents any present domestic threat). In the first place, the word "extremist" is undesirably vague and can be made to include anyone of whom the speaker strongly disapproves. And in the second place, the anxiety to banish such elements from the party can readily be perverted into a move to exclude them from the American forum of ideas. Extremist views are not only inevitable in a free society, their unhobbled dissemination is essential to its health.

In his valiant attempt to secure condemnation of the John Birch crowd at the convention, Governor Rockefeller said the right things, but the later effects may be other than what he intended. Extremism per se is not wrong; there are times when it is necessary. In the eyes of the Tories, the Founding Fathers were extremists. Today, we cannot become a middle-class monolith. The entire spectrum, from Birchites to Mao-type Communists, must be free to press their cause by such argument as they can muster. All must obey the law, all must be equal before it.

A Beginning

By direction of the President, the Federal Bureau of Investigation sent more than 100 agents into Mississippi. Simultaneously with this influx of his minions, J. Edgar Hoover flew to Jackson, there to open a new FBI field office, which occupies two full floors in the First Federal Savings and Loan Building. Where normally perhaps fifteen agents might be active in the state, about 153 are now there. Some are looking for the murderers of the three civil rights workers who disappeared on June 21; others are trying to prevent further acts of murder, arson and assault.

As for Mr. Hoover himself, he cannot be accused of excessive zeal in carrying out this assignment. When he is in the South, or engaged in a civil rights mission anywhere, he is almost morbidly conscious of the statutory limits on FBI authority. "We most certainly do not and will not give protection to civil rights workers," he declared at a news conference on July 10. "The FBI is not a police organization. It is purely an investigative organization. The protection of individual citizens, either natives of this state or coming into the state, is a matter for local authorities."

This forthright statement overlooks the fact that, in Mississippi today, an ever present danger to a civil rights worker is that he will be detained by the local police on a traffic charge and released, directly or indirectly, to a lynch mob.

Despite Mr. Hoover's disclaimers, reports indicate that Mr. Johnson's dispatching of the FBI to Mississippi has had a salutary effect. The local police officer does not know when an FBI agent may be observing his actions. Even though the agent may virtuously abstain from interference with lawlessness, he may later appear as a witness, or in some other way discommode those who are doing their best to uphold Southern tradition. It is said, further, that communication facilities are now in operation which make it much more difficult for civil rights workers to disappear without a trace. That and no more. As Mr. Hoover spoke, a rabbi and two other civil rights workers were beaten in Hattiesburg, some 80 miles from Jackson. Since the prevention of such incidents is not Mr. Hoover's problem, it is clearly Mr. Johnson's. He has, at least, made a first move toward assuming it.

The Polyglot Navy

The Multilateral Force (MLF), is a visionary scheme cooked up by American war planners to keep NATO from disintegrating. The chief land force in the NATO complex is the German army. An army without nuclear weapons is, however, very depressing both to the German generals and to the statesmen who, for the present, give the generals their orders. To make the Germans happy is one aim of MLF. It is to consist of twenty-five surface ships jointly manned by crews from eight nations: the United States, Germany, Britain, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Greece and Turkey. Each ship will carry eight Polaris-type

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

missiles. The ships will be owned jointly by the NATO members. Germany and the U.S. will each foot 40 per cent of the bill, Britain only 10 per cent. The Germans will have a substantial equity in a nuclear force; this, it is hoped, will satisfy them for the time being.

By all indications the Germans will not be satisfied for long. Have they ever been, in military matters? Their immediate hope is to get their fingers on the nuclear trigger. But this expectation runs contrary to another tenet of American policy, which is to arrive at some sort of *modus vivendi* with the Russians and substitute the Chinese Reds as the chief cold-war bogey. The Russians are not apt to accept German nuclear armament. MLF, therefore, lies athwart any U.S.-Soviet truce.

From the professional military viewpoint, the multilateral conglomeration has just about all the faults a striking force can have. It is a prime example of disunity of command and complexity of operation. All but the Germans are going into it reluctantly, under U.S. pressure. Two of the allies, Turkey and Greece, are on the verge of war. They could fight each other on the MLF ships, but that would scarcely comport with the American design. If Labour wins the coming election, Britain may not participate at all.

Europe does not need more armaments. It is already saturated with them. There are said to be 50,000 tactical nuclear weapons deployed on the NATO front. For their part, the Russians have 700 or 800 medium-range rockets aimed at Western Europe. There is overkill here, as in ICBMs. Until the elections are over, there can, of course, be no thought of modification. Not even Harold Wilson can afford to give the appearance of being soft on communism. But if Labour wins in England, and if the election here goes Democratic, as it almost certainly will, a corollary benefit might be the timely miscarriage of MLF.

Bayonet Drill

A reader who is working off his military obligations by summer sessions with the New York National Guard, has written us of a new maneuver that has been added to the curriculum this year at Camp Drum. On the morning of June 13, the 11,000 men of the Rainbow Division, to which our correspondent belongs, were called out with rifles, bayonets and gas masks. Then each battery of approximately 100 men was broken into two groups, one of which was ordered to put aside its military gear and assemble as a mob — or, as the executive lieutenant more specifically defined it, a sit-down demonstration. The other fifty men of each battery were formed into a wedge and advanced slowly on their comrades, urged forward by such cries as "Use your bayonets to move them, men," and "Don't wound them, kill them. A wounded man is dangerous."

A first sergeant was overheard asking what had become of the only Negro in the battery. "He's out among the mob," was the answer. The sergeant shook his head and said: "Well, I hope he doesn't mind."

In international terms, the kind of war they teach at places like Camp Drum is pretty well outdated by the atom bomb, but for certain situations it is still relevant. For example, American boys can still be effectively taught how to kill other American boys with rifle and bayonet. The long, hot summer began early for New York's National Guard.

De Gaulle in Oceania

General de Gaulle's budding *Force de Dissuasion* is ostensibly a nuclear deterrent against the Soviets. Actually, de Gaulle's motive is to elbow his way into the nuclear club for purposes of diplomatic prestige and blackmail. Once in, he will still not be the peer of Britain, much less of the United States, whose Gargantuan nuclear arsenal dwarfs anything that France can hope to muster. But no nuclear striking force is contemptible. Starting with small *Mirage* bombers designed for low-level dash under an enemy's radar screen, with bombs of about triple-Hiroshima size, the French will eventually have medium-range missiles and thermonuclear war heads. There will be no nonsense about counterforce to the enemy's military installations—the Gaullist dissuasion is frankly aimed at cities.

Regardless of the targets, this is bad news. To develop his bigger bombs, de Gaulle needs a test program and a test site. Just as he scorns the no-cities doctrine, he makes no bones about his intention to test, ad libitum, in the atmosphere. Long before the French program is completed, the international test-ban treaty, which France refused to sign, may be laid in ruins.

Although by treaty with Algeria de Gaulle could continue to use the Sahara, African (and UN) opposition has made it expedient to move the test site to the South Pacific. The unenvied base for the explosions is Mururoa, an island in French Polynesia, about 750 miles southeast of Tahiti. De Gaulle's intentions have aroused opposition among the Polynesians who, contrary to Western notions, are not all a bunch of fun-loving children. Chile to the east, and Australia and New Zealand to the west, have also shown concern. Although the distances in these cases are considerable —about 3,150 miles to New Zealand, 4,200 to Australia and the same to Chile—all can expect to share in the radioactive fallout.

Much to the annoyance of the French, the Australian, New Zealand and Chilean Governments have protested officially. In New Zealand, a Committee for Non-Violent Action Against French Nuclear Tests has been formed to sail boats into the testing area, and other agitation has taken place or is planned. The Territorial Assembly in Tahiti has lodged objections. The French have assured the Tahitians that French science would contrive to have the radioactive debris fall elsewhere than on Tahiti. At the same time they have extolled the commercial advantages which would accrue: tonnage at the port of Papeete is to increase by 50 per cent, 1,000 new houses will be built, etc. This bait has not been taken. According to reports, de Gaulle has found it necessary to outlaw two political parties in French Polynesia by decree, and some members of the Territorial Assembly have been placed under house arrest.

But even if the Tahitians prove less susceptible to atomic bribery than Californians or Texans, they can hardly be expected by themselves to thwart de Gaulle's designs. If this can be done at all, it will require concerted action to make the entire Southern Hemisphere a nuclear-free zone. And that, for all of de Gaulle's unpopularity in Washington, would step on American toes as well. As the foremost nuclear power, the United States is averse to nuclear-free zones. Once started, they would be all too likely to spread, with a resulting diminution of American influence in the world. A great power strives to increase its power, not diminish it. De Gaulle knows this, and the prospects for stopping his tests are correspondingly poor.

High Noon in the Cow Palace ... Carey McWilliams

Last week the GOP became the GP — that is, the Goldwater Party — and it will remain so for quite some time. How the take-over was engineered is less important than what it means.

To Jesse Unruh, California's leading politico, Goldwater's nomination "could presage the destruction and the end of the two-party, non-class-based political system in the United States." It is understandable to Unruh that the Left should seek a class-divided political system — "because the classes ordinarily identified as left of center on domestic economic issues are clearly superior in number" — but he finds it puzzling that right-wingers should consciously seek to polarize the two-party system along socio-economic or class lines. Yet that is what Goldwater's nomination has accomplished. Negroes have been excluded from the "new" party as effectively as though they had been barred en masse — all 18 million of them. Labor will now be more closely identified with the Democratic Party than in the past. The platform of the "new" party is pure, raw Goldwaterism. Sections of it — for example, those on immigration and prayers in the schools — seem deliberately designed to offend Jews and other minorities. On the face of it, Unruh is right: a general polarization of social forces on class lines is implicit in Goldwater's nomination. But does this mean the end of the "two-party, non-class-based" political system, or does it create new opportunities for realignment of the party system on a more realistic and rational basis?

Realignment seems implicit in Goldwater's victory. There is nothing confused or blurred about the image that he and his new party project. The liberal Republicans have been cuffed and humiliated. Many of them will either not vote or vote for President Johnson; some will become "independent" Republicans. Others may eventually follow Wayne Morse's path into the Democratic Party. But they will not form a third party, and Goldwater has no intention of permitting them to run his campaign in New York or Pennsylvania or anywhere else.

Goldwater believes his views to be closer to the "mainstream" of Republicanism — polls to the contrary—than those of the liberal Republicans. He could be right. But he also assumes that a national polarization is taking place and that his nomination will accelerate it. He wants the liberals out of the party the better to get the conservative Democrats in. On balance, he feels that he would gain by the exchange, but he also feels that undisputed national control of the Republican Party would in any case be a tactical advantage worth the price. One needs bifocals — several sets, in fact — to interpret the Goldwater operation. There is method in the apparent madness. Almost every phase of it has dual aspects: surface and subsurface, short-term and long-term, conventional and apocalyptic. Above all, it must be seen against the background of what Governor George Romney refers to as the onrushing national crisis.

It is important, first of all, to understand why Goldwater and company will not be easily dislodged from control of the Republican Party. A smashing electoral defeat will not necessarily make it possible for the former leaders to regain command. If Goldwater polls a large popular vote — as he well may — his followers will offer that as proof that ultimate victory is close at hand. If his popular vote is less than impressive, they will attribute the disappointment to the defection of the liberal Republicans. In either case they will fight even harder to hold the power they have won.

Neither the liberals in the Republican Party, nor the old-style conservatives, seem to understand what has happened. Many of the liberals here feel that now is a good time to let the conservatives have their fling; later it may be possible to pick up the pieces and reunite the party on a new, sound base. The old-style conservatives feel that this is the last good chance to test their thesis that "me-tooism" is the disease from which the party has been suffering.

The trouble with all this is that Goldwater is not a conservative, and his triumph at this convention is no ordinary factional triumph; it marks a sharp turn in the road. The Republican Party has not been captured by the conservatives but by a handful of raiders from the far Right — the kind that spit on the rules and play rough. On all sides one is told that Goldwater cannot retain control if he is defeated because, in a similar situation, Nixon could not retain control after 1960. But Nixon never had anything remotely resembling the organization that Goldwater's managers have put together. These clever operators realized at Chicago in 1960 that, if they could organize the pent-up fury and frustration of the conservatives, they could capture control of the party. But the *Putsch* did not really get under way until Nixon's 1962 defeat in California.

The strategy was simple. Goldwater comes from a state with five electoral votes — seemingly a severe handicap. But a base could be found in the South and, to a degree, in the West; the 279 Southern delegates could provide a secure offset to New York (Rockefeller) or Pennsylvania (Scranton). The strategy presupposed that one or possibly two big delegations could be picked up — Texas or California. The balance of the delegates needed would be secured through effective organization at the grass-roots. Here, too, the plan was simple. Seek out the "real conservatives" in each Congressional district. In some cases, these were well-heeled Birchites, real zealots, prepared to work hard. Or, if not Birchites, they were conservatives (many also well-heeled) whose frustrations dated back, in some cases, to 1932. As Dick Morgan, who heads the Goldwater-for-President Committee in Texas explained it to me, the blueprint had been worked out in Dallas in the campaign that sent Republican Bruce Alger to Congress in 1954. Organizers, mostly volunteers, were told to seek out persons, Democrats or Republicans, who were sympathetic, register them, keep in close touch with them, involve them in activities and get them to the polls. In Dallas, 8,000 workers were active in Goldwater's pre-convention campaign. Bernard Brennan, who managed campaigns for Senators Kuchel and Nixon in Southern California, told me that at the beginning, he explained to the Goldwater people that it would not be possible to set up a precinct organization for the California primary; there was not enough time. But the Goldwaterites mobilized an army of 15,000 volunteers with a speed that amazed this experienced campaign manager.

Goldwater was a good candidate for a grass-roots Presidential drive. He crisscrossed the country, speaking everywhere, helping to raise funds, campaigning tirelessly for Republican candidates, building up a strong following among local county chairmen. Nor were the upper reaches neglected: by the spring of 1963, some fifty state chairmen were committed to him. All this took a great deal of money, but money was not a problem.

This organization is now in being; it has dominated every phase of this convention. The Kennedy organization at Los Angeles, in 1960, was impressive, but this one is awesome. It will not disintegrate even if Goldwater suffers a smashing defeat. To regain control, the liberal Republicans would have to fight their way back, in some states almost precinct by precinct. And if their performance here is any test, they lack what it takes to do the job. Inept, disorganized, badly disciplined, leaderless, they have no program, and there is a dismaying emptiness about many of their pronouncements.

As for the campaign ahead, which promises to be rough and dirty, Stephen Shadegg, Western states regional director, has outlined the plans of the Goldwater strategists. He assumes that Goldwater will hold the conservative support; the campaign will now be extended "into the gray areas" made up of voters who care least about politics and who, for that reason, must be appealed to on an emotional basis. It doesn't matter, says Shadegg, that basically they may disagree with the candidate; if he addresses their concerns in emotional terms, and if they like him personally, they will respond. The emotional mix is clearly indicated: a razzle-dazzle about statism, a stepped-up "war against communism" — foreshadowed in warmly applauded platform statements by retired Admiral Arleigh Burke, Dr. Stephen Possony, Robert Morris (former counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee) and other cold warriors—and, of course, the white backlash on civil rights.

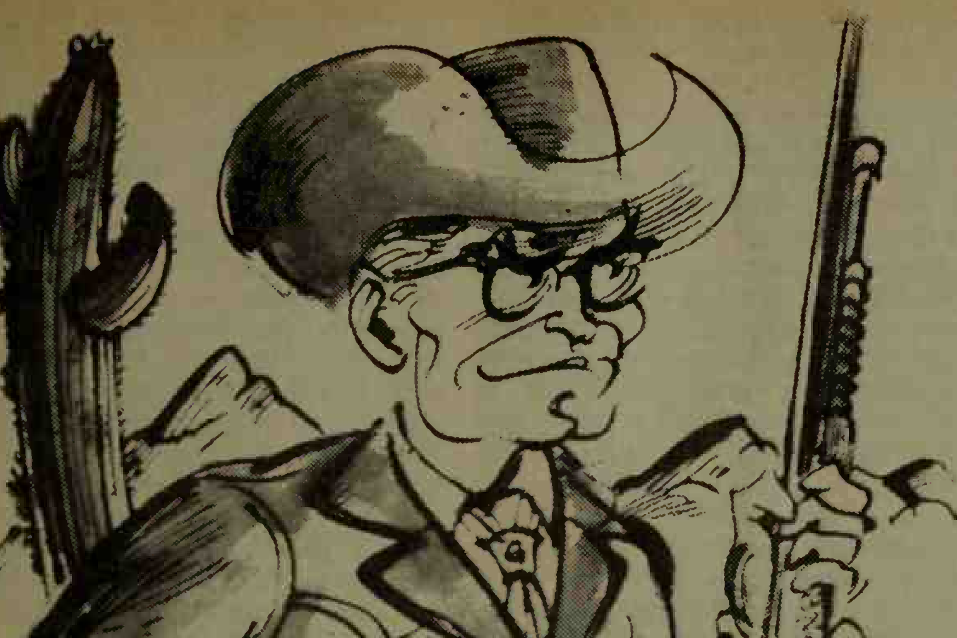
No one knows how strong the white backlash is or how it may be affected by passage of the civil rights act — not to mention possible developments between now and November. If many more murders take place in Mississippi, there may be a backlash to the backlash. But even in this notably liberal city, there is strong feeling that "they" have "gone too far." On the day the convention opened, Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, a University of California professor, president of the local NAACP and of the United San Francisco Freedom Movement, was sentenced to nine months in jail for his role in the auto-row sit-ins last April; it is a harsh sentence by any standard.

In California, Goldwater will draw strength from the movement to repeal the Rumford Act (a fair-housing enactment). A proposition to do that — it is really a "right to discriminate" measure — will be on the November ballot. To be sure, many who will vote for the measure will vote for Johnson for other reasons, or because they do not hold him responsible for the Rumford Act. But in California and elsewhere, Goldwater will be the beneficiary of whatever backlash sentiment exists, although he will have to share it to some extent with Wallace. He doesn't need to discuss civil rights; the issue will be dramatized. The march of 35,000 civil rights advocates (most of them whites) up Market Street to protest Goldwater's nomination is a sample of what will happen.

The civil rights issue should be a potent force for realignment. At the same time that it will drive the liberal Republicans from Goldwater, it will strengthen his appeal to conservative elements in the South. Here the long-term implications are important even if Goldwater fails to carry many — or any — Southern states. His candidacy has already given great impetus to the Republican trend in the South. In fact, the emergence of well-disciplined Southern delegations, and the prominent and influential role Southern delegates have played on the committees, were a noteworthy feature of this convention. I spent some time with members of the Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas delegations, and from these talks and interviews an interesting pattern emerged.

First of all, the Southern delegates at this convention are a "new breed." About two-thirds of those in the delegations mentioned were attending their first Republican convention. They are not old-style "office-holding," patronage-hungry Southern delegates — the variety that constituted a standing scandal at Republican conventions for nearly a century. Among the new converts, a woman like Mrs. Tom Abernathy, of Talladega, Ala., stands out as a veteran. She became National Committeewoman in 1956, and is now starting her third term. Some of the delegates I spoke to cast their first Republican ballot in 1952, others in 1956, and many as recently as 1960. They are mostly young people with a heavy concentration in the 30-40 age bracket. There are few transplanted Northerners among them. As a group, they are distinctly middle and upper-middle class: insurance salesmen, corporate executives, lawyers, advertising executives, mill owners, an occasional doctor or dentist, some big farmers (but not many).

Without exception, the delegates



Barry Goldwater: From a Photograph in The Observer, *London*

I interviewed took the same line about Governor George Wallace. "George" (they made a point of patronizing him) was an able and clever politician, but the idea of "unpledged electors" was, practically speaking, a hoax, and possibly unconstitutional as well; they had learned this lesson in 1948. Even if Wallace got enough votes to throw the election into the House, it could only result in Johnson's election (five of the Louisiana contingent were known to be for him). Most of the delegates were grateful to Wallace because he had demonstrated that a States'-rights segregationist could get votes in such states as Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland, but that mission had now been accomplished and "George" should bow out. It was made clear that Wallace's appeal was largely to white workers who feared Negro job competition and to the "lower classes" generally. I got the feeling that these delegates would blackball "George" if he ever tried to join their country clubs.

In some Southern states, of course, the Republican movement is much more advanced than in others but everywhere it has been given a big push by Goldwater. Weakest in Mississippi (as recently as 1959, the Republicans didn't bother to file contests), it is strong in Texas, Louisiana and Alabama, where a Republican nominee gave Senator Lister Hill a bad scare last time round. This year, with eight Congressmen running at large, the Republicans hope to capture one or two Congressional seats in Alabama. The Republican upsurge in Louisiana has been impressive. Charlton H. Lyons, Sr., a well-known Shreveport attorney "of good family" — a recent convert to the Republican cause—campaigned vigorously in every parish and polled 300,000 votes for governor in a state with only 13,000 registered Republicans. Floyd O. Crawford, of Baton Rouge, in a district with 84,000 Democrats and 1,000 Republicans, polled better than 25,000 votes for state Senator. He is now a candidate for Congress.

The Goldwater operators at the convention created a special Southern region set-up under the direction of John E. Grenier, a 33-year-old ex-marine pilot of Birmingham, to ride herd on the 279 Southern delegates. Delegates were divided into teams of five with a team leader assigned to each team. Coordinators, some supplied by the California Republican Assembly, worked in shifts round the clock, just to see that all went well. Each delegate was given a printed list of do's and dont's. For example, "Do be friendly and courteous to everyone. Don't boo anyone or anything," etc. This regional set-up will surely be maintained.

Perhaps because they were on their good behavior, few of the Southern delegates with whom I spoke would concede that civil rights had been a major factor in their conversion to Republicanism. They stressed their "conservatism," their fear of federal encroachment, their abhorrence of welfare liberalism and the need for a second party in the South. George Despot, a 37-year-old businessman from Shreveport, complained bitterly that the Democratic Party, as such, scarcely existed in Louisiana. If you happened to know the man who happened to be governor, you got a hearing, otherwise not. To him, the Democratic Party was simply a collection of tribal chieftains who fought endlessly among themselves for power and plunder. He was so convinced of the need for a second party that he would have voted for Rockefeller if he had been nominated, although Goldwater was, of course, his choice. Dick Morgan, the young business executive who heads the Texas Goldwater-for-President committee (formed in October, 1963), is another good specimen of this "new breed." A graduate of Southern Methodist University, he lost part of his Southern accent at Cornell, where he attended the School of Public Administration. He dates the "new movement" from 1954, when Bruce Alger was elected to Congress. This year, Republicans have a candidate in every Congressional district and George Bush, a wealthy oil driller with important offshore interests, is the Party's attractive Senatorial nominee. The Texas Republicans have twelve state legislators — Morgan is one — most of them from Dallas. Morgan insists that in Texas, Goldwater is fighting the "power structure," which is for Johnson. The Texas delegates are convinced that Goldwater will give Johnson "a tremendous race" in the President's own state: "It will be a squeaker."

Many of the Southern "new breed" have turned Republican for a reason they do not mention, but which is implicit in what they say. A strongly upward mobile element, they have decided that their best opportunities are in the Republican Party. They have "made it" economically, but they want to make it even bigger. Goldwater Republicanism is "the fashionable thing" in their suburbs and among their peers. The ultras have a lot of money and are willing to spend it to advance careers and causes in which they believe. It is easy to make a career in the Goldwater party. There are opportunities in it, hurdles can be jumped. Goldwater Republicanism is "respectable" because it does not attract "trouble makers," such as Negroes and civil rights nuts, nor does it attract "leftists" and ex-New-Dealers.

This "new breed" of Southern Republicans is one aspect of a new social and economic reality — the rise of new centers of wealth and industry and power in the South, Southwest and California. The five space centers in the "missile crescent" control annual budgets of $3.5 billion. Further west, Arizona and California, particularly Southern California, have experienced a fantastic growth and prosperity, mostly in defense contracts. In these new "space frontier" communities there are few established institutions or traditions to provide guidance or discipline; opinion is notably volatile. These are "boom" communites in much the same way the earlier mining camps were boom towns. People are still striking it rich; there are more new millionaires — on paper — in Southern California than you can shake a stick at. The "new money crowd" is very chesty indeed, and "more" is their battle cry. The Eastern Establishment does not impress them; they have money, lots of it, and they have interests that need "protection." One reason that the Eastern Establishment fears Goldwater is that it did not finance him, nor is it likely to get a mortgage on him; he has plenty of money. Until these new "space frontiers" are coordinated and brought under Eastern control — if indeed they can be — they will present an increasingly significant challenge to the old power in the party.

It is too early to say just what the emergence of this Republicanism of the Right will mean. It could lead to realignment of the parties, or it could shift the whole country's political center of gravity to the Right. The "new" party has picked up strength in the South and Southwest but, by the same token, many business, financial and industrial leaders, normally Republicans, have already placed their bets on President Johnson. A Johnson victory could conceivably produce such a large Democratic majority in Congress that the roadblocks would be pushed aside, as they were for Roosevelt in 1936. Between now and November, the President is likely to move to the Right for tactical reasons, but what he does later will depend on a long list of variables: the size of Goldwater's vote, the character of the campaign, the way the civil rights issue develops, etc. On the surface and for the short term, the Democratic prospects are bright, but the long-term view should cause concern. Too big a victory could in itself mean long-term trouble for the Democrats. President Johnson is the kind of politician who needs to be kept under strong and constant pressure from the Left. For the time being, a combination of factors — the impetus of President Kennedy's leadership, the reaction to his assassination, President Johnson's muscle and know-how—has provided enough momentum to move things along; but not far enough or fast enough, given the character of the times. A big victory would provide new momentum, but in which direction would the President move? To Jesse Unruh, Goldwater's nomination will be "unfortunate in the short run and disastrous in the long run." But, assuming that the President continues to enjoy good health, the short-run consequences should not be "unfortunate" — certainly not for the Democrats, nor generally. The prospects for realignment should improve, even if the President moves to the Right during the campaign, and realignment is imperative. Sooner or later the ugly mutterings and threats of the far Right would have surfaced, and now is as good a time as any to meet them. For my part, I would like to know just how many of my fellow countrymen do, in fact, subscribe to the irrational demography of the extreme Right.

The Goldwater operators — at least those who could be seen at the convention — strike me as experts on how to capture control of a party, but not how to win an election. For it is one thing to lay hands on the kind of politically vulnerable people who make up state delegations, and quite another to present a program and an aura of competent responsibility that will enlist the public at large. Strong-arm methods may seize a party; they are less likely to capture an electorate. In the Goldwater camp, power is what counts — particularly in a period of great flux and uncertainty and change. Grab the organization. Seize the power. Then wait for a chance to make another grab by the same methods. Although they would deny it — and I cannot prove it — they seem to feel that they have launched a revolution from the Right. No doubt they want to get as many votes as possible in 1964, but they are looking ahead. If there is a long-term trend to the Right in American politics — which is one of their prime assumptions — then they may reasonably hope to come to power regardless of how this election goes. In the meantime, they have a strong power-base from which to operate. Goldwater's nomination will make it possible for younger elements in the movement to peddle their disreputable political merchandise under the "conservative" label. The by-products are numerous and intriguing.

There was an atmosphere, a tone,

about this convention that bodes no good for the country. The "kooks" were kept in the background to some extent, but they were here in force. The younger they are, the more hard-boiled they seem. Watching them in action, you keep telling yourself that this is just the same old convention noise and nonsense; that it shouldn't be taken too seriously. But here again you need bifocals. In part, the Goldwater side of the convention had the quality of an old tintype with dressed-up cowboys and cowgirls screaming "we want Barry"; but something tells me that these people are capable of getting very rough indeed — and that it wouldn't take much to work the change. And these are just the ones that surfaced. How many others like them are there out across the country? What would trigger the explosive tensions now so close to the surface in American life? Down deep, just what is the real temper of the country at this moment in its history? How "conservative" have we become?

A Cow Palace was the appropriate setting for the double talk and hypocrisy heard at this convention: References to switchblade knives but no mention of the parts of dismembered bodies being dragged from Mississippi swamps; artfully voiced horror of "guilt by association" from red-baiters of unimpeachable credentials; pious refusal to condemn the K.K.K., the Communists and the Birchers on high civil libertarian grounds after three decades of kicking Communists and left-wingers around, etc. The twenty-two interruptions of Governor Rockefeller's speech amply confirmed the accuracy of his charges. They were also confirmed by the barrage of abusive mail that descended on Governor Hatfield after his remarks about extremists. The other day, Roy Wilkins, in a bitter moment, likened the Goldwater domination of the Republican Convention to Hitler's beer hall *Putsch.* The comparison was unfair and inaccurate, but I knew what he meant. In one form or another, the consequences of the hard turn to the Right, which the Republican Party has taken, will be with us for a long time.

People vs. Politicians

Defeat in Harlem . . . . Woody Klein

If New York's Harlem sets the precedent, politicians — not the people — will benefit from President Johnson's national war on poverty. In America's biggest ghetto, a Negro social scientist, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, was recently crushed by practical politicians when he tried to steer the local antipoverty program on an independent professional course.

Dr. Clark's warning that politics must be kept out of social reform was minimized by Mayor Robert F. Wagner and, subsequently, by the White House. It was rejected even by the majority of Harlem Negroes whose loyalty to Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell was more than Clark had bargained for. Openly attacking Powell for trying to "take over" the $118 million Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (HARYOU) project, Clark hoped to rally Negroes and whites behind him. He failed, however, to get the support of either.

The mild-mannered, 50-year-old City College of New York psychology professor, whose study of the effects of segregation on both white and Negro students was incorporated into the Supreme Court's 1954 decision banning segregation in the public schools, stepped out of his role as scholar when he publicly accused Powell of trying to make HARYOU a "political pork barrel," and of threatening to withhold federal funds for the project if he were not allowed to name its executive director. The Congressman is chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor.

Powell, nominal head of Associated Community Teams (ACT) in Harlem, which has since merged with HARYOU, wanted his former aide and director of ACT, Livingston L. (Roy) Wingate, to lead the project's field operations as the $25,000-a-year executive director. Clark, attempting to block Powell's move, countered by proposing that City Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson, an independent professional, lead the HARYOU-ACT program. Although the directorship fight was still unresolved at this writing, Wingate was given a major role in the program when he was chosen to be president of HARYOU-ACT early this month.

Clark's motivation for sounding the alarm was a matter of principle. He refused to accept as a political "fact of life" Powell's attempt to dominate the new agency. He felt that nearly two years of valuable research might "go down the drain" if Powell got his own way.

Clark's 614-page research report, "Youth in the Ghetto," was released early this spring before the controversy broke out in June. It is considered a superb social documentation of poverty in Harlem. His program to cure that community's generations-old social ills is viewed as one of the most imaginative ever conceived. If successfully implemented — and there is now some doubt that it will be — it could lift many of Harlem's 71,000 youths out of despair. It calls for the creation of forty preschool academies where Negro youngsters could be trained for the public educational process; junior and senior academies to rehabilitate children who have been in trouble with the law; and youth-occupation training centers for those who desire careers. It would also include a Cadet Corps, art and cultural centers, enlargement of the domestic Peace Corps (now run by ACT) and an Adult Volunteer Corps. Clark's self-help program would be the largest of its type in the nation.

During some eighteen months of painstaking research with a staff

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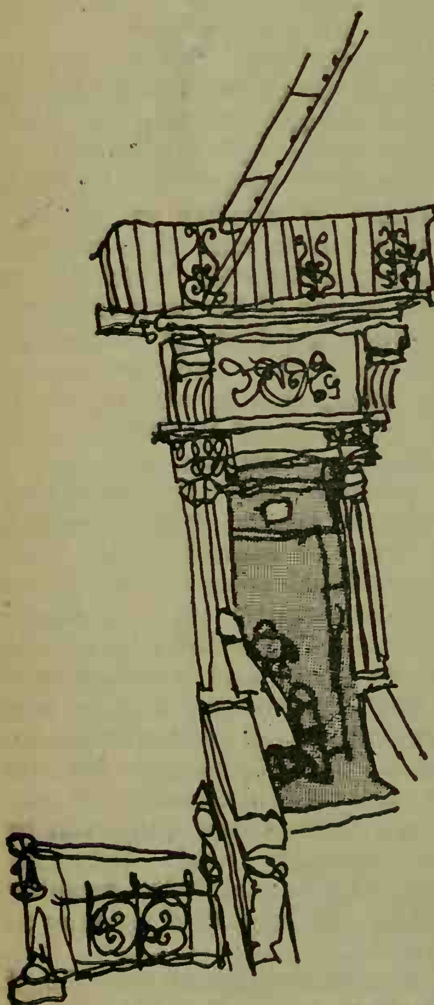
Woody Klein, a reporter for the New York World-Telegram, *broke the HARYOU-ACT story earlier this summer. His* Let in the Sun, *a book on politics and poverty in New York, will be published soon.*

of twenty-five headed by Cyril D. Tyson, Clark had been repeatedly pressured, he said, by "emissaries" to turn the program over to Powell. Clark had made it clear that he had no objection to Powell getting some public credit for helping to bring the program into Harlem. He even agreed that Powell's ACT organization would function on its own after it officially merged with HARYOU. But when Powell, who had contributed almost nothing to the research stage of the project, refused to leave Clark and his associates alone to perform their professional duties, Clark started a public feud which he was sure he could win.

Unfortunately for HARYOU and for the entire national poverty program, nobody in government listened; and nobody in Harlem dared to break ranks with Powell, except J. Raymond Jones, an old Powell adversary and himself a shrewd politician. Because Jones sided with Clark, many Harlemites — including the editors of the influential *Amsterdam News* — saw the controversy as just another chapter in the personal rivalry between Powell and Jones.

Even worse, by concentrating on the scrap between the two politicians, the people of Harlem ignored the more pressing question of whether America's war on poverty should be run by politicians or by social scientists. If the Administration in Washington learns nothing from the Harlem showdown, politicians will very probably take over in the other fifteen cities designated for similar projects, and all the money and energy may be wasted.



Harry Moss

When Clark made his charges public, New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner was caught napping. Although he had met with Clark and Powell separately in an effort to resolve the dispute in private, he had no ready answers when the fight erupted. All he could offer was the news that he had written President Johnson for an appointment to discuss the situation. Some newspaper accounts placed him in the opposite corner from Powell, but the Mayor gave no sign that he intended to back Clark.

In Washington, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, head of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency (to which HARYOU and ACT are responsible), also made it clear that he wanted no part of any anti-Powell movement fashioned by Clark. "I don't have any complaints about Adam Clayton Powell," Kennedy flatly told a newsman. Kennedy's aide, David L. Hackett, executive director of the committee, took a different but equally aloof view. He tried to diminish the importance of the fight by saying factional differences were "normal" in nearly all of the sixteen cities where his federal committee was helping to mobilize communities against poverty and juvenile crime.

In Harlem, the battle rapidly turned into a debacle for Clark. He had Jones on his side, but even Jones disappeared on a trip to the Virgin Islands. Local Negro leaders began to demand Clark's ouster, instead of calling for Powell to step aside as Clark had hoped. The tables were turned.

Powell now launched a verbal counterattack. He called Clark a "liar" and charged that he and his wife, Dr. Mamie Clark, would "come out of this whole thing making a tremendous amount of money" for the Northside Center for Child Development in Harlem, an agency for disturbed children, which they operated.

Powell's charges were unfounded, but what was worse in Clark's eyes was that Powell issued them dressed in clergyman's robes one Sunday after conducting services at his Abyssinian Baptist Church. "I consider this a very serious thing," Clark told a reporter at the time. "When a man can leave his pulpit and call another man a liar when he knows better than anyone else it is not true, I wonder what manner of person this is." Clark was stunned by the incident.

It is difficult to assess how many people believed Powell. More important, however, is the fact that by this time nobody, not even those who knew and respected Clark, rallied to his support, except his wife. The political and civic leaders of New York, white and black alike, seemed not to care who was right and who was wrong in the controversy. Their only concern, it seemed, was to pacify the Congressman and get the antipoverty program rolling in this election year.

It was clear that the White House, whom Clark had hoped to visit together with Mayor Wagner, had no intention of becoming directly involved in the hassle. White House aides did not want to upset their good working relationship with Powell, a political power in Harlem. It was remembered that Powell had supported Lyndon B. Johnson for President in 1960, and was already scheduled to campaign nationally for him this year.

Despite all these setbacks, Clark stubbornly continued his crusade. "I see political considerations as death to any serious program in Harlem," he declared. "This is a struggle over whether the program will be on solid, professional grounds or in the image of a political operation."

In Congress at this time, members of the House of Representatives, in heated debate, were criticizing the President's juvenile delinquency program. Powell did not appear on the floor during the discussion, but in his absence Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) questioned the $250,000 grant to ACT. Gross said he had read that $187,000 of the $250,000 had been spent on personnel and for rent of property reportedly owned by Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church. "Who's going to win the power struggle for money going into New York City, allegedly to fight juvenile delinquency?" Gross asked.

Other Congressmen expressed dismay over the mushrooming Harlem battle. Rep. Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen (R., N.J.) said he had "reservations" about the entire juvenile delinquency program. Rep. John V. Lindsay (R., N.Y.), whose Seventeenth Congressional (Silk Stocking) District adjoins Powell's, warned: "We will be watching very carefully and we will raise the roof if there is a continuation or a beginning of political control."

But in New York, Mayor Wagner's next move was to turn his back publicly on Clark. He visited Powell's church in Harlem the same night that Clark was presiding over a meeting of the board of directors of HARYOU, within walking distance of the church. Wagner told his audience he was "proud" to be in the church.

"Dr. Powell and I sometimes differ politically," he is reported to have said, "but very often we agree. And I agree without reservation of any kind that he has given this church and the people in this area devoted leadership indeed."

A few days later, Sargent Shriver, in charge of the national poverty drive, unexpectedly entered the fray. He skillfully put the lid on Clark by announcing in a Washington hearing on antipoverty legislation that none of the $962 million slated for the national program would be applied "in communities where there is a civil war over leadership." The Peace Corps director bluntly warned: "There won't be any money for Harlem as long as there is a fight."

This ultimatum sent City Hall scurrying for a solution. Aware that the HARYOU-ACT power struggle might embarrass his administration, Wagner called in Negro civil rights leader Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League. The Mayor asked Young and Henry Cohen, a deputy city administrator, to arrange a truce.

Young journeyed to Hastings-on-Hudson to visit Clark, his old friend. Young pointed out what he viewed as the "political reality" of the situation and asked Clark not to be the one man responsible for holding up federal funds badly needed in Harlem. He also urged Clark to refrain from further public comment until the project got under way.

Clark, feeling himself with no alternative, consented to Young's requests. Privately, he admitted to his family and a few close friends that the whole affair, like an Alice in Wonderland dream, had turned into a nightmare for him. Clark was hurt by the fact that the national civil rights leader had asked him, not Powell, to make the concessions. Young did not even approach Powell, it was later revealed, and the Congressman emerged relatively unscathed.

Questioned about his role as an arbitrator, Young said at the time: "It was not our job to investigate the truth of the charges on either side. It was our job to make peace for the sake of the program." Several weeks later, after the crisis had apparently passed, he told a television audience in New York: "I think it is unrealistic to expect a Congressman from Harlem to be indifferent to this program . . . since it has built into it some machinery that has political implications."

Mayor Wagner belatedly appointed City Council President Paul. R. Screvane as the city's liaison with the Harlem project, and announced that the city had earmarked $3.4 million for it. He tried to patch things up with Clark by telephoning him at his Westchester home and saying: "Ken, I appreciate your cooperation." The next day, the Mayor issued a statement from City Hall publicly lauding Clark.

Few men in Clark's position could have withstood the pressure placed upon him from all quarters. He was virtually suppressed by the very people he had hoped would support his stand against allowing politics in the antipoverty program.

From a positive viewpoint, Clark may have temporarily prevented Powell from grabbing a political plum in Harlem; perhaps he even managed to discredit the unpredictable Harlem Congressman a little bit more in the eyes of whites outside of Harlem. But, in doing these things, this man, who brought some genuine hope to Harlem, became himself a casualty in the struggle to preserve that hope.

Those who squelched Clark must realize today that one of the disastrous effects of their steam-rolling political tactics is the fact that Clark is now lost to the HARYOU-ACT program. He is hurt, disillusioned and embittered by his defeat. He has announced he will not continue in any important capacity. "There's no place for me any more in Harlem," is the way he put it.

With the 'Redskins' of Vietnam . . . Daniel F. Ford

Pleiku, South Vietnam

Along the Song Ba River in the highlands of South Vietnam, there stands a small white obelisk in memory of Groupe Mobile 100. The rusting carcasses of two armored cars lie weed-grown beside the road. At this spot, ten years ago, a French regimental combat team fought and died in one of the long series of disasters that was the first Indo-China war.

One morning last month a convoy of U.S. Army vehicles rumbled past the graveyard of Groupe Mobile 100. The Vietnamese drivers wore goggles to protect their eyes from the dust of their passage. Beside the driver, on each vehicle except the first, sat a sunburned American in spotted camouflage fatigues — members of a U.S. Special Forces team stationed at Boung Ben. The trucks were filled with *montagnard* troopers, sturdy, dark-skinned warriors recruited from the mountain tribes of South Vietnam. In an hour or two, they would climb down from the trucks and begin a five-day march through the mountains, burning villages, destroying crops, and bringing the people back to government-controlled towns. Most of the refugees would be women, children and old men. The young

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Daniel F. Ford, a free-lance journalist, is now in South Vietnam on a magazine writer's grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. This is the second article he has written for The Nation *from the war zone.*

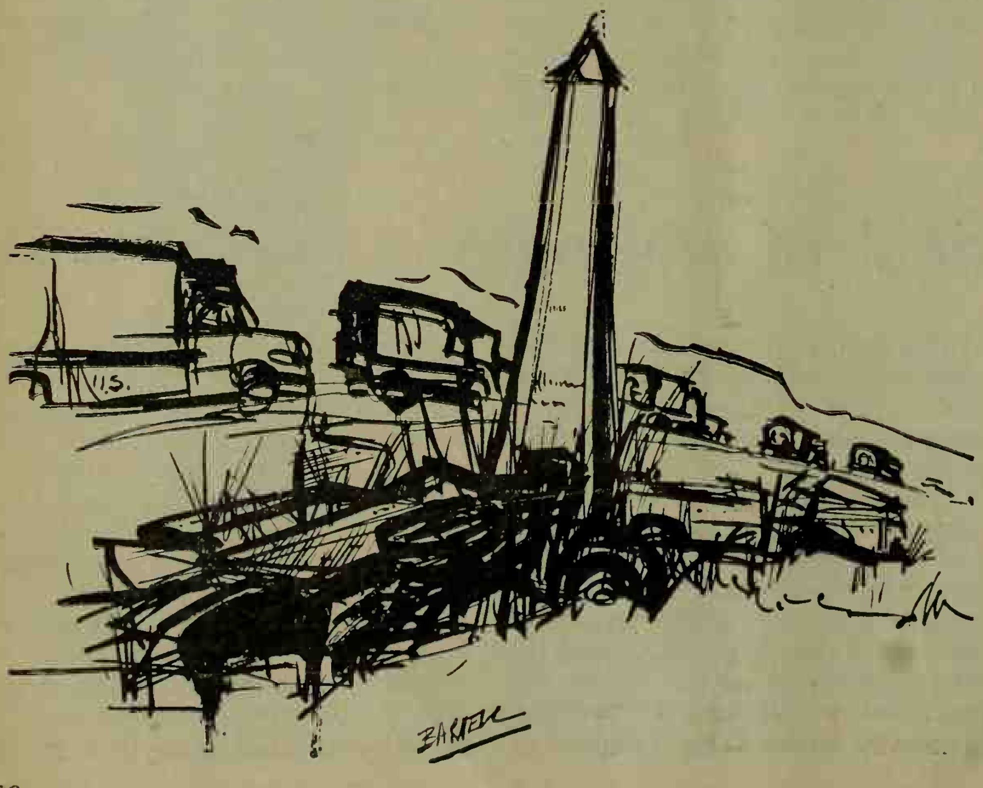
men of the villages belong to the Vietcong, and the "Strike Force" would kill such of these as it could catch.

Strike Force units are only one small level of military activity in this war-weary land, where every young man must be a soldier and many men are soldiers all their lives. In addition to the regular Vietnamese army, there is the Civil Guard, which fights on a regional basis, and a Self-Defense Corps and a Hamlet Militia entrusted with local security. American advisers help train all of these, going out into the field with them on battalion-sized operations. But they are only advisers, and they are spread thin.

Strike Force companies are a different matter. They are recruited from South Vietnam's oppressed minorities — Cambodians and Hoa-Hao in the Mekong Delta, and *montagnards* in the Central Highlands. They are based deep in territory that otherwise belongs to the Vietcong. And they are commanded, in practice if not in theory, by the men of the U.S. Special Forces.

This unique organization is the Army's guerrilla-warfare branch. In South Vietnam its mission has been turned about—here Special Forces is fighting against the guerrillas instead of helping them — but the method is much the same. Small, rank-heavy detachments of twelve men establish operational bases in enemy-controlled territory, and from this nucleus grows a full battalion of soldiers who are trained to march hard, fight ruthlessly and treat every American as though he were a field-grade officer. Each Strike Force unit functions like a private army, responsible only to the Special Forces detachment which created it. Ironically, the nearest approach to this technique in any other army is in Laos, where many pro-Communist units are commanded by tough cadres imported from North Vietnam.

While the Vietnamese army seldom goes into action with less than two or three battalions, a Strike Force ambush may consist of a single squad. Strike Force tactics are equally unorthodox by Vietnamese standards. The *montagnard* troopers will work at night, which is generally conceded to the Vietcong, and they will work with any weapons at their disposal, from crossbows to machine guns. The Boung Ben Strike Force once heard that three Vietcong political agents were touring the mountain villages nearby, calling all the young men together for propaganda lectures. Thirty *montagnards*, dressed in loincloths and armed with machetes, were dispatched to the village that was next on the Vietcong schedule. They listened patiently through the lecture. Then they closed in, and when they were done the Vietcong leader — an ethnic Vietnamese — was butchered so badly that he had to be air-lifted to a hospital in Pleiku. The other Vietcong agents, themselves *montagnards*, were scarcely bruised. This fact has immense significance for the future of Strike Force training in South Vietnam. The *montagnards* hate the Vietnamese, who for centuries have treated them much as the United States treated the American Indians, pushing them onto ever poorer lands and otherwise leaving them to savagery.



Now the *montagnards* are being courted by both sides in the struggle for South Vietnam. Things will never be the same in the highlands again.

"We're taking away their crossbows and giving them M-2 carbines," an American captain told me in Pleiku. "We're giving them medical care, uniforms, military training and the will to fight. The Vietnamese are going to find themselves with a revolution on their hands when this war is over."

The Vietcong are doing their part to foment this revolution. They can't offer the *montagnards* as much in the way of medical supplies and ammunition, but they can promise an autonomous "people's republic" of the mountain tribes, and they do. After the Vietcong have lectured them and the Americans have trained them, the *montagnards* may very well decide to take the Central Highlands for their own. From a political standpoint, therefore, our Special Forces teams may be setting a slow fire in the highlands of South Vietnam.

But militarily, the Strike Force units are an almost perfect instrument for fighting the Vietcong. While American officers attached to regular Vietnamese battalions grind their teeth in frustration, the sergeants and corporals of Special Forces can take their *montagnards* as far and as fast as they choose. In the five-day operation which began near the grave of Groupe Mobile 100, two Strike Force companies covered a circle of mountains 20 miles in diameter. They were divided into four independent sections, with two Americans and seventy-five *montagnards* in each. I went along, and I have never marched so hard. Often without food and sometimes without water, we covered mountains and valleys, marching ten or twelve hours a day. As is so often the case in this terrain, where a company of men can vanish into the saw grass a few yards from the trail, we encountered no real resistance, although we were supposed to be traveling through the home territory of the Vietcong "Tiger Battalion." The only rewards for our labor were a few distant shots at fleeing men, who might or might not have been Vietcong, and a bag of about fifty refugees. The rule of thumb on such missions is that a running man is a Vietcong; the others are refugees.

Our refugees were pathetic, bewildered people who had been living on roots for the past few months, and who told us that all their young men had joined the Vietcong to get food. There was much sickness among them, including blindness and one probable case of leprosy. One hopes that these people will have a better life in the government-controlled settlement where we took them, but this is far from certain. Like Diem's strategic-hamlet program — "that outrage to humanity," as one missionary described it to me — we are resettling these mountain families with much speed and little forethought. At one refugee camp I visited, the people were living on a single bag of corn every three days. Rice had been allocated for them, but it had been sidetracked by corruption or inefficiency. The Special Forces commander at Boung Ben refused to move one group of refugees to the camp because he was skeptical of the treatment they would receive. He kept them at Boung Ben, and fed them from the stores of rice that had been provided for his own troops.

"I don't know why we're bringing these people in," his operations sergeant confided to me the night before we left on that five-day sweep through the mountains. "They're happy with what they've got. Then we round them up and bring them in, and there's no land ready for them, no houses, nothing."

The purpose, of course, is to clear the mountains of innocents, so that anybody who moves there can be assumed to be an enemy. The Vietnamese and the Americans have read Mao Tse-tung's classic work on guerrilla warfare, and they know that a guerrilla cannot survive without a peasantry in which he can submerge himself, "like a fish in the sea." Special Forces has set out to drain the sea, after which it will be able to kill the fish at its leisure.

This grand design may actually work, in a military sense. Certainly the Vietcong are worried about the new *montagnard* settlements. In an effort to drive the people back to the mountains, they have resorted to such petty harrassments as destroying the bamboo-stake walls around the settlement, so that the people will be so busy repairing them that they will not be able to till their fields.

The U.S. Special Forces is a military instrument—one of the finest ever devised — and its private war in the Central Highlands may very well end in a military victory. But in winning the mountains we may lose the *montagnards*. It is bad enough that we are giving them the means to wage a revolution of their own; it is tragic that we are introducing them to Western civilization by forcibly evacuating them from their homes, then training them to automatic carbines that can fire 750 rounds per minute. Even the French left a more humane legacy than that.

The Peace Corps

Nursery for Diplomats . . . . Ian Sclanders

When President Kennedy first proposed the Peace Corps in 1960, the idea was greeted with suspicion and ridicule. Some called it a political gimmick; others foresaw that it would loose on the world a band of young and irritating do-gooders who would be certain to antagonize the peoples of other countries by showing them how to do things the American, or superior, way.

Started on a trial basis in March, 1961, and authorized by Congress later that year, the Peace Corps has been praised at home as enthusiastically, and perhaps as uncritically, as the Boy Scouts. The Peace Corps, though, is not the Boy Scouts. It will cost the U.S. taxpayer about $100 million in the next year and the trend of its expenditures is up. The amount is not large by Defense Department standards, but compared, say, with expenditures on housing for the aged, or on medical research and vocational training, its budget is impressive enough to warrant discussion. And more important than its cost, the Peace Corps is an instrument of foreign policy intended to improve relations between the United States and what are euphemistically called "underdeveloped" countries, where the poor suffer from hunger, ignorance and disease, and are more often than not victimized by a greedy oligarchy.

Since the Peace Corps is an arm of national policy, financed by public funds, it is necessary to ask how and what it is doing, and what impact it has had on the four dozen nations where it now operates. I've put such questions to several of its upper-echelon executives. (It is not generally known—the publicity emphasis being on the volunteers who "earn 11c an hour" for a "sixteen-hour day"—that the Peace Corps employs fifty officials at salaries, as of late 1963, ranging from $16,400 to $20,000.) They invariably answer, in effect: "Bolivia (or Cameroon or Gabon or Togo or Uruguay or Venezuela) is crazy about our Peace Corps people, and begging for more. When one of our volunteers leaves a village where he's been working, believe me, they all turn out to see him off, and there's hardly a dry eye."

Seasoned volunteers, approaching the end of a two-year tour of duty, are less effusive. There are frequent exceptions, of course, but the true enthusiasts are the new recruits.

At an advanced training camp in the Puerto Rican hills, I saw recruits swinging on ropes from tree

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to tree, Tarzan-style. Others were climbing up and down sheer cliffs, although some of them literally shook with fear as they were coaxed on by a rugged little merchant navy captain borrowed from the staff of England's famous "character building" Outward Bound Schools. And still others managed not to drown by carefully timed exhaling and inhaling whenever they bobbed to the surface after being tossed into a swimming pool with hands and feet tightly bound—this so they would learn the method by which many a sailor lived to see another day when his ship was torpedoed in the Battle of the Atlantic.

After the trees, the cliffs, the pool, and maybe a few miles of jogging over rough roads, they'd hunch eagerly over tables in a primitive assembly hall, scribbling notes as visiting professors, enjoying a pleasant junket to Puerto Rico, lectured them on the art of making friends and influencing natives. And after the lectures there would be, until late, long, earnest, round-table discussions about the nature of man, the virtues of democracy versus the evils of communism, and what you should do if a native offered you a prized delicacy you couldn't eat without risking dysentery. (A tactful Corpsman, it was decided, should be able to explain graciously and gratefully that *norteamericanos* had stomachs which, unfortunately, were easily upset by unaccustomed goodies. But in cases where it meant winning confidence and trust, he should be willing to endure a minor illness, like a bout of diarrhea, but not a more serious disease.)

The trainees—some middle-aged or older, but most just out of college—glowed with visions of what they would do for the underdog, the torch of learning they would carry to remote and illiterate settlements, the prosperity they would spread by sharing their American knowledge and skill, the sanitary latrines and clean water supplies they would create, the misery they would erase. While I was still in Puerto Rico some of the girls, for practice, went out to live and work in the kind of shacks and with the kind of families they'd encounter when they were assigned to posts. They ate beans and rice and dried fish, remembered to chlorinate their drinking water with tiny white pills, reconciled themselves to the dirt, the stench, the overcrowding, the staccato Spanish chatter. And when they got together again they compared notes, not without pride, and cultivated the habit of saying, "It's not so much what I'm doing for the Peace Corps; it's what the Peace Corps is doing for me." This was an article of faith, and much later, when I saw Peace Corps volunteers actually on the job in the stinking ghastly slums, rural and urban, of a dozen Central American and South American countries, they were still repeating it.

It's what a nurse from Alaska told me when, on a steaming hot day in an incredibly awful district in Tegucigalpa, the pathetically poverty-stricken capital of dictator-ridden Honduras, I said I admired what she was doing. I did. There she was, crisp and efficient in a clinic jammed with mothers and babies, inoculating the infants at a great rate, dispensing prescriptions for internal parasites, advising mothers on child care and how to choose and prepare food that would provide more nourishment for no more money. You really had to hand it to her.

And you had to hand it to other Peace Corps volunteers not far from the clinic who had constructed a row of concrete laundry tubs filled by a stream flowing down from the encircling mountains. The women used to do washing in the stream itself, for themselves and anybody who would pay them a penny or two. Now the miracle of the Peace Corps had created the luxury of luxuries—a row of laundry tubs—and the volunteers, in their recently acquired basic Spanish, were evoking dreams of a cooperative laundry with gleaming chrome and white machines, all owned by the women themselves, and where they would do laundry for the whole of Tegucigalpa and earn enough to sleep without gnawing hunger. I can't say whether the cooperative laundry materialized or how it fared: soon after I left, there was one of those right-wing military coups, and the army dictator who replaced a moderately progressive President, and who represented the more vicious elements in the oligarchy, seemed not the type to encourage anything that would benefit the poor. (He received the blessings of the U.S. State Department for reasons best known to itself.)

Throughout Latin America—in the *barriadas* of Peru, so appalling that the government has erected walls to hide them from travelers on busy highways; in the *favelas* clinging with their depressing ugliness and squalor to the hillsides of Rio de Janeiro and encroaching on the estates of Brazil's multimillionaires; in the hideous *ranchos* of Caracas, squatting between the glittering mansions of Venezuela's rich, in the *bohilas* of Colombia, and in most of the other revolting ghettos of misery that can be inflicted on man by an all-powerful combination of landowners, military gangsters and reactionary clergy — Peace Corps volunteers are doing jobs of one kind or another. It's the same in most of Africa and in parts of the Near East and Southern Asia. Some, like the crisp nurse in Honduras, have a spirit that can't be daunted, an outlook that defeats loneliness, discouragement, boredom, frustration. Others, from all accounts, can abide the mud huts, the isolation, the lack of companionship, the absence of accustomed forms of entertainment, the bad and monotonous food, the insects and the snakes, the physical ailments that are almost inescapable in the tropics. What bothers them much more than these personal rigors is the apathy of people without hope or ambition, and the unreasoning fear of new undertakings, new methods, that is so common among the backward and the ignorant. While only about one volunteer in 250 has to be sent home because of "emotional disorders," more are undoubtedly affected by the hopelessness that surrounds them and become apathetic themselves, rattling purposelessly over the roads in Peace Corps jeeps, killing time until the day when they will be discharged.

In spite of efforts to screen out vulnerable candidates, it was inevitable that some of those chosen would wind up discontented and disgruntled. A few become critical, as well as disillusioned.

Not long ago a volunteer who had resigned before completing a two-year term in Africa, charged that the top Peace Corps official in his region had seldom been on the job and, when he was, had shown bad judgment by sponsoring competitive sports in communities where there was tension and hatred between Christians and Moslems. When the rival religions were pitted against each other on the playing field, he said, skulls were cracked and blood ran. He added that, in his opinion, the Peace Corps had accomplished virtually nothing. Peace Corps spokesmen at Washington, while promising to look into his allegations, let it be known that they discounted his statements and that the country in which he had been stationed had praised the work of the Peace Corps and asked for more volunteers.

A more typical reaction to Peace Corps experience is that of Jesse Stone, one of a group which launched a poultry cooperative and other farm ventures in the Dominican Republic. "Rice and beans," he discovered, "get pretty damn dull when you eat them twice a day, seven days a week." He feels that he *did* accomplish something, though not all he had hoped, and that living in a different sort of world compensated him for any hardship or monotony. It wasn't quite what he expected, but he has no regrets.

That, I think, is the story with most Peace Corpsmen — the story, indeed, of the Peace Corps itself, which is now in the process of expanding from 6,634 volunteers in forty-eight countries to 11,300 volunteers in forty-nine countries. In the opinion of the overwhelming majority of Congressmen, the program is well worth while, and the dissenting votes, when its 1964 budget of $102 million was approved, were not worth counting. Even Barry Goldwater has expressed approval. One reporter has termed the "love affair" between Congress and the Peace Corps "one of the miracles of our time," and another has suggested that 2 million volunteers, armed only with a zeal to be helpful, could "conquer the world for democracy."

Yet three Republicans on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, H. R. Gross of Iowa, Edward Derwinski of Illinois, and Vernon Thomson of Wisconsin, have called the Peace Corps a "burgeoning bureaucracy" that is "long on public relations and short on accomplishments." Their charge is not entirely without justification, and the element of truth in it is that, while the Peace Corps has functioned so smoothly in Washington as to make a national figure of Sargent Shriver, it is much better known in the United States than in any of the countries where its volunteers are serving. Even though most Peace Corpsmen are dedicated to their mission, and thoroughly trained for what they are doing, they are not exactly revolutionizing four dozen nations. The impression they are making on those nations is not what the average American believes it to be. Scores of millions of people in areas where the means of communication taken for granted in the United States are scarce if not absent, and where illiteracy is prevalent have never heard of the Peace Corps—many of them have never heard of the United States.

In Latin America, the Peace Corps is doing fine things, in a limited way, and I have no doubt that the same is true in Africa and Asia. But 6,634 volunteers—or 11,300—thinly scattered among scores of millions of humans held in bondage by ignorance, feudalism, superstition, ancient mores and tribal customs, can't be expected to spread American progress like a giant wave over millions of square miles of mountains and jungles and deserts, over huge cities blemished by the worst slums on earth.

The Corpsmen who utter that repetitious article of faith—"It's not so much what I'm doing for the Peace Corps; it's what the Peace Corps is doing for me"—may be the ones who grasp the real point of the work. The many young volunteers now sharing the experiences of the common people in countries swamped with misery could grow up to be the first generation of Americans endowed with a deep understanding of the problems of other lands, with a truly international approach. If the State Department looks to this source for foreign service officers to replace diplomats who mingle only with the oligarchs in backward countries, on the grounds that only the oligarchs mix decent martinis and wash regularly, the government will be better informed and better served abroad than it has been until now. In that case, not just the United States but the world may benefit.

Four From the Badlands

THE THIRTIETH YEAR. By Ingeborg Bachmann. Alfred A. Knopf. 187 pp. $4.95.

NEXT DOOR. By Johanna Moosdorf. Alfred A. Knopf. 224 pp. $4.95.

EVERY MAN A MURDERER. By Heimito von Doderer. Alfred A. Knopf. 373 pp. $5.95.

REPORT ON BRUNO. By J. Breitbach. Alfred A. Knopf. 311 pp. $4.95.

Sarah Gainham

These four novels—they have little else in common—show clearly one aspect of modern German writing and that is the variousness of what is meant by the word "German." Two are by Austrian-Germans, one is from East Germany (published originally in West Germany) and the fourth by a French citizen, an Alsatian. They might easily have included a Swiss and a West German author and all would equally be German writers.

The vagueness of German intellectual and spiritual frontiers is countered by the rather rigid and "sacred" structure of the German language, a rigidity that has come about largely because the language was—and is—the only link connecting quite different social and cultural structures. Those who write in German, therefore, feel a need to maintain its purity as a means of communication. But German is a difficult language to use and still more difficult to translate into English. Translators have often, as with Russian, seemed to feel that the language ought to be like English or French. Since German is quite different from either language, in structure and syntax and in its inward coherence, this has led to generations of bad translation. From this little realized fact comes the bad reputation abroad of German as a literary language and the common complaint that it is vague and imprecise. It is not at all imprecise but suffers from the necessity of being translated from the inside, as it were, and not by thinking in English. Only one of these four books is so well translated that there is no strong feeling of an intervening veil, or of woodenness.

Fortunately, it is the most delicate talent that gets the best service from its translator, Ingeborg Bachmann's. Michael Bullock has done a poetic and sensitive job on these stories, worthy of the original. To my own taste the title story, "The Thirtieth Year," is the least successful, lacking as it does a measure of three-dimensional realness. The others are all brilliant, muscular and supple, with genuine inward characterization. Since Ingeborg Bachmann is living in the world as it is, the pasts of the people who live with her concern her—part of the time—without obsessing her. One of the best of the stories is about a group of Viennese men who regularly drink together. Jews, half-Jews and former fellow travelers of the Nazis; not as they are usually presented — in one dimension and one color — but people as they exist.

The situation of the individual in Central Europe between 1933 and 1950 was more subtle than is generally thought abroad. This is perfectly obvious if one stops to think, but it is a thought only now beginning to be grasped outside the area. One of the circumstances that have delayed its realization is that those who knew that situation from the inside have been inhibited from expressing it in all its complexity by the taboos of the outside world. Talented as—for instance—Heinrich Böll and Uwe Johnson are, they have made life and work too easy for themselves by adopting inflexible values that tend to make all their characters figures and not people. A friend of Böll's, the newspaper publisher Rudolf Augstein, recently wrote of him that he is unable to envisage anyone now prosperous in West Germany as being a non-Nazi, or of believing anyone who is poor could have been anything but an anti-Nazi. This ironical criticism, though overdrawn, is valid for the whole group of younger writers forming the loose club called "Group-47." Ingeborg Bachmann is one of this group but has made a brilliant exception to Augstein's rule by seeing people as people rather than as sharply differentiated types with her own moral assessments stated at the start. It would be unjust to give readers the impression that this story is the only good work in *The Thirtieth Year*, but it is interesting to foreign readers for this reason.

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Next Door, by Johanna Moosdorf, is an example of the state of mind described by Augstein. The idea of the book is good; a man now rich in Federal Germany is discovered to have been a mass murderer. One gathers that the author originally planned to show the inside of this man's mind, but she shies away from this difficult task and tells instead a kind of detective story of the man's unmasking. As this type of novel, *Next Door* has damning faults of incoherence and muddled story-planning. Frau Moosdorf shares a fault of many modern writers everywhere, including Uwe Johnson, whose influence is visible in this novel; she constantly changes scenes and persons in quick shots, intending to give a kaleidoscopic effect of complexity but succeeding only in being bitty. The most interesting aspect of the book is the unconscious attitudes it exposes, particularly toward money. Johanna Moosdorf, one gathers from the careful jacket copy, is still living in East Germany and has—probably unconsciously—adopted the Communist puritanism that puts money in the place once held by sex as the source of deepest sin. The criminal has to be rich and successful; money in itself has been equated with wickedness. Foreign money is particularly evil. There is an almost superstitious awe of hard currencies in the East European world; they are desired and feared both officially and privately, and have to be handled with complicated rituals. Of course, the currency regulations of Eastern bloc countries do have practical reasons of scarcity as well, but actual dealings with them have taken on the nature of purifying magic.

The second Austrian represented in these books, Heimito von Doderer, is out of an entirely different world, an old, experienced and highly professional writer. Here is a real writer to be assessed by international standards, like Frau Bachmann, though quite different. Doderer does not belong to modern German writing; he survives, as it were, from the world of Schnitzler and Musil. The powerful atmosphere of Austria which he invokes—ironical, spiritually tough, apparently superficial, but really having stable values and an inherited balance of thought—is a pleasure in itself. The jacket copy on *Every Man A Murderer* attempts to suggest that the events in this book are part of "the turbulent atmosphere which preceded the emergence of a sinister New Order in Central Europe." This is sheer nonsense; except for domestic details the story could have been set almost anywhere. The novel tells of a boy growing to manhood who, in the ordinary course of his life, involves himself with people he does not yet know, one of whom he marries and one of whom has died in mysterious and shocking circumstances. The theme is the idiot chanciness of life where people commit actions with far-reaching effects without knowing what they are doing. The original, which I have not read, must have been extremely good, but the translation is not adequate to Doderer's mind. Technically competent, it fails to express the depth and subtlety which are to be found in his other work. The occasional foreignisms, inevitable in any case, do not matter; what matters is that the German has been attacked from the outside, almost transliterated instead of being *ueberfragen* (literally: carried over) into the new language.

Breitbach's *Report on Bruno*, is unintelligible to me and I can only think that the praise of it from serious critics was ideologically motivated. A grandfather, industrialist and cabinet minister in a small European country, recounts his grandson's youth in a series of unbelievable incidents which elicit contradictory and psychologically false reactions from all the characters. Described as cold and calculating, the boy bursts into tears during a talk with his grandfather whom he hates (for good reason, although the author appears to admire this figure) and clasps the hated one in his arms for no visible reason. A Soviet Ambassador falls on his knees and kisses the hand of the Queen Mother in front of several other people. The boy goes to Russia and returns to be his grandfather's and tutor's political opponent, the tutor having meanwhile reached Parliament by favor of the grandfather. Vice squads, counterintelligence, cabinet intrigues, trade unionists, royal eccentrics, suicides and alcoholics follow one another in a farrago of nonsense. Probably the quality of the book accounts for the carelessness of the translation, which I could hardly believe to be by the same Michael Bullock who translated Ingeborg Bachmann's stories.

Except for Frau Bachmann's stories, none of these books exemplifies the most striking trend in modern writing in German: the internationalism, the rejection (or perhaps the loss) of the feeling of frontiers. It is this pervasive feeling of not belonging to a specific country that dominates Ingeborg Bachmann's title story, "The Thirtieth Year." Older people either resent or regret this attitude as unpatriotic, but they grew up in a climate of narrow nationalism which, the firm belief of the outside world notwithstanding, is contrary to Germany's history—particularly its cultural history. The German language has been the carrier of the European supra-national idea since the Middle Ages for several reasons: it never belonged to one specific society or national state; it was a bridge between several different social organizations; it was, for hundreds of years, the administrative language and *lingua franca* far to the east of German influence in Europe; it was the cultural language of European Jewry.

The non-nationalism of modern younger Germans is not a rejection, except of the immediate and hideous past; rather, it is a reversion to the real and valuable meaning of German culture.

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Five on the Desert

THE GREAT ARAB CONQUESTS. By John Bagot Glubb. Prentice-Hall, Inc. 384 pp. $6.95.

THE ARABS: Their History, Culture and Place in the Modern World. By Arnold Hottinger. University of California Press. 344 pp. $7.50.

THE ARABS: A Narrative History from Mohammed to the Present. By Anthony Nutting. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. 488 pp. $6.50.

THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE WEST. By Bernard Lewis. Indiana University Press. 160 pp. $3.75.

POPULATION AND SOCIETY IN THE ARAB EAST. By Gabriel Baer. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. 275 pp. $7.50.

Charles Issawi

The claim of the Arabs on the attention of the world is many-sided. The strategist looks at the arc of Arab countries, stretching across 70 degrees of longitude and commanding the sea and air routes between the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, between Europe and Asia and Africa. The economist notes, without great enthusiasm, that the Arabs control well over half of the world's proven oil reserves, and that another tenth lies perilously close to their borders, in Iran. The student of international affairs recalls that the Arab states cast thirteen votes in the General Assembly of the United Nations, over a tenth of the total, and observes with foreboding the rapid progress made by both Israel and the UAR in the acquisition of thermonuclear weapons and delivery systems. The scope and vitality of Islam have to be taken into account by those interested in either religion or in the social forces shaping the present world — and the Arabs not only founded Islam but are once more its acknowledged leaders. For the same reason the Arabic language has been one of the main vehicles of world civilization and is today, after English and French, the chief language of sub-Saharan Africa. And the Arab Bedouin continues to exercise a deep fascination on both anthropologists and romantics, especially English ones. Hence the continuing flow of books on the Arab world, of which those listed above are but a sample.

The topic of the book written by Lieutenant General Sir John Bagot Glubb Pasha (to give him his full title) is the initial wave of conquests (622-680 A.D.) which eventually carried Islam to the Atlantic and Central Asia. As commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, he fought and reconnoitered in the area where the crucial first battles took place, and his account of the early campaigns is unrivaled. Particularly illuminating is his reconstruction of the battles around the Dera Gap, which led to the conquest of Syria. This alone makes his book well worth reading for all interested in either Middle Eastern history or, more generally, military history.

As for his explanation of the swiftness of the Arab advance: "The Arab conquerors owed their successes principally to their enthusiastic spirit and high morale, particularly fostered by the belief that they were fighting for God's cause and that those who died would go straight to Paradise," to their hardihood and to their mobility. But in addition, he mentions the fact that their adversaries, the Byzantine and Persian Empires, were exhausted by twenty-six years of continuous war, both were just attempting to impose direct rule on the Arab tribal kingdoms along their borders and both had hidebound armies "incapable of adapting their tactics to a new enemy and different terrain," especially an enemy who used his camel forces "like a sea power cruising off shore," i.e., in the desert. One wonders, though, whether Glubb has not underestimated the driving power of the land hunger and other economic forces which, so often in history, have caused an outburst from the Arabian peninsula to the neighboring lands.

Mr. Hottinger, a distinguished Swiss journalist who has worked for several years in the Middle East, has attempted something much more ambitious: a history of the Arabs from the earliest times to the latest (but surely not the last) army coups in Syria and Iraq. He cannot be said to have succeeded, although he does show some insight and, occasionally, quotes a telling text. On recent events he is much better informed, and one can only regret that he did not concentrate on the last twenty years, a period which he could have covered very effectively.

The same criticism can be leveled against Mr. Nutting. Here too, a man with considerable expert knowledge of contemporary affairs—acquired at the British Foreign Office—has chosen to write a general history of the Arabs from the time of Mohammed, covering North Africa as well as the Middle East. The addition to existing knowledge is negligible. Even the general reader, for whom *The Arabs: A Narrative History from Mohammed to the Present* has been written, is better served by the standard works.

Bernard Lewis, author of one of the best general studies (*The Arabs in History*), has published a set of lectures delivered at Indiana University in 1963, under the title *The Middle East and the West.* The book is addressed to a wide public, to whom it can be recommended as an excellent introduction to the recent history and politics of the region. The author's great learning, his keen understanding of the processes at work in the region, his incisiveness and wit, make reading this volume an undiluted pleasure. Particularly interesting are chapters III and IV, "The Quest for Freedom" and "Patriotism and Nationalism." In the former he shows how personal freedom, after having been pursued until the First World War or shortly after, was eventually given up in favor of national independence. In chapter IV he traces the growth of territorial patriotism, based on the French notion of *patrie* in the nineteenth century, and its supersession by a concept of ethnic nationalism, more akin to the German notion of *Volk.*

The other parts of *The Middle East and the West* are hardly less valuable. Thus he concludes the chapter entitled "The Impact of the West" by observing: "They may not have loved us, or even understood us, but they did admire and respect us. Today they usually do neither." And, quite rightly, he traces this revulsion to the fact that Western civilization "dominated, dislocated and transformed" the traditional Middle Eastern society. Moreover, the fate of Western institutions and ideas in the region was bound up with that of their carriers, the small, Westernized, upper middle classes whose dominance has been increasingly challenged by more popular movements such as the Moslem Brotherhood or by army officers drawn from lower social strata. The revolutions of the last few years have caused far-reaching changes in the political,

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social and economic aspects of Middle Eastern society.

Population and Society in the Arab East deals with many of these social changes in a scholarly, interesting way. Dr. Baer has drawn on a wide range of sources, from the major European languages, Arabic and Hebrew, and he has both the necessary sociological training and the historical knowledge of the region to extract the utmost from his data. He manages to convey very vividly the main developments taking place in Arab society: the very rapid population growth, which is pressing more and more heavily on resources and facing the governments of the region with increasingly serious problems; the exploding metropolises, which result in the concentration in the capital city of large masses who can, and sometimes do, overthrow the government; the breakdown of the traditional family, the social, economic and political emancipation of women, the loosening of the parental grip on children; and the shifts in the balance between social groups and classes.

In the next few years the pace of social change in the Arab countries will accelerate. The oil industry continues to expand. In several countries a sizable manufacturing industry has come into being and is developing rapidly. Agrarian structures have been drastically altered by land reforms. Education is being extended to ever larger sections of the population. Relations between the various Arab countries are in constant flux. The region will continue to provide the social scientist with a rich field for investigation and study.

THEATRE

THE THREE SISTERS

Because *The Three Sisters* (Morosco) is a production of The Actors Studio Theatre and because Lee Strasberg, the studio's leader, has directed the play, there is a temptation to treat the occasion with insufficient regard to Chekhov's contribution to it. It should therefore be immediately said that *The Three Sisters* is a surpassingly beautiful play. If you have never seen it before, I urge you, Broadway fashion, to run — not walk — to see it now. If you have seen it previously, you will do well to see it again. One always discovers wonderful new things in it.

Years ago there were playgoers and reviewers who challenged the play's admirers to say what was significant about three sisters in a small town in Russia (*circa* 1899) who yearn to return to their native Moscow and who never get there. Such skeptics — if they still exist — must be just as confounded by the evidence of repeated revivals the world over as were the sponsors of the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis last summer when they found that the play exercised an unexpected appeal to audiences in that city. It had become, so to speak, a thoroughly American play!

Like everything in Chekhov, each detail of the play is specific and at the same time symbolic. Moscow is itself, and also the name for, a dream, a hope. *The Three Sisters* is a drama of aspiration and of the frustration of that aspiration in which the hope persists ever more burningly because of the frustration. It is the hope for the good life — a release from mediocrity, conformity, apathy and dullness. The sisters' brother, Andrei, speaks of the town of a hundred thousand, which is the play's locale, as possessing no one "that's not exactly the same as the others; there never has been in the past or the present a single saint, a single scholar, a single artist, a single person famous enough for anybody to envy him or try to be like him."

This, then, is a story of the misery of provincial life — and Russian at that? Not at all. Another character refers to St. Petersburg as "cold and idle." And still another tells one of the sisters ". . . when you live in Moscow again, you won't notice it." The yearning for Moscow then is not for a place but for a state of being: happiness or, if you will, "Godot"!

Chekhov was long regarded as a pessimist — wholly "downbeat." Nowadays it has become almost fashionable to speak of his "optimism" and his hopefulness. Both may be said to be true, because neither is true in any absolute sense. There is hope in Chekhov, but it is not a bland or sunny hope, not the hope which makes itself unaware of the perennial pain and mystery of life. In the play's coda — one of the most touching in all drama — the spinster sister, heartbroken and exalted by the martial music being played by a departing battalion, among whom are the sisters' only friends, exclaims: "Oh, dear sisters, our life isn't over yet. We shall live! The music is playing so gaily, so joyfully, and it seems as though a little more and we shall know why we live, why we suffer. If only we knew, if only we knew!" In counterpoint, the most defeated character in the play, a doctor, hums "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay. . . . What's the difference anyway! What's the difference!"

What Chekhov tells us over and over again is that viewed dispassionately, life is a wretched and incomprehensible affair. Even the Baron (of German extraction), though full of lyric longing, holds it "philosophically" futile to believe in a fundamental amelioration of man's fate, a future bright new day. Chekhov does not deny this rationally, but he is moved by the impulse of his total being toward a faith which accepts work, the effort of mind and the appetites of the body, the sheer impetus forward into action even when it ends in personal failure.

In Chekhov this basic affirmation (through tears as much as through laughter) is no self-satisfied mysticism but becomes socially positive. When one of the sisters says, "We know a lot that isn't any use," her friend and lover-to-be, the Colonel, replies, "Suppose that among the hundred thousand inhabitants of the town — this obviously crude, obviously backward place . . . suppose that there're only three people like you. It's plain that you won't be able to get the best of the darkness and ignorance around you . . . little by little you'll have to give up, you'll be lost in this crowd . . . their life will choke you out. . . . But you'll have been here, you'll not disappear without a trace: later on others like you will come, perhaps only six at first, then twenty and so on, until at last people like you will be in the majority. In two or three hundred years life will be unimaginably beautiful, unimaginably wonderful."

And later—in the plays of Chekhov themes return "musically" in slight but constant variation — the Colonel adds, "We can have no share in it [the beautiful life] but we are living for it, working for it, yes, suffering for it: we are creating it — and in that and in that alone is the aim of our existence and, if you wish, our happiness."

The capacity to share in the melancholy of the pessimist and yet to persist in a smiling assent to being makes Chekhov a "sad" writer who elevates, a comedic writer who induces tears. He is deeply committed to his characters and wholly objective about them. The keynote of his work is tenderness without sentimentality, detachment without cruelty. He makes poetry out of fact; a song out of the "untheatrical."

Chekhov's characters are so completely seen that none of them can be thought of as wholly unsympathetic. They are all part of the human comedy, both bitter and beloved. There is no melodrama anywhere in Chekhov, and the craftsman's hand can never be detected in the structure of his plays. His dramatic technique, if it is to be defined in a sentence, is constantly to break or interrupt the play's narrative line so that there appears to be none. His plays seem to "float" without noticeable direction: they are a presence with no readily perceptible destination or manifest logic.

Lee Strasberg's production of *The Three Sisters* has a texture of talent. This is due to the interweaving of Chekhov's scenes, which makes the play as dense as a novel, and to a cast comprised of some of the best actors of our stage. There is, too, in the production a distinct feeling of *place*, of the life of a specific community. Certain moments are eminently affecting: for instance, the singing at the table of a Russian melody with its sorrowful and inspiring warmth. (Shirley Knight's voice, as well as her noble head, are singularly right.) Such things as the way the shy Baron turns away in covert agony when Irina tells him she is incapable of loving him are typical of Strasberg's touch. There are also some admirably evocative stage "pictures." The actors, moreover, are generally of a single temper and play with dedication to one another and to their mutual task. This makes for a consistent emotional *body* not often discernible in our theatre.

As I have suggested in my opening paragraph, a special (perhaps parochial) interest attaches to this production because it is expected or supposed to represent the Method or that version of Stanislavsky's system which the Actors Studio has evolved.

A distinction is often made between technical acting and "method acting." This may be a conversational convenience but it is theoretic nonsense. The Method, or system, is itself a technique (a) for the training of actors and (b) for an approach to the analysis of plays and parts as it relates to practical stage work. What Stanislavsky and his "followers" are after is a way to give theatrical effects a sound human basis. They wish to achieve the real but not necessarily or even primarily the realistic.

By itself the Method guarantees nothing. A production like *The Three Sisters* is not obliged or intended to demonstrate anything in particular. It is (or should be) done to reveal Chekhov's play on the stage with the actors available in our time and place.

With few exceptions most of the things done by the actors at the Morosco are genuinely felt and well executed. There is no sign of those faults often ascribed to practitioners of the Method: hemming and hawing, inaudibility and the rest of the silly myth. Even such protracted pauses as exist are dramatically justified and effective. But a scene or a characterization may be genuinely felt and still not be right. And there is much in this *Three Sisters* which is not right.

One might guess the Moscow Art Theatre production of the play was, whether consciously or not does not matter, taken as an authoritative model. This has proved misleading for the Moscow Art Theatre style, it may surprise many to learn, is not really congruous with Strasberg's special gifts. As a director Strasberg is not a realist (in the sense of a concern with the minutiae of environment) but a psychological impressionist of quiet intensity who, somewhat in the vein of Chekhov himself, finds the essential emotional trait in a situation without too much stress on all its attendant manifestations. The Moscow Art Theatre realism (in its early years at any rate) was more ponderous than the nature of Strasberg's art, which at its best might be called a spiritualized realism.

Why, one asks oneself, the heavily detailed setting? Why not a spare indication of the sisters' household rather than the full account? Why have an infant's cry mechanically imitated off-stage? Does an actress have to retch (should she be permitted to) when she is shocked by another character's coarseness? Should the curtains move in the wind in almost precisely the same way in the spring and winter? The production in this regard is not sufficiently selective.

These may be considered mere quibbles. There are more crucial lapses in the characterization of the parts, a lack of coordination, which affect the spirit of the production. Geraldine Page's Olga is self-effacing and wholly convincing in its simplicity and directness, but should she not as the General's eldest daughter and, despite herself, the headmistress of a secondary school, possess greater formal dignity? Does Kulygin, who though a fool and a mediocrity, is also deeply kind and not altogether blind, have to be made to appear a clown? (A man who reiterates at every turn that he is "satisfied" surely

---

Summer

The hot dusty road over the hill. The boy
crawls under the barbed wire to cross the pasture.
In the shade of the big maple stands a new colt,
legs spread wide to keep his balance. A thin creature
like crossed fence-posts soft grey from weather.
The mare watches the boy, watches the colt.
The pool below the pasture has the sweet musty
odor of wet leaves and decayed roots. A wedge of
sunlight. In the shadow the water is black and dead.
The naked boy shines in the yellow light and
dives. A water snake slithers away.
Sudden rain.
The deserted house up the hill. The kitchen
door creaks. Outside the clouds are breaking up
but in the house it is dark. Old Man Slayton never
came back. There is a smell of rot in the bedroom.
After the rain a red evat glistens on the fallen
green leaves.
Running down the road.

George Anthony

isn't.) Gerald Hiken's Andrei is gratifyingly relaxed—the scene in which he dances is, like most of the improvisatory moments, altogether successful—but the slow attrition and deterioration of the character, which Irina, the younger sister speaks of, is never conveyed. I could not accept the Colonel (Vershinin), a pivotal character, as anything more than a windbag. Yet it is he who, for all his childlike features, enunciates the heart of Chekhov's thought, the essence of Chekhovian idealism. Despite its faltering, Vershinin's humanity should lift our hearts just as it makes Masha fall in love with him.

The most striking performance is Kim Stanley's as Masha. She is an actress of subtle power and subtler means. Whatever she does is seen as if specially illuminated. To take the most minute example: watch the moment before she leaves the room because her sister-in-law Natasha has berated the old servant. Yet Miss Stanley's Masha seems a latter-day neurotic, ridden by spasms of torment caused not so much by her situation in the play as by an experience of life far more complex and sophisticated than that of Chekhov's character.

What all Chekhov's characters must possess is a purity, an innocence which transcends their hurts, their intelligence or their cynicism. Even the doctor who confesses that he has forgotten everything, knows nothing and hardly believes in his own existence (so that the death of a friend in a duel seems to him no great matter) is a person full of regret, a regret made possible by his caring profoundly. His studied negations are the antidotes to his frazzled feelings. He anticipates the poets of the absurd.

The first act of this production lacks the warmth it should have because there is too deliberate an effort to show the good nature, the kindness, the positive jollity of Chekhov's people, conventionally thought of as steeped in gloom. Everyone frisks and shouts too much. Because certain critics have related that Chekhov thought Stanislavsky had turned his characters into crybabies, the Studio Theatre attempts to make some scenes (especially in the early part of the play) blatantly casual. Thus, many relationships are passed over, concealed or taken for granted. (For example, it is not till late in the second act that we learn that the Byronic brute Solyony is in love with the youngest sister, a fact which should have been evident from the start.) The vigorous attempt to lend the play lightness results in a contrary effect.

And yet—*The Three Sisters* remains a masterpiece of modern drama which no one seriously devoted to the theatre should fail to see.

HAROLD CLURMAN

FILMS

ON LOCATION IN SICILY

Our times are congenial to black humor, to the clown as killer and the slapstick of agony, and it is no wonder that Italian directors have discovered Sicily. What is surprising is, that having found that absurd and terrifying island, excellent movie makers seem unable to come to grips with it. Two recent films that were shot there, though vigorously blocked out and performed with drive, flavor and a good deal of individual subtlety, are nevertheless morally wavering and emotionally uncommitted, as vertiginous as a quaking ladder. And I do not think the effect is intended — another example of the *avant-garde's* strategy of disconcerting the audience. It seems to me more likely that the makers of these films have discovered suddenly that Sicily is their Wild West and have plunged into the marvelously pictorial rodomontade without stopping to consider what they think of it.

Mafioso, directed by Alberto Lattuada, stars Alberto Sordi, one of the most discerning comics now working in films. On this occasion, he is a time-and-motion technician employed by a large and up-to-the-minute factory in Milan, and living with his very blonde wife and two daughters in a small and up-to-the-minute flat (it appears that everything they eat comes out of a Waring blender). This Antonio takes his family for a first visit to his native Sicily and the change that comes over him — his expansive delight in his cruelly impoverished village and his stunted and bitter relatives, his puppylike scampering up to pay his respect to the sordid old chief of the village — is both funny and touching. This area of the picture is alive with cleareyed detail: the wall-like resistance of the mother to her northern daughter-in-law, the toothless old scarecrow of a father who wrestles in the dust with an equally aged and bony opponent in a real estate dispute, the idle and ignorant young men chatting on the beach in what they take to be the "in" clichés of the mainland, the coldly murderous arrogance (greased with sentimentality) of the secret rulers of the land.

But then the mafia reaches out for its returned son. A man in Brooklyn has broken the code and a call has been received for a killer. Antonio the gullible, the happy prodigal, is shipped off by air in a packing case, taken to a barber shop where the offender is being shaved, empties his revolver into a body he scarcely sees and returns by the same route, while his wife believes, and the others pretend, that he has been off shooting rabbits with old schoolmates.

Aside from the sudden insecurity of the New York episodes (played apparently by Italian actors who have learned to parrot English), Sordi's characterization takes on no depth from the dark turn in the story. His

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haunted anguish in the late passage is as much a surface comment, a mannerism of caricature, as his earlier manic homecoming. A trouble, I think, is that Lattuada and Sordi never imply a man beneath Antonio's motley; therefore they do not have the man when they need him. The picture is full of foreshadowing, but it doesn't bite in because the warnings are too irrelevant to the quality of Sordi's performance. The light, indulgent tone of the picture is so ill-matched to the ruthless manipulation of lives demonstrated in its plot that I fully expected the assassination sequence to be revealed as one of those interpolated nightmares from which the hero awakes with a shout of relief. Not so; Antonio goes back to his stop watches and charts with murder on his hands. But whereas earlier in the picture he had been a wonderfully endearing individual, he ends as a kind of fictional anomaly.

Pietro Germi, who went to Sicily earlier to direct *Divorce—Italian Style*, returned there to make *Seduced and Abandoned*. Physically and in content, it is a more cohesive work than *Mafioso*, but it suffers from the same estranging ambiguity of tone. It opens with a certain Peppino (Aldo Puglisi) forcibly seducing (not quite raping) the 15-year-old sister of his fiancée, while the rest of the family are disposed about the house in attitudes of siesta. There is no touch of *Lolita* in this — Sicilian girls of 15 are not children—but there is a strong element of Chaplin in the young man's appearance and inept impetuosity.

However, if Peppino is a clown, he is very much a Sicilian clown, which means that he has not much confidence in himself as a person but a great deal of pride in himself as a man. When the unlucky siesta episode becomes known, he takes the position that he cannot be expected to marry the girl since she is not virtuous. He is perfectly serious on this point and his family supports him.

The part of Peppino is excellent — a kind of evil and ruthless seminarian — and the picture would have made emotional sense if it had been built around his nastiness. But in fact, the girl's father (Saro Urzi) dominates, and he is a great barrel of extrovert conventionality, who proliferates elephantine schemes for preserving the honor of his family. These include mock yelling matches in the street, the firing of blunderbusses, fake kidnapings, comic assassination plots and oafish attempts to outwit the highly sophisticated resident police. Much of this is very funny, a sharp cartoon of Sicilian bravado. But simultaneously, the girl is being physically beaten and mentally broken, deprived of all personal dignity, exposed to the leering cruelty of the public square. She goes to the altar with the loathsome Peppino as a sullen, defeated animal. Once I have seen a hulk of a man take his fists to his slim daughter, it is hard for me to regard him as an amiable and much-harried bungler; and wild chases through the streets lose something of their Keystone quality when a girl's sanity is at stake. The tone of the picture seems to me too merry for its content; there is something disturbingly heartless in its evenhanded distribution of laughs and blows. It is one thing to say that the most horrible thing about Sicilian evil is its absurdity; it is another to throw poisoned custard pies. The limitation of our Westerns was that they never saw beneath the melodrama of optimistic violence. The Italians see much deeper into the ferocious extravagance of Sicily, but disconcertingly they see double.

ROBERT HATCH

Tenuous and Precarious

Tenuous and Precarious
Were my guardians,
Precarious and Tenuous,
Two Romans.

My father was Hazardous,
Hazardous,
Dear old man.
Three Romans.

There was my brother Spurious,
Spurious Posthumous,
Spurious was spurious,
Was four Romans.

My husband was Perfidious,
He was perfidious.
Five Romans.

Surreptitious, our son,
Was surreptitious,
He was six Romans.

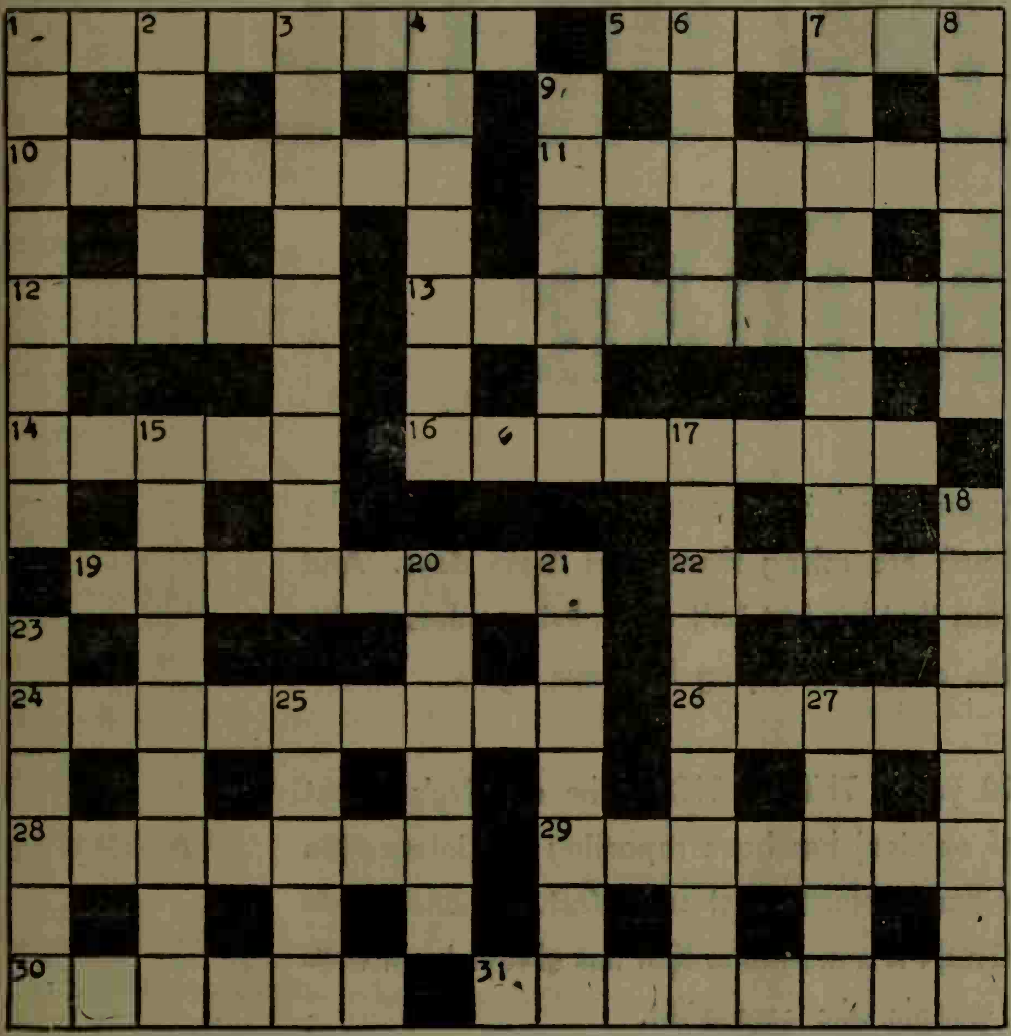
Our cat Tedious
Still lives,
Count not Tedious
Yet.

My name is Finis,
Finis, Finis,
I am Finis,
Six, five, four, three, two,
One Roman,
Finis.

Stevie Smith

Crossword Puzzle No. 1067

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

5 Tom, perhaps, might expect a buck for his work. (6)
10 But Tom and Mr. Breck shouldn't normally speak so. (7)
11 and 1 across A cold fall and food nicely prepared for a brief visit. (4, 3, 8)
12 Condescension at the front door?
13 Wyatt sharpens up something to help the audience. (9)
14 Everyone has a pained expression to permit it. (5)
16 Is this country square on 11? (8)
19 Surprised to find Sinatra's roles in the old Establishment? (8)
22 "So long" was the word for Rostand's man. (5)
24 The food to prepare in a hurried manner. (3-6)
26 A number at recess might cause one to slip. (5)
28 Spy once associated with a fainting spell—ne'er as an example.
29 Spinach, for example, could be detected in the faded print. (7)
30 More than one are designed to show it, and came close to it. (6)
31 Confused so as to have the finest at heart, which might shield one from the fire. (8)

DOWN:

1 If such as this could be a flower arrangement, so be it. (8)
2 Oration, but not on proportional representation. (5)
3 A testament to force? (4-5)
4 A ten-line construction shouldn't be hard. (7)
6 The followers of Jakob Ammann would be really confused if they were given mash. (5)
7 Any singer should have such aspirations. (9)
8 This sort of vegetable is hard—because it's usually not cooked.
9 Sounds like a country disease. (6)
15 Ancient province destroyed by the Germans. (9)
17 An act of material aid. (4-5)
18 Love in this might be growing. (8)
20 Profited by being caught. (6)
21 Throws on one's seat? (7)
23 Selected name for the sound of 9.
25 Being out in the air puts a little weight on one. (5)
27 Salt mine, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1066

ACROSS: 1 Ticker tape; 6 Offa; 10 Rotifer; 11 Opulent; 12 Training ground; 14 Besotted; 15 Cinema; 16 Empire; 18 Kedgeree; 22 Dog-in-the-manger; 24 Couplet; 25 Echelon; 26 Tier; 27 Pesticides. DOWN: 1 Turntables; 2 Cutlass; 3 Enfant terrible; 4 Terence; 5 Prongs; 7 Fleance; 8 Acts; 9 Autobiographic; 13 Name brands; 17 Procure; 19 Everest; 20 Regaled; 21 Statue; 23 Scat.

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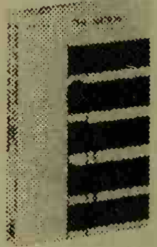

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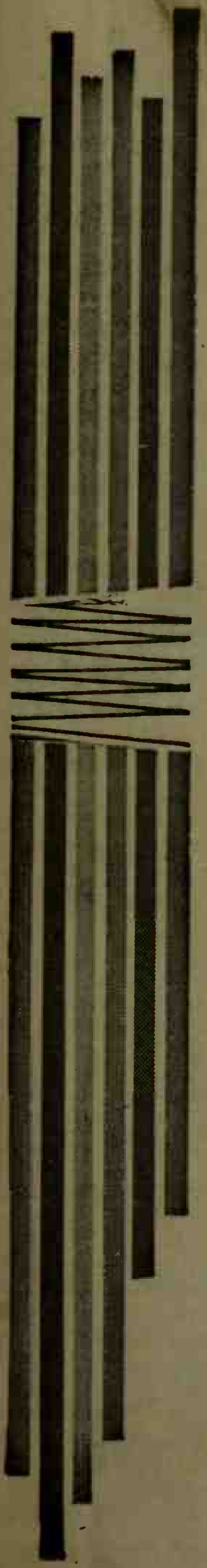

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LETTERS

Law and the child

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Roul Tunley's title, "Do We Hate Our Children?" (*The Nation,* July 13) seems somewhat too deliberately provocative. Of course, we do not. Laws dealing with the juvenile delinquent are beyond question motivated by a . . . desire to avoid placing the child under the rigors of a criminal trial and the stigma of criminal guilt. . . .

Your readers will be interested to know that the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges is seriously concerned with the matter of representation in court of children charged with delinquency. Last February we conducted a national conference on the role of the lawyer in juvenile court. Presently, we are preparing a demonstration project designed to test out the hypotheses put forth at that conference. . . .

The National Council of Juvenile Court Judges is constantly working to improve the administration of justice for our youth. Considering the generally low status and low pay enjoyed by the juvenile court bench, plus the fact that upwards of 25 per cent of those judges now sitting in juvenile sessions are not law-trained, this is no simple task. We welcome the support of all who believe, as we do, that the future of this nation rests on the shoulders of today's youth.

Charles W. Tenney, Jr.,
Associate Director,
National Council of
Juvenile Court Judges

Place for emotion

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: How baffling to find in a progressive journal like *The Nation* (July 13), an article by the editors (SOS—Fourth Year) underestimating and denigrating the power of women in the work for peace. While they deplore the barren brilliance of the Scientists on Survival Conference held in New York June 19-21, the editors state that, "women carrying babies in demonstrations are apt to be *long on emotion.*"

If these editorial writers had had an opportunity to read the Women Strike for Peace publications on disarmament, on Germany, on Vietnam, on the various issues of our atomic age, they would not have used such a dubious phrase. . . . We feel no need to apologize for having emotions, since these have had the driving force of stimulating action instead of merely lucubrating.

Blanche H. Posner

Black and white

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his review of my book, "Crisis in Black and White," (*The Nation,* June 29), Martin Mayer objects that I share "the naive American hope that the whole ball of wax can be melted away in the heat of moral regeneration," and that "when the chips are down (Silberman) bets on morality." Surely Mayer got as far as page 10, on which I . . . argue that "It will take more than an appeal to the American conscience . . . to solve 'the Negro problem,'"—that in fact "nothing less than a radical reconstruction of American society is required. . . . The bulk of the book, moreover, develops the argument that no reconstruction of American society . . . can occur unless Negroes mobilize and use the power that is implicitly theirs. . . .

Mr. Mayer's snide observation that (Silberman) "hopes business will pick up the burden . . ." implies that I limit myself to some pious and naive expression of faith that Business Will Solve All. The fact (which Mr. Mayer could have discovered had he read pp. 237-248) is that my discussion of the role of business is concerned entirely with the politics of the problem, i.e., the ways in which Negro activists can force business to respond to their legitimate demands.

Charles E. Silberman

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Martin Mayer's statements on The Woodlawn Organization are maliciously false. . . . What he credits to TWO on slum landlords is the average record of one week's accomplishments. As for his "a federal grant which the *University secured for it* (TWO) . . ." what the university wanted was a far cry from what we wanted, and we got what we wanted. . . . The only time the University of Chicago ever meets with us is in the mayor's office, and then only when we force the meeting. The only reason that they ever live up to any of their agreements is because we are strong enough to keep them honest. . . .

Lynward Stevenson, President TWO

Mr. Mayer replies

Shelter Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I liked Mr. Silberman's book, and I think it is a contribution. . . . I did feel it lacked the sense of process, of how we got where we are today, and was therefore confused . . . about where we could go tomorrow. At the end of his book he does place the entire weight of his prescription on what he . . . calls "the Judeo-Christian tradition"; and it is here, not in the scattered obiter dicta, that "the chips are down. . . ." I charitably neglected his ambiguous discussion of Negro "power," because this power, as he noted on numerous pages, simply doesn't and can't exist on the scale he implies on other pages. To urge "a radical reconstruction of American society" is simply to preach what has become a rather dreary sermon at a time when Lyndon Johnson and J. Edgar Hoover are the flesh-and-blood

(*Continued on page 53*)

THE NATION

Monday, August 10, 1964
Volume 199, No. 3

In this issue

EDITORIALS

41

ARTICLES

43 Russian Problems and U.S. Politics
Isaac Deutscher

45 Tennessee: Students Get the Vote Out
R. V. Denenberg

49 Harlem: The Ghetto Ignites
Woody Klein

51 Canada Under Old Glory
David Cort

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

54 Farewell the Plumed Troop . . .
Arno Karlen

56 Bolts of Light
Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

57 The Franglais Film
Barbara Probst Solomon

59 Theatre
Harold Clurman

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 60)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Elizabeth Sutherland, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Grandin Conover, Assistant Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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OCT 21

EDITORIALS

Goldwater's Military Views

In his *Spiegel* interview, only part of which reached the American public, Senator Goldwater suggested that a close U.S.-West German alliance was imperative (as if it did not already exist) and that if the German forces had not been under command of men who did not understand war, Germany would have won both World Wars. The incompetent commanders he had in mind were, respectively, Kaiser Wilhelm II (a gross exaggeration of Wilhelm's actual power) and Adolf Hitler. Goldwater went on to say that he himself would not hesitate to go to the brink of war, and cited Germany as a country that "has used brinkmanship down through the years and done so very, very successfully. . . . " (Gerd Wilcke from Bonn, *The New York Times*, July 27).

True enough, he who goes to the brink must be prepared to go over it when his bluff is called. Germany did so, twice. One result was the death of an unknown number of human beings—perhaps between 10 million and 20 million in World War I, somewhere in the range of twice that number in World War II. A secondary result was the total ruin and prostration of the German Reich. It was lifted up both times by that good (though not altogether disinterested) Samaritan, Uncle Sam—a rescue operation that would be most unlikely in the event of a third miscalculation. Goldwater has a queer idea of success.

That the views Goldwater expressed to the *Spiegel* interviewer were not a temporary aberration is shown by the current publication in the Munich *Revue* of answers which Goldwater gave to another German newsman some weeks ago. Presumably with an eye on the coming convention, Goldwater advanced the claim that his foreign policy ideas corresponded generally to those of the Eisenhower administration and, specifically, to the brinkmanship of John Foster Dulles. The late Secretary of State was bad enough, but Goldwater traduces him. Dulles was, after all, a civilian and an old hand at diplomacy, and his actions were more cautious than his phraseology. By all indications Goldwater would suit the action to the word, and the word is that of a military man more like General Walker than General Eisenhower.

The record confirms this. Foreign policy in conflict situations is, of course, backed by military potential, and Goldwater means to have the potential *à outrance*. The Washington staff of McGraw-Hill's *Aviation Week* (July 13) has summarized Goldwater's utterances on aerospace policy, an area where, as a flyer and a major general in the Air Force, he is at his most authoritative. If Goldwater is elected, *Aviation Week* forecasts, he will ask Congress for less money for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and more for Air Force programs. He has charged that we are "walking flat-footed into a full-fledged and possibly fatal space gap" and he is determined to militarize space if it is the last thing he does. He would get behind the Air Force's low-level attack program and put the XB-70 supersonic bomber into production. (If it turns out to be flyable, that is; if not, some other design will be developed—Goldwater, with LeMay, insists on a missile-bomber mix.) He would threaten the Russians, about whom he seems more concerned than about the Chinese, with our nuclear superiority. All these notions add up to his "victory policy," which he contrasts with the "no-win" policy of the Johnson Administration.

But what of Vietnam? Goldwater is on record as favoring the use of "small, clean" nuclear weapons in limited war situations, at the option of field commanders. In the *Revue* story he is quoted as sympathizing with de Gaulle's nuclear and NATO aspirations. But does Goldwater also admire de Gaulle for advocating neutralization of the entire Indo-Chinese peninsula, a "no-win" policy apparently viewed with revulsion by the Johnson Administration, which is even now engaged in stepping up American participation in that war? If American newsmen will ask a few cogent questions on this point, and if the candidate will be good enough to answer them, further aspects of the Goldwater mentality will be laid bare.

The Real Problem

What puzzles many persons of good will is that *Northern* Negroes should riot. Civil commotion in Birmingham and St. Augustine is understandable, but New York, Rochester? Especially Rochester; New York has its Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant ghettos, and everyone knows these are horrible. But Rochester? Not only do its Negroes have civil rights—as do Northern Negroes generally—but the city, the third largest in New York State, is rather above the average in racial enlightenment. The Rochester NAACP membership is up in the thousands, many of the members being white. In recent months a good many businessmen have exerted themselves to fill job vacancies with qualified Negro applicants. They are said to be combing Negro college campuses for employees. Most retail establishments have Negro sales personnel. One of the most respected citizens heads a committee on religion and race, designed to further integration. Most of the schools are integrated. No hotels, restaurants, stores, parks, beaches, golf courses or theatres are closed to Negroes. What more do they want?

Some of them want nothing more, and that perhaps

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: the next issue will be dated August 24.

provides a key to the trouble. Rochester does have a ghetto—although it is not totally Negro—but the Negroes whom one would expect to be community leaders do not live there. The president of the local NAACP lives outside the city in one of the plush suburbs. A successful Negro attorney who is a state commissioner of human rights lives in one of the city's finest sections, miles from the ghetto. During the rioting, without realizing the irony of it, well-to-do Negroes issued solemn statements about the injustices in housing to which Negroes were subjected. Their own housing was far superior to that of the average Rochesterian—white or Negro. Their success has separated them from the main section of the Negro community. Yet these prosperous Negroes had done only what whites do in their own communities.

There must be many Negroes, in Rochester, in New York, in all the cities where segregation is not the enforced way of life, who disapprove of violence. This includes not only the wealthy Negroes but probably a majority of those who are just getting along. They may not be satisfied—how can they be when a 200-pound, 6-foot police officer shoots and kills a 15-year-old Negro stripling who could have been subdued without the use of any weapon at all (see "The Ghetto Ignites," page 49). But they are not the ones who riot, and the problem is insoluble until measures are taken to get down to the strata which Marx called the *Lumpenproletariat*, the demoralized hoodlum element which discredits the revolution by looting and running amok.

Violence will not help the Negro's cause, but the Negroes who resort to violence do not think in terms of a better time to come and the communal means of attaining it. Their behavior is an unexpected result of a national way of life which has been too much extolled. Ours is a country in which the primal aim is material luxury, but in which a fourth of the population sees no chance of sharing in the prosperity which is hawked as the be-all and end-all of life. Time was when the rich were resigned to having the poor with them always, and the poor could be persuaded to resign themselves to the state in which it had pleased God to place them. That time is past. The riots are a phase of the "revolution of rising expectations" which is making things hot in other parts of the world. It is disconcerting to have it explode at home but, when one reflects a little, it is not in the least surprising.

From the Mouths of Babes

At Tupper Lake, N.Y., a three-day civil defense jamboree was held amid the happy ululations of participants and spectators. Tupper Lake, situated in the Adirondacks, is neither the dullest nor the most exciting of places, but while the mock disaster lasted things were lively enough to make many residents wish for the real thing. Which they have some chance of getting, since the town is 50 miles or so from the Plattsburgh missile complex.

Mingling poetry with nuclear horror, the exercise was named Sun Drum II. It was the biggest ever held in New York State. Lieut. Gen. Manuel J. Asensio, retired, the State Civil Defense Director, was the chief mortician. Approximately 1,400 civil defense and Red Cross workers lent their efforts. They included Army Reserve physicians, nurses and corpsmen, Veterans Administration personnel, Civil Air Patrol pilots and cadets, Boy Scout volunteers and other juveniles. The effect of the nuclear strikes, which were centered on Utica and lower Canada, seems to have been rather modest—only 550 casualties were treated at Tupper Lake's emergency medical facilities. The casualties, however, made up in realism what they lacked in numbers. Most of the victims were Boy Scout volunteers; and the *New York Times* correspondent reported that their injuries, produced with theatrical make-up and artificial blood, were as gruesome as could be desired.

General Asensio emerged from the ordeal pleased but not entirely satisfied. "If it had been the real thing," he pointed out, "we would have had thousands of casualties." A 48-year-old town postman, who serves in his spare time as deputy civil defense director for the county, was more nostalgic. "I wish we had another exercise tomorrow," he said. "We don't get things like this every day." It certainly beats carrying junk mail.

A slight note of disharmony was introduced by a 6-year-old who was fatally injured on a temporary basis. Asked what he thought of the extravaganza, he replied: "I think they must all be crazy."

The Fetish of Foreign Aid

There are two prevalent attitudes toward foreign aid among Americans. The first is that the government squanders money abroad which might better be used at home. Although widespread, this appears to be a minority view. The majority of Americans would like to make a better world not only for themselves but for the hordes of mankind condemned by circumstances to live elsewhere. To them foreign aid is a kind of national *noblesse oblige*. When, however, foreign aid is dispensed with an eye to military advantage — which is the normal manner of its dispensation — the minority view turns out to be nearer the truth.

Anyone who doubts it should read a pamphlet titled *Foreign Assistance Act of 1964—Individual Views of Senator Morse on H.R. 11380*. No one who scans its twenty-four pages will ever again assume that whatever sum the Administration requests is sacred. Foreign aid can be, and often is, an unholy mess. Senator Morse gives a number of examples, but Turkey alone proves the case. The United States has poured $1,670 million into Turkey's civilian economy since 1947, and more than $4,000 million in combined military and economic aid. The net result is that the Turkish economy is worse off than before, and getting still worse. One reason for this is the population increase, a problem in which Turkey is not alone; another is a corrupt fiscal system—and about that there is nothing unique either. All over the world, U. S. aid tends to fan the population eruption and to impede reform, since we can be relied on to make up the deficits.

In the case of Turkey, these conclusions were reached by both the U.S. General Accounting Office and the Organization for European Cooperation and Development. The OECD report was prepared for a consortium of Western European countries that were supposed to join the U.S. in financing Turkey's development. In asking for funds, the Agency for International Development always refers to this sharing arrangement, but fails to add that the European contributions were conditioned on reforms in the Turkish fiscal system. Since the reforms were not carried out, the Europeans are not coming through on their pledges. Only Uncle Sam continues to give, come what may.

Another lesson of the Turkish experience is that government ownership and operation are no more a panacea than private ownership and operation. What counts is honest and efficient management, and in Turkey there is little of that. The Turkish Government operates about half of the country's industrial production—manufacturing, mining, trading, banking, transportation and so on. Because of poor organization and resulting inefficiency — and, although the GAO can hardly say so, a certain amount of thievery — everything runs at a deficit. But the Turkish Government has little to worry about. AID has, indeed, urged that government to adopt fiscal and economic reforms. "However," the GAO adds, "although actions taken by the government of Turkey were not satisfactory, the Agency decided to not insist on a greater measure of cooperation *because of foreign policy considerations.*" (Italics added.)

There, in perfect bureaucratese, you have it.

Victims of the Clean Slate

Urban renewal is a national program and among its victims are the nation's artists. Not only in New York, where last winter the painters organized themselves for a "no show" strike to protest evictions from studios arbitrarily declared substandard, but in cities as widely separated as Chicago, Minneapolis and Denver, artists find themselves squeezed out of their lofts, attics and refurbished stables by the bulldozers of progress.

The conflict arises because, in too many cases, planners think in terms of clean slates and uniform specifications. Renewal is usually a misnomer, because the process is not one of selecting what should go and of improving what could well remain, but of razing an area and imposing a whole new pattern upon it. And planners view men, women and children as so many fractions of units, to be installed in so many cubic feet of concrete and plaster.

As often as not it is a wasteful procedure, and the organized efficiency that is sought stultifies even those who join car pools and punch clocks. For artists, it is impossible. They need space—extravagant amounts of space by slide-rule criteria—and since they rarely share the new affluence, they naturally gravitate to the older sections of a town, where more expansive accommodations of an earlier age are standing in slow dissolution. Often they halt that decay (sometimes so effectively that values boom and sports-car bohemia pushes the artists out); they produce, in effect, lively oases in a neighborhood of slums. But oases do not fit conveniently on drafting boards, and the artists are therefore shoveled out along with the neighborhood rats and roaches.

Where shall they move? Everyone else is going to the suburbs, but artists are urban creatures; barbecue pits and the lawn mower on Sunday do not foster their spirits. Left to themselves, they will find their milieu and will make it work for their needs. No community was ever blighted by painters and sculptors; they have an instinct for renewal. If the planners could be convinced that some needs of a society are served better by old, shabby and spacious premises than they could possibly be by efficiency flats, the public at large would be in the unusually happy position of simultaneously saving tax money and supporting its most creative members.

Russian Problems and U.S. Politics

.. Isaac Deutscher

London

Americans not enamored of the circuses of their national elections may envy the Russians the brief and quiet procedure whereby a change of presidents is effected in Moscow. It took the Supreme Soviet less than a quarter of an hour last month to divest Leonid Brezhnev of the presidency, and by acclamation, to choose Anastas Mikoyan as his successor. Of course, the decision about this reshuffle was made, not at the Supreme Soviet, which is a purely decorative institution, but at the Party Presidium, where it must have been preceded by quite a few tussles. The Soviet President does not normally wield any political power, but his office is not altogether devoid of importance. During an interregnum, when the relationships of power are in a flux, he may spring into extraordinary prominence; he may even act as umpire in a contest over a succession. Otherwise, the post of Party Secretary carries incomparably more weight; and so Mr. Brezhnev's assignment to full-time work at the Party Secretariat is more important than Mr. Mikoyan's nomination to the presidency.

Whatever the relative merits of these posts, the succession to Mr. Khrushchev is evidently on the agenda. The latest shift may be a preliminary to further changes, and Mr. Khrushchev himself may presently relinquish some of his responsibilities by resigning from one of his offices. All the same, Kremlinologists rack their brains in vain to guess who is being "groomed for the succession." Once Mr. Khrush-

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Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

chev has gone, the men now closest to him may fare no better than did Beria, Malenkov and Molotov—those closest to Stalin—after their master's death. Indeed, if Khrushchev's reign were to be followed, as it is likely to be, by a bout of de-Khrushchevization, nothing would handicap a contender for power more strongly than the reputation of being Khrushchev's chosen heir.

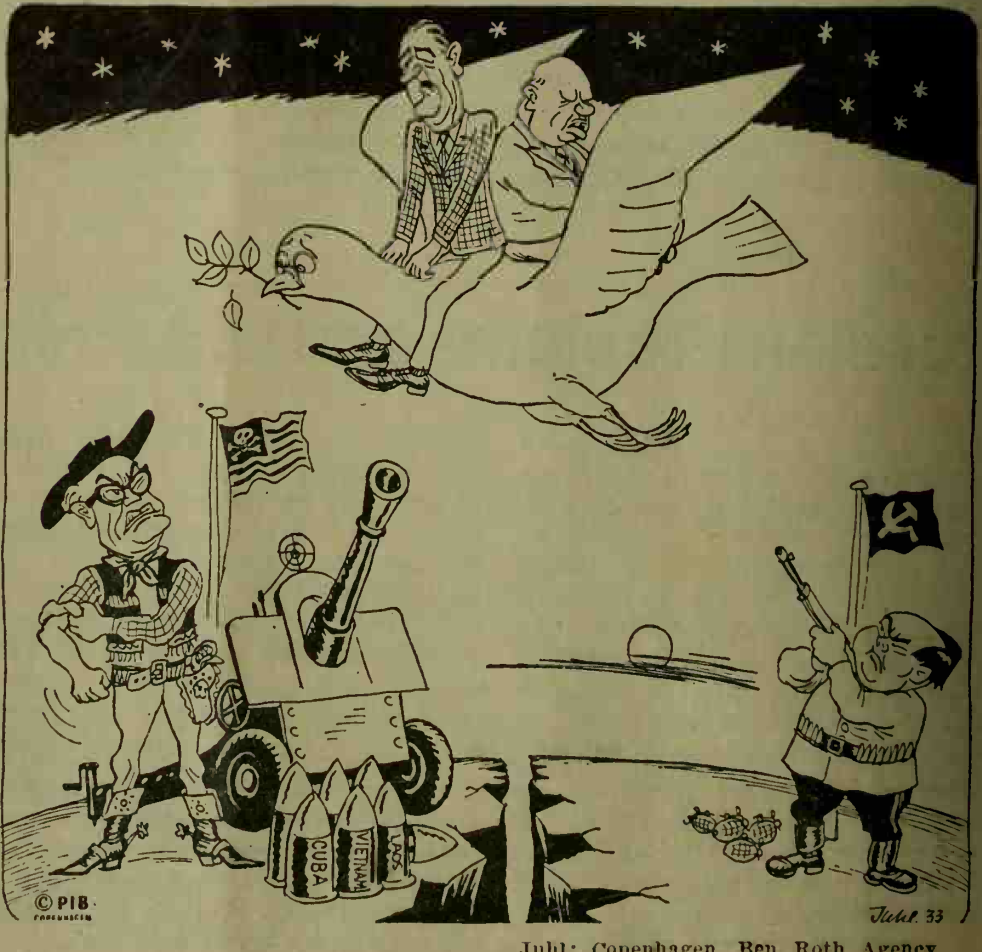
The immediate purpose of the reshuffle has been to strengthen the Party Secretariat at a time when the prestige of the First Secretary has been slumping and the party hierarchy has felt the need for firmer or steadier leadership. Disappointment with Mr. Khrushchev's domestic and foreign performances, though never publicly voiced, has been widespread. The major domestic reason for it is that for some time now the standard of living has been almost stagnant, with an undeclared wage freeze in force since 1961, or even 1960, and with last year's disastrous crops entailing a decrease in food consumption.

Popular disillusionment has expressed itself in various forms, *inter alia*, in nostalgic sighs after the "good old days" of the Stalin era, "when at least we did not have to purchase our daily bread from foreigners." It is with an eye to this sort of crude pro-Stalinism, resurging from the poorest and least educated strata of the working class, but with an eye also on the "revisionist" discontent of the intelligentsia, that Mr. Khrushchev announced, and that the Supreme Soviet voted for, sweeping rises in the wages and salaries of 18 million people. The wage freeze has been abandoned in a manner calculated to mollify workers and employees with the lowest incomes. Their pay rates have been increased by 12 to 40 per cent. The national minimum wage has been raised from 40 to 45 rubles per month. As a result, the national wages bill has grown by 3,300 million rubles a year, a sum far greater than the total annual investment in the chemical industry, which has been accorded top priority in the industrial program. At the same time, the benefits of a State-sponsored pension scheme are being extended to the collective farmers who nominally are not State employees.

Significantly, the "underprivileged" and the underpaid are the beneficiaries of the new wage scales: doctors and teachers on the one hand, and workers employed in housing, trade, catering and public services on the other. Once again, as in the years 1958-61, discrepancies between high and low earnings are being reduced. The government is paying a more or less reluctant tribute to the egalitarianism of the masses.

But is the government not afraid that the increased purchasing power of 18 million citizens is going to have inflationary effects? Will the supply of consumer goods keep pace with the rise in the earnings? Of course, the fact that most of the benefits go to those employed in the distribution of consumer goods and in public services is itself calculated to make the supply of such goods and services more efficient, and perhaps even more abundant. Also, the output of industrial consumer goods is growing quite rapidly. The food situation, however, is less promising because it reflects the unsatisfactory state of agriculture. The deficit of meat and fats has been chronic, even if the grain shortage has been only temporary. This year's harvest will be much better than last year's, but it will not be overabundant: there have been droughts in some parts of the Ukraine and European Russia, and on the virgin lands the soil erosion could not yet have been made good. The pension scheme for the farmers is intended as an incentive to production; but that is a long-term incentive, and it may be years before its effects are felt. (In the meantime, Mr. Khrushchev has cracked a whip over the collective farmers, telling them that the government cannot go on paying them the present prices for grain, which are twice as high as those it pays the State farms.)

The rise in earnings means that the effective demand for foodstuffs is going to rise steeply; to avoid a scramble, the government evidently contemplates large-scale imports from abroad. It also plans to stockpile grain in quantities sufficient to cover anything from 50 to 100 per cent of the annual urban consumption—that is, from 25 to 50 million tons of grain. At least part of this reserve will have to be obtained from Canada, Australia and other countries (including the United States), from whom the USSR bought 12 million tons of grain last year. Eastern Europe, too, will have to go on covering its grain

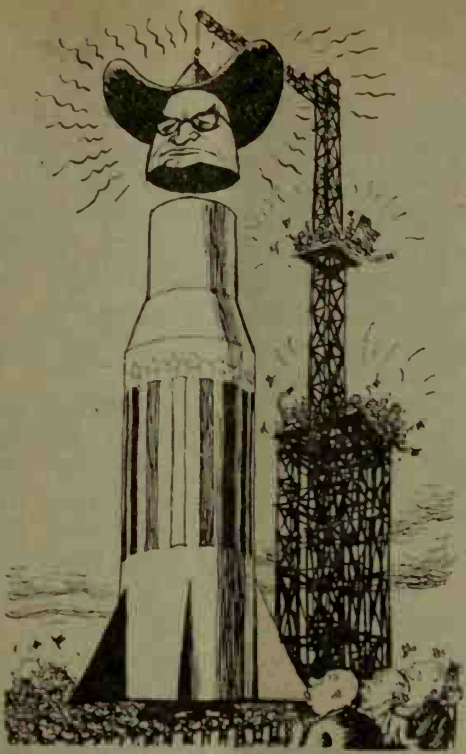


Juhl: Copenhagen. Ben Roth Agency.

deficits by purchases in the West.

Thus, the economic policy which Mr. Khrushchev presented to the Supreme Soviet last week presupposes a further expansion and intensification of trade between Russia and the West. This, in turn, presupposes a lot of things: the West's, especially the United States', willingness to maintain the *détente*, to trade with Communist countries, to lift embargoes, and to effect further cuts in defense budgets. If these preconditions were not to materialize, Mr. Khrushchev's policy would be suspended in a vacuum, and the Soviet economy would be exposed to dangerous inflationary pressures.

It is clear from all this that Senator Goldwater's sudden and triumphant emergence in the role of Republican candidate for the American Presidency must have a strong impact upon the USSR's domestic scene as well as upon its foreign policy. Moscow no more expected Goldwater's triumph than did anyone else, and its policy makers are stunned by the new hurricane of anti-communism that rose from the Republican Convention at San Francisco and may now be sweeping across the states. Mr. Khrushchev and his advisers must wonder whether President Johnson will or can continue the "Kennedy policy" vis-à-vis Russia, or whether he will seek to obtain victory over Goldwater by demonstrating that no one can outdo him, the Democratic President, in anticommunism.



Illingworth: London Daily Mail
Ben Roth Agency

The Warhead

The Kremlin must, in any case, begin to reckon with a prospect which its ideologues have till now dismissed as unreal: the prospect of a possible resumption of the cold war and the arms race, and of a return to austerity at home, to tighter belts and tighter discipline. Should this prospect begin to materialize, the Russians would have to move much more cautiously in their controversy with the Chinese. Just now the Maoists are blaming Khrushchev even for Goldwater's success, speaking of the collapse of all the illusions connected with the Khrushchevite version of peaceful coexistence. "Goldwaterism," they say, "is what you get when you seek to appease American imperialism!" The taunt is highly embarrassing to Khrushchev. Many Communist leaders have, in any case, held that he was overplaying his hand against Mao; and the latest events in the United States will strengthen them in this conviction.

Will Moscow then, under the rude shock from San Francisco, try on the quiet to mend its relations with Peking? This is hardly the mood in which Mr. Khrushchev met Gomulka and other Communist leaders in Warsaw. But Mr. Brezhnev or Mr. Mikoyan may well try conciliation. Mr. Mikoyan is particularly well suited for the job. Though he is a convinced adherent of "peaceful coexistence" and is as much opposed to Maoism as is Mr. Khrushchev himself, he is known to be critical of the Khrushchevite handling of the Russo-Chinese controversy, and to favor a less belligerent and less offensive approach to Peking. The question is whether the Maoists are inclined to respond to any conciliatory approach. They have been growing more and more aggressive in their hostility to Khrushchev, and may now be bent on extracting from the American elections the maximum ideological advantage for themselves and the maximum embarrassment for Khrushchev. However, the Senator from Arizona may yet help to soften the Russo-Chinese antagonism: if with the call for the anti-Communist crusade he were to proceed in triumph to the very gates of the White House, the Russians and the Chinese might well feel compelled to close their ranks and reassert their alliance.

Tennessee

Students Get the Vote Out . . . .

R. V. Denenberg

Somerville, Tenn.

In economic and racial terms, the dusty fields of sharecropped cotton and the segregated rest-rooms in the county courthouse make Fayette County seem like a piece of Mississippi caught behind the Tennessee state line. But there is one big difference—more than 4,000 of the 17,000 Negroes in Fayette County are registered to vote.

If this puts the region five or ten years ahead of Mississippi, it presents the forty students and graduates who comprise the field force of the Cornell Committee for Free and Fair Elections in Fayette County with the problem of assaulting the second line of Southern white resistance to Negro enfranchisement. For while the rest of the civil rights movement in the South concentrates on the primary goal of registration, the Cornell group is attempting the more delicate task of turning mere registrants into voters and, most important, voters whose votes will be counted.

On August 6, a bitter, often violent, five-year struggle for Negro registration comes to a climax in the county election. The white man's hold on the county government is being challenged by a white farmer, L. T. Redfearn, and a Negro pastor, Rev. June Dowdy, independent candidates for sheriff and tax assessor respectively. L. T. Redfearn is a white man whom White Citizens

Council types consider a "traitor to his race," and whom the students look on as something of a walking miracle. A blond, blue-eyed country gentleman who is a master of chicken barbecue oratory, Redfearn has been campaigning for sheriff for the past five years on a platform whose dominant theme is enforcement of the law without regard to the color of a man's skin. It was he who touched off the voter registration struggle in 1959 when, as a candidate for the Democratic Party nomination for sheriff, he publicly asked for the votes of the fifty Negroes then registered. When they tried to vote, the local Democratic Party declared a white primary, whereupon Redfearn and twelve Negroes asked a federal court for an injunction. In 1960, the court enjoined the party from holding white primaries, but the election was over. Stirred by the refusal of the white administration to let them vote in the primary, the Negroes began pouring into Somerville to register.

That was the beginning of the time of troubles in Fayette County. Retaliating against the mass registration, landowners evicted Negro sharecroppers from their land and their homes, and forced them to erect the infamous Tent City on the land of a Negro farmer. Merchants refused to sell anything, including food and gasoline, to Negroes whose names were on a black list drawn from the electoral rolls. The banks refused farm loans in the crucial planting season, and withdrew all credit from black-listed Negroes. At the end of 1961, the Negroes again filed suit, and this time were granted a court order enjoining about seventy-five landowners, merchants and bankers from using economic pressure to prevent registration.

Cornell's involvement in Fayette County began at the end of last summer when Charles Haynie, a former Cornell graduate student who had spent the summer here, returned to the campus and told a group of friends about the upcoming election in which the Negroes would once again attempt to assert their right to vote. The Committee for Free and Fair Elections in Fayette County was formed, more than $10,000 was raised, and forty students, about one-fourth of them girls, volunteered to go to Fayette County. Dubbed "Freedom Riders" by Negroes to whom they are a familiar sight as they drive about in their dust-covered automobiles, the students have been here since mid-June helping Negroes to register and compiling lists of Negro voters district by district.

Haynie, who is directing field operations for the project, has said that he is "amazed at the way they have been able to make contact with Negroes. In a very short time they have established a firm rapport."

Relations with the white community have been less cordial. Although the students try to avoid contact with local whites, they are vulnerable as they travel the roads in twos or threes. Several of them have been beaten by local whites who run their cars off the road or wait in ambush. A car in which two students were riding was hit by buckshot as it passed a white man's store, but luckily the windows were rolled up. The next day a Coke bottle shattered the windshield as the pair drove past the same place.

Landowners often threaten to kill students who set foot on their property. The students have also been subjected to the usual sort of Southern judicial harassment. Two were arrested for trespassing while talking to a Negro sharecropper on his front porch. Their bail was set at $700, and they eventually were fined $10 for disorderly conduct.

But the smell of violence is less acrid here than in some other areas of the South, in part, at least, because white people are more likely to have to answer for their crimes. If the sheriff will not take notice of serious attacks or threats, the FBI in Memphis will at least come out to investigate. Their agents have been here so often that the white residents are beginning to think the students have special connections in Mr. Hoover's office, although the FBI has never taken any action.

Living in groups of two or three with Negro families in each of the county's fifteen electoral districts, the students are engaged principally in what is usually called voter education. But that term, if it conveys the tie-and-jacket primness of the social worker, hardly applies to the problems that arise on the back roads of Fayette County. Although most eligible Negroes are registered, not all have voted, and few have voted more than twice since the 1960 registration drive. They are ignorant of simple electoral procedures, and they must learn every detail lest they be dis-

Nick Lawrence

Cornell Student and First Voter

R. V. Denenberg, member of the Committee for Free and Fair Elections, graduated from Cornell University in June. He was editor-in-chief of the Cornell Daily Sun.

qualified on a technicality. Tennessee has no literacy test for voting but illiteracy is appallingly high, and ways must be found for those who cannot read to identify the names on the ballots.

But besides instructing the Negroes in how to vote, the students must convince them that they should vote. Here, as elsewhere in the South, the shackles on the Negro people are self-made in apathy, as well as forged by the white man. Because the individual Negro is often unwilling to jeopardize his own precarious welfare for the unsure hope of a vague social improvement, it is difficult to sustain a registration drive. Obviously the resolution of Fayette Negroes is high, but the tendency persists among some of them not to bother with the formerly forbidden fruit of voting so long as they themselves are "doing all right." Ten acres and a team of mules are often enough to take a man's mind off voting.

The student workers visit every house in their district, urging the unregistered to register and the registered to vote. When they meet opposition or reluctance, they discuss, explain, coax, cajole and berate, trying to reach the tender spot of self-guilt that the Negro feels when he realizes that by his inaction he is partly to blame for the plight of his people. In some cases the fears are real. The memory of mass evictions during earlier registration drives is still alive, and after the last registration day in July, at least one family had to pay the boss man's price by vacating house and land. Asked one student who watched the family move off in a horse-drawn wagon piled high with belongings, "What do you tell them now? Sometimes you really have to be careful about putting pressure on someone who's in a tight situation with his landowner. He's the one who might have to move, not you."

As most of the students quickly discovered, it is often difficult to avoid "putting the pressure on," because white skin carries authority. Shaking hands with Negroes and always calling them "Mr. and Mrs." will not easily overcome the habit of servility, and the "yes sirs" of reply are too often responses to orders rather than words of agreement. The Cornell group has an uneasy feeling that some people who went to the courthouse to register in June and July did so not because they saw the reason for it but because a white man had told them what to do.

But unquestionably the great majority of Negroes in Fayette County draw the very obvious distinction between the native whites and the students, and their gratitude and admiration for the latter are almost boundless. "They've risked their lives to help us" is frequently heard — an appreciation which, when mixed with common religious analogy, tends to make of the students almost messianic figures. A Negro minister in church told his congregation, "They came like Jesus to save us."

Religion and the Negro churches are so inextricably involved with civil rights here that the movement takes on almost the spiritual character of a political revival, a *risorgimento*. Registration and voting, as one student noted, have become almost a religious obligation; from the pulpits roll thunderous reminders that God helps those who help themselves.

The little Negro church buildings, curiously devoid of any religious objects or adornments, are the only available meeting places for mass meetings, which thus usually begin and end with a prayer and hymn and in general combine the characteristics of a political rally and a church service. The students quickly discovered the Negroes' appreciation of the fine art of preaching, and began turning their speeches at these meetings into Biblically cadenced harangues which draw rhythmic responses from the audience. "That's right!" the audience shouts in unison when a good point is made.

At these meetings the students attempt to encourage an attitude of responsibility toward voting. Negroes are reminded that their schools are inferior, their roads unpaved, and themselves little better than their slave grandparents because they do not exercise their right to vote. As a minister and a candidate, the Reverend Dowdy often emphasizes the same theme. "We don't want to take over the county," he intones in his Solomonic voice, "but we do want to have a part in it. If you let someone else run your life, then you're a 'boy' even if you're eighty." Usually the elder leaders and candidates Redfearn and Dowdy will speak at these meetings; incumbent sheriff Pattat has refused invitations to speak, reportedly excusing himself because he does not like mixing church and state.

Having invaded the electoral rolls in force, and having presented candidates for the two most important offices in the county, the Negro electorate is still left with the problem of getting its votes counted. The difficulty in wresting control of the government from the white man is that he counts the votes. To Negroes here this often appears an insuperable obstacle, for The Man is at once the sheriff and the elections commissioner who says who has been elected sheriff. They have seen how it works. Negro voters in district seven on the west side of the county will tell you how they stood in line outside the polling place in October, 1961, perhaps fifty deep all day long, and during those hours hardly a white man was seen to enter the place. And yet Redfearn carried the district by fewer than twelve votes — and it was the only district he carried.

Negroes will also tell you about ballots dropped onto the floor instead of into the ballot box, of ballots marked in advance with the registrar's choice, and of having to fill out a "secret" ballot on a grocery counter with a crowd of cracker-barrel loungers peering over your shoulder.

"I watched him," an old Negro man was saying. "I watched him when he made like he was going to drop my paper into the box. He put it all the way in the slot but he kept his hand on it. I suppose he pulled it right out again when I left there."

So the Cornell volunteers keep reading their battered, yellow-covered copies of *Tennessee Election Laws 1963-1964*, circling the applicable sections, hoping that in the heart of States' rights territory the white man will at least respect the laws of his state when directly confronted by them. But there is no telling. Even if it is read to him like the Riot Act, there is no telling that Section 2-1318, allowing any voter to watch the counting of the ballots, will have an effect on a poll official who is determined not to have any "damn nigger" check his tally.

But at least in this election the Negroes will have the benefit of preparation and organization. For several weeks the students have been gathering affidavits from Negroes who voted in the last election and who saw illegal procedures in various polling places. Copies of these are being filed with the county elections commission, the state elections commission, and the United States Department of Justice, as a sort of prior protest, warning that the same abuses are likely to occur in this election. On election day a student will be posted outside each polling place to determine from the accounts of emerging Negro voters how the balloting is being conducted. If there are any irregularities, a suit charging fraud will be filed in federal court.

Nor will Negroes have to submit meekly to the chicanery of white poll officers, for the students plan to introduce an electoral safeguard unheard of in Fayette County elections — poll-watchers. In every district students are selecting Negroes to serve as poll-watchers and training them to spot illegal procedures. The poll-watching, however, can be successful only to the extent that the students can predict the kind of sleight of hand that will be practiced by the officials, and secondly and less tangibly, the extent to which the Negro watchers will be able to overcome the inhibitions of a lifetime by protesting the action of a white man to his face.

Certainly the most far-reaching and permanent effect of this summer's sojourn of forty college students will be the Negro political organization which they will leave behind them. When they arrived in Fayette County, the students found a skeleton organization composed of the district leaders of the original Fayette County Civic and Welfare League. Headed by John McFerren, a gas station operator, the leaders are a group of tough men who successfully carried out the registration drive in the face of great personal danger, and who gave the county a civil rights foothold unusual for the South. But even for the most energetic of these leaders the districts were too large, the residents too scattered and the means of communication too meager for effective organization. Even a team of two or three students with a car found that mobilizing a district for meetings proved a full-time occupation. The remedy was to divide the districts into sections, small areas such as one road or an intersection, headed by a section leader chosen by the student team and the district leader. The students began holding section meetings, of perhaps fifteen to thirty people, small manageable discussion groups meeting in the evening around a milk can full of Kool-aid in a Negro's home. These meetings are opportunities to give demonstrations of voting, to spread information about registration and voting dates, and in general to talk the long-absent talk of politics. One team even uses its meetings to teach the structure of the federal government by dramatizing the enactment of the civil rights bill.

Like the precinct clubs of the middle-class cities, sections and section meetings are the basic units of a political organization which now includes almost every registered Negro in the county and which has fostered the development of more than seventy-five political leaders. Gradually the students are shifting more and more responsibility onto the shoulders of the section leaders, who eventually will form a corps of political activists spread throughout the county. With these men and women providing the initiative, Fayette County Negroes will have a highly articulate and strikingly efficient organization which will be a political force in the state as well as in the county.

The ultimate effect of this organizational vitality can be seen already in the recognition by at least one state politician of the power of the Negro voting bloc. Congressman Ross Bass, the most liberal of the three men seeking the Democratic nomination for Estes Kefauver's Senate seat, is eagerly courting the support of the Negro leadership of Fayette County for the votes he knows they can deliver against the heavily segregationist vote his opponents are likely to drum up among the white people of the county. What Bass's interest proves is that the organized voting power of Negroes in the South cannot much longer be overlooked by a candidate. Though the tenor of politics is certainly less harshly racial in Tennessee than in other parts of the South, it is obvious that, in those hundreds of counties from the Mississippi Delta to the Carolinas where Negroes are anywhere from a third to a majority of the population, straight segregationist platforms would splinter in the face of organized voting blocs.

In Fayette County even local politics, presumably the toughest nut, is cracking under the pressure of an imminent mass turn-out of Negroes on election day. The incumbent sheriff himself has been handshaking his way across the Negro hinterland, in an eleventh-hour campaign to remind his new constituents that he has been a paragon of fair and impartial law enforcement. But those Negroes who saw him turn his back while hoodlums beat their children and threw acid on them during a sit-in demonstration in Somerville last year find Sheriff Pattat's claims ludicrous. Moreover, Pattat has been playing both sides in this election, campaigning among the Negroes but assuring whites that he has not gone soft. Referring to a statement Pattat reportedly made, an old man struggled to his feet at a recent church meeting to declare, "We're not going to vote for any man who says he'll win with 'the damn nigger vote.' "

At this time it seems that a substantial number of white voters are defecting to Redfearn, partly because of normal dissatisfactions after a four-year administration, but also because in the past five years Redfearn's unswerving and persevering straightforwardness has been made the more noticeable by Pattat's constant equivocation and shifting of position. Pattat, for example, promised the white community that he would not hire Negro deputies, as Redfearn proposed in his 1961 platform, but when the threat of Negro voting power grew, Pattat did outfit two Negroes with uniforms and pistols for use in policing Negro cafés and Fourth of

July picnics. Furthermore, white people who are primarily interested in honest government are displeased by Pattat's failure to clean up this dry county's bootlegging operations. The bootleggers, both white and Negro, are to a man Pattat's staunchest supporters, an example of the classic political entente which flourishes in many Southern counties as a result of legislated abstemiousness.

However, the Cornell students scrupulously try to maintain a strict neutrality, both in public speech and private conversation with Negroes, for they see their function as solely the securing of voting rights. Advocating a candidate is looked upon as a misuse of influence. This should prove comforting to the students at Cornell who opposed the grant by the student government of $1,000 to the project. The grant proved to be the most controversial issue on the Cornell campus in recent years, when a group of students petitioned for a recall referendum, charging that the money of the university was going to a "partisan" political effort, and that students therefore were being compelled to donate to a political cause. Defenders of the grant argued that the project was essentially voter registration and education, and that this was not tantamount to "partisan" activity simply because the voter would vote for someone.

Here in Fayette County, it is clear that partisanship is not the issue. The August election will, of course, decide who is to keep the peace and who collect the taxes, and to the Negro voters that is not unimportant. But much more important is the fact that this election will prove that the "Whites Only" sign has at last been removed from the ballot box.

The Ghetto Ignites . . . . Woody Klein

The riots in Harlem, Brooklyn and Rochester, N.Y., have left the nation's Negro civil rights leaders in an agonizing dilemma.

If, as necessity and common sense dictate, they ease up on the pressure which they have been applying all over the country, they run the near certainty that a large segment of the Negro masses will join the more militant groups to the political left and right. If they continue to hold demonstrations and other public protests in the streets, they may stir up the so-called "white backlash" vote to the point where enough ordinarily middle-of-the-road Americans might sweep Arizona Senator Barry M. Goldwater into the White House.

Spokesmen representing a majority of the major civil rights groups have issued an appeal to their membership to observe a "broad curtailment if not total moratorium" on all demonstrations until after the November election. However, James Farmer of CORE and John Lewis of SNCC felt unable to sign the appeal and it remains uncertain that the call will be heeded in the grassroots of the movement.

The bloody outbreak against the police in Harlem, touched off by the fatal shooting of a 15-year-old Negro boy by an off-duty police lieutenant, has cast a grim shadow over the national civil rights drive. Just when it had appeared that the sun was rising on the Negro's aspirations, Goldwater's nomination dimmed the hopeful rays of the Civil Rights Act. The withdrawal of Alabama Governor George Wallace as a Presidential candidate created a few more dark clouds. Then came the riots in New York City and upstate—with others still threatening on the horizon.

Rising from the long-forgotten ghettos in the North is a mounting tide of Negro resentment. These blacks feel that they have been bypassed during this year of momentous change in the South; and they are bitter about the double standards of Northern white liberals who give willingly to freedom fighters south of the Mason-Dixon line but look upon the Negro in the urban slum almost as a permanent fixture.

Negroes in Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles—all over the country—are beginning to cry out for recognition. And this reaction could produce a situation a lot worse, it is feared, than the ugly violence Americans have witnessed in Mississippi. It could be worse because the pent-up emotions of millions of Negroes in the stifling slums of the North—where few whites have ever been—might not be controllable much longer.

In the South, it is argued, the Negro's cause has been led by nonviolent churchgoers. The people are well organized, closely knit, and they have concentrated on such specific goals as voter registration, desegregated lunch counters and schools. They have chosen economic boycotts and passive resistance. For decades they have successfully used the strategy of turning the other cheek.

Equally important, they have been led essentially by one man—Dr. Martin Luther King, a deeply Christian man who has mixed soft encouragement with forceful oratory, compassion with hard-boiled negotiation tactics.

In the North, there is an overabundance of leaders but the goals are not clearly defined. There is also the corrupting influence of Negro politicians — the "Black Tammany" leaders — who often thrive on the condition of virtual bondage in which their constituents find themselves.

And the Negro extremists do not find the same fertile ground in the rural South as they do in the socially sick big cities of the North. A strange mixture of black Fascists and black Communists is flourishing in the Northern ghettos today.

Although municipal officials frequently affirm their belief in the "open city," the concept of "quality, integrated education," and "jobs for all" regardless of race, some students of the rights movement insist that up to now it has been more difficult for a Negro to "make it" in the North than in the South. In the South he has at least known where he stood.

The Northern Negro has had "freedom" a lot longer than his

Woody Klein, a reporter for the New York World-Telegram, *broke the* HARYOU-ACT *story earlier this summer. His* Let in the Sun, *a book on politics and poverty in New York, will be published by Macmillan this fall.*

Southern counterpart, but he has nothing more to show for it. The subterfuges used to avoid city, state and federal laws against bias have been refined by long practice. What's more important, they have worked—enabling whites to bar Negroes from places to which they officially have been encouraged to come. For this reason, because of the hypocrisy it implies, the Northern Negro is even more bitter and certainly as angry as any of his black brothers down South.

The injustices of the South have been well publicized. Now it appears to be the Northern Negro's moment on stage. There is every expectation that he will not want to give up that moment, especially if it means letting go of the only hope he has known in 100 years.

For this reason some of the most influential Negro spokesmen want to keep the kettle boiling. "It seems to me quite essential now that we continue our pressure in order to keep our friends honest," says Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). "Otherwise, the tendency will be for our friends, President Johnson and the Democrats, to adopt the conventional political strategy of moving toward the middle when they're faced with a threat from the right, and this would be disastrous to the civil rights cause. I cannot conceive of CORE supporting any move to cancel demonstrations from now on."

On the other hand, Roy Wilkins, veteran executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, apparently feels that public protests have reached the point of diminishing returns. Just hours after the Harlem riots had broken out, he fired off telegrams to other major national Negro leaders in which he declared:

"The promise of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 could well be diminished or nullified and a decade of increasingly violent and futile disorder ushered in if we do not play our hand coolly and intelligently."

Wary of further demonstrations such as the one held by CORE which led to the Harlem melee, Wilkins said the succession of events since Goldwater was nominated amounted to "the sternest challenge we have yet seen. There is no safety in the assumption," he continued, "that Goldwater cannot win the election. He can win it and he can be helped to win it if enough wrong moves are made. We must insure that without modifying any essential position we do nothing to produce votes for Goldwater."

His appeal was directed in the telegrams to Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League; Farmer; Dr. King, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; A. Philip Randolph, international president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; and Lewis, national chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). Wilkins, Young, King and Farmer are generally regarded as the "Big Four" Negro rights leaders.

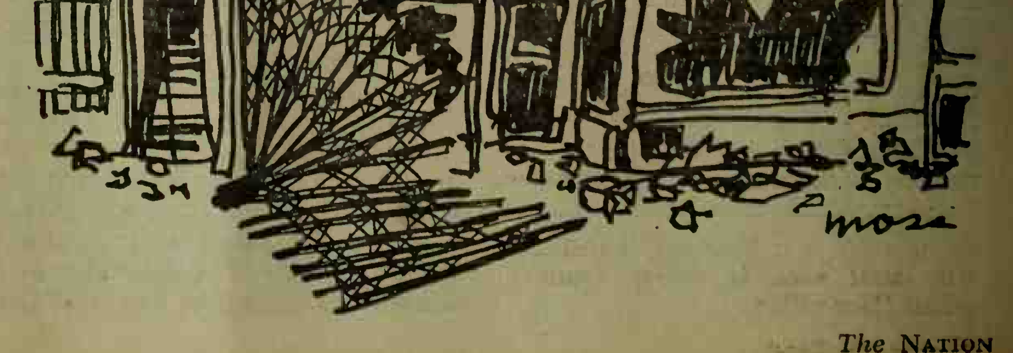
Farmer, who has had to show his militancy in order not to lose his following to the extremists, was criticized by some whites after the Harlem riots for going into the streets and allegedly provoking the raging mobs with inflammatory remarks about the police. Farmer shrugs off this criticism: "What was our alternative? Should we have stayed home and surrendered an opportunity to fight for the Negro? There was no point in giving up areas like Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant to the racists, to those groups which spread hate and violence," he declared in an interview after the disorder.

"Somebody has to walk the dangerous road," Farmer told a reporter who asked him why he risked his national reputation. "Somebody has to keep in contact with both the white middle class and the Negro masses, knowing all too well that neither will be satisfied. There is no real communication now. Neither side understands the other's dilemma."

Farmer's point has been well received by other leaders in Harlem, who have known for a long time that they must begin to pull together. The Urban League of Greater New York, normally aloof from street demonstrations and street leaders, now advocates that groups like the Black Nationalists be included in conferences with municipal officials. Urban League officials apparently feel that, as in the case of the Chinese Reds, it would be better to meet with the extremist groups and thus keep an eye on their activities.

As for the basic cause of the New York riots, most informed observers put little stock in the theory first advanced by City Council President Paul R. Screvane at the height of the crisis that they were Communist-inspired. Comments Farmer: "In a sense, this is an insult to the Negroes in Harlem because it means they wouldn't have enough sense to feel discontent or to feel anger and frustration at the age-old ills unless some Communist came along and told them to do it. This was a war—a war between the citizens of Harlem and the police."

It was generally agreed, after the calm was restored, that although extremists may have fanned the flames of discontent, they did not plan and execute the riot in any organized manner. More likely, evidence such as looting of the predominantly white-owned stores on



125th Street indicated that the blowup was fashioned by a criminal element as well as by an army of unemployed youth. There is little doubt that it was spontaneous, directed primarily against the white businessman in Harlem and the white policeman everywhere.

Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, the outspoken Negro politician who represents a large segment of Harlem, had this to say: "This was not a race riot. The black man is mad, mad with continued police brutality of white policemen. He's been mad as far back as I can remember. The black man has never received justice in cases of police brutality." Powell, long a controversial figure, remained out of New York to avoid a warrant for his arrest in connection with a $46,500 judgment obtained against him by a Negro widow who sued him for libel.

Harlem's leading weekly newspaper, *The Amsterdam News*, assessed the situation this way: "At the seat of this trouble," read its editorial, "is the strong public feeling that no matter how brutally policemen may treat a citizen of Harlem, there is the feeling that any charge against that policeman will be whitewashed." James Booker, a veteran newsman on the *News*, gave this personal estimate: "Just about every explosive situation [in Harlem] has developed after a local community rally because police just didn't know how to handle the situation and panicked. Harlem residents are tired of politicians' unfulfilled promises, of civil rights doubletalk from City Hall, of slickly written press releases, instead of positive action by government leaders, and of hand-picked Negro politicians and government officials who serve as apologists for their bosses rather than as spokesmen for their community while enriching their personal pockets and moving to the suburbs."

The "activists" in Harlem may not have started the battle, but once it erupted they kept it going. Jesse Gray, the militant leader of last winter's unprecedented rent strike, seized the initiative the day after the first riot. In a church meeting he called out, in a speech before an emotionally charged audience (filled with Black Nationalists), for "100 skilled black revolutionaries who are ready to die." Negroes, he said, must be ready to participate in "guerrilla warfare."

Malcolm X, the embittered Black Muslim leader who started the Negro supremacists rolling in Harlem last year, was in Cairo attending a meeting of the Organization of African Unity. He wasted no time issuing an ominous warning which his followers back in Harlem echoed: "I am surprised the trouble has been contained to the degree that it has. There are probably more armed Negroes in Harlem than in any spot on earth. If they get involved in this, they'll really have something on their hands."

Other extremists issued equally bold warnings. "I can stop the rioting," boasted James Lawson, president of the United African Nationalist Movement, in the midst of the chaos. "But before I do Mayor Wagner will have to come up to Harlem to listen to our demands."

The divergent views among Negroes in Harlem and in other Northern ghettos make it hard for the country's nationally known Negro spokesmen to enunciate a policy on which the majority of America's 20 million Negroes can agree. But this is the year when politics and civil rights are destined to hold hands. A precarious road lies ahead—so dangerous, in fact, that one noted American Negro writer, James Baldwin, has predicted a civil war.

"It will get worse before we can hope it will get better," he warns. "The turning point may be disaster."

Canada Under Old Glory . . . .

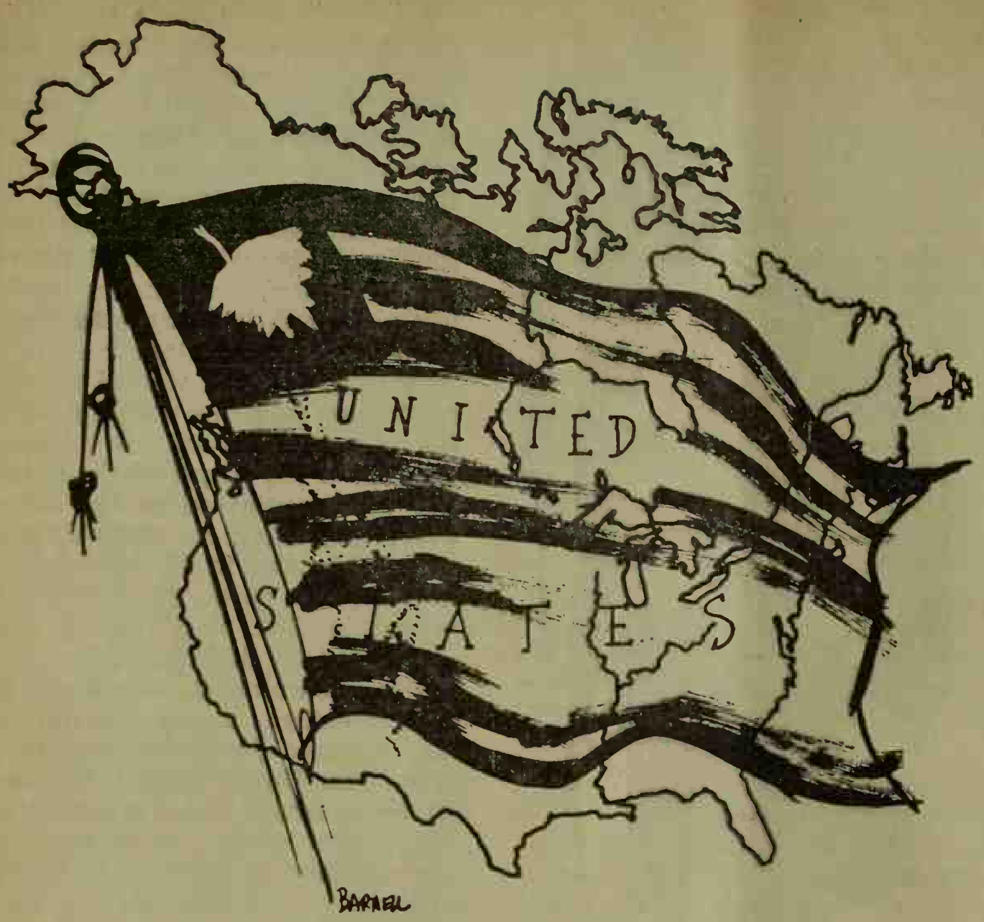
David Cort

Use your imagination: suppose the United States to include states named British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland (including Labrador), plus the Yukon and Northwest Territories (districts of Mackenzie, Keewatin and Franklin); say, ten new states, twenty new senators, and representatives for a population of 19 million, or about the same as California's.

Of course, it is a fantasy, but seemingly remote events have had the effect of making it not an altogether idle fantasy. The first was the European Common Market, based on the American invention of Federal Union. The second was de Gaulle's exclusion of England from the Common Market. This resuscitation of the haughtiness of Louis XIV must have inspired French Quebec, or some minority of it, to threaten to secede as a sovereign nation to be called Laurentie. Canadians began to wonder about their identity.

Maclean's magazine, testing this mood, polled Canadians on whether they would consider joining the United States, and published the results in its issue of June 6, 1964.

David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*



Before looking at this summary of opinion, let us pursue the fantasy a little way. Following a United States-Canada federation, there would first be agonized attempts by the American political parties to capture the very different segments of the Canadian electorate, with the short-term prospects very doubtful. However, the twenty Canadians in the U.S. Senate would certainly improve the climate of that body by liberal, or even just sensible, standards. Southern filibusters would become a bad dream of the unregretted past. The Canadians would contribute their experience with multilateral foreign policy and advanced social legislation; and the Americans might have to learn a little French.

Fifty-nine contiguous American states would sweep from the Arctic ice pack to the Rio Grande, and the land area of the U. S. would approach that of Russia—7.3 as against 8.1 million square miles. The combined sovereignties could manage the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system intelligently instead of competitively. (The Lake Huron water level is dangerously low.) In general, the management of a total continent ought to be more successful than management by halves.

Set against the realization of this fantasy is the peculiar "reality" that Canada is that mysterious and holy concept, a nation firmly established and fully crystallized in the minds of most of its inhabitants. But Canada's self-doubt comes, ironically, just as some forty new nations, with no real credentials or history or concept of nationhood, have been encouraged to invent their identities, their national names, flags, symbols and elites. A wild inflation may have depreciated the concept of nation, and this intuition would naturally have come first to the rational Canadians. (Though Australia and New Zealand have also been discussing union.)

The self-doubt could be ended with the cry, "Rally 'round the flag, boys!" But just at this moment has come the shattering news that Canada has no flag. What it's been using is the British Red Ensign with the Union Jack at upper left and the Canadian shield in lower right. This latter incorporates the English leopards and lion, Irish harp, Canadian maple leaves and fleurs-de-lis. French Quebec takes fleurs-de-lis to be a Bourbon symbol. In this case, it is not; it is the Plantagenet device in the English royal arms and represents that house's claim to the crown of France, not abandoned, believe it or not, until 1801. (Wait until Ghana develops these historical complications.)

Prime Minister Lester Pearson has proposed that the Red Ensign could still be used, but that the official flag of Canada should be a twig of three red maple leaves on a white field bounded by two blue bars ("from sea to sea"). Being autumnal red, the leaves are clearly about to fall, and it soon seemed that Pearson's government might be about to fall too. The new breed objected to any retention of the Red Ensign; the old breed objected to the maple leaves which, to a long-time associate of maple trees, must seem an unexciting sort of national symbol. This safe, meaningless, symbolic issue got the sensible Canadians out on the barricades. "Mobs," so to speak, of old ladies flying the Red Ensign met with smaller but more active groups of young men flying the maple leaf, and elaborately failed to join battle.

The only conclusion to be drawn from all this is that there is some difference of opinion as to what Canada is. (There is, of course, a much wider difference of opinion as to what the United States is, thus perhaps making us even less of a nation than Canada.)

Large numbers of those regarded as true Americans are, in fact, Canadians of the first or second generation: witness only Supreme Court Justice Douglas, Mary Pickford, Walter Pidgeon, Saul Bellow, Fred Astaire, Mort Sahl, Robert Goulet, Raymond Massey, Cyrus Eaton, Leon Edel, and so on indefinitely. The mongrel similarity of the two populations has increased since Canada began accepting non-English immigration in quantity—a million Germans, half a million Italians. The oddities in the two populations are only Negroes and white Southerners and *Canadiens* and Eskimos. In general, a Canadian who crosses the border instantly becomes an average American.

And so *Maclean's* asked a cross section of Canadians whether they would prefer to be Americans, without even crossing the border. The size of the sample, 1,042, though it looks small to me, is said to be representative polling practice.

To this apparently shocking question, 12 per cent gave a loud and clear *Yes*, 17 per cent just said yes, and 9 per cent didn't know.

That is, 29 per cent favored political union, and nobody punched the questioners in the nose.

Among the disadvantaged groups, the percentages of yes voters were far higher; 47 per cent of the unemployed, 43 per cent of those earning under $3,000, 42 per cent of those with only primary education, 40 per cent under $4,000. The lowest percentages were for university graduates, 20 per cent, and the retired, 17 per cent.

As to the consequences of union, only a third of the whole sample thought the resulting political system would be worse, and only 10 per cent thought the Canadian living standard would be worse. The others who had any discernible opinion thought things would be the same or better.

On the less sensitive question of economic union with the United States, an amazing total of 65 per cent voted yes, and 10 per cent didn't know. The percentages ran still higher among: the unemployed, 79 per cent; Quebec, 78 per cent; students, 78 per cent; the Maritime Provinces, 75 per cent. Even university graduates and the retired favored economic union by 62 per cent and 53 per cent.

Actually, economic union is not coming; to a great extent it is now here. As *Maclean's* wryly notes, some $20 billion in American capital has fairly recently bought ownership of more than 90 per cent of Canadian plants, employing in excess of 5,000 workers, and 59 per cent of all Canadian production. In these cases, control is exercised by a parent U.S. corporation, not necessarily in the best interests of the Canadian subsidiary, or of Canada. Canada has unintentionally become primarily a producer of raw materials, which are processed in the U.S. To Canadian businessmen, the attraction of economic union is that it would increase the Canadian market by 1000 per cent, whereas it would add only another 10 per cent to the American market. Canadians who have something to sell feel they would do very well.

Maclean's points out that there are five distinct and progressive stages of economic collaboration: a free-trade area; a customs union; a common market; an economic union; and, finally, economic integration, which in practice almost means political integration. Only the first of these is now under discussion, but it would be easy enough to enlarge the discussion to all five and beyond, if only some statesmen with economic and political imagination would come out of the bushes. It is possible that an entirely original solution will be found for what is an entirely original situation.

In the past, as a mediator between England and the United States, Canada could not afford to accept an either-or position. But today, England and the United States are growing ever closer in economic and political policy. Canada could now join the United States without leaving the community of the British commonwealth in any important sense.

One suggestion, that came from the American columnist Drew Pearson (no connection to Lester), is that Canada should have non-voting seats in the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives, and corresponding seats should be provided for the United States in the Canadian Parliament. Another elementary idea would be a Canadian aide to the U.S. President, and a U.S. aide to the Canadian Prime Minister. Such an official could be the head of a department, with cabinet rank.

Most of the elements of a Canadian-United States commonwealth — common currency, common defense, common language (except for Quebec), common market — are virtually in effect now. The differences lie in foreign policy, postage, tariffs, flag and the War of 1812. But surely Americans can admit that General Brock won the battles of Detroit and Queenston Heights in 1812.

Some Canadians may not prize the concept of a Canadian nation, but many Americans do. The general good sense and amiability of its human and political relations have long been the admiration of a certain kind of American. At first sight, it would be a great pity to lose these qualities from the community of nations, for they are not to be found anywhere else in exactly the Canadian combination of decency, virility and magnanimity. Still, they might have more influence as part of the whole American society.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

exemplars of hope. . . . [As for] Mr. Silberman's discussion on pages 246-48 (again, when "the chips are down") . . . the notion that our big corporations are going to lead "a radical reconstruction of American society" leaves criticism gasping behind. . . .

The discussion of TWO and the University of Chicago was longer in the review I submitted, but the point is not central—the objection, indeed, is not to TWO itself, but to Mr. Silberman's insistence on its importance. . . . The fact is that the university's support for TWO's grant was far more significant on both sides than the fight over its details (which I am pleased TWO won). The housing projects Mr. Silberman so praises . . . follow standard operating procedure in most cities, by giving first priority on the apartment list to people whose homes are in the path of future bulldozers. . . . The successes TWO can claim against the slumlords were made possible largely by amendments to Illinois state law . . . secured by the university's South East Chicago Commission and Mayor Daley's sinister henchmen. . . . *Martin Mayer*

Last resort

New York City

Dear Sirs: Senator Goldwater, asked if he would change his views on "extremism" is reported (*The New York Times*, July 21) to have said, "I'll never change them. . . . I intend to bring out a little more patriotism in this country." At the risk of being called "extremist" myself, I refer the Senator to Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous remark about those for whom "patriotism" is the last resort.

Taylor Adams

More on Quoddy

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: "Reviving Passamaquoddy" (*The Nation*, July 13) by William S. Ellis, is an excellent summary of the project's history and current status. I would add only one bit of news: the Interior Department is completing a new report . . . to be released in the very near future. Indications are that modifications of last year's favorable report will show Quoddy is more feasible than ever.

Marvin Zeldin
Electric Consumers
Information Committee

Correction

An error in the editing of James Diamond's "Okinawa: Trigger in the Pacific" (*The Nation*, June 1) changed his reference to the Japan-U.S. Mutual Security Treaty to the Sino-American Treaty.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Farewell the Plumed Troop . . .

THE WAR DISPATCHES OF STEPHEN CRANE. Edited by R. W. Stallman and E. R. Hagemann. New York University Press. 343 pp. $7.50.

Arno Karlen

The Red Badge of Courage appeared in 1894. It was the first great Naturalist novel by an American, and revolutionary both in its style and its attitude toward war. Harold Frederick was one of the many who felt that ". . . it impels the feeling that the actual truth about a battle has never been guessed before." It cut through the patriotic rhetoric and hussar-regiment romance that was popular then. Jingo patriots and Civil War veterans attacked it as inaccurate, un-American; they also pointed out that the author was twenty-three years old and had never seen the Civil War or any battle at all, for that matter. The readers of F. Marion Crawford and Richard Harding Davis felt that they had been poked in the eye, and they reacted with the gut anger that is provoked today by an honest book on race or sex. Reviewers wrote parodies of Crane's short sentences and color adjectives. Those who saw the enemy in Crane's style and views were right; they *were* being attacked. His Naturalist "objectivity" was a mask for his outrage at social injustice; he took bitter relish in deflation and debunking. *The Red Badge* and Crane's reporting and short stories brought heroic nineteenth-century man down to quivering twentieth-century size. Amy Lowell, Pound and Hemingway were to look back to him as their ancestor in spirit and technique, and today we read the Crane of *Red Badge* as our early contemporary, rather than as a master of a past period.

In 1897, Crane had a chance to match imaginings against experience. He had just gone to England with Cora Taylor, his common-law wife and the former proprietress of what is variously called a club, hotel or whorehouse in Jacksonville, Florida. (The place was named the Hotel de Dream.) Greece and Turkey went to war, and Crane and Cora got jobs as correspondents for the New York *Journal*. Crane wrote to his brother in America, "I am going to Greece for the *Journal* and if the *Red Badge* is not all right I shall sell out my claim on literature and take up orange growing."

Crane sailed for Greece in March, landed in April, attached himself to the Greek army and traveled until late May, writing dispatches about battles, evacuations, hospitals, soldiers, civilians, deserted towns, stray pups — whatever met his eyes. Many of the dispatches, reprinted in this book for the first time, hardly bear reading today—they are flat, rushed, monotonous, with just enough flurries of beautiful language or shrewd observation to tantalize you into going on. A few are consistently good, Crane at nearly his best. But one great virtue shines through them all: the reporter is not pretending to be a recording device, an expert, or a chronicler who somehow stands above the limits of his unique vision. Frankly giving his reactions and opinions to what he sees, Crane muses over the body of a Greek volunteer, aches for old refugees, criticizes the Greek king, talks to soldiers. Here is the freshness of a lone intelligence — cool, ironic, yet capable of great anger and great compassion—cutting through the fog of "objectivity" that turns a human event into a current event. Another correspondent tells in a dispatch that he spoke to Crane in Greece and asked:

> *"Crane, what impresses you most in this affair?"*
>
> *The author of* The Red Badge of Courage *lighted another cigarette, pushed back his long hair out of his eyes with his hat, and answered quietly:*
>
> *"Between two great armies battling against each other the interesting thing is the mental attitude of the men."*

After the dispatches written on the spot, the volume reprints a series of sketches written in Athens just after the end of the war. They are much better than the dispatches, for Crane now had time to detail and order his experiences. Then comes the story "Death and the Child," which draws on his experience in the Greek war, a savagely ironic tale with a Zolaesque insistence that the grimmest truths are truest. Like *The Red Badge*, it tells of an innocent disovering, through his exposure to violence, that the world is worse than hostile, it is indifferent.

When Crane returned to England, he said to Conrad, "My picture of war was all right! I have found it as I imagined it."

A year later, the Spanish-American War began. Drawn again by violence and death, Crane sailed to New York and volunteered for the navy; he was turned down, but got taken on by the New York *World*. He covered Cuba for them, and then the Puerto Rican campaign for Hearst's *Journal*. He returned to England nine months after he had left, irreparably spent by campaigns, fever and the consumption of which he would die in less than a year and a half, at the age of 29.

The early dispatches from Cuba are unevenly interesting. Then Crane turned out several that still stand as first-rate literary works. He described the U.S. Marines in action, insurgents in Cuba and Puerto Rico, the taking of San Juan Hill, the people and politics of Havana, Spanish and American soldiers, officers and officials. Included after the dispatches are two stories based on his Cuban experiences, "The Price of the Harness" and "The Sergeant's Private Madhouse," and sections from his *War Memories* which, like the sketches on the Greek war, written in retrospect, rise above most of the hurried journalism on which they draw.

Crane had proudly proclaimed himself a Naturalist from the age of 18 on, yet his statements implicitly condemn his own style in much of the work presented in this volume—as elsewhere in his writings. Whether at its best, or inferior, Crane's style was a contradiction of Naturalism. Literary Naturalism functioned as an ideology rather than an aesthetic, and the grim social view expressed in *Red Badge of Courage* was typical. But Crane's tragic pessimism is informed by an idiosyncratic poetry which at its best both documents the squalor of war and makes it heraldic. He was rarely able to pass up the chance to use a superlative, and the suppleness of his writing is often marred by a self-conscious phrasing or forced poetic effect. When good, he had a brilliant, unorthodox ear for metaphor and far-flung analogies which he released in shotgun blasts. Like most Naturalists, Crane had inherited more than he knew from the Romantic forebears he

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Arno Karlen has written criticism, translated from French, and published a book of fiction: White Apples *(Lippincott).*

scorned. Not only did he use their pompous diction and *grand guignol* effects, he believed with them that "sincerity" is the ultimate literary virtue, and that in the most literal sense truth is beauty, beauty truth. Translated into Naturalistic doctrine, this meant that neutral observation produces the most beautiful literature.

Crane saw no contradiction between his fancy style and his ideology. The Naturalist dictum was: write of violence, of the poor, of all the things which the bourgeois Romantics do not acknowledge or talk about. They did this, but they had no program of literary techniques. The result was that geniuses like Crane and Joyce, who began by calling themselves Naturalists or Realists, wrote in a way which they should have criticized in their own words as "naughty superfluities of style." They developed unique poetic voices to fill the aesthetic void.

There was another contradiction: despite his Naturalist principles, Crane gives little feeling for society in his fiction except as a backdrop for the dooms of isolated men. His best reporting concentrates on single acts of heroism and cowardice, and the confused senses of bewildered individuals in crisis. His is a world of victims, and his work usually presents a man with a pointless death or humiliation about to drown him, standing terrified before the awful stoniness of time and space without end. The identifying obsession of his writing is the human suffering that remains irrelevant to the universe, where man is forlorn in a desert of otherness. It was from him that Hemingway learned to convey this horror by juxtaposing human pain and the furniture of the world. In "Death and the Child" he wrote:

> *Terror had operated on these runaway people in its sinister fashion — elevating details to enormous heights, causing a man to remember a button while he forgot a coat, overpowering everyone with recollections of a broken coffee cup, deluging them with fears for the safety of an old pipe, and causing them to forget their first-born.*

This is the dizzying confrontation Crane sought in war, having imagined it over and over in his fiction. In his dispatches he often likens people to pebbles and ants. It is the furious realization that men may be just that, in cosmic terms, which lies behind his Naturalist beliefs, behind his bitter insistence on confusion, defeat and death, and behind his amused, ironic descriptions of battleships and battalions as they wheel importantly about just before disaster. This ferocious belittlement doesn't say that man is a gobbet of weak and predictable flesh: it says he is *only* that. But like Conrad, he sees one virtue in this barren, doomed, pitifully comic world: that some men will commit acts of bravery and sacrifice anyway, and that they can warm their hands for a moment at each others humanity before whirling off to destruction.

During his early twenties, Crane tended to be brilliant but shrill in his fiction and poetry; in fact, they could have been written by one man and his reporting by another. In general, the former were the work of an erratic virtuoso who badly needed blue-penciling of forced poetic effects; the latter was strictly self-disciplined but lacking in finish and glitter. (To be absolutely accurate, Crane's fiction lay uneasily between the two extremes, as if he could not decide which way to lean.) Toward the end of his life, Crane was more and more able to reconcile style and ideology, the poet and the reporter in himself. His poetry came to the service of the narrative, and his narrative, both in fiction and nonfiction, gained in beauty, depth and control. The two writers were beginning to come truly to peace about the time he wrote the war dispatches which are therefore especially interesting in the light of Crane's entire work.

The editors have to some extent suggested this by their inclusion of "The Price of the Harness" and "Death and the Child," but they did not closely examine the relationship between reporting and fiction, observation and imagination, Naturalist theory and practice; so they failed to give greater significance to the reprinting of the dispatches. And if they were going to include well-known and widely reprinted stories, why not also "The Open Boat" and "The Men in the Storm" and the journalism on which they were based?

But then the entire principle of selection in this book is obscure. It does not contain all of Crane's unreprinted dispatches and writings about the wars. Some, the editors say, are dull and have been omitted: on the other hand, some that were reprinted are very dull indeed. Yet with whole pieces omitted, footnotes stretch down the bottoms of some pages giving manuscript variants to the texts. Pieces by other journalists are included, but they are sometimes barely relevant to Crane's work. Again, there are detailed notes on some aspects of the wars, but this is no thorough historical reference work on the wars or the reporting on them; why, then, are there footnotes that give in killing detail the tonnage and firepower of ships mentioned passingly in dispatches? So many of the footnotes are so pointless and irrelevant to either history or literature that their presence is first puzzling, then annoying. Other notes, evaluating and commenting on Crane, are often fuzzy and inadequate.

The editors have produced a book that slows down the general reader and scamps the literary questions it raises. It is also useless as a literary source book, as literary history, or as military history. The most uncharitable inference is that the editors and publishers packed the book with extra material, cheap reprints and pretentious but useless notes to make it fat, expensive and seemingly authoritative. The most charitable is that their planning was without intelligence or taste. But Mr. Stallman has already become known as an authority on Crane because of what seems to me embarrassingly wrong-headed criticism. Still, the reader who plows through this opaqueness will be rewarded by a hundred new pages of Crane at his best, a precious addition now available for the first time.

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Bolts of Light

THE QUARRY: New Poems. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. 114 pp. $4.75.

Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

Richard Eberhart is one of our veteran poets, though reading through his new work it seems hard to believe this because he retains so easily his youthful vigor, restless energy, an urgency to speak, impatient with the refinements of his craft, and a vulnerability to the immediacies of experience, whether that experience is a moment of interior revelation, the mind's own dream and memory, or the intrusion of some external circumstance upon the imagination. He has always given us poems which derive from both kinds of perceiving, and the present book, which follows the recent publication of his *Collected Poems* and his *Collected Verse Plays,* does not contradict that practice.

At the center of Eberhart's poetic interests there is an abiding fascination with the range and power of the mind as an instrument of knowledge and of spiritual research. This fascination manifests itself again and again in these new poems; sometimes it appears in a terse, oracular fashion:

The wise man throws bolts of light about the world
From divinations given him in secret sendings.

At other times it is drawn out in longer reflective poems. The book begins with just such a lengthy poem, "The Kite," which treats in a manner partly descriptive, partly speculative, the poet's experiences in flying an extremely intricate kite along the New England sea coast. As the poem progresses through its several sections, a continual shifting of emphasis occurs, from straightforward descriptive writing about the kite, how it operates, and the various attempts — successful and unsuccessful — to launch it, to the larger, more personal and philosophical significance which it and its performance hold for Eberhart. In the second section, entitled "Theory," he explains the symbolic as well as the literal importance he attaches to this sport:

To be a flier of kites is not the least of my desires!
In this you see the symbol of your relation to the universe;
The wind, unseen, is God upon which all is dependent,
Sometimes absent, sometimes present, always possible,
In time. The sail, whether in guise of cerulean
Blue make, undistinguishable at a distance from the sky,
Or almost so, as you are from nothingness, in time,
Or almost so, is soul or spirit, yours,
Which you release to flight, which seems to be free. . . .

Such allegorizing and metaphysical conjecture is, of course, recognizable as a trademark of Eberhart's work; whether we like it or not this philosophical endeavor enters naturally into his rendering of experience. Some of his poems are weakened by this inclination when he allows it to dominate, but that is not the case with "The Kite," where vividness, enthusiasm, flashes of humor and accuracy of detail more than balance the abstract portions.

Eberhart frequently touches on his metaphysical concerns in the course of this collection and returns to them unhampered by any external considerations toward the end, particularly in "The World Situation," "Meditation One" and "Meditation Two." The last finds him exploring the question of style and proceeding from that to reaffirm a view of art and human experience which resembles those he has declared elsewhere. Eberhart believes the poet should be a "relativist," one who gives voice to the truth of momentary perception or vision as it happens, but who may contradict himself from poem to poem by thus being faithful to each intuition. Yet for him the contradiction does not matter since we cannot know an absolute truth but only the insights we are granted and should put down in poems. He comes close here to Yeats's well-known remark, made shortly before his death, "Man can embody truth but he cannot know it." The poem, or the work of art, can for an instant resolve the opposing forces in our ordinary living experience, Eberhart says in "Meditation Two," and the dualism that torments us is transcended by the activity of mind, the creative urge of imagination:

I sing the harmony of the instant of knowing
When all things dual become a unity,
The power of the mind to envisage singleness,
The purpose of the hand to shape lovingness.

By way of contrast with these rather abstract poems Eberhart offers a number of shorter lyrics and several dramatic monologues, including in this last category, "The Lament of a New England Mother," "A Maine Roustabout" and "A New England Bachelor"; another poem, "Ruby Daggett," a portrait of a venerable New England lady, is very near in spirit and conception to the monologues. But the kind of poem at which Eberhart excels is in my opinion the shorter lyric, song or contemplative piece; "The Groundhog," "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment" and "The Horse Chestnut Tree" are good examples of his past achievements in this area. In these and other poems of the type, he manages to combine metaphysical, visionary or moral attitudes in striking images and a compelling music of language, all the while maintaining a highly personal point of view. Some of the recent poems gathered in *The Quarry* stand up well alongside the earlier successes. "Sea Burial from the Cruiser *Reve*" rises to a level of great, though quiet, elegiac dignity. The dispersal of ashes of the dead in ritual gestures and the invocation of the four elements waken deep and spontaneous religious emotions. Economy, control, the spare yet perfect use of imagery make this one of Eberhart's enduring poems:

She is now water and air,
Who was earth and fire.

Reve *we throttled down*
Between Blake's Point and Western Isle,

Then, oh, then, at the last hour.
The first hour of her new inheritance,

We strewed her ashes over the waters,
We gave her the bright sinking

Of unimaginable aftermaths,
We followed her dispersed spirit

As children with a careless flick of wrist
Cast on the surface of the sea

New-cut flowers. Deeper down,
In the heavy blue of the water,

Slowly the white mass of her reduced bones
Waved, as a flag, from the enclosing depths.

She is now water and air,

Ralph J. Mills, Jr., is an assistant professor at the University of Chicago. His study of Theodore Roethke was published by the University of Minnesota Press last December.

Who was earth and fire.

This elegy is not alone among the fine pieces in the book; I should like to mention several others: "Sea-Ruck," "La Crosse at Ninety Miles an Hour," "Loss," "Nexus," "Examination of Psyche: Thoughts of Home," "Flux," "Hardening into Print," "Moment of Equilibrium" and "Looking at the Stars." In each of them one discovers the individual perception and the fulfillment of technique which have made Eberhart the substantial poet he is.

The Franglais Film

Barbara Probst Solomon

Despite occasional successes, the French cinema is in trouble today. Many of the postwar directors have claimed that the prewar cinema suffered from provinciality; indeed, the war against provincialism remains the leitmotiv of all current French thought. The key words now are, of course, alienation, universality and newness of form. But how much of this is a true war against provincialism, and how much of this preoccupation with universality and form is a rationalization for the French inability to come to grips with life as it has really existed in France since the war? New concepts are, after all, only viable when they are used as a means to create a fresh vision of reality, and here I feel that the ideas of the French are not meshing with the films they are actually making.

In the period following the Second World War the French cinema floundered. The German occupation, the heavy burden of genius from a previous epoch, had a stultifying effect. Most importantly, the French suffered an inability to use their own experience cinematically — as the Italians did. None of the chaos, the suffering or dehumanization of that war could be suggested through the French landscape; to have shown France through the camera would have meant pointing out that France, more than other European countries, had preserved its prewar look, a beauty retained at the expense of an inner decay. (I do not mean to suggest that there was neither French resistance nor any physical destruction. I am speaking of how the French felt about themselves as a nation.) It was the only major power to have been occupied by the Germans. The war dealt France a psychic blow, for it was a war lost without ever being fought. Her defeat came from an internal sickness, the moral decay prophesied in Renoir's *Rules of the Game.*

France was bereft of either hero or anti-hero—and in this climate the intellectualization of "universal themes" flourished. Certainly it is striking that since 1945 there have been so few French films on the Second World War. The French director most preoccupied with war, Resnais, found it necessary to leave France to record its horrors. *Night and Fog,* which is first rate, is a documentary of the German concentration camps, and *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* takes place in Japan. Yet *Hiroshima* is not a universal anti-war film either. It is a French film, on the French experience with war, the French feelings of guilt. A thousand years have been spanned in France between the era when the captain in *Grand Illusion* proudly remarks that he says *vous* even to his mother, and the moment when the woman in *Hiroshima* cries "humiliate me, humiliate me."

The lady of Nevers is France's first Southern Faulknerian heroine. Endlessly she tries to find a way out of her history until shame, defeat and confusion explode into nervous passion. The moment she meshes Hiroshima's fate (physical destruction) with France's fate (moral annihilation and non-physical destruction), she becomes released. Once France is an imaginary wasteland, filled with carnage, it absolves itself of the torture of having submitted to the aggressor in order to insure just the opposite. By further involution, since the same country which was guilty of the senseless destruction of Hiroshima had been instrumental in France's liberation-defeat, it can, by fusing two contradictory situations, vent its anger at a country which was casual witness to France's own powerlessness.

The Japanese is many men. He is the missing Frenchman she is both arguing and trying to reunite herself with. He is also of Indo-China and Algeria, the two countries which paid the price of France's loss of military pride. In those long senseless wars France became the aggressor, and this time, by its own brutality, was again morally defeated. These three experiences—with Germany, Indo-China and Algeria—are the reason why France can have no male heroes, and make no films of soldiers at war; this is the core of its tragedy. Hiroshima is a universal experience, but *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* is French. It happened at Nevers; it is why the French do not photograph Nevers.

Indeed, in viewing the films of the past twenty years, one would hardly be aware that after World War II France was continuously at war until the end of the Algerian crisis. Censorship, the fact that much of the national experience was happening *outside* and could not be reflected cinematically within the country, also helped cause this blank. It is only in the past few years, usually in the form of amnesia, that these wars have been touched upon in films.

While the French have remained somewhat disjointed in using their own country as an integral part of the film, the best directors in other countries were able to break away from

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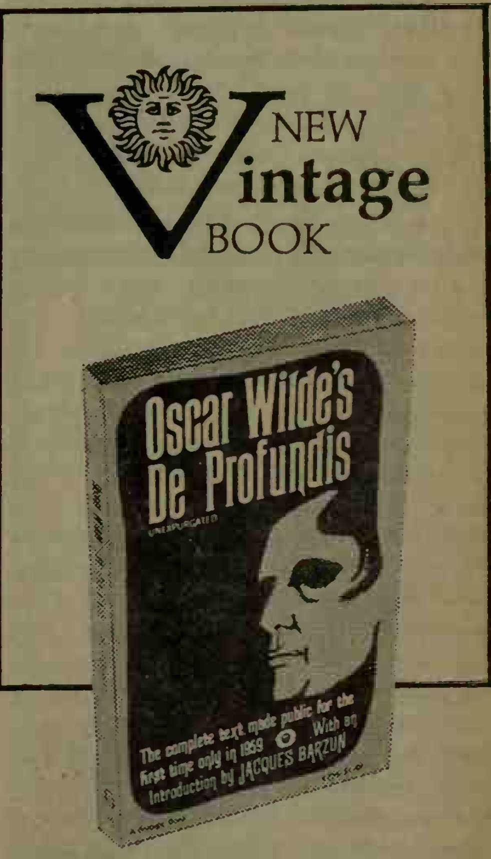
Barbara Probst Solomon is a writer and critic; her new novel will be published by Random House early next year.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the artificiality of Hollywood by using their proper landscape as part of their themes. The harsh bleakness of Sweden, the grimness of Poland, the industrialization of Italy, are part of the truth for Bergman, Wadja, Antonioni. In *8½*, when Serafina, the fat lady, dances on the beach for the small boy, trapped by a Jesuitical background, that boy (the Fellini of *La Strada*, *Vitelloni*) is never lost. Even as a grown man living in the midst of the fashionable international world, he asks—aware that he isn't "everyman"—what became of that boy, of that village? Whatever their style or point of view, none of the Italian directors have abandoned Italy.

Since the war the French have deserted the local. Though some of the films made abroad are good—*The Wages of Fear, The Proud and the Beautiful* and *Black Orpheus*—there is often a sticky quality of Foreign Legion, of France *outre-mer* that clings to them. In leaving France they followed the Hollywood principle of using exotic backgrounds, of exploiting native milieu for color. Thus, while the "local" film was no longer considered to be artistically valid, the French have often committed the sin against which they preach. They traded what they considered local provincialism for foreign exoticism, which is, as Hollywood knows, a brilliant way of avoiding self-examination. (The noncommercial cinema *verité* directors are, of course, a notable exception to all this.)

The young French film-makers have wistfully looked toward Hollywood in another way, claiming our Jimmy Deans and Humphrey Bogarts for their own. While France initially remained visually more static than other countries—not having needed extensive rebuilding, its cities and countryside changed less dramatically than, for example, Italy—the younger generation, aware that restlessness was in the air, wished to capture something which was not yet largely visible within France itself. True, France was undergoing a tremendous technological shift—but what the young directors wished to capture was the *outrageous* quality of modern life within the confines of what remained to be realistic movies. They imposed on the French experience the American mood of restlessness, continuous motion and disaffiliation with any previous society. But since France continued to be a country where narrowness and lack of violent change predominated, a country exasperated with its physical smallness, stifling more from overcommunication rather than solitude and lack of communication, the films made on this theme generally radiated a certain superficiality and falseness of the borrowed. There is a wrong note struck in the drunken orgies of the supposedly wild young people in such films as *Les Cousins*. Our own style of raw, loose and sentimental casualness—even our style of getting drunk—can never be the felt experience of the French; the original inner static is too different.

Only in Brigitte Bardot did the hedonism genuinely work. But Bardot is a local girl, and her great-grandmama is the *midinette* off on a holiday. Never a no-creature, she always retains a sullen individuality, a completeness of self and satisfaction with that self which are the antithesis of lostness. Though she may wear blue jeans, she is never taken over by foreign styles of *being*. During a transitional period when the French were caught between the dichotomy of an undefined present and the glorious past, she defined a creature who was traditional and familiar, while triumphing over change; this quickly made her a popular symbol of the new.

What of the male hero? Weak or strong, he still remained nonexistent. While Antonioni grimly looked at modern industrialization and put it in its proper place as a dehumanizing force, the French, unable to focus on themselves, decided on a love affair with the American gangster. He is the new male film hero. *Breathless* worked precisely because it was a spoof on this love affair. Here is the young French intellectual—a criminal type he was not—making like Humphrey Bogart. With his marvelously vacuous American girl friend, he speeds this way and that in the frenetic American way. While his girl friend, after ratting on him, aimlessly ponders whether or not she loves him, he, after taking a swig of milk, goes to his death. Hunted down by the police, he hesitates, and thus dies the great American sentimental gangster death. He is Humphrey Bogart's first victim. The girl is the thing, though. It is the amorality of her blankness, the high, thin terror of her destructive amiability which Godard, with Gallic clarity, coldly nails down as the American threat. Precisely because Godard knows what he is about, because he remains un-American in his approach, the film succeeds.

Shoot the Piano Player, taken from an American novel, was another marvelous take-off on American films. In it, Truffaut managed a first-rate metamorphosis to the French scene. But the American hero-gangster was essentially a product of our culture. Coming out of an immigrant society, the depression, prohibition and our own violence, he was able to be seen as a hero because of his roots in slum existence and deprivation. To make a gangster-hero film in any terms excepting spoof or "inside joke," there must always be a fundamental anger at the society which bred the hero. This true, indigenous anger existed in France's prewar films: the worker hunted down in *Le Jour Se Lève;* the soldier, a victim of corruption, in *Quai des Brumes*. The new young gangster of the left bank is not authentic.

One of the few films to have attacked contemporary French life as a subject is Truffaut's *Four Hundred Blows*. Through the delinquent boy's eyes we get a glimpse of some true problems of modern France: the working mother, the too-small apartment, parental indifference, hypocrisy, a rigid school system, an antiquated police system. This delinquent is no Marlon Brando in a black leather jacket, zooming off with the gang, for French youth is still very different from American youth—and Truffaut makes no attempt to impose American violence and looseness onto the French scene. The model for *The Four Hundred Blows* is Jean Vigo's *Zero de Conduite* and Truffaut is closer to Vigo, both in attitude and techniques, than any of the other recent crop of directors. In fact, to see once more Vigo's *Zero de Conduite* is to be reminded of how superficial most of the current French films are; of how superbly Vigo, in *L'Atlante*, dealt with a real France while also doing technically just about everything that today is called new.

In Louis Malle's *The Fire Within*—one of the more recent new French films in the United States—it is the American Way of Life which triumphs. After the gangster-hero, we have the boy-male hero, the eternal juvenile in love with himself and *nostalgic for himself*. Like all good Americans he has an ideal of complete happiness. When this fails he commits suicide. He is a mishmash of all modern neuroses, from alcoholism to alienation, plus a touch of Sartre (do you believe in the value of your acts?) and of Salinger *cum* Scott Fitzgerald (oh, what an innocent high jinker I was!). The fakery of the film is appalling, the scenes where our hero visits his friends—presumably lolling about in a decayed château taking drugs—is a *charade* of desperation. And yet the camera does not lie. What one really sees, though this is not the film's intent, is that beneath the preoccupation with fashionable and borrowed ideas, French life remains, at all levels, still solidly bourgeois, firmly rooted in tradition, mannered and decidedly unbeat. It appears to be static and, indeed, very provincial. The French directors remain without a theme apart from experimentation with form. Their preoccupation with American films stems from a belief that our present is the acting out of their future. By superimposing our history and heroes on their own, by over-intellectualizing, by avoiding the steady gaze upon France in the name of being anti-provincial, they have fallen into a worse trap: artificiality, and a borrowed one at that. A French professor recently complained that his language was becoming Franglais. When a country ceases to feel and record its own experience, the death of language is one of the prices paid. It is in this void that the Franglais film has been made.

THEATRE

THE TYRONE GUTHRIE THEATRE

Minneapolis

The Tyrone Guthrie is a laugh theatre. Though certainly versatile, Guthrie's directorial forte is comedy—swinging, vaulting, saltatory. It can be lusty though asexual. It is understanding but not "psychological." It is intelligent rather than profound. It has a healthy, open-air quality. It is fearless because it is without malice.

Something of this rubs off on productions in the present season's program which are not directed by Guthrie himself. This may be due not simply to the infectiousness of Guthrie's influence but to the general youthfulness of the company, which is eager, earnest, unaffected, capable and emotionally callow.

Another element which contributes to the lightheartedness and lightheadedness of this theatre's tone is its audience. It is receptive, full of good will, unspoiled, theatrically unsophisticated. It seeks entertainment and is ready to be impressed by culture. Finding culture in the theatre's plays it is gratified, but one feels that above all it supposes that its theatre's mission, through its leading director, is to make it laugh. There is nothing particularly wrong in this, but I wonder whether in the end the audience may not come to the conclusion that, since serious drama is neither forbidding nor heavy, it is synonymous with just plain fun—a bright kid's view of art.

There is a festival air about the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre which may ultimately serve to give it a resort atmosphere. What is missing is the feeling that the theatre may also be a place of challenge, of virile engagement in matters which concern us most directly.

Ben Jonson's *Volpone* provides the best of the four productions. This savage comedy is a masterpiece of robustious writing; if it did not possess so great an intellectual scope, if it were not so full-blooded and biting, it would be gross. It is a veritable onslaught of vehement action, torrential verbiage and truculent laughter. Jonson's target is not merely avarice or the pursuit of gain but man's inability to resist their effects. "All the wise world is little else in nature, but parasites or sub-parasites." No wonder Joan Littlewood has called *Volpone* the greatest dramatic indictment of capitalism.

Guthrie's playfulness makes Jonson appear more good-natured than he is, but I yielded completely to the sweep of the director's pace and comic inventiveness. In its own special terms, Guthrie's production is a brilliant translation of the text into stage business. He is at the top of his form, incessant in physical riot and rip-roaring tricks of sight and sound. Guthrie will sacrifice verbal intelligibility to the essential scenic meaning of each episode, and it is surprising that we understand so much of the language. Indeed it must be said that speed, along with laughs, is another fetish of the Guthrie Theatre. In this production the company has made a considerable advance in its capacity to combine rapidity of movement with clarity of speech.

On leaving *Volpone*, I was chiefly aware of Guthrie's triumph. Actors are his tools. Still, actors may learn as much from him in dash and courage as they may possibly suffer in some other respects. Guthrie usually neglects or disregards those elements of acting which do not relate to colorfulness, theatrical zest and virtuosity. That is why his productions tend, for all their graphic muscularity and fleet power, to strike us sometimes as humanly meager.

Besides the direction in *Volpone*, one remembers with satisfaction Tanya Moiseiwitch's artful arrangements of the stage and splendid costumes, as well as the arresting make-ups she has designed for the well-played characters of Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino (Ken Ruta, Robert Pastene, Claude Woolman). Douglas Campbell as Volpone is wholly the director's willing and affable instrument; George Grizzard brings to Mosca his gift for honeyed mockery. In Guthrie's treatment both are less vividly sinister than they might be.

Henry V loses much in not having a heroically inspiring king and, though Guthrie has staged the battle scene ("Once more unto the breach. . . .") with exciting naïveté,

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the production seems diffuse. (The diction, inferior to that in the Jonson play, may have deteriorated because of the strain of two performances of *Volpone* on the previous day.) The Fluellen of Ed Flanders is excellent. Characteristic of Guthrie's amusing, but occasionally distracting, detail is the opening scene in which the Archbishop, magnificently robed, scratches his backside while speaking of state matters. The audience smiles, but does not listen to what is being said.

Inattention may not matter much in this instance, for *Henry V* is part jingo pageant and part salty skepticism about the cause and nature of war—a mixture difficult to unify into a coherent statement. Shakespeare, who saw many sides to every question, sometimes strikes one as being both time-server and heretic. *Henry V* is less adept at this game than some of the other Shakespearean "histories" —perhaps because the characters of Bardolph, Nym and Pistol are not as pointedly funny as they should be, nor as well integrated into the play.

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THE NATION

Reader's Service Division

333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

Shaw's *Saint Joan* is the Minneapolis box-office smash. It is probably much less familiar to audiences in the Midwest than it is to us. Besides, is it not the story of a little girl—a sort of girl scout!—who made good? There is something disarmingly candid in Shaw—a trait often overlooked in discussions of his work—and the production, directed by Douglas Campbell, highlights the play's fairy-tale aspect. The audience responds wonderfully. How it laughs in contentment when Joan, the brave little yokel, worsts all the famous fatheads and frauds around her. I enjoyed the audience's delight at the play more than I did the interpretation on the stage.

Joan is an innocent (Ellen Geer, who has a winning American wholesomeness and pluck, inescapably conveys that quality), but she is also a *saint*, that is, a power. More than that, she is overpowering. She has to be stopped, done away with, because like all fanatically persistent moralists, she is a pest, a threat, unbearable to the ordinary. Joan fulfills her function: her driving will sweeps away the resistance of the staid, she pierces the dead weight of cautious common sense like a steel arrow. Hence, though she wins in history, she must lose in her person. She herself recognizes this, but cannot and does not wish to curb her force and fail her fate. Though Shaw is unable to achieve tragedy, his play has a tragic dimension.

There is hardly anything of this in the Minneapolis production; we get only smiles, benevolence and sentiment. The company, the direction, the audience make this inevitable.

But how did Alan Schneider, who directed *The Glass Menagerie*, succumb to the spell of the Guthrie Theatre? The play, a delicate fragment, a sensitive rumination, has taken on a brash note of guying comedy in which a meddling mother crushes her daughter while her son finds relief in movies and outbursts of contempt. "Momism" must be something more than an American myth because the audience seems to echo the filial defiance happily. Once again it has a grand time—laughing.

Perhaps Schneider felt obliged to do something new with Tennessee Williams' script. Laurette Taylor made Amanda a poignantly pathetic figure in which our laughter had no trace of scorn, only compassion. But it was more than Taylor herself which endowed the original production with glamour. The setting, the music, the sound of the several voices, the woundedness of Anthony Ross's Gentleman Caller, all contributed to the play's lyricism, a lyricism which mitigated and ennobled the writer's bitter recollection of his youth. The decision, if it was a decision, to make the play more forthright and funnier was a grievously mistaken one. If the choice of interpretation was guided by a fear that the open stage and the largish theatre might dissipate the efficacy of a "twilight" treatment of the play, it shows a lack of confidence either in the play or in the company.

Whatever the cause, *The Glass Menagerie* has become a comedy of small-town family bickering rather than an elegy of reconciliation with a painful past. In such a case one must absolve the actors of all blame. But to speak of "blame" may be inappropriate because here, too, the audience seemed wholly satisfied.

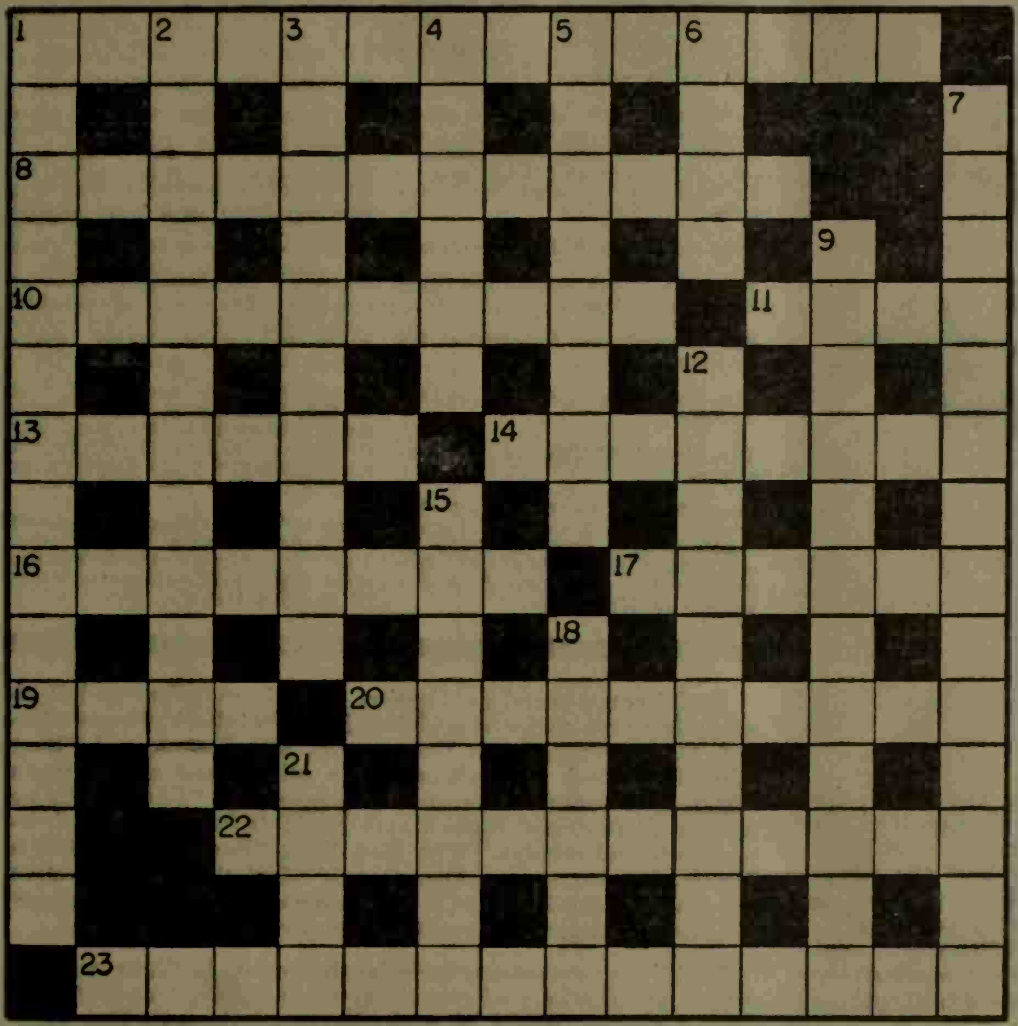
Despite my disapproval of the handling of the play, I was glad to see it because it offered me an opportunity to cast a retrospective glance at Williams' career. It has become a widespread critical habit to express regret that Williams abandoned the gentle key of this play for the harshness of most of his later writing. Seeing *The Glass Menagerie* again, I became more than ever convinced that *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Night of the Iguana* and several other of Williams' plays possess greater dramatic impact and weight than does *The Glass Menagerie* which, for all its melancholy charm, is a slight work to which the finest American actress of our time lent unforgettable fragrance and glow.

It takes time to develop an important theatre. The Tyrone Guthrie Theatre has already rendered its community a signal service. My strictures, more rigorous this year than last, are a recognition of the importance of the venture.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 1068

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Evidently its possessors don't look well in black. (5, 9)
8 The stock of long-distance runners? There might be a sulky following in it. (8, 4)
10 Pulled in about the test, and made a second inspection. (10)
11 Check turned up when short. (4)
13 Long John Silver was one. (6)
14 Certainly not the right facet when you spin a quarter. (4, 4)
16 Quite the opposite of close in a rush, as the case may be. (8)
17 See 2 down
19 Acts like animals. (4)
20 An outburst of rain is come where the Carolines are. (10)
22 Fast time, dead as one concedes. (6, 6)
23 Certainly not like the best-laid plans. (14)

DOWN:

1 Do they represent crude crosses found in Utah? (7, 7)
2 and 17 Anserine? Anserine look, in the vernacular, but not the lines of old age. (6, 6, 6)
3 Do they imply heady discussions? (4-1-5)
4 Pulse-like, on an annual basis. (6)
5 The sort of title in Spain for one man is given to several altogether older people. (8)
6 8 might be won by it. (4)
7 The style of a stand-in met boldly. (6-8)
9 Are the indians of Peru of this and very bright? (12)
12 Personal acquirement. (10)
15 I'm ruled, I find, by violent emotion. (8)
18 One way of getting lifted up sounds highly regarded. (6)
21 Does it suggest that Cologne should be located on this river? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1067

ACROSS: 5 Sawyer; 10 Catalan; 11 and 1 across Hail and farewell; 12 Stoop; 13 Earphones; 14 Allow; 16 Thailand; 19 Tsarinas; 22 Nosed; 24 Hot-footed; 26 Lapse; 28 Syncope; 29 Leafage; 30 Neared; 31 Asbestos. DOWN: 1 Fuchsias; 2 Ratio; 3 Willpower; 4 Lenient; 6 Amish; 7 Yearnings; 8 Radish; 9 Chorea; 15 Lusitania; 17 Lend-lease; 18 Idleness; 20 Netted; 21 Saddles; 23 Chosen; 25 Ozone; 27 Plant.

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A Review by WEBSTER SCHOTT

LETTERS

Cabinet in the closet

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: One of the most talked about, but least reported, subjects today seems to be the make-up of the Goldwater cabinet, yet I haven't seen any articles about the Senator's ideas in this regard. Here are the most frequently heard selections:

State: William Knowland, former Senator from Formosa.

Treasury: George Humphrey, for keeping the general out of the convention.

Defense: Sen. Strom Thurmond, reserve unit leader or, if he declines, former Gen. Edwin Walker.

Attorney General: J. Edgar Hoover or, if he declines, Governor George Wallace for dropping out of the race.

Postmaster General: GOP committee chairman Dean Burch of course.

Interior: H. L. Hunt, the Texas oil man who finally got Interior operating again.

Agriculture: Ezra Taft Benson, who held the job under Eisenhower.

Commerce: Rep. Bruce Alger of Dallas.

Labor: Rep. Steve Derounian of New York.

Health, Education and Welfare: Joseph Mitchell, former city manager of Newburgh, N.Y.

CIA: John McCone, the present chairman.

Atomic Energy Commission: John Rousselot, former California Congressman.

Housing and Home Finance: Edgar Hiestand, former California Congressman.

For USIA there seems to be considerable disagreement as to whether the job should go to William F. Buckley, the editor, or Robert Welch, former candy maker, while it's more likely that the information agency would be discontinued as an unnecessary waste of money. *George Spencer*

Massive retaliation

Glenside, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Senator Kenneth Keating has proposed that the more affluent Americans "adopt" an impoverished member of the human family "by mail." This letter-carrier compassion is hardly adequate. . . . What we need is a Reverse Peace Corps. However much we must respect the idealism of the Peace Corpsmen, the brute fact is that it is an intellectual rather than an institutional triumph. The peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America will not modernize fast enough at the present rate of support they are receiving from the advanced countries. Instead of sending 5,000 students abroad, we need to invite 20 million non-Americans into our households. . . . Let each of us with more than we need to eat, wear and be sheltered invite an African, Asian or Latin American into our homes, not our mailboxes. Let us adopt such a family member and put him through high school and college. . . .

Sure it sounds crazy . . . but only a massive retaliation of charity can undo the moral paralysis of the brinkmanship of the past decade. An impossible ideal is what we need to unmire us from the trivialities of Miami Beach, Las Vegas and Disneyland. . . .

Patrick D. Hazard

Lantern

Fort Myers, Fla.

Dear Sirs: As an American I am filled with pride at the service you steadily perform, a service like unto that of the Watchman Letters (Galsworthy?) —only your lantern ignites a train of delayed action (in *Look*, or *The Reporter*, or whatever) that is an exhilarating spectacle. I hope the effects of "Defeat in Harlem" (July 27) will not be too long delayed. *Sarah Vinke*

Funds for justice

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: When you put a man in prison, another man must guard him. Thus two men have lost their freedom. All over this country the Negro has been imprisoned. The white man has been his jailer. And so all of us, black and white, are bound.

Some of us have demonstrated against this bondage. Here in San Francisco some 500 people have been and are being tried in court for sitting-in at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel and at the Cadillac agency. We were demonstrating for fair hiring practices and for more jobs for Negroes. We were charged variously with disturbing the peace, unlawful assembly, failure to disperse and trespassing.

Of the cases which have so far come to trial, there have been some acquittals, some hung juries and some convictions. Defendants have received harsh and unjust sentences; sentences range from five to seventy days in jail, with fines as high as $200, to a sentence of nine months in jail for Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, the chairman of the local chapter of NAACP. Persons who have committed misdemeanors not connected with civil rights invariably receive sentences far less harsh, and only in the rarest instances are jail sentences imposed. . . .

I have been tried and received a thirty-day jail sentence plus a fine of $110. Special plea was made in my case because I have young childre
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THE NATION

Monday, August 24, 1964
Volume 199, No. 4

In this issue

EDITORIALS
61

ARTICLES
Misadventure in Vietnam:
63 The Mix of Fact and Myth *John Gange*
66 "The Only War We've Got" *Daniel F. Ford*
68 Goldwaterism: The New Ideology *Carey McWilliams*
72 Baruch and His Legend *Albert A. Blum*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
74 Leaves of Glass *Webster Schott*
76 Art *Max Kozloff*
79 Films *Grandin Conover*
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 80) *Frank W. Lewis*

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EDITORIALS

Shortening the Fuse

Democrats are gleeful, Republicans morose, at the escalation of the war in Vietnam. For the time being, the President has wrested the Vietnam issue from Senator Goldwater's grip. But we know only too well that escalation leads to escalation — on both sides. The excessive retaliatory action the President saw fit to order brings us closer to the brink of World War III. Therefore, aside from the domestic political aspect, it is important to know what happened. Secretary McNamara's reply to the question of why the *Maddox* was attacked in the first place ("I can offer no explanation") calls for a review of the preceding events.

For the last eighteen months American naval vessels and aircraft have conducted irregular patrols of the Gulf of Tonkin, an inland sea of crucial strategic importance to North Vietnam, and of more than peripheral interest to Red China. U. S. vessels have not gone inside the 3-mile territorial limit, but they have repeatedly and deliberately crossed the 12-mile limit which both North Vietnam and China claim as the boundary. At times these incursions have coincided with operations of the South Vietnamese navy (to be distinguished from the South Vietnamese "black pajama" fleet of some 500 wooden junks, some dieselized, which patrol the coast of South Vietnam and occasionally venture north of the 17th parallel). But the junks are probably of less concern to the North Vietnamese than the South Vietnamese navy proper, which is equipped with PT boats, destroyer escorts and other fast attack craft by the U. S. These vessels engage in forays against North Vietnam, nor are they alone. The U. S. Navy has a special force known as SEAL which is the counterpart of the Army's special forces. SEAL personnel are trained to engage in all sorts of surreptitious intelligence and harassing operations, and in the Vietnam theatre they have not been idle.

Besides South Vietnamese and American naval operations, joint U. S.-South Vietnamese air operations had become a regular feature of the war, as disclosed by *Aviation Week* (Apr. 6) and more recently by the South Vietnamese themselves. On top of all this, the shaky Premier-General Nguyen Khanh was screaming "To the North! To the North!" At this juncture, when the North Vietnamese had some cause to be jittery, the South Vietnamese navy conducted an operation against two small islands off the North Vietnamese coast, one about 3 miles, the other about 8. This raid was carried out with the full knowledge of American personnel in Saigon. The commander of the *Maddox* may or may not have been informed — but the *Maddox* was there.

According to one estimate, she was 20 miles offshore, and therefore technically on the high seas. But she was close enough, as Senator Morse pointed out, to give rise to the North Vietnamese's impression of a cause-and-effect relation between her presence and the attack on their islands.

Since 1943, it has been basic naval doctrine that PT boats are no match for destroyers. John Allan May, a former PT boat officer, writes in *The Christian Science Monitor*: "It seems probable . . . that the North Vietnamese boat commanders felt that they had to attack." The President then gave public orders, if the attack was repeated, to shoot to kill — as if there had been any hesitancy the first time.

The admirals were not reluctant. The North Vietnamese deny that there was a second attack, but all reports from the U. S. side agree that there was a night battle much more severe than the first engagement. Again the Seventh Fleet was victorious. The six North Vietnamese PT boats suffered all the casualties, the U. S. vessels none. Nevertheless the President sent the two aircraft carriers with their destroyer screen into action. Sixty-four sorties were flown. Presumably the North Vietnamese learned that *kamikaze*-type attacks by PT boats are not a rewarding tactic.

Fired on, the *Maddox* had to fire back. U. S. actions in the second engagement are also defensible. But that should have been the end of the matter, with perhaps a U. S. complaint to the UN as a sequel. Instead, the President, at the inception of the electoral campaign, improved the occasion with a major retaliatory action. He laid all the blame on the North Vietnamese and took no account of the fact that there had been prior South Vietnamese and American provocation to match any that we suffered. In his unctuous speech at Syracuse, *Newsweek* says he "was never more than a few feet away from the Secret Service agent who carried the ever-present little black bag with the nuclear firing codes." Garbed in cap and gown, he dropped the policy of restraint and shortened the fuse of the nuclear holocaust.

Goldwater's Diggins

Enough is now known about Senator Goldwater's campaign funds to pinpoint the sources of his support. *Business Week* provides this revealing quote from Daniel Gainey, the Minneapolis jewelry maker who headed the pre-convention drive: "The money we're getting is not moldy. It's domestic, hard-earned, shiny money that's been earned by men who are still in the saddle." A prime source are the owner-operators of medium-sized businesses in the $10 million and up bracket — men who have built their own enterprises. "And there are more of these guys than there are industrial and banking giants in the East." Shown a list of the thirteen or fourteen largest family donors to Republican campaigns of the past, a Goldwater spokesman could identify only one — the Pews of Philadelphia (Sun Oil) — as contributors. There is, however, one politically deviant du Pont — Lammot du Pont Copeland, Jr., son of the president of du Pont. According to *National Observer*, the Goldwater campaign is "smoking out new money . . . the days of Eastern dominance in Republican finance are over, this time, anyway . . . the Goldwater candidacy is forcing a new alignment of financial power in politics." Regionally, most of the money has come from the South (Roger Milliken, multimillionaire president of Deering Milliken, Inc., an early and heavy contributor); Texas (Douglas Sharp, of Houston, former Secretary of the Air Force, Richard J. Kleberg, Jr., of King Ranch, Peter O'Donnell, the Dallas investment broker, J. D. Stetson Coleman of the Los Angeles Angels and the Rams, whose wife is owner of Fannie May Candy Shops, Inc.); and Southern California (the familiar "fat cats" of the Right: Henry Salvatori, of Western Geophysical Company, Pat Frawley of Eversharp-Technicolor, Walter Knott of Knott's Berry Farm, and others). Key Midwest financial figures include: George Humphrey, Arthur Summerfield, R. Douglas Stuart of Chicago (Quaker Oats), Loren Berry, of Dayton, Wayne Hood and the Maytag people. The new power of the West is conspicuous. Henry Salvatori, who heads up his own "anti-Communist" crusade, is quoted as saying: "The Eastern people have seen conclusively we don't have to go to them, hat in hand, and have them tell us what to do." But now, as the big campaign gets under way, Ralph Cordiner, retired chairman of General Electric, has been named chairman of the Republican National Fianancial Committee, and the drive for Eastern "big money" is under way. Of the estimated $12.8 million needed for the big push, however, 40 per cent will come from the South. Money pitches are being deliberately beamed at the middle-income groups. Some 300,000 individuals have contributed to the campaign; in fact, nearly 40 per cent of the pre-convention total came from gifts of $10 or less. The big-money Texas oil tycoons would probably like to contribute but are well aware of what might happen to their oil depletion allowances if they did — not to mention what might happen to oil import quotas. To date, then, the chief Goldwater support has come from "the missile crescent" and the Midwest, with a strong emphasis on the "new money crowd," i. e., the new "achievement-oriented" middle class. This late intelligence affords striking confirmation of our own analysis of Goldwater's chief sources of support (see article page 68). In the meantime, of course, the President is hobnobbing with Henry Ford, Henry Luce, John Hay Whitney, David Rockefeller and other Establishment figures and, at the same time, making it "chic" to be a Democrat in the suburbs.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

The next issue of *The Nation* will appear on Sept. 7, after which we resume normal weekly publication.

The Fayette Fraud

"This election is as crooked as two left shoes," is the way one Negro leader characterized the election in Fayette County, Tenn. (see "Students Get the Vote Out" by R. V. Denenberg, *The Nation*, Aug. 10). His feelings were shared by the rest of the 17,000 Negroes in the county, many of whom shook their heads in somber disbelief when they heard that L. T. Redfearn had been beaten by incumbent Sheriff C. E. Pattat by a vote of 3,550 to 1,870. Poll watchers certified by Redfearn and Rev. June Dowdy, who lost his race for tax assessor by about the same margin, were excluded from virtually all polling places. Many Negroes certified as poll watchers for Rep. Ross Bass, winner of the Democratic Senatorial nomination, were also turned away. Even those Bass poll watchers who were allowed to stay, however, were not permitted to watch the county election count being conducted in the next room. But the most damning evidence of fraud is the count taken by civil rights workers of the total number of voters who entered polling places during the day.

That figure, compiled by the Cornell Committee for Free and Fair elections in Fayette County, was considerably less than the total vote reported. FBI agents who were in the county on Election Day were told of the ejection of certified poll watchers, including those that Bass had certified, but refused to take action. Repeated appeals by Drew Pearson and others, in advance of the election, to enlist the aid of the Department of Justice fell on deaf ears. A federal judge in Memphis refused to issue a restraining order the day before the election on the ground that the district courts cannot act in a dispute over a local election. But the issue of fraud will be pressed all the same because of the refusal to permit Bass poll watchers at some polling places. Although the taste of defeat was bitter for the Cornell students and local Negroes, many of whom fought bravely for their rights, the lessons learned will not be soon forgotten. If the student effort in Fayette County achieved nothing else, it greatly strengthened Negro determination to "take part," which is what impelled them to challenge the white "courthouse gang" in the first place. And there is both comfort and encouragement for them in the smashing victory won by Ross Bass — and by Rep. Richard Bolling in Kansas City — both of whom voted for the Civil Rights Act.

Railroaded to Freedom

Nine distinguished men of faith have dealt a most embarrassing blow to the pride of Florida's state judicial system and, in doing so, have set a useful precedent for civil rights workers elsewhere in the South who find themselves confronted with antebellum justice.

The nine "freedom riding" ministers — among whom are several of New York's leading slum-ministry reformers, an envoy to the Vatican's ecumenical council, and a director of the National Council of

Churches' migrant ministry in the West — were arrested in 1961 for unlawful assembly when they tested the Tallahassee airport restaurant.

For three years they fought their conviction but, because of a technical deficiency, they were never able to get their case out of the state courts and into the U. S. Supreme Court. Finally all legal avenues were closed to them until they actually went to jail, whence they could begin a new round of appeals through the state courts. So when Tallahassee, for spite, hailed them to leave their important work and return to begin a sixty-day sentence, they went.

At this point their attorney, Howard Dixon of the American Civil Liberties Union, took a radically candid approach to their problem. He asked a federal circuit court of appeals to give his clients either new bail or a writ of *habeas corpus*, arguing that "in six years we have never won a civil rights case on appeal in Florida courts," and that in race cases "appeals to them for justice are futile." He begged the federal panel to take jurisdiction.

And the federal jurists did. They gave the state courts three days within which to grant some relief to the ministers. Otherwise, the federal court would take over. ACLU attorneys claim this is a real precedent with promise, getting a federal court to take a case away from the state courts in midstream on an open-faced plea that the state courts simply don't dispense justice.

At this point, with the ministers clearly on the way to victory at last, Florida's capital city turned petty in a hilarious way. It reduced their sentences to time served (four days) and threw them *out* of jail—over their protests—thus blocking further efforts by the nine to clear themselves in federal court.

Certainly the clergymen cannot claim anything unusual about being jailed unconstitutionally, but they may be the first persons railroaded to freedom.

Misadventure in Vietnam

1. The Mix of Fact and Myth . . . . . John Gange

The weathered headstones in the old Protestant cemetery of Portuguese Macao tell of the misadventures of many Americans in the Gulf of Tonkin and the South China Sea. In the early years of our Republic, the Americans who died in this faraway area were sailors, Yankee traders, missionaries and visionary diplomats—like Edmund Roberts, who first sought treaties for the United States in Southeast Asia, journeying to Cochin China, Siam and Muscat in 1832. Today, the headlines toll the death of many Americans pursuing the political interests of the United States in Southeast Asia.

From small beginnings our interest in Southeast Asia swelled to include a colonial empire highlighted by our half century in the Philippines. The United States blundered into empire in 1898 by defeating the weak Spanish imperialists in the Battle of Manila Bay. Now we are fighting again in the Gulf of Tonkin and in the steaming jungles of old Indo-China. For many Americans today our deep involvement in Southeast Asia's civil wars is as inexplicable as was our plunge into empire in the Philippines. For fourteen years we have propped the French effort to keep Indo-China, or have underwritten the "democratic" regimes of such as Bao Dai, Ngo Dinh Diem and the subsequent military dictators. We have stumbled into "colonial" responsibilities without corresponding authority since the defeat of France by the Vietnamese in 1954.

The dilemma we faced in mid-1954 was very different in some respects from the dilemma President McKinley faced in 1898 when he was informed that all of the Philippine Islands were ours for the taking—and holding. In 1954, there was nothing ready for the taking in Indo-China—unless we were prepared to battle the well-armed, well-led and tough Vietnamese and almost certainly the colossus of Communist China. We nevertheless decided to try to hold South Vietnam against a Communist take-over.

In doing so we underestimated Communist power and the response of great numbers of the Vietnamese to Ho Chi Minh's leadership, plus the extent of Communist outside aid, especially from the Chinese. When Secretary Dulles went to the Geneva Conference of April, 1954, called to discuss Korea and dispose of the pieces of the broken French empire in Indo-China, reportedly he refused to look at the chief Communist Chinese delegate, Premier Chou En-lai. This news sparked one of Fletcher Knebel's best quips to the effect that the Republicans were an odd lot, for Senator Joseph R. McCarthy saw Communists where they did not exist, and Secretary Dulles couldn't see them where they did exist. And here is a large part of our trouble: the refusal to look at facts which we dislike and hope will go away.

It has taken the French, through the voice of General de Gaulle, to tell us that no settlement of any Asian problem is possible that doesn't take Communist China fully into account. The British recognized this fact in 1950 but they have not been so blunt in asserting its validity. Americans have not dealt with a strong, unified China since 1842, when the British forced the opening of several Chinese ports to Western trade with various related privileges. In 1844, we got our treaty with China, including trading rights and extraterritorial courts for our citizens in China. This period of wars with the West marked the end of a strong China for a hundred years. It is time we now adjusted ourselves to the fact of a new China. Is this hard to accept? Indeed it is, and for a long time

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we will no doubt fight this gross fact of our times. Eventually, it will have to be accepted and it must henceforth be included in the ingredients that shape our Asian policy.

In 1954, we chose not to join in the Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference on Indo-China of July 21, 1954. (The United States made a unilateral statement, however, accepting the armistice agreements.) All the other nations (U. K., France, USSR, People's Republic of China, Laos, Cambodia and the People's Republic of Vietnam [North Vietnam]) at this conference, except the State of Vietnam (South Vietnam), accepted the agreements drawn there. South Vietnam, with our backing, refused to carry out the provisions of the 1954 Geneva agreement for elections in North and South Vietnam to form one government and instead set its course against the intent of this agreement. South Vietnam refused to permit the elections, began its military build-up, and prepared for the inevitable war of Vietnamese against Vietnamese, with both sides drawing on outside aid to maintain the fight. From here on it is the old familiar story of who first violated the accords or the intent of the accords, etc., etc. The fact that we first refused to accept them puts both the U. S. and South Vietnam in a dubious role—in the objective light of history—a role our government has been diligent to gloss over. We refused to permit "free elections" in Vietnam because we were sure we would lose them.

When we found the 1954 Geneva agreements unacceptable to us, although acceptable to the other signatory nations, we had two broad alternatives open to us. One alternative was to reject the final conclusions of the conference, disregarding thereby the majority decision, and continue our own bilateral policy with South Vietnam. This we chose to do.

The second alternative was to seek a higher forum than the Geneva Conference nations. Resort to the United Nations through various possible approaches would have involved all who were concerned with peace and freedom, which we alleged were threatened in Indo-China. The UN supervised an election and a plebiscite on the restoration of the monarchy in war-torn Greece in 1946. The conditions were hardly worse in all Vietnam in 1954, or even 1956, when a general election was to be held in July of that year. To those who say that a UN-supervised election in Vietnam would not have been acceptable to North Vietnam and Communist China, one answer is that we never tried this course of action and hence we can't say what the response might have been. Instead, we pressed for a Southeast Asian military security pact, which Secretary Dulles had urged in 1954.

The Eisenhower administration had just swallowed the bitter pill of negotiating with Communist China and North Korea an armistice in the Korean War. The Republican campaign oratory of 1952 would have sounded hollow and mocking indeed if the Dullesian trumpets of "liberation from communism" had sounded another retreat on the "rollback" front. Some prominent Republicans had wanted our fighting forces to join the Indo-Chinese fray in early 1954, beside France, but the general in the Commander in Chief's chair had overruled that, as he had rejected any renewal of fighting in Korea above the 38th parallel. Nevertheless, Republican leaders knew from innumerable charges of their own what a powerful weapon the Democrats would have in our domestic politics if the Republican administration now "lost Indo-China." Ironically enough, as with mainland China allegedly "lost" by the Democrats, the United States never *had* Indo-China and couldn't have held it if we had tried. Therefore, another war in Asia was not a feasible political course for a U. S. administration, even one led by a five-star general.

Yet we did decide to try to "hold" at least part of Indo-China, namely, the new State of Vietnam below the 17th parallel. And so the newest phase of Western adventure in Indo-China began with that decision. We have been trying for ten years to prove it a sound one.

In retrospect the foundations for our 1954 decision appear to be part fact and part myth—a fairly common "mix" in foreign as well as domestic policy decisions. The facts were that (1) Southeast Asia was a recognized target of Communist subversion and possible take-over; (2) many of the native occupants of the Indo-Chinese peninsula wanted no part of a future regime that might be dominated by Communist-oriented leaders. For religious, economic and political reasons many feared the kind of society they would have if Ho Chi Minh and others of his strong Communist belief became the new rulers of this war-weary part of Asia. The foreign businessmen, rubber planters and mine operators also, of course, feared the consequences of a Communist regime.

Moreover, the United States had become so conspicuously identified with the French in their struggle against Ho Chi Minh, albeit in the name of defense against international communism, that no further action by us now would mean that we, as well as the French, had gone down to defeat in another sector of the "containment" periphery of militant anti-communism.

So much for three quite substantial facts: a strong Communist drive for Southeast Asia; internal Indo-Chinese anti-Communist opinion; and the posture, or "face," of the U. S. if no further efforts were made to "save" Indo-China.

On the side of the myths that entered into our policy calculations, directly or indirectly, there was first the one, still often expressed, that it was possible to "draw a line" beyond which there would not be tolerated any expansion of Communist control. This appealing myth evokes images of a resolute U. S. cavalry stand at the pass, or "*ils ne passerant*" at Verdun in World War I, or a more sophisticated but still quite naive "containment-of-communism" concept. Thinking of communism as an *ideology* ought to make people chary of expounding on "drawing a line" to stop the spread of ideas. Interestingly, history provides no example of appealing *ideas* having been impeded effectively in their spread and adoption because of lines drawn on political maps.

The second myth that we embraced was that military action would be an acceptable substitute for basic political and social action. Again the lessons of the bitter and frustrating American experience in Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo in the years between World Wars I and II were passed over or rejected, if ever remembered. Military force — if sufficient in amount and ruthless enough in direction — *can* suppress rebellions, but rarely has it produced the reforms of conditions which lead men to join the ranks of rebellion. We ventured to combine some economic and technical aid with military support, but the rationale for military measures has prevailed increasingly as our efforts in Indo-China have persisted. The creation of SEATO in 1954 epitomizes this futile faith in military power to solve the problems of disorder in politically inchoate states desperately in need of *social* reform.

The third myth that we followed was the "domino" theory of the inevitable loss of all of Asia and a vital threat to our own continental security if any additional part of Asia came under Communist control. This theory was the delight of Sen. William Knowland, who trumpeted it in the Senate and across the land as if it had the infallibility of Newton's law of gravity. Even President Kennedy repeated the arguments of the "domino" theory and few voices were raised to question its logic of inevitable, irresistible and sequential massive defeat once the first (additional) little domino fell against the bastions of our friends.

The domino theory overlooks the possibility of strong reaction by other nations at different points when they are confronted by new circumstances clearly threatening *their* security. The theory assumes that all powerful forces are on only one side, always moving *outward*, and it neglects the possibility of disruptive internal forces and counterforces moving against the presumed massive seismic wave set in motion by any little change of political status. It is a negative, fearful and mechanistic view of politics and man, but for those very reasons it finds countless advocates.

So we took some facts and added some myths and came up with a decision — many times reaffirmed — to deny all Southeast Asia to communism, with military aid, and we created SEATO to do the job for us. Ten years later this queasy foundation of fact and myth finds us mired very deeply and sinking in more and more. After expending many billions of dollars and sacrificing hundreds of lives in combat or related services, after twistings and turnings of CIA undercover operations, with resulting changes of leaders in some of the states, there is still no end in sight.

What could we have done that we didn't do? If it had been possible for the Republicans to have done otherwise — or for the Democrats to have altered that policy after they took over in 1961 — one would like to think that they would surely have done so. The losses of American lives, the outpouring of many billions of taxpayers' dollars and the strains on our friendship with many other nations which have not seen the issues as we have seen them, would not normally be called assets to any political party seeking voter support. And so the American people have been told over and over that there were — and still are — no other alternatives but to stand on the 17th parallel (or well south of it) and fight the devils (allegedly all from the north) in the ancient battlegrounds of Indo-China. What we have done is intervene in a third civil war in Asia; China and Korea being the other two very costly interventions.

Until recently, too, we have lacked critical voices which, while not acting as "the devil's advocate," would at least ask if we are *sure* that what we are attempting is the only possible alternative acceptable to our people. Like McKinley and the Philippines, the vast majority of the American people in 1954 had only the vaguest notion of where Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam were — and they cared less. Do they even now believe these areas so vital to their welfare that very extensive and long-term involvement is all that we can consider?

In due time, probably later than would have been an optimum time for us, we will be forced to face the "unthinkable" possibility of the neutralization of all of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Secretary of State Rusk and Secretary of Defense McNamara repeatedly say that no thought is being given to this alternative to our present massive military aid-*cum*-cheers-for-Khanh as our approach to the problem. The McNamara shuttle to Saigon carries threadbare calls for "greater resolve" and warnings of "an unforseeable end to the effort," and then the familiar and unconvincing reports of "gratifying progress" and "encouraging developments" on the Westbound run back to Washington. In the meantime, the Vietcong strike villages and cities at will in South Vietnam and simultaneously detail spare forces to push their campaign in Laos. Recruits and military equipment are picked up in abundance from the South Vietnamese civilian and military forces.

"Why are we involved in Southeast Asia?" "Where do we go for the next ten years?" These are the questions that beg and receive no clear answers, other than "Carry on! What was valid in 1954 is still valid in 1964" although the Asian world has changed greatly since then. At some point — and soon perhaps — we must face up to:

(1) our dubious legal position in South Vietnam, with our shooting and destroying of military forces under the thin deceit of being "advisers"; (2) the soundness of our continuing passivity toward a strong role for the UN in Southeast Asian strife, while at the same time we have pressed for UN action in the internecine fighting of the Congo, Cyprus and the Middle East; (3) a new look at neutralization of "border" areas between East and West in Asia and the established examples, both satisfactory and unsatisfactory, of neutralization in Europe and elsewhere; (4) a hard review of all our interests in Asia, eventually in conference with Communist China; and (5) abandoning the shibboleth of containing communism along artificial latitudes or longitudes. The truth is that the ideological appeal of Marxist doctrine and the reforms that communism often has espoused effectively appeal to many people around the world; and the spread of these ideas will not be stopped by military fiat. Nor will it help at all to continue the repeated plaintive lament of Secretary Rusk that there would be peace in Indo-China if only the North Vietnamese and the Chinese would leave their neighbors alone. If all countries would leave their neighbors alone, it would be a very different world, but it is not realistic to expect this change in our times. To expand the war would assure only another Korea or worse, with all the possibilities of a nuclear war.

Will the new year or the post-election period see us re-examine our decade of "active defense" in Southeast Asia's Indo-Chinese peninsula? Perhaps not; it has become a habit to argue as we have for so long. Apparently only a Senator Wayne Morse can change his mind as fully as the circumstances require and still retain his following. Politics doesn't stop at the water's edge, but rather it governs all we do. Only a statesman above politics can change our course now. Events in Indo-China may not wait for our politicians to clear the November election hurdle before they can "lead" our discontented people to a new and more realistic settlement in Southeast Asia, and extricate us from a misadventure born of good motives based on some faulty calculations and expectations.

2. 'The Only War We've Got' . . . Daniel F. Ford

Saigon, Vietnam

You hear the phrase everywhere. A young Special Forces captain, fresh from Okinawa, declares: "All I want from Vietnam is the CIB" (the combat infantryman's badge, a long-rifle on a blue field with a silver wreath behind it). "Hell, man, it's the only war we've got." And an earnest major in corps headquarters says: "You'll meet the bravest and best soldiers in the U.S. Army right here. This is the only war we've got, and I'd rotate the whole Army through here if I could. As it is, I'm told the volunteers are backed up for four months."

Which is one reason why we are fighting a war and losing a revolution in South Vietnam. The backbone of any army is its N.C.O.s and company-grade officers, and it is no accident that most of the American advisers attached to the Vietnamese army are sergeants, first lieutenants and captains in their twenties. A man must see combat before he is truly a soldier. Our World War II veterans are middle-aged desk soldiers now, and even our Korean veterans are in their thirties and passing beyond the stage where they might be leading platoons and companies in a future war. Thus there is a very human desire on the part of the U.S. Army to exploit the chaos in Southeast Asia to train a new generation of combat-experienced soldiers.

Not all American servicemen in South Vietnam share this attitude. Many, probably a majority, did not want to come here, and now that they are here they would like nothing better than to go home. But the professional soldiers are positively gleeful at this chance to advance their professional status.

Professionalism is not the only reason we are overemphasizing the military's role in Southeast Asia. There is also the fact that soldiers are bound to view affairs from a military standpoint, even if the results are discouraging, as they have been so far. The appointment of General Maxwell Taylor as our ambassador to South Vietnam can hardly be expected to reverse this tendency.

But even more crucial is our refusal to name the fighting here for what it is: a revolution. For a people born out of revolution, we are strangely reluctant to recognize the symptoms in other lands. We insist that this is war—guerrilla war, limited war, counterinsurgency war, *some* kind of war—despite all evidence to the contrary. I have spent two months in South Vietnam. I have been shot at, rained on and chewed by insects, but never have I had the feeling that I was witnessing a war. Most correspondents who go out into the field have a similar experience. Full-scale battles are such a rarity here that when one does take place, like the Do Xa operation in June, the trophies are flown to Saigon for exhibition, and mass decorations are awarded in the public squares.

I tried the notion of revolution upon several American advisers. The most common retort was: "If this isn't a war, why are they shooting at me?" I pointed out that men were being shot for civil rights activities in the States. Was that war? "But they're not using automatic weapons," was the reply, ignoring the fact that most of the Vietcong's automatic weapons have been captured from government forces.

A more sophisticated argument goes like this: revolutions are indigenous to the country, while the fighting in South Vietnam is directed from Hanoi. This "masked aggression" theory is official Army doctrine. Quite apart from the fact that most revolutions — including our own—were assisted by foreign powers, it overlooks the evidence which suggests that even hard-core

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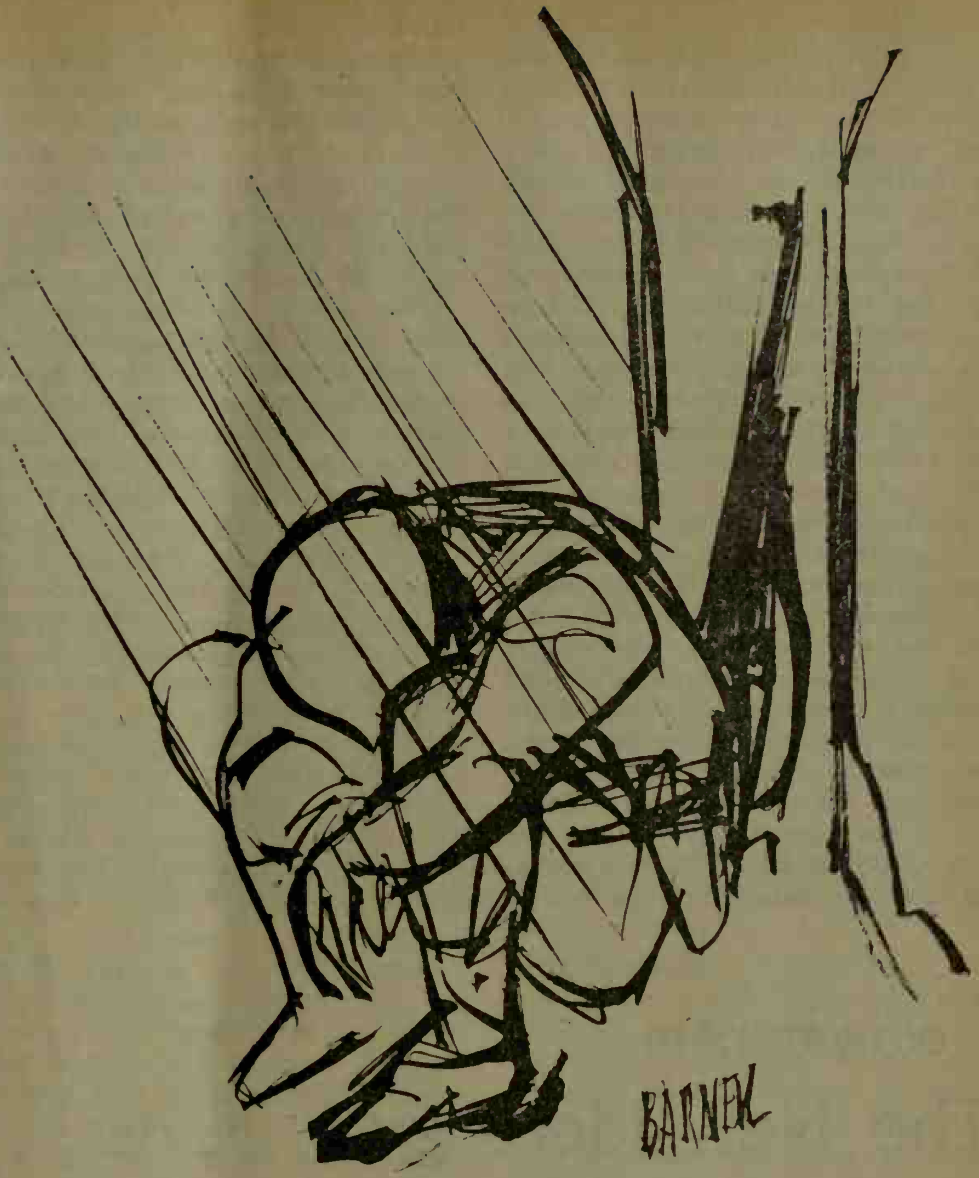
Daniel F. Ford, a free-lance journalist, has been in South Vietnam for the past two months on a magazine writer's grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. This is the last article in a series he has written for The Nation *from the war zone.*

Vietcong are recruited locally. They may have been sent to North Vietnam for training, but most of them were born south of the 17th parallel. And our trust in military force is helping guarantee that this situation will continue. As long as the countryside is considered enemy territory, the Vietnamese-American campaign will generate as many Vietcong guerrillas as it kills. That is one reason why our estimate of hard-core Vietcong strength — 25,000 to 30,000 men—has remained almost constant since 1961.



In a wry echo of the headquarters major, an elderly representative of the United States Operations Mission (USOM is the local alias of the Agency for International Development) said to me:

"We have some of the finest soldiers in the world assigned to South Vietnam. But what does a military man know about the people? Will they talk to a soldier, knowing what they do of soldiers? No. But I am a fat old man; they talk to me. They ask me why the United States talks about democracy while it is supporting a military dictatorship. They ask me why we talk about freedom when we are taking them from their homes and herding them into strategic hamlets, like criminals. I have no answer."

What would he do for a Western victory in South Vietnam?"

"We should cut our military advisers to the 1962 level, 5,000 or 6,000 men, and put the difference into volunteers who know the people, who want to help the people. Like the IVS workers [International Voluntary Service, similar to the Peace Corps and predating it]. The people trust them. I have never heard of an IVS worker being harmed, or even threatened. Soldiers must travel in convoys here, but the IVS can go anywhere."

Quality goes down as numbers go up, but there is no doubt that several thousand young volunteers—teachers, nurses and technicians—could do far more than the same number of soldiers to bring Western ideals to South Vietnam. And they could do it far more cheaply. The Peace Corps has functioned admirably around the world without benefit of officers' clubs, post exchanges and all the other accessories that go with a U.S. Army compound.

It would be unfair to suggest that our military effort in South Vietnam is entirely confined to hunting the elusive Vietcong. The Army is trying hard to adjust to the demands of revolution, by whatever name. "Civic action" is almost a cant phrase in military circles these days —there is even a new S-5 section in the Army staff organization, devoted to psychological warfare and civic action. Army engineers are digging wells and building bridges all over South Vietnam, and Special Forces is constructing a model farm near Pleiku where *montagnard* peasants can learn to use fertilizer and irrigation pipes. There are dedicated, inventive soldiers in every outfit, but any ex-GI knows how much of this dedication and inventiveness is destined to be smothered by the routine of Army life. Whatever the U.S. military is doing now to help the Vietnamese, the same number of volunteer civilians could do far more.

Opportunities are particularly abundant in the Central Highlands where the *montagnard* population is only beginning to emerge from the dark ages. A few miles from Pleiku, the military headquarters for fully one-fourth of South Vietnam, I visited *montagnard* settlements which had never seen a doctor or a schoolteacher.

"Talk about people that don't have a chance," one American captain said in amazement. "What will these kids do with their lives? Why, I'll bet if you asked every one of the 400 people in this village who the premier of their country was, they wouldn't be able to tell you."

That was overstating the extent of education among the *montagnards*. Most of them do not know that they have a country, let alone a premier.

I asked the USOM representative in Pleiku why we did not spend more of our money for schools, instead of for armored personnel carriers. "A schoolteacher here earns 600 piasters a month—about $6," he said. "A coolie sweeping the streets can earn 30 piasters a day. We can't recruit enough teachers to staff the schools we are building."

So I asked him why we didn't match the teachers' salaries with an equal amount from American funds, and he could only shrug.

The highlands are an especially fertile area for such programs because they are militarily quiet. The Mekong Delta may have deteriorated too far for education, agriculture and medicine to win the countryside back from the Vietcong, and there a military solution may be the only feasible one. But the highlands are a different matter. The Vietcong operates only in small units, usually consisting of irregulars, and even the U.S. military regards two vehicles as a sufficient convoy in most areas. For this reason the highlands have the lowest priority in everything—even in the assignment of IVS and USOM workers. Yet if the military believed its own doctrine—that the revolution here is a war staged and supplied from North Vietnam—surely the opposite should be the case. The highlands are the logical infiltration route from Laos and Cambodia. If the *montagnards* were won over to the Vietnamese Government, the Vietcong supply line would be cut and (if the military view is correct) their war in the delta would be choked off. Whether the "masked aggression" theory is right or wrong, we are making a tragic mistake in the highlands.

More likely, the fighting in the delta would continue even if the highlands were pacified. But that is a military assessment, and our error in South Vietnam has been to think in military terms. A peaceful, prosperous central highlands would demonstrate to the rest of the nation that the government has more to offer than the Vietcong. Victory for the West in this revolution waits upon that demonstration. If we make it, we shall win; if we do not, we deserve to lose.

I shall never forget the afternoon I watched three young men through binoculars, convinced that they were hard-core Vietcong soldiers. They were strong-featured and alert, dressed in black; they were cooking dinner behind a boulder about 500 yards from the spot where our Strike Force patrol was taking a ten-minute break. A squad had been sent out to encircle them. But the young men heard the snap and rustle of moving soldiers. They stood up, ready to flee. The American Special Forces sergeant in charge of the patrol decided to fire while he still had a target. He fired twice, aiming into a cleft in the boulder, and his buddy did the same. Then we sprinted up the hill. The three young men had fled, unharmed, leaving behind not weapons but a much-thumbed copybook of the kind used in rural schools.

The sergeant was troubled by the idea of shooting at schoolboys.

"Well, I'm glad we missed," he said. Then he brightened. "But if those guys weren't Vietcong an hour ago, they sure as hell are by now."

Things were right in his world again. He did not seem at all concerned by the likelihood that, instead of lessening the Vietcong threat, our patrol had added to it.

Goldwaterism

The New Ideology . . . . Carey McWilliams

San Diego

Most critics of Goldwaterism echo Emmet John Hughes's conclusion that "it is a movement in search of a program, a mood in want of a doctrine." But this is not true; Goldwaterism has both a program and a doctrine. It is not to be found, however, in Goldwater's credo or in the San Francisco platform but at lower levels where the ideology of the movement is spelled out crudely and bluntly. Two tracts, distributed in quantity by Goldwater delegations at the Cow Palace convention — overall several million copies have been circulated — constitute basic guides to an understanding of Goldwaterism, its program and its doctrine, its inner logic and its real thrust. One is "A Choice Not An Echo" by Phyllis Schlafly (120 pp., Pere Marquette Press), the other "None Dare Call It Treason" by John A. Stormer (236 pp., Liberty Bell Press). The authors are active "new breed" Republicans. Mrs. Schlafly is president, Illinois Federation of Republican Women; she was a delegate to the convention. Mr. Stormer, formerly an Air Force historian, is chairman, Missouri Federation of Young Republicans and a member of the State Republican Committee.

The program of Goldwaterism — its hard core of meaning — derives from its attitude toward the Eastern Establishment. In Goldwater circles, Mrs. Schlafly's tract is accepted as the basic document on the Eastern Establishment, i. e., "the eastern internationalist power structure" and its "kingmakers" who, meeting as conspirators in secret sessions, dominated Republican Presidential politics from 1936 to 1964. In the conspiratorial sense, the existence of such an Establishment is of course debatable; but the existence of an established Eastern seaboard upper class, with certain shared general interests, based on largely inherited wealth, and controlled through a network of financial institutions, trusts and interlocking family connections, is an economic reality which E. Digby Baltzell and other social historians have documented. On occasion this Establishment has indeed carried out skillfully plotted political maneuvers. The venerated Robert A. Taft attributed his failure to win the nomination in 1952, in the first instance, to "the power of the New York financial interest and a large number of businessmen subject to New York influence."

On this substratum of fact, the Goldwaterites have constructed a political myth which has become an article of faith throughout the movement. According to this myth, the kingmakers who, largely through their control of the news media, were able to force the rank and file of "honest conservatives" to accept Alf Landon, Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey, Dwight Eisenhower and Richard M. Nixon, have never been primarily interested in winning Republican victories; their main concern has been to force the Republicans to nominate candidates who, on matters essential to the Eastern Establishment, have seen eye to eye with the Democratic nominees.

In this reading, the abiding interest of the Eastern Establishment has been the protection of its overseas — primarily European — investments. It has been and remains primarily a moneyed elite, symbolized by "Wall Street," preoccupied with investments and world trade. It connived to bring about American involvement in World Wars I and II and has consistently supported the cold war in which it has a strong vested interest. The kingmakers have made "large profits . . . in acting as depository or fiscal agent, or attorney for the recipients of immense sums, or as broker for the seller of goods purchased under the foreign-aid program, both here and abroad." Active kingmakers — Thomas E. Dewey and others — have made huge fees representing foreign governments interested in economic aid programs. Because of its basic orientation, the Eastern Establishment has never been dedicated to winning a clear-cut "victory"; on the contrary, it has deliberately sought to continue the stalemated cold war from which it has profited so handsomely. In fact, the long-term goal of the Eastern seaboard Machiavellis has been to promote, first, some kind of U.S.A.-USSR "unification," and then world government, all by way of creating new opportunities for the kind of financial shenanigans in which they excel. This deceitful foreign policy, so cleverly pursued on a bipartisan basis by the Eastern Establishment, is held accountable for every aspect of the "domestic mess" — internal subversion, farm surpluses, race riots, corruption, inflation, centralized government, urban overcrowding, etc.—which Eisenhower promised to clean up but didn't. The Establishment includes Morgans, Lamonts, Rockefellers, the late John Foster Dulles and his brother, Henry Luce, Gardner Cowles, Thomas E. Dewey (an arch villain), *The New York Times*, Robert A. Lovett, John McCloy, Douglas Dillon, General Lucius Clay, Paul Hoffman, Walter Lippmann (a long-time leftist and Fabian Socialist), the Alsops, Henry Cabot Lodge, Christian Herter, Thomas R. McCabe, Thomas S. Gates, Arthur W. Dean, Sidney Weinberg, Lehman Bros., Brown Bros. Harriman, Walter Thayer, Kuhn Loeb, Robert B. Anderson (just how this Texan managed to sneak in is not explained) and the 1,400 members of the Council on Foreign Affairs.

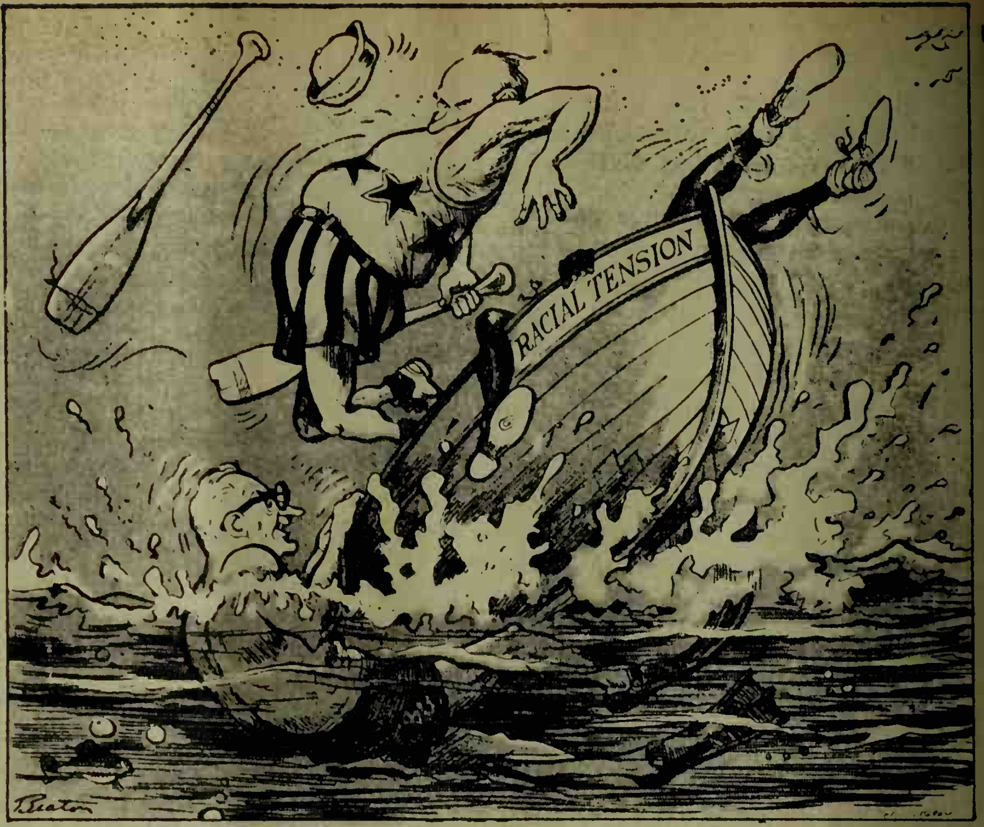
Steep yourself long enough in this mythology and the real drift of the Goldwater program becomes clear. The first objective is to destroy or contain the power of the Eastern Establishment, not because it is pro-war — as the late Senator Taft charged — but because it is pro-peace. It shackles American power; it will not permit us to pursue "victory" as an objective. It doesn't want to win because it wants to wallow in profits from the cold war. If not actually pro-peace, the Eastern Establishment is anti-nuclear war. It seeks to promote trade, which it can finance, and overseas outlets for capital, which it can supply. True, the Eastern Establishment foments brush-fire wars because of "imperialist" interests in Africa, Asia, the Middle East and Latin America, but it does not want to provoke an all-out war. Nor is it wholly hostile to disarmament, negotiated agreements, the UN, the World Court, trade with the USSR and Eastern Europe, etc. Because it frustrates achievement of their grand designs, the Goldwaterites seek first to discredit and then — eventually—to supersede the Eastern Establishment. The first step—curtailment of the Establishment's power in the Republican Party—has now been achieved.

The program of Goldwaterism is implicit in its attitude toward the Eastern Establishment. Since all domestic problems are merely by-products of our failure to kill the snake of communism, "conservatism" at home becomes the logical counterpart of an aggressive foreign policy. Foreign economic aid would be virtually eliminated. (The Citizens Foreign Aid Committee, which seeks to eliminate overseas spending, is headed by Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers and Walter Harnischfeger, the Milwaukee tycoon and sponsor of the late Joe McCarthy, both Goldwater enthusiasts.) Welfare spending would be cut to the bone and no new programs initiated.

These and other cuts would make possible tax reductions despite a sharp increase in military spending — some for the Army, some for the Navy, but a great deal for the Air Force and the military aspects of the space program. ("There is little doubt in anyone's mind what the election of Sen. Barry Goldwater to the Presidency of the United States would do for the defense business. . . . " William J. Couglin, *Missiles and Rockets*, July 20, 1964.) Since the aerospace industries are largely concentrated in Goldwater country, it is assumed that the Anti-Establishment Establishment would be the principal long-term beneficiary. The fact that the wicked Eastern Establishment might own a substantial piece of these industries — or even control them — does not dim the enthusiasm of the Goldwater mythmakers for aerospace spending which, as they see it, greatly stimulates the general economy of the South, Southwest and California, regardless of who garners the lion's share of the direct profits. During the California primary, for example, the Goldwaterites made much of the fact that Rockefeller favored a fairer regional distribution of defense spending.

Strategically, Goldwaterism is committed to Air Force doctrine. Seek out confrontations; call the Communist bluff; the "enemy" can be relied upon — given the Sino-Soviet split — to back down not once but again and again; if necessary, drop the bomb. But *never*, repeat *never*, let up on the pressure until total "victory" has been achieved. For freedom cannot survive here unless freedom — defined in Goldwater's terms — flourishes from Lisbon to Saigon, from the Congo to the North Pole. In pursuit of this strategy, the Air Force would no longer be kept under vexatious civilian control; the generals would be permitted to call the shots — in the field. In brief, Goldwaterism would replace the "no-win" containment policy of the effete Eastern Establishment with a "victory" or war strategy. As Goldwater has said: "The opposite of victory is defeat — not coexistence or compromise."

A definite doctrine supports this program. It is set forth, in detail, in the Stormer tract. What began a generation back as an anti-Communist propaganda line — a means of redbaiting New Dealers and such—has now become a massive impenetrable myth. There is no point whatever, at this late date, in seeking to disentangle the falsehoods, distortions and *non sequiturs* from the occasional half-truths and fractional truths that constitute this legend. Such an effort would be enormously difficult and, in the end, entirely futile. A generation has been nourished on this myth; they can recite it almost line for line. No refutation would convince them; they have a ready-made answer for every objection. Besides, the assumptions on which the myth rests have long been conceded by cold-war liberals and the Eastern Establishment.



Beaton: Toronto Telegram. Ben Roth Agency

As it exists today, in all its grotesque amplitude, this myth serves a number of important functions. It insulates the true believers from any chance contact with objective reality; it encases them in a self-sealing, all-sufficient doctrine. But it also serves other functions. It is designed to discredit every institution in American society that—like the Eastern Establishment—stands in the way of Goldwaterism's grand design: the total eclipse of "the international Communist conspiracy" through surrender or incineration. Rejected as Communist-infiltrated or tainted with heresy are: the Supreme Court, the schools (at all levels), the tax-exempt foundations, the press (all media), the churches, the trade unions, etc. The attack on the press does not represent legitimate criticism and it is folly to regard it in this light. "For the first time in modern political history," writes Richard Starnes in the *New York World-Telegram*, "we are seeing a major party undertake a concerted campaign to intimidate and bullyrag press and radio-TV." And not without some initial success; already a section of the press has begun to "soften" its attitude and to "reconsider" its criticism and, here and there, even to apologize for past affronts. Speakers at the Cow Palace glibly ticked off such categories of those opposed to Goldwater as "Walter Reuther, Walter Lippmann, *The New York Times* and *Pravda*." *The New York Times* is singled out not because it is more critical of Goldwater than many other publications but because it is a symbol of the best in American journalism. The right-wing radio commentators have been directing a systematic campaign against the press for months now. The Associated Press is staffed with "liars," etc. Don't read the press because it is not to be believed. Listen instead to a reliable right-wing radio commentator or dial a number—such numbers are now available in most communities—and listen to a tape-recorded summary of the late news. All this has nothing to do with "criticism"; it is designed to insulate the true believers from exposure to reality and, at the same time, to place the press on the defensive. The Goldwater mythmakers seek to discredit every institution and all prominent public figures identified with "containment" and other "short-of-war" policies. Even Eisenhower and Nixon get rough handling in the Schlafly and Stormer tracts.

Numerically, the most significant and influential of the groups that have been caught up in the Goldwater mythology is the new middle class of the South, Southwest and West (including the West Coast states). Under the umbrella of welfare spending and defense spending, and other federally financed goodies, this new middle class has "struck it rich"—in construction, insurance, appliance and auto dealerships, savings and loan, service industries, etc.—and is myopically self-centered. It is firmly — unshakably — convinced that its success is due exclusively to the drive and energy and initiative of its members. Of the forces that have created a general economic environment conducive to rapid growth in the South, Southwest and California they are blissfully oblivious. Drawn along in the wake of this new middle class are legions of "bright young men" who want to make it big—in a hurry—and who, opportunistically or from conviction, mouth the slogans of the ignorant new rich. It is startling to hear, for example, a young college-educated trainee for a chain store (receiving $600 a month as a trainee) say that he is determined, if it is the last act of his life, to get those "welfare people" off his back! Why, if Goldwater doesn't succeed in reversing present trends, social security rates may double in a decade, etc. Old-age pensioners, favorable to pensions and medicare, often repeat the same slogans and inveigh bitterly against "those on welfare." Stories about abuses in the Aid to Dependent Children program—most of them grotesquely inflated — are legion; they are part of the folklore of the Goldwater movement.

This new middle class, with its auxiliaries and retainers, has been spawned by the affluence of the cold-war years. It reflects, in rigid form, the cumulative acquisitiveness and arrogance of the period. Many of the young pushers and shovers in the movement expect to "make it big" by the time they are 40; they cannot conceive—and will not concede—that there is any likelihood whatever that the long-continued boom of the federally favored regions they inhabit could ever end. To some extent, their counterparts may be found in the Middle West and East but there they are neither so numerous nor so vocal; in the Goldwater belt they are loud, numerous and chesty. As Nixon shrewdly observed in a recent interview, these new-money types often seem to be undergoing "some kind of personal rebellion." They harbor a variety of resentments—against their own antecedents, against those pushing up from below, against those on the next rung above them. Hostility to what they regard as the snobbish ruling elite of the Eastern Establishment accounts for part of their belligerence and ebullience. With them "Ivy League," in any context, carries poisonous connotations. Self-satisfied and socially insensitive, their general attitude can be summarized in a phrase: "To hell with you, Jack." This general attitude reflects, of course, great underlying tension and insecurity.

Like any new rising middle class, this one has a superabundance of drive and energy. The Eastern elite, by contrast, has much less bounce. In the jargon of the sociologists, it is less "achievement-oriented" — characteristically its wealth derives from inheritance — and it is more "other-directed." Now and then it produces "deviant aristocrats" — Roosevelts, Harrimans, Rockefellers —who are denounced as "traitors to their class." The new middle class of the newly affluent regions has few liberal deviants; it is much too concerned with preserving what it has just recently acquired. A statement by Baltzell points up the difference between the two elites: "Whenever an upper-class way of life becomes an end in itself, rather than a means of consolidating its power and influence, that upper class has outlived its functions."

With typical vaulting exuberance, the kingmakers of the new Anti-Establishment-Establishment propose to move Wall Street down to Dallas or Houston—in time. If their initial efforts should fail, it will not be the first time that Texas aspiration has outrun Texas power; the Murchisons were able to acquire control of the New York Central but they were soon pushed out. No doubt there is a great deal of money behind Goldwater, but even so the money men of the movement have now gone East, hat in hand, seeking campaign contributions. They may find that the wise and cynical men who view politics from handsome offices high up in Manhattan skyscrapers are not exactly enchanted with the well-advertised threats that have been leveled against the Eastern Establishment of which they are a part. Even in "the missile crescent" the really big fortunes as well as the bigger defense contractors are—for the time being at least—pro-Administration. But it is not unthinkable that some of these interests may be tempted to "buy in" on the new movement or come to terms with it.

However this may be, the Goldwater movement deserves careful study, particularly in its long-term implications. It reflects an economic reality that is just beginning to surface. The sunshine belt that stretches from Canaveral to San Diego, elated by the success of Ranger 7, is now enjoying the prospect of a $20 billion expenditure on a variety of space projects, with more to come, programs without end. What the new middle class of this great stretch of country has discovered is the nearly perfect formula for feeding public money into the private sector; politically it is much easier to push a $5.2 billion space appropriation through Congress than to get 1 per cent of this sum for slum eradication. The "space frontier" is booming and the boom may well continue for a long time. The fastest growing new-industry section of the country now stretches from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. The missile crescent is spawning a whole new complex of industries, and "space frontiersmen" confidently predict that Houston will be "the largest American city" in the future. "No longer can a Wall Street bank," writes Drew Pearson, "phone a Western bank and threaten to cut off deposits if the GOP delegates don't switch from Goldwater to Scranton. It was done on behalf of Mr. Eisenhower. But it can't be done any more. . . . Today, California is the biggest state in the Union. The Bank of America is the biggest bank in the world. Kaiser Aluminum, with headquarters in San Francisco, is the second biggest aluminum company in the U.S.; while Pacific Gas & Electric is approximately ten times larger than any other utility in the United States." Such facts are not too significant in themselves but they point to an emerging reality that merits close attention. In the past, social power has waxed and waned as shifts have taken place in the sources of energy; the great utility, iron and steel, railroad and coal fortunes brought the Eastern aristocracy into being; the consumer-goods boom of the twenties and thirties—oil and gas and automobiles — established new groupings, etc. It is not therefore inconceivable that the center of power may be shifting to the South and Southwest and to the Pacific Coast. "The mainstream of the Republican Party," to quote Nixon, "has moved distinctly to the right" since 1960. "It is impossible," he adds, "to assess this change without a knowledge of what has happened in the West, for this conservative surge is to a very great extent a Western surge."

What, then, is Goldwaterism? Implicit in the new amalgam of forces which it represents are the discontents, frustrations, resentments, tensions and hostilities of an affluent society, particularly the special kind of affluence one finds in the West and South and Southwest. Affluence breeds resentments in somewhat the same way that poverty breeds anger — resentment against the speed of social and technological change, against the irritations of an increasingly bureaucratic society, against the frustrations of the cold war, against welfare liberalism, against the Negro revolt, against other irritations unnamed and unidentified. The new amalgam is fed by many sources; it has been forming for a long time; it is a home-grown product, not an importation. Some time back, Charles Bolton in these pages suggested that the new amalgam should be called Uncle Samism. Call it Samism or Goldwaterism, it must be studied for what it is, not for what it resembles or what people imagine it to be. From the outset, Goldwaterism has greatly benefited from the circumstance that it was not taken seriously in some quarters and was taken too seriously in others. If it is not to continue to enjoy this advantage, then the movement—its program and doctrine, its strategy and its sources of energy—should be spotlighted between now and November. The way to beat Goldwaterism is to make it the central issue of the campaign.

Baruch and His Legend . . . . Albert A. Blum

On August 19, 1964, the nation celebrated the 94th birthday of a man who has become a part of American folklore. Most Americans believe that Bernard M. Baruch played a dominant role in American politics and business throughout the first half of the twentieth century, but he is a man who has achieved eminence, not so much by what he has done as by what the public thinks he has done. In that sense, he has had greatness thrust upon him.

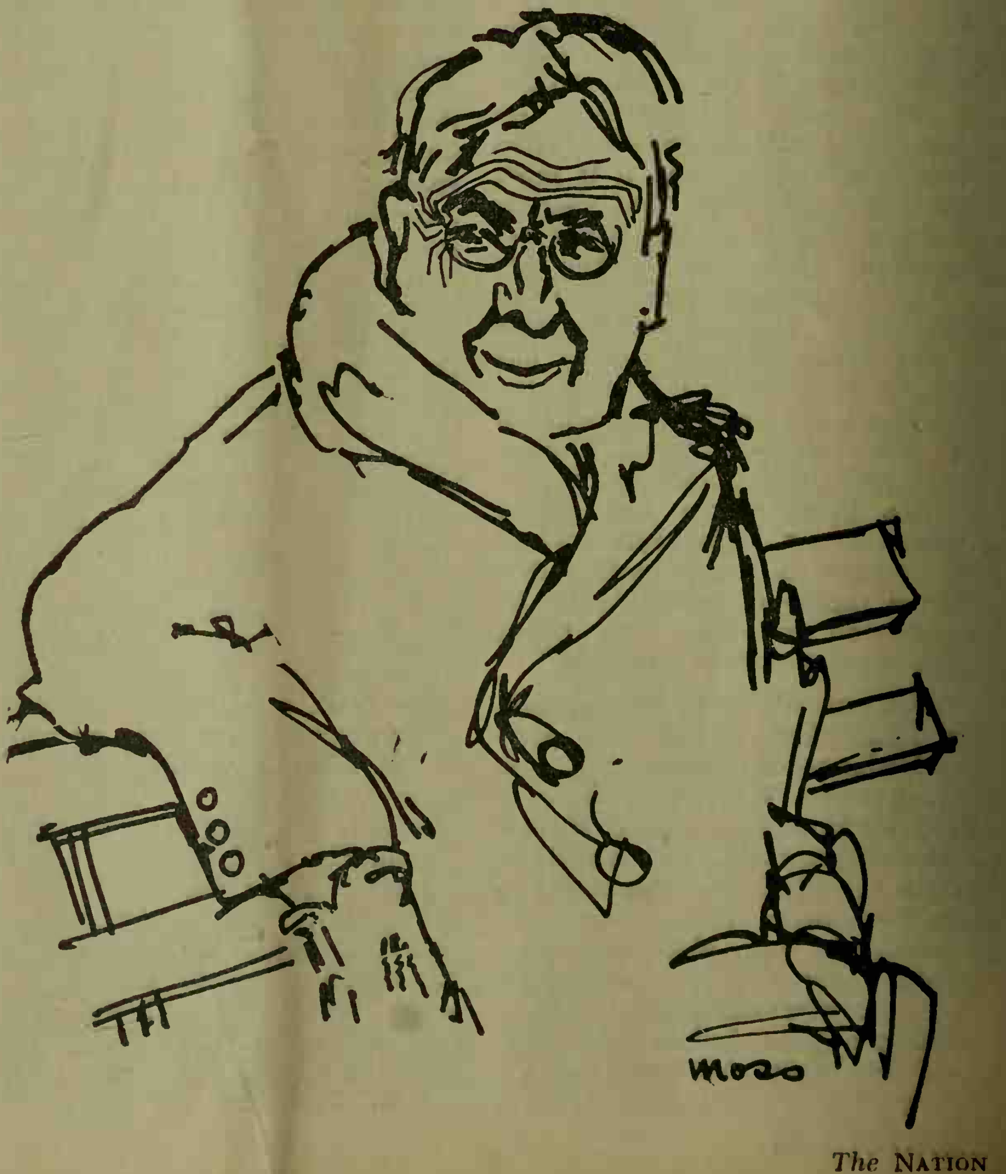
At the time of his 90th birthday, Baruch published the second volume of his autobiography. The first, *My Own Story*, dealt with his earlier years on Wall Street; the second, *The Public Years*, covers the period when he was intimately involved in politics. Other books have been written about the financier-politician, notably one by the Pulitzer Prizewinner, Margaret Coit. Articles, newspaper stories and editorials greeted Baruch on his birthday as they have punctuated his life. More has been written about him than about many presidents.

That Baruch contributed much to American political and economic life is obvious. His work as head of the War Industries Board under Wilson; his assistance as an economic adviser at the Versailles peace conference; his struggle for farm reform and for industrial mobilization planning; his programs during World War II to help end the manpower shortage on the West Coast, to end the rubber shortage, and to lessen the impact of reconversion after the war; and his frustrating, though valuable, struggle to implement the Baruch-Acheson-Lilienthal program for the control of atomic energy should satisfy anyone that Baruch did not spend his time after leaving Wall Street (where he took pride in calling himself a speculator) only counting his money.

Today, many Americans wonder along with the *Denver Post*: "What Do Puzzled Nations Do Who Don't Have Any Bernard Baruch?" But the *Post* was not puzzled because of Baruch's achievements at the posts we mentioned. The paper and the American public saw Baruch's hand and mind as nearly always being at the beck and call of American Presidents. He was the man behind the scenes, giving advice, helping out when needed. What could Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman have done without Baruch? He was their indispensable lieutenant, the man ready to bring to bear his mind, his time and his money on any problem. That Baruch was always ready to give advice is no doubt true. That his advice was always sought or accepted is far less true. He worked with Wilson only during the war years, with Roosevelt only when Roosevelt wanted, and with Truman only for a relatively short period which ended with Truman barely speaking to him. The myth of the Wall Street politician's influence is pervasive; he calls himself a "man of legend" — but it is a legend formed at least in part by the excellent press he normally received; Baruch has been close to some of the country's leading newspaper men.

The Baruch mystique also affects historians of the period. Shortly before the Second World War, Roosevelt, prompted by the then Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson, set up the War Resources Board—but to the dismay of many without Baruch at its helm. This organization (so at least Johnson believed) was to study the problems of economic mobilization during war, develop a plan and take over control of economic life once America began to mobilize. The head of the board was thus to be the chief of America's wartime economic program — a job Baruch undoubtedly wanted and almost got.

When he was not given the position, according to Eliot Janeway (*The Struggle for Survival;* Yale University Press, 1951) he took action. He influenced his friend, Hugh Johnson, to launch an attack against the War Resources Board's leader-



Albert A. Blum, professor of social science, is on the faculty of the School of Labor and Industrial Relations, Michigan State University.

ship—thereby hoping to discredit it. He had another friend, John Hancock, made a member of the board, so that together they could write its recommendations. Moreover, says Janeway, Roosevelt had agreed "in advance to accept" this plan and even made certain suggestions which were incorporated in it.

Note the almost Machiavellian cleverness that Baruch is supposed to have used—even to his influence over Roosevelt. But there is no evidence that the story is correct. Johnson did attack the board, and vitriolically, but Johnson was not known for a kindly pen, and the fact that he was Baruch's friend does not mean he was his puppet. Hancock did join the board, and did write the final report; but Baruch denies that he had anything to do with the writing, and there is no record in Baruch's files that he did.

But if in fact Baruch had contributed to the WRB report, that would prove not that he was working closely with Roosevelt, but rather that he had no real awareness of what Roosevelt's ideas were concerning mobilization. It is doubtful that Roosevelt realized what kind of monster he was creating when he authorized the start of the War Resources Board, but he surely moved quickly to destroy it once he found out. Roosevelt never planned to permit the board to run the economic mobilization of the country. He had decided, even while the WRB was at work, that when the need for a committee to handle economic mobilization should arise (as it did in 1940) he would re-create the weak National Defense Advisory Committee. And so the War Resources Board was buried in 1939 —not by anything that Baruch did or did not do, but by a strong President who had different ideas.

This event, interesting as it is as one phase of Roosevelt's approach to the war and to administration, is equally interesting because an informed observer saw Baruch as operating on both sides of a problem —on one hand, helping to destroy an agency and on the other hand, supporting it. Though this is not an accurate description of Baruch's role, it none the less is a key to understanding his reputation in our society. Baruch's fame as a political power rests on the fact that he was and is many men to many people: a non-Jewish Jew; a Southern Northerner; a farmer urbanite; a plebian patrician; a realistic idealist; and an independent nonpartisan Democrat.

To the Jewish immigrants seeking a place in American society, any Jew who had political importance was proof to all that they, too, could find their niche. They took great pride in the Brandeises and in the Baruchs. They cheered with Danny Kaye when he interrupted his show at the Palace Theatre to announce that "we have in our midst one of the great Americans of all time, an elder statesmen, whose name will go ringing down the corridors of history. I give you Mr. Bernard M. Baruch."

Not only to the Jew but also to the anti-Semite, Baruch appeared more powerful than he actually was. To the Ku Klux Klan, Baruch typified the Jewish financiers' control over America; and they rushed to burn a cross on his lawn at Hobcaw despite the fact that his father, after the Civil War, belonged to the Klan. Henry Ford saw Baruch as "the most powerful man in the world," a "Jew of Super Power," in a series of articles dealing with "The Scope of Jewish Dictatorship in the United States."

To both Jew and anti-Semite, Baruch was a tremendous power. But what kind of Jew was this man from South Carolina? In his immediate family he was a lonely Jew. His wife was not Jewish; in fact, he married her in an Episcopal service. His daughters are not Jewish. One biographer reports that Baruch once thought he could have been President (a goal he denies he ever had) if he had not been born a Jew.

Baruch viewed himself as basically a Southerner, but he spent little of his life there. Born in South Carolina, he left at the age of 11 to live in New York. When he became independently wealthy, he purchased an estate at Hobcaw in South Carolina where he and his guests, some of the great names of American political and public life, gathered during the winters. He kept close ties with such Southern politicians as Byrnes and Byrd. It was good to have a Southern background during the years after the Civil War—particularly when you could also be a Northerner. Baruch spent a major share of his life in New York and there played his most active role—either in Wall Street or in politics. In the North he also had close ties with political leaders — with Al Smith, to name just one who was not popular with most Southerners. To many Southerners, Baruch was a rebel—of rebel stock. To many Northerners, he was a Yankee—a Yankee businessman. In short, he was a rare, but politically attractive, rebel "Yankee."

Though not to such a pronounced degree, Baruch was also a farmer urbanite. He took great pride in his father's experimental work in agriculture, his own farm in South Carolina, and the work he did with George Peek to develop an agricultural program for America during the 1920s and 1930s. This same man was famed for his work in the big city—New York—his love for the theatre, for gambling, for all the things that make a city exciting, and for the financial successes that mainly came out of a city which, above all others, frightened farmers. Imagine how the Populist, Tom Watson, would have viewed a Wall Street Jew who posed as a farm specialist.

But it is in the field of politics that Baruch is best known and here we find him in the role of a Democrat who insisted on being considered an independent who would not run for office. Before conventions, he refused to commit himself to any candidates. He wrote to Truman, who asked him to be on the party's finance committee in 1948, "I have never yet served on any committee of the Party, nor have I ever made a political statement." From Baruch's point of view, his not becoming involved in the support of any individual or any group within the Democratic Party made him better able to serve. To his critics, it showed a certain lack of courage: a refusal to commit himself to one man or one group so that he could be sure to be able to work with the victor. "Here, then, is the tragedy," writes his generally sympathetic biographer, Margaret Coit. "Baruch, unwilling to face defeat—Baruch, who has always had to win—has taken refuge behind his legend."

The tragedy may be Baruch's, but the danger is ours. It rests in our inability to see the real person behind the images he or his supporters or enemies project. We have viewed Baruch through lenses that made a good man into a great one. The danger is that the next time the man may not even be good.

Leaves of Glass

THE BOURGEOIS POET. By Karl Shapiro. Random House. 120 pp. $4. $1.95 paper.

Webster Schott

"Poem is it de rigueur to descend to hell? Will you lose your pedigree. . . . Why are the sick the most articulate? Poetry weaving at the bar, go home. Somebody call a cab." Karl Shapiro's *The Bourgeois Poet* disembowels poetry and hands us its heart.

It has been a long and painful discovery, but Shapiro finally has concluded that formal literature can no longer deal with a reality whose form is chaos. Clobbered by the absurd present, Shapiro says: "There's only one defense: betray thyself." Later in this same prose poem about the need to deny his past, he locates the riches of self-betrayal. "At the bottom of the garbage heap lie the actual poems."

Fiercely American but of French descent, Shapiro's prose poems are pure autism and corrupted autobiography. He clowns with his life—the failure of success, lust fantasies, misplaced fanaticism, culture mongering, family secrets, academic boondoggling, island warfare — and pronounces America crazy in the bargain. In a state near controlled shock he celebrates his and our surrender to the absurd. With poetry that rids itself of the "poetic" but holds to style ("The beauty is gone across the fence, the busted nose in poetry"), he marries black humor with white passion.

At a dead end with official poetry, Shapiro said last year, "I tried to find the common forms—like the joke. I had to break the meter. Nearly all Americans have at one time or another. There's a lot of beautifully mechanical poetry being written now. It doesn't mean anything. We must get closer to the life rhythm of America. The iambic foot and rhyme aren't it. Maybe prose poetry is."

It isn't one of the half-breed Beats who has moved off the Poetry Reservation in *The Bourgeois Poet*. It's a chief, and he left his palomino behind to roar off in a Thunderbird with a beer can between his knees and copies of De-Sade and Wilhelm Reich in the back seat. Shapiro's reputation, based on seven books of poetry and two of criticism, figures in all this. It shows what he is putting on the line in turning to poetry that denies prosody, of which he is a master. Furthermore, the consequences of the reputation wounded Shapiro so deeply the scars become one of the recurrent themes of *The Bourgeois Poet*:

> *. . . When I meet the almighty Publicity Director, name-dropper of kings, I'll shake his hand and say: once I kissed Fame (mouth like an ass hole) but only for fun.*

Karl Shapiro returned from the war in the Pacific a poet-hero, one of the few in our history. Kids read "Troop Train" in *National Scholastic*. His elders read *Person, Place and Thing* (1942), *V-Letter* (1944) and *Essay on Rime* (1945), and pronounced him spokesman for his generation and very nearly savior of American verse. F. O. Mattheissen said *Essay on Rime* might be "the most remarkable contribution to American art yet to have come out of the war," and Conrad Aiken believed Shapiro had "quite startlingly changed everything." He won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1946, became consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress at the age of 33 (where he prepared our first bibliography of modern prosody), and for six years edited *Poetry* magazine, that curious and necessary institution of American verse. All doors opened: the Iowa Writers' Workshop, Johns Hopkins, the University of California, Salzburg, Kenyon College and the University of Nebraska where he teaches now. The prizes, praises and emoluments are too many to list: they were also too much—"Albatross of a prize, you who married me to a newspaper, you who made me a government, why can't I thank you?"

But they were earned the hard way. In the isolation of New Guinea, contemplating his Jewish estrangement and searching his American conscience, Shapiro touched a pulse and felt pleas for life. Flashing wit and bulging muscle, he made poetry out of the common emotions of Americans who were thousands of miles from home and didn't know or care why. He wrote war poetry in which the only battles were with memory. His poetry was dense: socially conscious, steeled with satire, richly emotional and lyrical. He had a camera eye for the final detail of place; but human behavior clung to the senses. Between his Auden-Eliot imitations in Baltimore and self-discovery in New Guinea and Australia, Shapiro acquired, as only crucial poets do, the power to invest concrete situations with large meanings.

Moreover, Shapiro's poetry showed innovation in form and prosodic courage that verged on audacity. He manipulated language as if he had invented it. In "Sunday: New Guinea" he took the classical alexandrine and achieved shifts in complacence and intensity the line had never undergone in modern verse. During ninety days in a staging area in the South Pacific he wrote 2,000 lines of flattened iambic pentameter (*Essay on Rime*) that attempted from memory to record the entire history of English poetry and describe its failures. He privately published in Australia a sequence of erotic lyrics and prose poems (*The Place of Love*, 1942) bound together by the panic of "the last personal moment" and a lyrical ego all the more attractive because it was displaced. Included in it were his first prose poems, "The Dirty Word" and "The New Ring," classics of the form in English. Several others, especially "Confessio Amantis" and "The Place of Love" deserve republication. We are old enough now to read them.

Any reconstruction today of modern American poetry totters if it fails to include Shapiro's "The Fly," "Nigger," "Christmas Eve: Australia," "The Dirty Word," and "Sunday: New Guinea." Running contrary to the idea conventions of modern poetry, flirting with the kinds of truths that turn into clichés, as robust as the man-woman honesty of "V-Letter," these poems rose out of our lives. Shapiro found our number and called us up to tell us what we were feeling.

By the time *Poems 1940-1953* and *Poems of a Jew* (1958) appeared, Shapiro had enough literary fire power to begin an attack—the first of widespread effect — on the "pedantic brotherhood" of modern poetry. He said T. S. Eliot resembled "one of those mighty castles in Bavaria which are remarkably visible, famed for their un-

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Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

sightliness, and too expensive to tear down." The "pathetic drama of modern poetry" was that it tried to "make a place for the poet in the modern world by remaking the world." College English departments were engaged in a conspiracy to canonize Pound, Eliot, Yeats and Auden at the expense of authentic American poetry which, he had said as a much younger man, we could not have "until our poets established some equilibrium between themselves and the nation." American speech had never been to Oxford, Cambridge or on a Fulbright to Rome; events in the modern world had left the "poetic" imagination talking to itself.

Shapiro's attacks on Eliot and Auden were attacks on himself. Having used British models he found them poor guides to the immediately American. It amounted to accusing the College of Cardinals of Catholicism, but he was correct. Only William Carlos Williams, he said, had written enough "true poetry to show the twentieth century that *American* and *poet* are not contradictions in terms." That is not correct unless you agree with Shapiro that "American" means sex, power, advertising, seminal prose and the ossification of culture. Nevertheless, all of Shapiro's prose reads like a program for *The Bourgeois Poet.* His anti-intellectualism, personal eccentricities, critical position and sense of persecution made this book inevitable.

Like John Berryman's 77 *Dream Songs,* the poems of Winfield Townley Scott and Williams, *The Bourgeois Poet* attempts to locate poetry in the diction of American conversation, while rising with the surprises and revelations of poetic insight. Some of it scans in iambic feet. Tercets and couplets drop in occasionally — lost robins in a flight of blackbirds—to pull the leg of poetry. Sinister allusions turn Shapiro's narratives into messages for help thrown over the wall. Apparent rambling is stopped suddenly by lines profuse in implication. The narrator, always Shapiro, moves back and forth in time. The overtones of poetry are here, but the voice is prose.

"What is real in the world; that is what we must learn," Rilke said. Shapiro thinks he knows: contradictions, deceptions, sexual joy, personal ignorance, intellectual defeat. By laughing at the absurd he disarms it. Not only in form but in spirit *The Bourgeois Poet* is nearer contemporary fiction than poetry. Our situation has become so serious the only thing to do is stop taking it seriously. The mental health of this book is exhilarating. It's therapeutic to see the cigar explode in Shapiro's face. Primarily his comedy is black. He shows in himself the disruption of art, values and social arrangements that have made America a psychic disaster area:

I am an atheist who says his prayers.
I am an anarchist, and a full professor at that. I take the loyalty oath.
I am a deviate, I fondle and contribute, backscuttle and brown, father of three.
I stand high in the community. My name is in Who's Who. People argue about my modesty.
I drink my share and yours and never have enough. I freeload officially and unofficially.
A physical coward, I take on all intellectuals, established poets, rabbis, chiefs of staff.
I am a mystic. I will take an oath that I have seen the Virgin. Under the dry pandanus, to the scratching of kangaroo rats, I achieve physic onanism. My tree of nerves electrocutes itself.
I uphold the image of America and force my luck. I write my own ticket to oblivion.
I am of the race wrecked by success. The audience brings me news of my death. I write out of boredom, despise solemnity. The wrong reason is good enough for me.
I am of the race of the prematurely desperate. In poverty of comfort I lay gunpowder plots. I lapse my insurance.
I am the Babbitt metal of the future. I never read more than half a book. But that half I read forever . . .

The essential conceit of *The Bourgeois Poet* comes at the end of this long travesty of Whitman's *Song of Myself*:

> *This is the camera with the built-in lie. This is the lens that defies the truth. There's nothing for it but to write the large bad poem in middle-class magic. Poem condemned to wear black, be quoted in churches, versatile as Greek. Condemned to remain unsung by criminals.*

In our time the big "poem," the work of art, must be misunderstood because this is an anti-poetic age. Therefore Shapiro writes an anti-poetic poem that the hungry eye of the present can really see; human beings must recognize their dehumanization to find the poetry of the present. *The Bourgeois Poet* follows Shapiro's definition of several years ago: "Poetry is not a metaphorical or symbolic version of the world but an actual representation of reality."

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Watching the refineries of Tulsa glow by night Shapiro hears the screams of orgasm in an adjoining hotel room and binds the two in a poem about the fusion of sex and power. Nashville's replica of the Parthenon "sits flat on the ground, like a plane crash reconstructed," and through it he senses the American conception of art "bought and sold fifty times a day." Shapiro's teen-age heroes drive into telephone poles at 100 miles an hour. Big businessmen decide policy "by word of mouth like gangsters" in offices where "the very telephones are hard and kissable." His Jews have turned to the Mariolatry of momism. His neighbors' bathrooms are appointed like love nests with erotic stools and black Kleenex. In one of his poems grief parodies smiles. In another he says, "Tell me again what tragedy is. I can never remember." He writes of "The Bourgeois Poet" who changes to "The B. P." and finally "The Beep," becoming a pipe-smoking executive in his businessman's study. "Of love and death in the Garrison State I sing," Shapiro anonunces. And later: "Everything everywhere has been decided in everyone's favor."

These are neither conventional poetic ideas nor conventional figures of speech. They bite. And if their edge comes from the constant posing of opposites ("All truths are paired contradictions, half-truths are absolutes"), it is because Shapiro himself contains so many opposing selves. He can only resolve them by exorcising them with humor: "When I say the Hail Mary I get an erection. Doesn't that prove the existence of God?" Or "I wonder what my neighbors think of me? I hope they think of me."

Shapiro undresses poetry and throws the poetic in the corner. But still certain qualities of *The Bourgeois Poet* return to the familiar. Baudelaire and Rimbaud stand somewhere in the shadows. There's a habitual poetry consciousness. Perhaps a third of the poems deal with the writing of poetry or picture other poets: Dylan Thomas, John Ciardi, Elizabeth Bishop, Theodore Roethke, Richard Eberhart, Delmore Schwartz. Metaphors and symbols work to different effect for Shapiro. However, they're still here, constant and self-perpetuating: age takes the poet through military action; flowers suggest and become women; the ordered Dadaist mess in "Basement Apartment" creates sexual disorientation. Like everyone else, Shapiro does set pieces. He has a splendid time with puns, invidious parallels, double meanings, and quotations twisted or out of context from Auden, Robert Frost, Aldous Huxley, DeSade. Shapiro operates on the same assumptions as "The Waste Land" and the poetry of George Seferis and René Char—epidemic decadence. His radicalism is tempered by the history of poetry.

Speculating about Shapiro's courage and the risks of prose poetry, another poet demanded, "But was it worth the chance?" I think so. There are at least eight unqualified successes in *The Bourgeois Poet* and only a third of the original manuscript is here. (In place of several poems early in the book one would have preferred those published recently in *Poetry* and *Evergreen Review.*) Some of Shapiro's prose poems do approach the outer limits of willfulness, read like faulty translations and use devices for their own sake. Yet the book as a whole exceeds its parts. Shapiro's skill with prose poetry has leaped since *The Place of Love.* His ability competes with his courage. Finally, however, neither skill with form nor literary guts is the issue here.

What distinguishes *The Bourgeois Poet* is Shapiro's conception of modern American life as requiring a total response by the poet in behalf of his fellows. He detects in himself, the poet taken to the cleaner's, all the emotional wounds, frustrated possibilities and moral failures of the present; but belief in anything except the deranged present is bankrupt. In an introduction he abandoned, Shapiro says: "The end is to depict the whole world of my time as I have received it and been a part of it. . . . I want to tell the many kinds of truth." Dissociation becomes integration through the psychic revelation of his art.

Salvatore Quasimodo said that "a poet is a poet when he does not renounce his presence in a given land, at a precise time, politically defined. And poetry is the freedom and truth of that time and not the abstract modulations of sentiment." *The Bourgeois Poet* is poetry of and in our time. Karl Shapiro is still calling us up, now with a hot line plugged into our lives: "My century take savagery to your heart." Shapiro offers us, as Wallace Stevens required, not a solution to the madness of the twentieth century but some defense against it.

ART

WEST COAST ART: VITAL PATHOLOGY

It is a flip trait of much current art to undermine the formal and stylistic analysis of the critic, and to disappoint certain of his humanist expectations. Even the more conservative critics have learned that artists are giving credence to the most unsightly artifacts in American culture, while ambiguously evading responsibility for that credence. If this is a widespread condition of contemporary art, art in California is nothing if not contemporary. I had taken it for granted that the West Coast artists participate in the popular strategy of insult; what I had not suspected, until I visited the state, was their insidious charm. Without being restrictively parochial, their work refuses to be pried loose from the values of its local milieu, and even its physical climate. The problem lies in appreciating the specifically West Coast character of what one sees, and of evaluating a relationship of artists to their environment that verges on cohabitation: faintly indecent, but with all kinds of unexpected possibilities.

As simple orientation, one might do worse than note the tendency of recent California art to separate itself into two opposed strains whose bases are far more physiological than stylistic. These I provisionally call the "Sterilized" and the "Sweaty," though they are at best imprecise categories. Further, there are artists who have practiced both, and one important sculptor who transcends them. Though each camp has philosophical premises, both are most critically engaged with bodily sensations and visceral reactions, to which they have developed a nervous openness.

Within the "Sterilized," no one will overlook the even pastel coloration and the impeccably smooth surfaces of the color-field painter, Robert Irwin, the emblematic art of Billy Al Bengston, the metallic shine and glitter in the work of the object-makers Tony De Lap, Charles Frazier and Larry Bell, nor the piercing chromatic purity and finical honing of shape in the sculptors Lloyd Hamrol and Ken Price. To be sure, these are qualities that partly describe the general reaction of the present generation to Abstract Expressionism, whose brushiness is countered all along the line by "hard" edges, flat planes, and by uniformly and heavily saturated colors. Yet one feels that the young Californians manipulate these elements, not so much through historical necessity, as from an involuntary reflex of taste.

They have an inclination, for instance, for iridescence and for alternating bathroom or stucco wall palettes—the kind of pistachios and corals one sees sprinkled about Los Angeles. Their textures are well scrubbed and highly polished. A special kind of light, high-keyed but ethereal, plays about their images, or seems to emanate from them. Finally, a fondness for the hues in the brighter and kookier nail polishes and lipsticks (say, frosty orchid) is not unusual. But for all this precious femininity of language, their conceptions can be quite tough-minded.

Larry Bell, for example, constructs

glass, chrome-framed boxes upon which have been engraved gridded formations and patterns of mirrored areas. Looking through apertures to screens within the rectangular cavity, one's eye is snared and baffled by echoes and reflections of the external formations. It becomes impossible to fix or locate any single plane in space, to dissociate image from reality in an irregularly checkered labyrinth which has neither end nor beginning. Lost in all these silvered transparencies are glimpses of the spectator's own face, geometrically cut, as he moves in a futile attempt to orient himself. Bell's lapidary boxes are devices to fool the eye, which excuse themselves by their inordinate physical beauty. It is an expensive dilemma he creates, a chamber of reciprocal vacancies, whose formal aims, only superficially allied to fashionable optical painting, are strikingly mortised into implications of human impasse.

Equally remarkable is the ceramic polychrome sculpture of Ken Price, who presents a series of small-scaled melon and oval forms, all faintly mongoloid or misshapen, and camouflaged by lazily drifting amoeboid patches of nursery red, yellow or green. The original sources may be Arp and Miro, but magnified and utterly transformed. Here and there, their mat-lacquered surfaces are punctuated by biomorphic mouths or gills which reveal intestinal matter lubricated by a kind of sirupy varnish. As claustrophiliac as Bell, Price also manages to convert ornamental or decorative qualities into a metaphor—in this case zoological—that instills a certain fear. His mutational sculptures are as relaxing to live with, and as attractive to touch, as one of the more lethal anemones or jellyfish.

The "Sweaty" side of California art is typified by the older assemblagist Wallace Berman, who frequently made a kind of Buchenwald totem, Bruce Conner, who swaddles and strangles his cheaply jeweled charred images in nylon, and Ed Kienholz. The latter's work is all fur, ash, pseudo-excrement—stained, congealed and rotted. In their anger, and the sense they give of a world coming apart at the seams, Kienholz's brutish environments appear savagely out of step with the art around them. Particularly in their period reference—Kienholz incorporates beaten-up objects of the thirties and forties—do they contradict the strait-laced contemporaneity of, say, Bengston and

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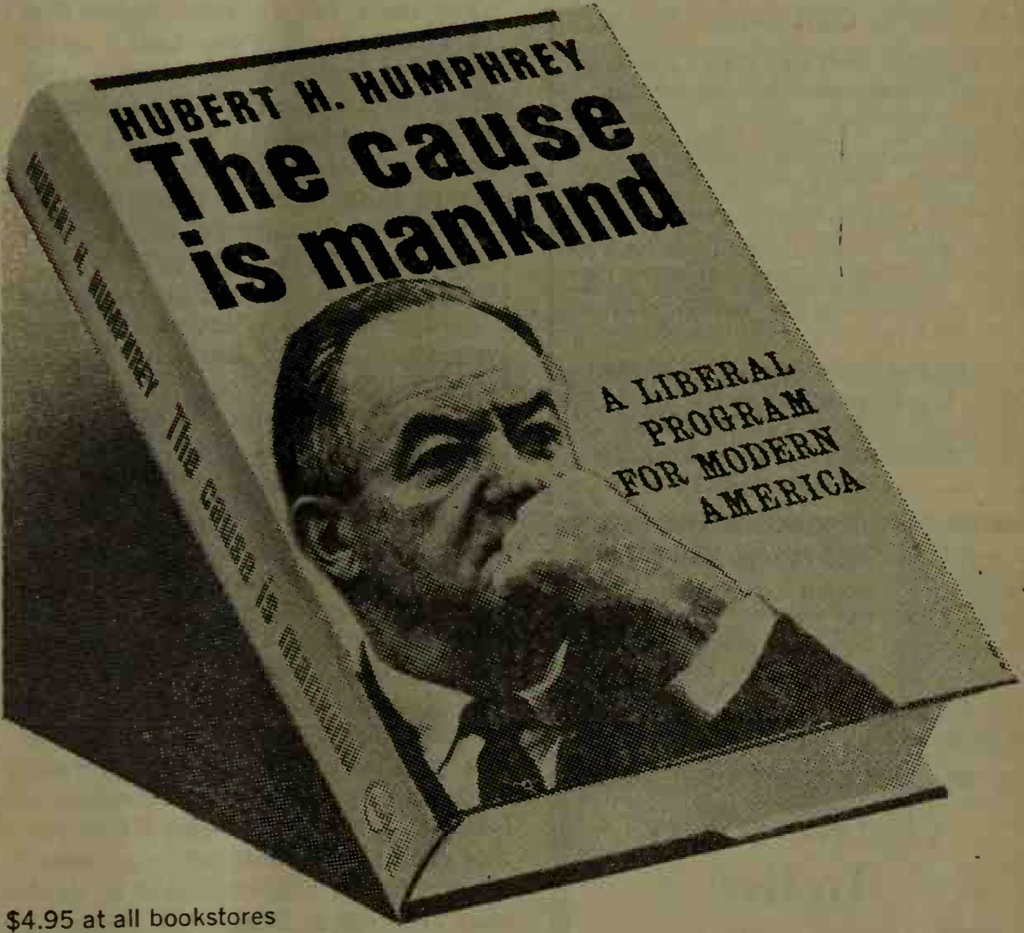

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Bell. But if his subjects are nostalgic, his commentary is not so much up-to-date as timeless. Kienholz specializes in paralyzing moments of horror, illustrated by his "Illegal Operation," in which the metal parts are splattered hemostats. By turns theatrical and figurative (exemplified by the title of his piece on Caryl Chessman, "The Psycho-Vendetta Case"), Kienholz's imagination zestfully proliferates revelations of bodily injury. Executions, abortions, childbirth, all these are conjured by a *guignol* sensibility whose greatest debt is to the Dadaism and Surrealism of the 1920s. When it is not torture he serves up, it may be the tableau which in his view leads to the torture, as in his latest work, "1938 Dodge": the American back-seat fornication. Here, in a casketlike blue-flocked Dodge, amidst cigarette butts and beer cans, chicken-wire bodies coalesce, to materialize in solid form only where a hand reaches for panties. To open the door is to switch on a light—the mechanism recalls a refrigerator as much as a car—whose dim gleam husks the shell of the sadism and sexual disgust of California, and perhaps of American art as well.

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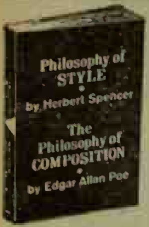

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For there can be little doubt that the mood of all these Los Angeles artists is screamingly erotic—and stifled. Kienholz shows the object of desire, but mortified almost beyond recognizability. His point of departure may be indignation at the wrongs of society, yet somewhere tripping up the rhetoric of his works is an embarrassing concupiscence. Conversely, the stimuli of his fellow artists are in an immediate kind of hormonal excitement, which is transferred to an adoration for the appointments of the new sexual objects: motorcycles and racing cars. These symbols of virility, which can produce thrills quickened by the fear of extinction, are paradoxically decked out in the spectrum of the boudoir. It is no accident that the sublimated art of a Frazier or a Bengston looks androgynous and narcissistic. Bengston lavishes a gorgeousness of aureoles and halations, sprayed like perfume, upon a field always centered by sergeant's chevrons—lonely insignia of manhood. Of course, this view of the machine in an erotic context is not unprecedented in modern art, since Duchamp evoked a whole mythology from it. (And perhaps his important exhibition in Pasadena last year was a significant cultural event in the area.) But for these young Americans, the theme is not a witty intellectual conceit, but an infatuation so much a part of their intimate lives that they cannot transmit it except through a curious repression.

The temperature of California art can best be taken by observing precisely how it indulges and inhibits sensuous pleasure. One thing certainly applies: be it bald or hairy, the work of art on the West Coast does not encourage the sense of touch. Tactilely, it is the most uncaressable stuff created, even when it wants to ingratiate itself. In truth, many of these young artists are romantics and sentimentalists, whose sense of vulnerability repels them from any style which would permit an open display of their commitments. Any spectator approaching new work in Los Angeles has to take their paradoxical nondemonstrative enthusiasm, or better still, deadpan fetishism, into account. An art which wallows in the luxuriance of such mechanistic techniques as enamel on plexiglass, automobile lacquer sprays and engraved mirrors, effecting a sheer sensuous affirmation of these materials, may not produce a tragic sense of life, but it does give a distinctly chilling impression.

In California, the past and the future get telescoped into the fantasies of a present which never knows itself. An absence of any vital tradition and the sense of living on the brink of developments, socially and technologically unknown, fosters a desperate prettiness, as if sensuous delight will compensate for the shapelessness of the human situation. Something of the sort must explain the fact that for the Los Angeles artists, "pretty" is as much a term of approval, as in New York it is one of condemnation. The contrast illuminates how slight is the moral weight and polemical voltage given to works of art in the West as compared with the East. Norman Mailer has some words on this as a cultural condition:

> *Not all the roots of American life are uprooted, but almost all, and the spirit of the supermarket, that homogenous extension of stainless surfaces and psychoanalyzed people, packaged commodities and ranch homes, interchangeable, geographically unrecognizable, that essence of the new postwar Super-America is found nowhere so perfectly as in Los Angeles's ubiquitous acres. One gets the impression that people come to Los Angeles in order to divorce themselves from the past, here to live or try to live in the rootless pleasure world of an adult child.*

Yet, for an *artist* to be an "adult child" is not necessarily a debility, nor in the least uncommon. Insofar as the tradition of modern art intermittently harks back to a condition of childlike seeing—to achieve an ever greater freshness of vision—the Los Angeles artists have good credentials. With them, rather, what is simulated is maturity, a veneer of decadent but transparent sophistication. The result is a disingenuous sweetness, fellow-traveling with the more absurd aspects of American life, but in the end displacing and compressing them into a new amalgam of pathological vitality.

As for California itself, it has become the most dynamic and resourceful artistic climate in this country outside New York. In Los Angeles alone there are about sixty-five galleries, two museums to be housed in new buildings devoted increasingly to twentieth-century and contemporary art, and a cadre of collectors furnishing an enlightened patronage hitherto lacking in the area. The yeast for most of this ferment is the young magazine *Artforum*, the only organ which has taken upon itself—although it has far from reached—a responsible critical account of the West Coast *avant-garde*. Substantially, this environment is not older than three years.

Yet it would be erroneous to speak of a "School of Los Angeles." In the sense that they were defined as coherent urban traditions, "schools" no longer exist. Besides, during the fifties, art in California was synonymous with "Bay Area Figuration," a corpulent, beefsteak kind of Abstract Expressionism that turned profitlessly to the representational. Although in and around San Francisco it produced talents as substantial as Richard Diebenkorn, Frank Lobdell, Hassell Smith and the sculptor Peter Voulkos, it was the tail end of a movement which had already lost its momentum years before in New York. Still mostly indifferent to its artists, and weak as a market, San Francisco cannot be said to equal the physical apparatus or the hipness of Los Angeles. But it has nevertheless managed to give the most ironic edge to the whole status of West Coast art in the work of 28-year-old sculptor Robert Hudson.

The most salient thing about Hudson is that he parallels the two areas of his Los Angeles colleagues, but manipulates them so highhandedly and irreverently that they cancel each other out. His pieces resemble a kind of mad plumbing, gesturing animistically in polychromed steel and iron. Tubes, flaps, bulbs, meshes and strainers, bent and buckled, limp or erect, and colored in screeching yellows, blacks and reds, perform a grotesque pirouette. Depicted upon these mimetic shapes, especially those that have sexual implications, are lightning bolts and checkered highway signs. Spatially, it is a disorderly, irrepressible sculpture, but pictorially, it is extremely precise and controlled. Each episode or pocket of his compositions projects a calculated burst of irrationality, corny without being childish, or refined without being precious. Scattered over his imagery are illusionistic bits of drawing, imitating a projection or a shadow. His implausibility mocks the, by contrast, sudden calmness and restraint of the artists to the south. At the same time, his is the least romantic and the most balanced sensibility among them.

An erotic and dehumanizing malaise ultimately haunts, and yet generates, great energy among young California artists. Above all, the scope of their work gives the present situation in American art an anxious alternative. In the aesthetic life of this country, they are like a glandular disturbance. But if so, it is of such a nature as to make the observer more fully realize the nature of all creative moments.

Max Kozloff

FILMS

LATERNA MAGIKA

Laterna Magika is a Czechoslovakian event at Carnegie Hall. Upon concluding its limited engagement in New York, it will tour cities in the United States with theatres big enough to handle it. Expensively advertised as a "unique" melding of music, theatre, dance, motion pictures and "sheer" poetry, it was developed in Prague "for millions of dollars" and features thirty "live" Czechoslovakian actors, singers and dancers performing a *fin de siècle* French opera surrounded by three movie screens of different sizes all going at once. People began to leave after fifteen minutes. The advertising boys had folksily implied that the last iron curtain, once lifted, revealed Cinerama playing something like *How the East Was Won.* Most of the audience hadn't expected to spend two-thirds of the evening swamped with Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann.* Worldly tales, weary music, but for those who stayed there were electrifying things to see. The film was the thing.

Jan Stallich is credited as director of photography. His work is more memorable than the mechanical wizardry with which it is presented and,

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NAT HENTOFF in the
Village Voice

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shown in a loft, would have been as dazzling. The screens riot with imaginative, painterly compositions. Color weaves dramatize the three nineteenth-century spiritual landscapes in which Hoffmann's adventures take place, more successfully than Offenbach's score. Brittle creams and orchid hues surface in the Paris salon; gloomy and hysterical close-ups characterize the German episode, and finally, the naked, surreal autism of Venice peddling flesh tones worthy of Rubens. (There is none of that technicolor pallor which makes all the women look like Barbie Dolls and the men Rock Hudson ruddy.) Throughout, the film exhibits the high technical gloss which is supposed to be Hollywood's most signal accomplishment.

The mechanical devices are not just gimmicks. The three screens present entirely different images or else different perspectives on the same scene. Three ways of looking at a baritone is a banal example, but the process was exhilarating when the audience was maneuvered through the Venetian canals, for instance, badgered on three sides by heaving, opulent courtesans plucking wild harps, beckoning and gurgling in the magic blue air. That was as lush a moment as any I've experienced in a decadent Western theatre.

Because the screens are not joined, artifice is emphasized with the usual paradoxical result: a measure of artificiality sponsors suspension of disbelief rather than inhibits it. Watching *Cinerama* and other earnest Hollywood attempts to approximate three-dimensional realities, you must hoard a lack of involvement in self-defense. The California people are always trying to make it dizzy for you on roller coasters, or drop you among stampeding buffaloes; applauding their expertise, one also applauds the fact that none of it is really happening to anyone but the camera man.

Laterna Magika poses other obvious problems. When the dramatic has to take precedence over the decorative, the effect can be walleyed. The action whips from screen to screen and if you're hellbent to follow the plot, you could break your neck. These hazards are minimized by having "live" actors carry much of the narrative. They'd have been better advised to stay in the wings.

Singers can't compete with their own voices stereophonically magnified, and actors are hopelessly upstaged by their own faces purified of blemishes on celluloid 20 feet tall. The unsettling thing is that one pities, and then gradually entertains a cold, totalitarian dislike for the poor forked dwarfs sweating and bellowing so thinly under the harsh lights. Why don't they return to that fluid medium where the pitch is always perfect and the slightest movement graceful and effective?

Hoffmann, played by Vladimir Krejcik, had to bear the main burden of the war between technology and the rest of us. He was brave and has a fine voice, but wandering around talking to the screens he began to resemble a deranged and insubordinate usher who, concluding he should be in the movies himself, had taken the shortest route to get there. The integration of flesh and film must always work to the disadvantage of the merely mortal.

Laterna Magika represents a new "fusion" of forms only if the combination of sight and sound can be considered novel. It is primarily a technological refinement with limited dramatic possibilities. Stories can only be mauled by such a process, including opera which is admittedly the form best suited to such exploitation because it is prone to be histrionic, spectacular and static. But music is the dramatic fuse in opera, and even Mozart would be servant to the visual excitements in *Laterna Magika.*

On the other hand there is a whole world to photograph. When you don't have to concentrate on anything specific, the skillful optical engineering of the screens gives the illusion of seeing three times as much magnificent photography as one would see in an ordinary theatre. I would pay fancy Carnegie Hall prices to watch the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel or the World Series filtered through such a process, so long as there were no Popes or other live umpires included on stage, and Jan Stallich was credited with taking the pictures.

The final section of the program is billed as "a *divertissement.*" The live Czechs have a much better time of it here, dancing, singing and playing the violin with the unexpected jazzy insouciance of Ed Sullivan regulars. Mechanical marvels still abound. Pavel Vesely romps with a representation of a ballerina pirouetting prettily on a round portable screen he twirls over his head like a wafer. Pavel Vesely roller skates across the stage, picks up speed and sails straight through the streets of Prague at 50 miles an hour, holding his own with the cops, the traffic and the damned movie projectors. The results are charming and unambiguous because the spirit is sheer vaudeville, the only real vaudeville left in the vast technocracy which extends from Moscow to Los Angeles. The aim is to awe, and in that venture men and machines have cooperated successfully before. Machines seem to be doing most of the work, but at least they're still taking our picture.

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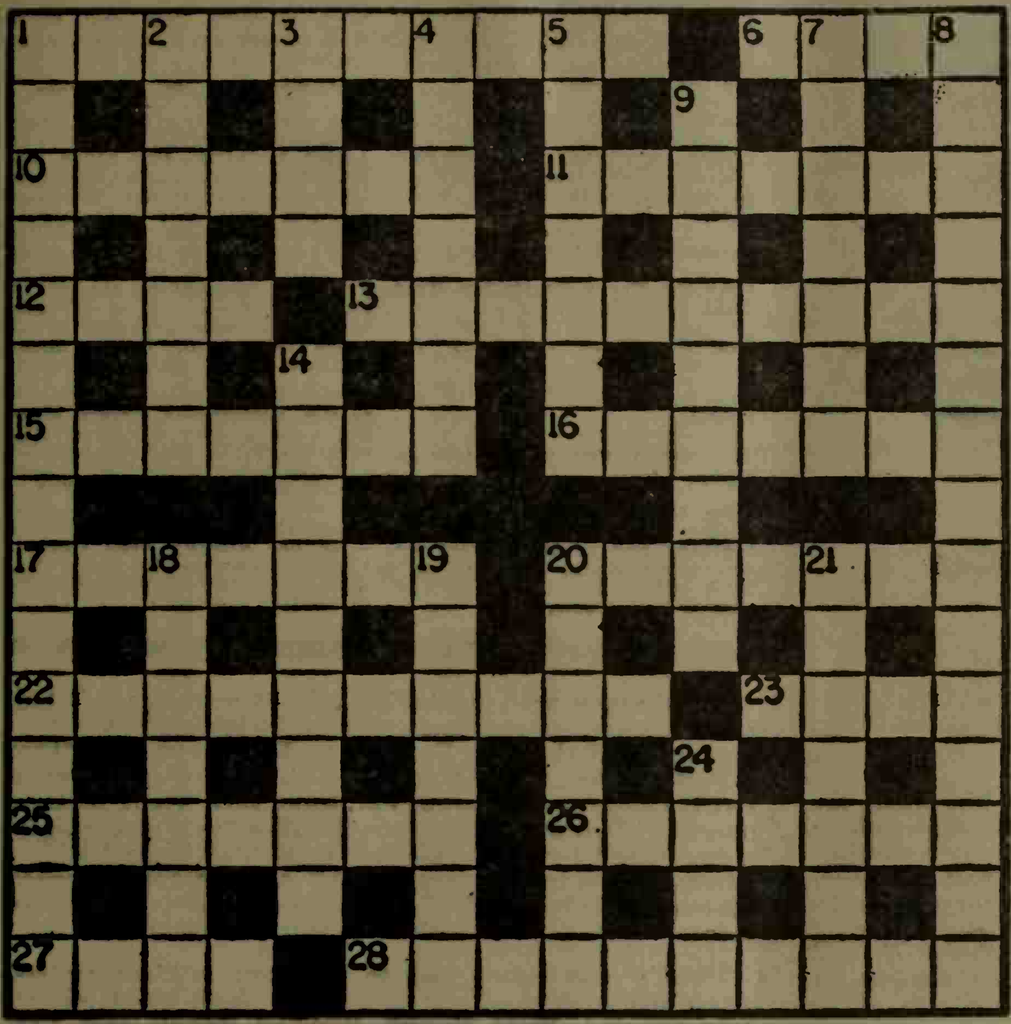
Crossword Puzzle No. 1069

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 General indication of something reputedly having no turning. (10)
6 A place to put flowers, or the position of the rest. (4)
10 Mr. A, with the full sort of title associated with Diana. (7)
11 There's a lot about a carriage which is like a boat. (7)
12 It might be with regard to a broken rein. (2, 2)
13 Air-raid wardens? How stupid! (10)
15 and 24 down Where cooks work to wash a primitive propeller. (6, 5)
16 You probably can't stand to do it. (3, 4)
17 Stop the music! (7)
20 Mr. Franklin meets the god of war on the Ganges. (7)
22 Visionary. (10)
23 Dish found in Holland. (4)
25 At close inspection might reveal milk sugar. (7)
26 Gaius and Tiberius. (7)
27 The framework of the band. (4)
28 He improved the transportation of fowl, in relative surroundings. (10)

DOWN:

1 A leash and a bridle, for example? They might head the column. (7, 8)
2 It might take away the effect of sharpness. (7)
3 Might it be well to add quietly? (4)
4 Makes an illegal stock transfer, possibly. (7)
5 The consequences of what people may own. (7)
7 Well done! It's about time for boasting! (7)
8 Not a tiring room — just where something might be bound up near the front. (8, 7)
9 Resist — Custer might be associated. (9)
14 Prize animal? It's possibly a relief. (9)
18 Strips of money? (7)
19 Beginning to develop an uprising on the track. (7)
20 Raise, or raise a subject. (5, 2)
21 They're out of their habitual environment. (7)
24 See 15 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1068

ACROSS: 1 Night blindness; 8 Trotting race; 10 Reexamined; 11 Snub; 13 Legged; 14 Left face; 16 Reopened; 19 Does; 20 Micronesia; 22 Admits defeat; 23 Unpremeditated. DOWN: 1 Natural Bridges; 2 and 17 Goosey Goosey Gander; 3 Tete-a-tetes; 4 Lentil; 5 Norsemen; 6 Neck; 7 Double-breasted; 9 Incandescent; 12 Attainment; 15 Delirium; 18 Prised; 21 Oder.

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THE NEW, NEW GUARD

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LETTERS

On 'Defeat in Harlem'

New York City

Dear Sirs: I would like to correct a few statements in what was otherwise an excellent article in your July 27 issue—"Defeat in Harlem," by an outstanding reporter, Woody Klein. The statements involved my brief role as a mediator in the HARYOU-ACT conflict.

It was inaccurate, for instance, to say that a request was made of Dr. Clark to discontinue airing charges and countercharges in the public press, and that no such request was made of Rep. Adam Powell. There was a request made via cablegram to Mr. Powell, who was then out of the country, as well as to his immediate representatives here; and, as was true in the case of Dr. Clark, these requests were honored.

My intervention was at the request of the Mayor, with the concurrence of both sides in the dispute, and was focused solely on trying to work out a plan which would prevent the complete cutting off of all funds within a matter of days, should there not have developed some understanding between the affected parties. Contrary to what was reported in your article, the report which we submitted clearly and strongly condemned any political influence in the program, and specifically stated that no person representing the political interests of any individual should be selected as an officer or a staff member, but that these interests should be represented on the overall board. Subsequent action, therefore, was at variance with our specific recommendation.

Furthermore, Dr. Clark's resignation had been written and announced to several members of the board prior to our intervention as mediators, and it had been his stated intention from the very beginning to resign once the project got under way. This, therefore, did not result from any actions of our mediation progress. In fact, Dr. Clark graciously agreed to withhold the submission of his resignation so as not to create the impression as suggested in the article.

The statement that it was understandable that any Congressman would naturally have an interest in this program is accurate, and I think realistic, and one that everyone, including Dr. Clark, accepted; but to infer that this interest should extend to the right of political control is erroneous.

I write this not only to set the record straight, but to make clear my long-time and continuing deep respect and admiration for Dr. Clark and the significant contribution which he has made to this effort in producing a magnificent study which not only serves the Harlem community, but might well serve as a guide for other communities around the country.

Whitney M. Young, Jr.
Executive Director
National Urban League

A very old herring

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Those who saw in the Stewart Alsop-J. Edgar Hoover-incited flurry about "Red" infiltration in the civil rights movement an attempt to defeat the civil rights bill itself were diverted from the point. Like the filibuster itself, which had no hope of winning, but was a successful effort to prevent a stronger and more meaningful piece of legislation, the Hoover-Alsop idea was to put a curb on the more militant forces in the movement. . . .

The investigators didn't dig deeply enough into the causes of Negro revolt. The evidence was there for all to see half a century ago:

Negro Trouble Caused by Hun Propaganda—the *New York Herald*, December 5, 1917

Sees Plot of Foes to Rouse Negroes —*The World* (New York), December 5, 1917

Germans Are Behind Negro Complaints—*Newport News Daily Press*, December 5, 1917

Negro Agitation Laid to Germans—*Christian Science Monitor*, February 19, 1918

Howard N. Meyer

Important contest

Waban, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Your readers will be interested in a significant political contest in Massachusetts. Noel Day of Boston is Independent candidate for U. S. Congress, 9th Congressional District. Mr. Day's Democratic opponent is John W. McCormack, the Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives and next in line of succession to the Presidency of the United States. The Republican candidate is one of the leaders of the Goldwater movement in Massachusetts.

Mr. Day is a nationally known civil rights leader and is particularly active in SNCC and NSM. He founded the first Freedom Schools for Negro and white school children in connection with the Boston school stay-outs of June, 1963, and February, 1964. He is co-chairman of the Massachusetts Freedom Movement. A Dartmouth graduate and a trained social worker, he is Executive Director of St. Mark Social Center, a Roxbury settlement house.

Mr. Day's campaign explicitly connects peace with the issues of racial justice and unemployment.

Financial contributions will be gratefully accepted. They should be sent to Noel Day for Congress Committee, 727 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Jerome Grossman

THE
NATION

Monday, September 7, 1964
Volume 199, No. 5

In this issue

EDITORIALS
81

ARTICLES
84 Booty at the Back Door
Max Madden
85 The New, New Guard of the GOP
Virginia E. Lewis and *Hansi Chambers*
88 Agony of the Negro Leader
Everett C. Ladd, Jr.
91 The Redwood Totem
Harold Gilliam

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
94 Theatre of the Grotesque
Oswald LeWinter
96 Dark Lorelei
W. K. Rose
97 Panelizing Dissent
Kenneth Rexroth
98 Description of a Process (poem)
Intimation (poem)
E. F. Weisslitz
99 Letter from London
Charles Marowitz
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 100)
Frank W. Lewis

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EDITORIALS

A Clear Choice

By capturing control of the Republican Party, Senator Goldwater and his merry buccaneers have succeeded, as we suggested they might, in providing the American electorate with a choice, not an echo. It is not, as some liberals are saying, a choice of the lesser evil. These liberals find a campaign between a hero of the radical Right and a centrist Democrat so frustrating that they lose sight of the political realities of the present and the possibilities of change in the future. Basic realignment is not an issue in current American politics, and the noise and fustian of the campaign may make it appear that the movement, if any, is to the Right. And this may not be entirely an appearance: Johnson may try, as he did in the Tonkin Gulf incident, to counter Goldwater's attacks by showing he is tough too. Yet one need cite only a few of the issues that will be fought over to show that the voters will face significant operational alternatives.

Johnson's record with the 88th Congress makes it possible for him to run on that record: the affair in the Rose Garden was not all hoopla. The voters are offered a choice in terms of actual achievements versus the whimsical-to-sinister suggestions of Goldwater. Some of these achievements, like the nuclear test ban, go back to Kennedy, but Johnson is entitled to a share of the credit. So, in some cases—civil rights, for instance—are certain Republicans entitled to credit. But in precious few of them can Goldwater point to himself with the politician's pride. Very little that is humane, progressive, sober or rational has come out of him, and for the simplest of reasons: it isn't there.

The platforms add up to the same conclusion. William H. Stringer finds that the Democratic platform presents "a startlingly wide divergence in policy and philosophy between the Republican and Democratic positions." He sees a clear choice on almost every issue —economic prosperity, the use of nuclear weapons, the value of governmental, i. e., federal, action in domestic problems, and Washington's attitude toward the Soviet Union. On nuclear weapons alone any sensible voter will prefer Johnson to a thinly disguised jingo like Goldwater.

Tied in with the choice between the men and the platforms is the opportunity to purge American democracy of the Birchite poison. Even if Goldwater, in defeat, remains in control of the Republican Party, some of the venom will be drawn.

On this account, and on others, it is important that Johnson should win a smashing victory. In *The Wall Street Journal* of August 25, Alan L. Otten has a long analysis of what a victory of great dimensions would do for Johnson. Otten did not dredge this up from his own inner consciousness; he talked with dozens of men who have worked with Johnson for years, and the conclusions are convincing. Above all, Johnson is a politician, and the first rule in politics, for one of liberal bent, is not to get too far ahead of the voters. By the same all-powerful signal, if the voters take off, the politician takes off in the same direction. A close win would make Johnson a smaller man, a big one would enlarge him. Johnson loved and admired Franklin D. Roosevelt. He would like to be remembered as that kind of President. He lacks some of the qualities, but by no means all of them. If luck and the voters are decisively with him, the rest of the decade might bring some pleasant developments.

Deeper and Deeper

Now that the guns of Tonkin are stilled, everyone agrees that President Johnson's popularity rating went up. But the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese are not affected in the slightest by the President's popularity and the Congress rallying around the flag: that's all 9,000 miles away. On the scene, things are worse than ever from the American standpoint. As Gen. S. L. A. Marshall points out, cruisers are of no use in jungles, and shooting up some North Vietnamese shore bases cannot change the course of the war. The Vietcong, who were already doing quite well, are now very likely to do still better. They are getting increased assistance from the North, and not only more, but the quality has been upgraded. Most of the Vietcong are indigenous rebels; a certain number of them may have been trained in Ho Chi Minh's army, but that was the only time they were north of the 17th parallel. Now, however, Hanoi is said to be sending down Vietnamese who have lived in the North all their lives, with officers who are veterans of the victorious war with France. These invaders are probably still far fewer in number than our 20,000 "advisers" with the South Vietnamese forces; nevertheless, where our troubles were formerly mostly in the Mekong Delta, now some five Vietcong battalions are reported to be operating in the central highlands. It is not the same old tiresome war, as some correspondents have been assuring their editors back home. It is something much worse, and the end is not yet.

Still, if our problems were only military, we might manage to hang on, or even improve our position temporarily. But if there is anything about this war on which soldiers, politicians, journalists, South Vietnamese and North Vietnamese all agree, it is that this is predominantly a political war. Consider, then, the recent fortunes of General-Premier-President Nguyen Khanh, whom the United States has pictured as God's gift to South Vietnam since he seized power last January. After the great U.S. naval victory in the Tonkin Gulf, Khanh, like his late predecessor Ngo Dinh Diem, declared a state of emergency throughout South

Vietnam. There would be censorship; stringent controls over travel, food and frivolity (unless one had money); no more nonsense about search warrants; and drumhead courts-martial without appeal from the death sentence for traitors and saboteurs, i.e., enemies of the regime.

What was the result? The students rose against the dictator. They rioted and demolished the offices of the Saigon broadcasting station. Khanh backed down. It may have been out of the kindness of his heart, but it will be widely assumed that he just didn't have control of the police. If he has lost the police, he may next lose the army.

Khanh is our boy. He was Henry Cabot Lodge's protégé; he is now Maxwell Taylor's protégé. The people know it. For the first time, the riots took on anti-American tones. Probably this warning, like preceding ones, will not be heeded. Our latest scheme is to "share" command of troops with the South Vietnamese. There is no such thing as sharing command in combat. We shall be taking over command. Then, as our woes continue, only one recourse will be left—getting ourselves fully engaged in a full-scale war on the Asian continent. At the end of a long line of them, that would be the culminating folly.

Negotiate Now!

There are signs that the Johnson Administration would like to draw back from the brink in Vietnam. A 45-page CIA paper arguing that we could not win the war was appraised by the agency's Board of National Estimates and approved in general terms. With this imprimatur, in some way it fell into the hands of the *Chicago Tribune*. Instead of maintaining discreet silence, the Administration released the document, emphasizing that it did not embody official policy. None the less the circumstances remind one of Byron's heroine who, "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented."

But it would never do to consent before the election, would it? Well, it might. What the Administration hopes is that the line can be held until Mr. Johnson is assured of another four years in the White House; then perhaps we can bargain. In the meantime a few victories would help our bargaining position. The trouble is that not victories but more defeats are in prospect. The basic weakness in the situation, as *The Nation* has emphasized time and again in the past three years, is simply that most of the South Vietnamese army does not want to fight. The peasants not only do not want to fight, but most of them side with the Vietcong, and most of the Vietcong forces are composed of embattled peasants. Under these conditions, and in view of the deteriorating state of the Khanh regime and the strife between the Catholics (most of whom probably favor a continuation of the war) and the Buddhist majority, the Johnson Administration may have nothing to say as to when and how the conference table is to be approached. We might have to sit down as losers.

There are certainly perils for Mr. Johnson in negotiations. That great patriot, Senator Goldwater, will make the most of any concessions the U.S. is forced to yield. Nothing will satisfy the Senator except total victory, especially when it is unobtainable and his opponent can be blamed. But then, it is a bad business either way, and Mr. Johnson can point out that neither he nor John Fitzgerald Kennedy got the U.S. into this footless war. It was started under the administration of General Eisenhower. Mr. Johnson might also bear in mind that no American President has ever been scalped for ending a war. General Eisenhower ended the stalemated Korean War, on terms somewhat like those which are still obtainable in Vietnam, and received only praise and thanks from the American public.

In Paris, on August 18, the President's special envoy, Mr. Lodge, indicated that Washington has renounced the idea of a military solution in Vietnam. We are not a paper tiger, he emphasized, and have the means to escalate the war, but . . . . This partial *démarche* brings us within hailing distance of President de Gaulle's often reiterated position that the war in Southeast Asia cannot be won by the West, and the neutralization of the peninsula should be discussed with the North Vietnamese and Chinese. Mr. Lodge speaks flawless French. Let him suggest to Mr. Johnson that it might be wise to desist from trying to collect bandages and petroleum jelly from the Scandinavians, return to Paris, and see what can be done to save face and get ourselves out of this mess.

End of the Beginning

Never in their rosiest dreams could the impoverished Mississippi farmer or housemaid or aged pensioner, signing up last summer for the Freedom Democratic Party, have guessed that the new party's challenge to the regulars would dominate American television screens for four days. Never could the 19-year-old student volunteer, trudging from shack to shack and farm to farm, cursed and threatened by Mississippi whites, have imagined that what he was doing on his summer vacation would cause urgent telephone consultations between President Johnson and Senator Humphrey, as well as all-night sessions of the Credentials Committee at Atlantic City. Even Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., the new party's eloquent advocate, and Ella Baker, long-time civil rights fighter and keynote speaker at the Freedom Party's state convention, must have been amazed. In less than four months, the MFDP moved from nonexistence to become the catalyst for a potentially significant realignment in national politics. If its delegates were not seated but only granted the status of honored guests, with two named delegates-at-large, it was still a triumph, the more so because the Jim Crow delegation had departed. A triumph for the young—like SNCC Secretary Ivanhoe Donaldson, who barely escaped being shot by a white man earlier this year—and the incomparable Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, former plantation worker (see *The Nation*, June 1, 1964, p. 548), telling the delegates and a vast television audience her long, terrible story. The Mississippi regulars insisted that the Freedom Party was illegal; others, less biased, called it "extra-legal." Rep. Edith Green was closest to the truth when she pointed out that if the MFDP was not legal, neither was the traditional party. Negroes constitute over 40 per cent of Mississippi's population, but not a single one attended the regular state convention, thanks to a policy of systematic exclusion at the precinct and county level—not to mention the barriers set up to prevent Negroes from registering and voting. The fact is that the MFDP made intensive efforts to comply with state procedures at every level and did succeed in holding precinct meetings in twenty-six of Mississippi's eighty-two counties, and county conventions in at least thirty-five of them. As to the difficulties they faced, suffice it to say that the MFDP's Executive Committee Chairman, Lawrence Guyot, was conveniently jailed for thirty days just before the Atlantic City convention on a charge dating back to a voter registration demonstration last January. There is good reason to believe, moreover, that the MFDP scored more than a television triumph and a moral victory at Atlantic City. The special committee set up under the Credential Committee's resolution to insure that Mississippi voters will have an opportunity in the future to participate fully in Democratic Party activities, without regard to race or color, offers assurance and hope that the Democratic Party has at long last cut its ties with the Jim Crow South.

Trial by Press Release

Unnoticed by the press, an interesting document has come to our attention which throws a revealing light on a significant episode of Robert Kennedy's tenure as Attorney General. It is an inter-office memo from Henry Suydam of the Washington Bureau of *Life*, dated March 6, 1961, and addressed to E.K. Thompson, managing editor. The memo appears as part of the presentation which Sidney Zagri, legislative counsel for the Teamsters, made to the Platform Committee of the Republican National Convention. In the memo, Suydam reports that Mr. Kennedy had hurriedly summoned him to a hush-hush conference in the Attorney General's office. There Suydam was told that Sam Baron, former Field Director of the Warehouse Division of the Teamsters, was about to break with the union but had been advised by Mr. Kennedy to make his break in the form of an article in *Life*. Suydam spoke with Baron and, in the memo, notes that "the exposé stuff sounds interesting, but to me at least, pretty undocumentable and therefore probably very libelous." But this warning did not deter *Life*. Baron's story—as told to a skillful staff writer—appeared in *Life*, July 20, 1962, carefully timed to help establish a climate of opinion highly unfavorable to Hoffa who was scheduled to go on trial in Nashville in the early fall of the same year.

The document is important because it establishes beyond question Mr. Kennedy's personal involvement in the invidious practice of "trial by press release." But it is merely part of a larger pattern of events for which he must be held accountable. On June 17, 1963, Senator Wayne Morse placed in the *Congressional Record* (pp. 12245 *et seq.*) a series of press releases that had been issued by the Department of Justice, each of which was clearly designed to prejudice public opinion against Hoffa, against whom various criminal proceedings were pending. More recently, as Hoffa was about to go on trial in Chicago, *Look* (May 19, 1964) blossomed forth with a sensational piece entitled "The Plot to Assassinate Robert Kennedy" as told to Clark R. Mollenhoff, by Edward Grady Partin. This was followed by an equally sensational piece about Partin's revelations, which appeared in *Life* (May 15, 1964). As to the truth of the story Partin told, and on his background and general credibility, readers need only consult Fred J. Cook's "The Hoffa Trial" (*The Nation*, April 27, 1964) which was recently characterized by Philip B. Kurland, professor of law, University of Chicago, as "accurate and responsible reporting from the record." In effect the *Life* and *Look* articles, which were clearly instigated by the Department of Justice, were attempts to instruct the jury of public opinion to convict Hoffa regardless of the character of the evidence to be presented against him in the courtroom.

The question at issue, as we have insisted in the past, is not whether Hoffa is saint or sinner, a good or an evil influence, guilty or innocent, but rather whether he is entitled to a fair trial. This question turns on a larger issue, namely, the growing practice of zealous prosecutors of relying not on evidence but on publicity to convict defendants they happen to dislike. Canon 20 of the Legal Canon of Ethics, American Bar Association, strongly condemns the practice of issuing press statements of a character likely to interfere with the trial of a pending case. As an article by Gerard Stern (*Syracuse Law Review*, Spring, 1963) points out, the greatest source of prejudicial information appearing in the press against defendants in criminal proceedings stems from the police and from prosecutors. This is a very dangerous practice and should be stopped.

The Store of Wisdom

Two great and good Americans are dead: William Hammatt Davis and Edmond Cahn. Chairman of the War Labor Board, W. H. Davis was not merely this country's outstanding authority on labor mediation and arbitration; most of the other real experts in this field are either his protégés or were so deeply influenced by his thinking as to be counted his disciples. Edmond Cahn, of the New York University Law School, was a legal scholar of great distinction, who wrote with rare insight on the relation between law and morals, and who succeeded in illuminating the spirit and intention of the First Amendment—what it means, what it *should* mean—with extraordinary clarity and eloquence. The store of human wisdom, never great, has been diminished by the death of these remarkable men, both of whom were patient and kindly advisers to the editors. Wisdom defies definition, but both of these men possessed it—in abundance. Some of Mr. Davis' sayings, of a deceptive simplicity, had a deep resonance: "I've read the history of the American people rather thoroughly," he once remarked, "and I have confidence in them." (For articles by W. H. Davis, see "Banish Hunger From Tomorrow," *The Nation*, April 6, 1957, and "Should Labor Be Coerced?," November 21, 1959.)

Computerized Slander

Character assassins, anonymous or otherwise, can shortly rest at ease with the knowledge that soon their peddlings to government agencies will luxuriate in automated surroundings. It appears that so much "dirt" is pouring in on more and more Americans that a serious information processing and retrieval problem has arisen. Earlier this month, the Aerospace Medical Division of Brooks Air Force Base, Texas, requested "capability information" from any organizations interested in the "development and application of procedures for coding derogatory information." Those organizations deemed worthy of consideration for the task are to be invited to "examine and randomly select a number of cases from the files of the Office of Special Investigation" in Washington, D.C. The potential contractors then will develop "a procedure for coding derogatory information by type, source and other pertinent factors." Firms accepted for this competition (the winner will be announced before the end of the year) will have access to materials classified up through and including "Confidential." No materials are to be removed from the premises of the OSI directorate's offices; and presumably, as the judge instructs the jury after it has heard the inadmissible testimony, all references are to be struck from their memory when they return home. The purpose of this Orwellian research and development contract is to assist personnel workers in multiple and rapid employment of derogatory know-how for "security clearance purposes"—a phrase so commonly understood that it requires no definition or delineation. Those who work on the frontiers of this emerging discipline claim that precise coding of derogatory information enables an almost infinite number of combinations to be derived for maximum utility. The system, we are told, must remain under security wraps itself lest some astute purveyors of slander learn how best to rig their communications. But knowledge of the system's existence, say insiders enthusiastically, will encourage greater provision of such "data" and permit a more rational and guided discipline to be operative in evaluation procedures. One can imagine with what interest government agencies and private corporations, to name only two of the more prominent potential users, are awaiting the outcome of this R&D conducted by, of all unlikely names, the Aerospace Medical Division. Such accomplishments are undoubtedly what government officials are talking about when they describe the "fallout" of the space program into the economy.

Booty at the Back Door . . . . Max Madden

East Germany is the latest Soviet bloc country to start on the painful path to liberalization. It is following a familiar pattern, yet presents some unusual twists. The welcoming noises now being made to Western journalists and tourists is part of the conventional thaw process—but it is in the forging of new trade links that East Germany surprises.

The country's industrial achievements (all the more impressive when one recalls the massive deterioration of industry by the Russians immediately after the war to pay repatriation and occupation costs) have enabled it to increase exports. East Germany maintains official trade links with forty-four countries, and has relations at government level with thirty-five. More than 75 per cent of these exports go to Eastern bloc countries, but there is a growing trade with other countries, including West Germany, its most vociferous opponent on the world stage. There is a balanced trade of some $510 million a year between East and West Germany, with a sharp rise of 20 per cent in the first half of this year, and the indications are that this bonanza will continue.

The West Germans and West Berliners are elbowing with other foreign customers for more space at the Leipzig international fair this month. Smart hotels and shopping centers have blossomed to accommodate the growing number of businessmen. Perhaps as a concession to the antagonisms they keep up in other quarters, many West German firms have gone to the bewildering lengths of trying to pretend they are British, or anything other than West German, at the fair. They have taken out British registration—usually a one-room office in London suffices—and British businessmen have looked in vain for their fellow countrymen on the stands. But if some of the West German efforts to cloak their identities verge on the ludicrous, their business acumen does not.

The apostles of West Germany's New Miracle have not outmatched East Germany's negotiators. As the East Germans overcame the innumerable problems presented by the division of their country (the major one being the cut-off of processing industries from their former supplies of steel, hard coal and other raw materials) they have had to concentrate on expanding new, "growth" industries: power, metallurgy, chemicals, general and electrical engineering

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Max Madden, industrial correspondent of the Tribune *(London), recently toured the major cities of East Germany.*

East Germany has the highest chemical output per capita in the world after America. Expansion is planned under Comecon—the Soviet bloc's European Common Market equivalent—and Britain's giant ICI complex is taking a considerable interest in this. It is significant that the Allied Travel Office in West Berlin, which has refused passes to many East Germans wishing to visit NATO countries, quickly issued one to an East German engineer because ICI was eager to have him visit Britain.

The trade record attained in 1960 between East and West Germany is likely to be smashed soon as the West Germans send over more trade missions, even though many are taken to be quasi-diplomatic. Trade representatives meet regularly and sign annual agreements.

Half the East German exports to West Germany, which were valued at more than 1 billion marks last year, consist of chemicals, soft coal, oil and textiles. Foodstuffs, which are their main imports from West Germany, last year amounted to 860 million marks.

Exports to America last year reached $3 million, the major items being undressed mink fur and typewriters. American imports, which totaled $6 million, consisted mainly of corn, rye and tobacco. Annual trade between East Germany and the U.K. is about £12 million each way annually, and is rising. East Germany's trade with Denmark, Sweden, India and the United Arab Republic is also growing.

The developing countries, in Africa, Asia and Latin America, are importing industrial products to underpin their economies. It is in this field that the East Germans have imitated some of the smart business techniques of their West German competitors by agreeing to set up local teaching schemes, to train personnel locally, and to lavish other good after-sales services, such as lending of experts and ready specialist advice. Just how sharp these salesmen are could be seen from the performances of three experts (who earlier this year visited a round of seventy British companies dealing in engineering products) and from the youthful team that has been pushing sales of the Wartburg car.

Difficulties emanating from the political field tend to hamper trade expansion. The British business magazine, *Investors Chronicle*, recently lamented: "Talks with the right man from the right factory are an obvious prerequisite of commerce with the Communist countries. Yet one hears the complaint that East German specialists wishing to come here must sometimes wait five weeks for their travel documents from the Allied Travel Office in West Berlin—with no certainty of the outcome. Such frustrations can only tend to deter them from doing business in the U.K., especially when trade possibilities with booming West Germany lie, so to speak, on their doorstep."

As most of the pressure on the office to resist granting travel documents comes from West German interests, a British observer is left with the view that the West German attitude is, to say the least, hypocritical: Hinder trade at the front door while you enjoy profits at the lucrative back door.

The New, New Guard of the GOP

Virginia E. Lewis and Hansi Chambers

Memphis

Is the middle of the road too far to the Left? There are lots of people in Memphis who think that it is. The political jungle drums are beating for Senator Barry Morris Goldwater, so we came down to find out what was motivating the natives. We found that these natives are white and live in a carefully landscaped jungle. The process of trying to discover what is going on here politically is very much like swimming in molasses. It isn't that people won't talk; they will. The difficulty is in the sticky business of translating what they say into the ordinary political language used by non-Southerners and non-Goldwaterites.

Memphis, which was once the power center in Tennessee politics during Mr. Crump's regime, may become a new power center — but this time of Republican politics. Traditionally, Republican votes have been largely concentrated in east Tennessee and, as far as statewide influence was concerned, they were negligible. Now, with the development of the Republican Party in urban centers in the South, an examination of the rejuvenation, as some might call it, or at least the new management of Memphis Republican politics, should be rewarding.

During the two generations of Crump control of Memphis politics, the Republicans represented merely a bipartisan aspect of the Crump machine. Thus, Republicans normally supported Mr. Crump's candidates in the Democratic primaries (Tennessee is the only Southern state with the open primary), and in November they were free to support Republican candidates in order to maintain their party identity. This resulted, of course, in a complete lack of Republican Party organization and, indeed, of Republican Party feeling by the rank and file.

Since Crump's death in 1954 there has been an intensive effort to develop a Republican organization and an accompanying strong party feeling. Six years ago the new guard was able to gain control of the existing party organization from the old guard which represented the remnants of the Crump machine. Today in Memphis, as is true in the rest of the country, there is a new, new guard represented by the followers of Barry Goldwater, and this new, new guard has wrested control from both the old new guard and the old guard.

Who are these new, new-guard Republicans? What is it that they want which they feel cannot be achieved within the regular frame-

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work of the Republican Party? Are they radicals of the Right? Do they have strong ideological leanings, or do they suffer merely from intensive nostalgia for some never-never land? How did these people gain control, and how has their success changed the general political outlook?

In a series of interviews with both new and old Republicans, dissident and loyal Republicans, Negro and white Republicans, we have come to the following conclusions.

The new, new-guard Republicans, which is to say the Goldwater Republicans, in Memphis are principally from the middle-income group. Their average age is around 40 years, or younger. Many of them are from other states. They could be described as a group of would-be affluent people. As of now, however, one finds in this group the modern version of the Horatio Alger hero of old: the budding professional or executive man, burdened with children he can't yet afford; living in a neighborhood which is still beyond his income; and paying taxes he considers exorbitant. But his eye is on the country club and the twenty-one-day tour of Europe (which will subtract nothing from his cultural isolationism).

Inevitably, these new, new-guard Republicans are horribly interested in fiscal matters. They do not want the government to take any sizable chunk of their incomes for whatever purpose and, therefore, they are forced to the political position which demands the reduction of federal governmental activities. Some of these people talk in terms of the necessity for material sacrifice in order to achieve freedom, but it seems to be clear that these material sacrifices will have to be made by those parts of the population least able to afford them: that is, those who need federal governmental aid in the areas of housing, education and medical care. These "new" conservatives who are so adamant on the question of federal spending are perfectly willing, at least according to their statements, to forgo the federal payments that are now being made for public roads, for aid to dependent children, and for the other numerous social services that the states have so far been unable or unwilling to support alone.

In other words, these "new guard" people who have made it, or who are in the process of making it (with or without outside assistance) now would prefer a closed society in which there was no social mobility and every individual would stand or fall alone. It is not without significance that, in interview after interview, Senators Eastland and McClellan were described as conservatives only on the race issue. These Goldwater conservatives consider Eastland and McClellan to be liberals on every other issue. That this might come as a surprise to most persons who follow political news is of no moment. According to Memphis conservatives, these Senators want to take federal money for state projects and, therefore, they are *not* conservatives.

If roads are to be built, whether by state or local or national governments, the money must come from somewhere and, in view of the relatively small Southern contribution to the federal-tax coffers, it is probably fiscally advantageous for Southerners to have the federal government contribute money for these roads. But not in the view of these fiscal zealots.

There seems to be a feeling among some of them that the sole role of the national government is negative. When one of the authors suggested that this meant accentuating the negative, she was told that here was another example of the attitude of the hostile press toward the conservative movement.

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that these views represent a well-defined and carefully thought-out political attitude. On the contrary, they represent a strong and, in some cases, an almost violently emotional reaction to the American political history of the past generation. Many of these people never paid any taxes until after the war. They had not suffered a depression, and they were appalled to find that the tax bills for maintaining a viable American democracy through the forties and the fifties were so high.

They do not suggest that foreign affairs and the defense of the country should be left in the hands of the state and local governments but, under the tutelage of Otto Passman and others, they do resent the fact that foreign-aid money is squandered. One example given was the purchase of 500,000 color TV sets to be sent to areas of the world where there is no available electricity. If foreign aid entails ridiculous waste of this sort, and it obviously does to them, then it must go.

In short, they want a safe and secure America; they want to buy the abundance of consumer goods available; they want the best life for themselves and their children; and they do not want to pay for any of it.

To help them achieve this goal they have found a champion in Barry Goldwater. Perhaps they feel that he has the solution to the mystical tie between the cost of government and the cost of living, both of which must come down. (Incomes, of course, must not decline.) Spurred on by this candidate who can articulate their strongest financial and social desires, they have entered the political fray, many of them with the intense zeal of inexperience, for the sole purpose of electing Goldwater President of the United States and thus magically solving their problems.

While these authors were in Memphis there appeared in one of the local papers a letter to the editor in which the writer explained that there were three kinds of extremists: the extremists of the Left, the extremists of the Center, and the extremists of the Right — but the extremists of the Right were really moderate. This letter in a very real sense is representative of the general lack of political understanding that is rampant among the "conservatives" in Memphis. It would be a mistake, however, to consider the bulk of the Memphis Goldwater Republicans as radicals of the Right. They are not radicals, and they are not really political. It is a tragedy of contemporary life that they feel driven—there is no other word for it—to participate actively in this latter-day children's crusade. They would be much better off selling the superior mouse trap, practicing law, healing the sick or cultivating their gardens.

Semantics is a source of considerable difficulty for these Goldwater Republicans. They are conservatives, but what conservatism is and what they wish to conserve are not easy matters for them to explain. They do know what they are against: federal spending, the welfare state and the continued encroachment of the federal government on freedom. They are not racists; they all say repeatedly that they are not, and practically the only people who do not believe them are the Negroes.

These "dedicated conservatives" gained control of the Republican Party in part because of their devotion and energy and in part because, to use their words, the old new guard was burned out. A factional organization, the Republican Association—the name was taken from an organization founded by the Eisenhower Republicans and disbanded after a year—was the medium through which the Republican Party was revitalized. An expert paid director was procured, impressively appointed headquarters obtained, and a separate political machine set up. In instances where the regular precinct chairmen were either ineffectual or not Goldwaterites, precinct captains of the proper persuasion were appointed. The organization of all the precincts in the city and county is not yet complete, and in the less affluent sections of the central city and in the Negro wards it will be necessary to use workers from outside.

Because of the factional division within the Republican ranks in Memphis, it is fair to describe the Republican Party as lily-white. For the first time since Reconstruction days the Republican Party is now without significant Negro membership or support. To the new conservative white Republican this is clearly no matter for regret. One of these new, new-guard Republicans said that the Negroes were more at home in the Democratic Party anyway.

Where 32 per cent of the registered voters are Negro, the almost cavalier writing off of the Negro vote might seem to be politically dangerous. The new, new-guard Republicans, nevertheless, are confident that their nonracist white appeal, and the nonracist appeal of Senator Goldwater, will be great enough among the remaining 68 per cent of Memphis voters to allow the Republican Party to forget the 32 per cent—who happen to be Negroes.

If the Memphis Goldwaterite is not interested in the Negro, he is equally uninterested in the problems and the needs of the white man on the street. He is definitely not his brother's keeper; he has all he can do to keep himself and his family. Ordinarily, an obvious lack of concern about people is a political handicap. However, the white vote must be delivered in November for Goldwater and, to the extent that this can be done, it will be done. The average Goldwater worker's lack of political know-how will be offset in some measure by his single-minded zeal.

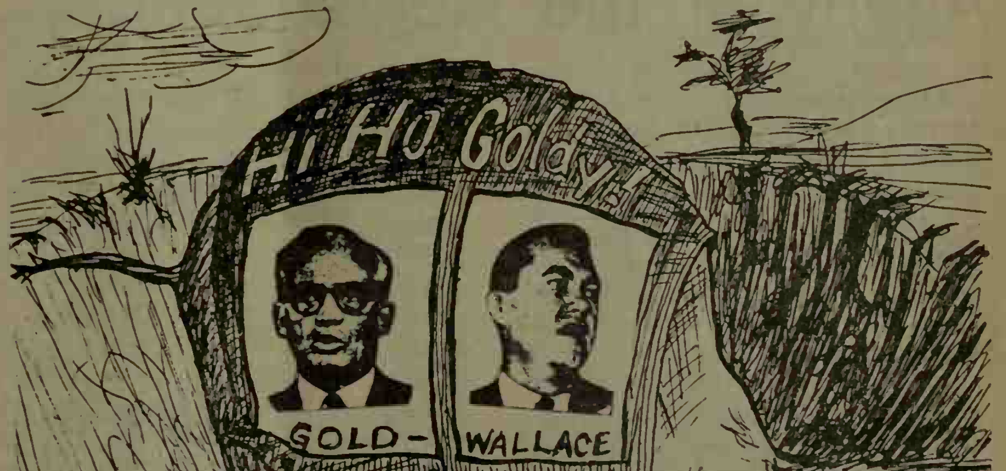
There are two things going for Goldwater in Memphis and the South: with the less well-to-do white people, it is race prejudice; with the economically comfortable white people, it is an attractive fiscal policy. It is on the basis of this appeal that the Goldwater Republicans are so confident of victory in the city and state. Most of them believe implicitly that their candidate will win the Presidency in November.

A Goldwater defeat is unthinkable to them but, when pressed on this subject, they vow that they will work harder the next time for Goldwater, or a candidate like Goldwater. They have erased traditional party lines and redrawn their political world in the sharp black and white of liberalism and conservatism. Anyone who cannot be accommodated in the needle's-eye breadth of Goldwater conservatism is a liberal—and against them.

There was general agreement that Governor Wallace's withdrawal from the Presidential race improved Senator Goldwater's chances of carrying a number of the Southern states. No Goldwater supporter speculated on the reason for the Governor's change of mind. Anti-Goldwater people felt that it could be a modern Hayes-Tilden deal: the federal government under President Goldwater would withdraw, not troops, but the unusually large contingents of federal marshals and FBI agents from the South. Another explanation was that the Governor was not paid to withdraw but that his funds were cut off. This theory is based on the assumption that the Wallace forays into Democratic Presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland were financed by supporters of Senator Goldwater. If the Senator had not been the nominee, then Wallace would have made the run. Since the Senator was nominated, there was no reason for the Wallace candidacy.

In order for the Democrats to carry Memphis for the President, it will be necessary for them to make clear to certain groups how much a victory for Goldwater would cost.

Goldwater Republicans are strongly anti-union, and right-to-work laws are part of the "freedom" they want to bring back. Some labor unions which are concerned with racial matters must be made to see



Mississippi Free Press

that they have a clear choice to make between prejudice and pocketbook—racism and the right to bargain for decent working conditions.

The Negroes already know that a Goldwater victory is a luxury they cannot afford. They normally cast a large vote in a Presidential election. This year they must make a maximum effort to match the increased white vote which will be turned out.

Dissident Republicans (there are some, but not many) and non-Goldwater Democrats feel that it is possible for the President to carry Memphis and Tennessee. They base their judgment on these factors:

(1) A large anti-Goldwater vote in Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, and in Fayette and Haywood counties.

(2) A strong effort in behalf of the President by the two Democratic candidates for the U. S. Senate and by former Governor Ellington, who is remarkably popular.

(3) The active support of the Mayor of Memphis.

(4) The fear that Goldwater, as President, would dismantle TVA on which so much of the state's economic well-being is dependent.

Meanwhile, back in the precincts, the Democrats are facing a new sort of political challenge by zealous persons, many of whom are new to politics and all of whom are feverishly eager to win. The problem that Democratic candidates, from the President on down, will have to meet here is the issue of racial violence in an area where the racial issue is very much like an iceberg—two-thirds submerged. Because of its able white and Negro leadership Memphis, unlike Birmingham, has had no serious racial conflict. This does not mean, however, that racial tension does not exist.

It is a long time until November 3, and it is still too early to assume, as the Goldwater Republicans do, that these *spontaneous* outbursts of racial violence in New York State (will there be others in Pennsylvania, Michigan and California?) spell the inevitable defeat of the President at the polls.

In the recent state-wide primary Rep. Ross Bass, who voted for the civil rights bill, was nominated overwhelmingly to run for Estes Kefauver's seat in the Senate. In Memphis and Shelby County, George Grider, a liberal Democrat, defeated longtime conservative House member Cliff Davis. Mr. Davis won re-election in November, 1962, by a very narrow margin against Bob James, who is again the Republican candidate and an active Goldwater supporter. Futhermore, in Memphis for the first time in this century a Negro (A. W. Willis, an NAACP lawyer) was nominated for the state legislature, and another Negro (Jesse Turner, President of the Memphis NAACP) was elected as a delegate to the state constitutional convention.

Mr. Davis' defeat was not anticipated by the Memphis Goldwater Republicans, but when they were asked about a campaign against Grider, they seemed convinced that he would be easier to defeat than Davis, since Grider is a liberal.

The fall campaign will be a pitched battle between a newly aroused Democratic Party that is unwilling to give up the political gains of this century, and the heavily reinforced Goldwaterites, who represent the worst of nineteenth-century thinking. We see no reason, however, to change our view that Memphis and Tennessee will be won by President Johnson and the rest of the Democratic ticket. The President, it is recognized here, is an able and resourceful man, and some Memphis Democrats believe that even in the troubled area of racial conflict he will be able to get people to reason together.

It is no doubt on the basis of this hope that one hears from some Memphis Democrats the slogan, "Back to the store in '64."

Agony of the Negro Leader . .

Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

> *There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things. For the reformer has enemies in all those who profit by the old order, and only lukewarm defenders in all those who profit by the new order. . . .*
>
> Machiavelli.

> *They asked me to cooperate and call a halt to the pool integration. I told them that I didn't want to, that what was being done was right. But, Hell, man, I couldn't have stopped that any more than you could have. There are plenty waiting to take my place if I falter.*
>
> A North Carolina
> Negro Leader.

In his classic treatise on power and its uses, the famed sixteenth-century Florentine politician and philosopher warned his prince as to the problems encountered by those seeking to establish themselves and a new order of things. The problems and pressures confronting political innovators have almost always been great. Certainly Negro protest leaders in the United States today do not escape Machiavelli's dictum. Our purpose here is not to lament the lot of these leaders. The rewards of race leadership are also great, and anyone who has traveled the road of a King, a Farmer or a Wilkins must possess extraordinary resiliency. But the demands made on Negro protest leadership—an innovating leadership — do affect the course of the race-advancement movement, and hence of the revolution in American race relations. In this way we are all affected, as is the fabric of the American democracy. The tribulations of Negro leaders, then, are important far beyond the specific problems of the leaders themselves.

The "external" pressures on Negro leaders—that is, pressures applied by those who profit from the old order—are well known. The nature of these pressures varies from section to section. For those who promote the cause of civil rights in parts of the South, it is often nothing less than the stark threat of physical harm. A Greenville, S. C., leader told me how, during that city's sit-ins in 1960, he and his family were threatened and harassed at all hours. "All right,

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Everett C. Ladd, Jr., who teaches political science at the University of Connecticut, is author of the forthcoming Negro Political Leadership in the South *(Cornell University Press).*

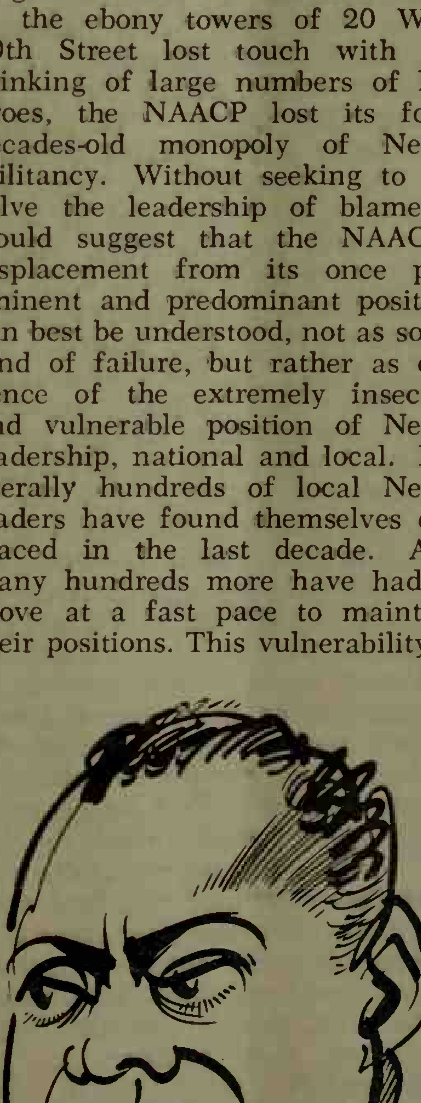
nigger, we're going to get you and your wife and kids." This kind of thing, of course, is *routine* for those who so expose themselves. Relatively few people can maintain sanity and continue to function under such conditions. In this way—and the full irony should not be lost—Southern whites continue to play a major role in the selection of Negro leadership.

Negroes, again principally in the South, also risk economic retaliation when they lend themselves to the work of protest organizations. As a result, the overwhelming majority of protest leaders in the South are persons whose incomes are independent of white control. There are notable exceptions, like the public-school teacher who is president of the Florida NAACP conference of branches. But in city after city throughout Dixie, the entire protest leadership is composed of persons — optometrists, dentists, lawyers, ministers, et al.—who are little vulnerable to economic sanctions. The "vulnerables" — public-school teachers, other public servants, even businessmen who rely on whites for credit or various services—may at times appear unnecessarily cautious. But cases like that of Mrs. Willa Johnson are understandably on their minds. Mrs. Johnson, a North Carolina school teacher, was notified that her contract would not be renewed after she had participated prominently in the work of the Halifax County Voters Movement.

Negro protest leaders all over the country are urged to modify their positions in the interest of attaining such values as "respectability" and interracial contact. The charge of "selling out" is made frequently in the Negro communities. All too often it is unfair and unfounded. But the temptation to compromise a bit in order to win that big smile and warm handshake—a measure of acceptance—from people in the "white power structure" remains strong. We should not be surprised that a Southern Negro leader, on the outside looking in all his life, is sometimes reluctant to jeopardize newly achieved access to white leaders (through a biracial committee or the apparatus of the local Democratic Party) by protesting too vigorously. Some wag has suggested that if Mayor Wagner could only bring each Negro in New York City to his office for a martini and a brief chat, the New York protest movement would collapse. Co-optation is not that powerful, of course, but most of us are reluctant to exchange smiles for frowns (or considerably worse).

These external pressures are strong and pervasive. But there is also the second half of Machiavelli's dictum, that the reformer has "only lukewarm defenders in all those who profit by the new order. . . ." This we should modify slightly to assert that pressures growing out of the Negro community may provide even greater dilemmas for protest leaders.

In his trenchant analysis, *The Negro Revolt* (Harper), Louis Lomax criticizes the NAACP for not assessing adequately the temper of Negro Americans. Because those in the ebony towers of 20 West 40th Street lost touch with the thinking of large numbers of Negroes, the NAACP lost its four-decades-old monopoly of Negro militancy. Without seeking to absolve the leadership of blame, I would suggest that the NAACP's displacement from its once preeminent and predominant position can best be understood, not as some kind of failure, but rather as evidence of the extremely insecure and vulnerable position of Negro leadership, national and local. For literally hundreds of local Negro leaders have found themselves displaced in the last decade. And many hundreds more have had to move at a fast pace to maintain their positions. This vulnerability is inherent in the type of leadership.


James Farmer

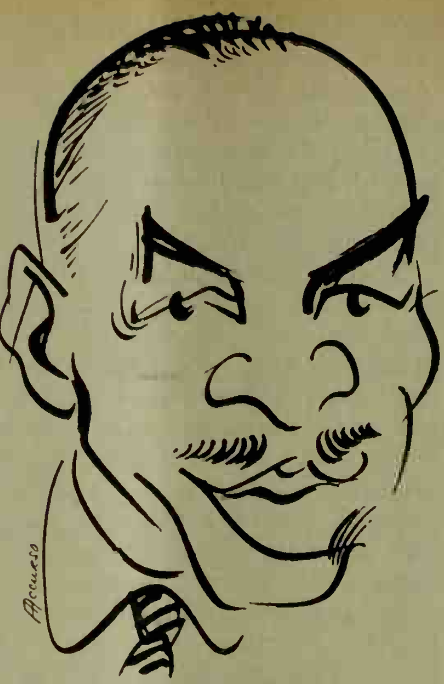
Ethnic group leadership, by definition, must concern itself with promoting the interests of the ethnic group. It exists because the ethnic group is conscious of itself in competition for certain scarce values with other ethnic groups. The sharper the competition and the greater the estrangement, rejection and isolation of the ethnic group in the political system, the greater its internal cohesion. Negro Americans are an embattled ethnic group. Although one of the first such groups to arrive in the United States, it has been the least accepted. That is why Negro Democrats are Negroes first and Democrats second, Negro trade unionists are Negroes first and trade unionists second, and so on. Negroes who are political leaders necessarily are *Negro* political leaders. Negro leadership in the United States has been, and remains, issue leadership, and the one issue that matters is race advancement. The deepest and most vital political interests of Negro Americans are involved here in a pervasive manner. And the revolution in American race relations, which must be understood primarily as a revolution in political power, has meant that Negro expectations in the area of race advancement have increased enormously. Negroes rightly insist that their leaders bring about dramatic changes in the structure of American race relations, *here and now*.

We often forget that political action for most white Americans is a relatively casual involvement, particularly on the local level. There simply are not many issues in which we see our most vital interests continuously involved. Political involvement is anything but casual for Negro Americans. Access to public facilities, good jobs at fair pay, security from legal and extralegal violence, claim to acceptance as a full and equal participant in the American democracy: all these are at issue in the political struggle. Negro leaders don't have in the first instance, then, the security, the cushion which the relaxed nature of white middle-class politics provides for their white brethren.

In the same way, the Negro leader cannot long stand on past performance or expect to be rewarded in the political realm for good works in other areas. A militant Negro leader, asked to comment on what, if any, leadership was being provided by a prominent physician, dismissed the good doctor summarily: "Why him? He's not doing anything. He doesn't even know what's going on!"

The doctor, in fact, was a leading member of several Negro social organizations, was active in church work and contributed generously of his time and money to philanthropy in the Negro community. Had he been white, his record would have made him particularly attractive for candidacy for local political office, for leadership on a committee working for fluoridation of the city's water system, for political activity in general. But Negro Americans cannot transfer reputations acquired in other areas to politics. A national celebrity such as Jackie Robinson can, of course, transfer prominence. Like their fellow citizens, Negroes hold their sports and entertainment celebrities in extremely high esteem. Moreover, because of the broad system of discrimination to which they have been subjected, Negro Americans have produced relatively few folk heroes, and identification with those who succeed brilliantly in the white man's world understandably is strong. But at the local level, modest success in economic and civic activity usually cannot be translated into political power. Past record in the United Fund or the Queen Street Baptist Church is of only the most marginal interest and importance when the question at issue is one of race advancement. A young college student, still wet behind the ears, can successfully challenge an established doctor, a pillar of the community. We should not be surprised that most Negro Americans speak of their leaders and those seeking to be leaders much in the spirit of one Winston-Salem hospital orderly: "I don't care what he has been or done or what kind of a man he is. I only care what he will do to get better treatment for me and for my children."

Whites who are amazed at the continued strength of Adam Clayton Powell in Harlem need look no further than this. Why should Negroes worry about whether a leader conforms to the niceties of white middle-class standards? They can't afford such a luxury. And this attitude is still another reason for the insecurity of protest leaders, and the instability of the leadership structure. Past good works cannot be cashed in. Past performance in community service means little, if anything. The knight is as naked of armor as is the lowliest servant.



Rep. William Dawson

The vulnerability of Negro leaders is further increased by certain structural characteristics. Most local race leaders operate from weak institutional and status positions. In Southern cities, they generally must rely either on race-advancement groups, which are poorly organized, have few members and get little financial support; or on relatively insignificant positions (member of the city council, the school board, etc.) in government. Looking at the fairly impressive organizational support of Roy Wilkins or William Dawson, we may at times forget how modest are the resources at the command of most Negro leaders. They possess few sanctions with which to secure the compliance of their followers. Few Negro leaders can deliver jobs or provide the kinds of services, like supplying distressed families with food and fuel, which sustained machine politicians in the great Northern cities. Where they have possessed such resources, as does the Dawson organization in Chicago, their position has been measurably strengthened. Since there is little which most Negro leaders can do for their followers that someone else cannot do, there is little which they can threaten not to do.

The weak institutional and status positions of race leaders, the fact that sanctions to enforce compliance are not available, and above all this the presence of an issue of transcending importance to the group produce an exceedingly vulnerable leadership. And as though this were not enough, the very definition of what the leaders should do to advance the race is constantly changing. It is now little more than four years since a few students from North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College sought service at a Woolworth's lunch counter in Greensboro and continued to sit in their seats after having been refused. But this magnificent instance of spontaneous rebellion now seems a chapter of history, so far and fast has the movement come since February 1, 1960. Many race leaders have had difficulty keeping their style of leadership up to the expectations of their constituents. In this state of affairs there is every incentive to experiment. The leader who does not attempt new techniques will soon be passed by.

That, indeed, is what has been happening. Our research indicates that there are few, if any, cities in the South in which, during the last fifteen years, there has not been at least one major displacement of the top Negro leaders by a group of challengers. And instances of individual Negro leaders losing influence are innumerable. Developments in Winston-Salem in the spring of 1963 illustrate this extreme vulnerability of the established protest leadership.

A Negro leadership had established itself in Winston-Salem through a series of racial crises between 1957 and 1962; by January, 1963, it appeared to be quite secure. The same people had occupied the top positions for an extended period. These leaders could claim to have achieved a number of important race objectives, including the integration of swimming pools and lunch counters. Then in the spring of 1963, protest demonstrations swept the South. The mayor of Winston-Salem established a biracial committee in an effort to meet Negro demands and avoid demonstrations in this home of Camels, Winstons and Salems. He wisely appointed the most militant Negro leaders to this committee. Through extended negotiations, fairly significant results were achieved—results comparable to those gained by Negro leaders in two other North

Carolina cities, Durham and Raleigh, only through extended mass demonstrations. But the Winston biracial committee did not meet all outstanding grievances and its procedures did not permit, as do demonstrations, the dramatic expression of discontent. The committee was attacked for moving too slowly. The critics, many of them until then not prominently associated with race advancement, stressed the need for protest demonstrations to "push" reluctant businesses. The militants of January found themselves by May in the positions of "ins" and open to criticism for compromising. Picture the May militants picketing the January militants, and proclaiming that "no Uncle Toms will speak for us!" The May militants formed a chapter of the Congress for Racial Equality and a branch of the youth group, the NAACP Commandos, and effected a partial displacement of the old leadership. But no one had played Uncle Tom. The dissatisfaction which the new leaders exploited indicated less a failure of the old leadership than the nature of the situation in which that leadership found itself. Negro grievances are so real and so great that almost any established leadership can be attacked for underachievement. In Winston-Salem new men saw and seized an opportunity to argue that new approaches were needed, and thereby to come to power and prominence.

Men as vulnerable to challenges as are Negro political leaders necessarily are preoccupied with the problem of maintaining their positions. Given the dynamic of the revolution in American race relations, there is every incentive for race leaders to reach out continually for techniques which better dramatize the justifiably great discontents of Negro Americans. The stall-ins unsuccessfully attempted by the Brooklyn, Bronx and New York CORE chapters last April are only one example of this experimentation in techniques. There will be many more.

Most white Americans have eyes and ears attuned to the styles of white middle-class leadership — a leadership whose golden words are moderation, compromise and civility. We must make an effort to recognize the different dynamic in Negro leadership. And particularly we must rid our minds of the picture of the Negro leader as a free-wheeling agitator. Race leadership in the U. S. today is issue leadership. The issue is race advancement. Involved are the most vital political interests of Negro Americans. This type of leadership stands or falls on its success in gaining support for its definition of how the race should be advanced. And since it cannot solve all of the big problems which are uniquely the lot of Negroes, it is ever vulnerable to challenges. It is, then, a leadership less free-wheeling than free-blown, less agitating than articulating. It is subjected to extraordinarily acute pressures and has few resources with which to harness and control these pressures. Caught between the devil, which is the white man's threats, pleas and various other pressures and inducements, and the deep blue sea of vulnerability within his own community, the agony of the Negro leader is often a perfect one. It behooves every friend of American democracy to work to reduce these pressures rather than to magnify them. For the agony of the race leader must necessarily be our own.

The Redwood Totem . . . . Harold Gilliam

In California, where the chief deity is the automobile, the highest use of the land — any land — is for highways. This principle is not only observed as a hallowed tradition but is sanctified in state law covering condemnation procedures.

In recent years, particularly since federal highway money has come flooding in from Washington, the California State Division of Highways, armed with a power of eminent domain superior to that of all other California agencies, has been bulldozing its way through parks, residential neighborhoods, scenic landscapes and college campuses.

Neither park officials nor residents nor educators nor local officials have any means of legal appeal to any administrative or judicial agency from the decisions of the Highway Commission in its choice of routes. In this respect the commission stands on about equal footing with the United States Supreme Court. However, the country's most autonomous engineers ran into trouble when they undertook to cut through groves of the world's tallest trees—the coast redwoods, *Sequoia sempervirens*. Redwood-saving conservationists have been able to appeal over the heads of the Highway Commission to the only higher authority — American public opinion.

The redwood groves now protected from the logger's ax in California state parks were purchased over the generations by donations solicited by the Save-the-Redwoods League and matched with state funds. Contributions came from every part of the country, and California thus holds the redwood groves in trust for the American people. These groves have now been invaded by the engineers pushing north up U.S. 101 along the coast from San Francisco to the Oregon border.

In terms of increasing traffic loads and the demands of the lumber industry for better access to their own redwood stands, a freeway replacing the old two-lane Redwood Highway made perfect sense. But to conservationists the arguments for greater traffic efficiency did not balance the need to preserve the integrity of the state groves.

Over the protests of the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club, the freeway several years ago sliced through Humboldt Redwoods State Park. The engineers pointed out that they, too, loved the redwoods; they had gone out of their way and spent extra money to select the route least damaging to the grove and had taken special precautions to save the roots of trees just beyond the edge of the pavement. For these measures they must

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Harold Gilliam has returned to the editorial staff of the San Francisco Chronicle *from a year as assistant to Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, where he worked on national parks and other conservation matters.*

be given credit, but the fact remains that four lanes of high-speed traffic—much of it Diesel logging trucks—now roar through the once-quiet forest.

To conservationists, this intrusion is comparable to permitting a roller derby in Westminster Abbey. They are not consoled when the engineers point out that the commotion has been confined to a side aisle. Therefore, when the Division of Highways announced its intention of cutting a similar swath through what is perhaps the most beautiful of all the groves, Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park north of Eureka, the conservationists got their backs up. The engineers had agreed not to follow the present narrow road through the heart of Prairie Creek, but held out for a route either along the wild, ruggedly beautiful beach adjoining the park or, above the beach, along the top of the adjacent Gold Bluffs. Either route would destroy some virgin redwoods and cut the park off from the ocean, upsetting delicate ecological balances.

The Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club proposed a route by-passing the park to the east, but the engineers rejected it as too expensive. Expense, of course, is a relative matter. How do you calculate the value of a redwood that cannot be replaced in a thousand years? Conservationists, using their own accounting methods, said the engineers' route would be more expensive in terms of destroyed trees. So the two value systems brought a showdown.

The State Division of Beaches and Parks, an impoverished country cousin of the powerful and wealthy Division of Highways, had found itself in a poor bargaining position on Humboldt Grove, but now decided to stand its ground by opposing any freeway through Prairie Creek. Informed of the crisis by the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club, editors across the country began to join in the protest against invasion of the sanctuary. The League and the Sierra Club are organizations of not inconsiderable power. The former has raised more than $10 million over the past forty years, and that money, with state matching funds, has bought the 80,000 acres of redwoods that are now in state parks. The Sierra Club, founded by John Muir, has been fighting through press and legislatures since 1892. It was influential in having Yosemite Valley included in Yosemite National Park, in the establishment of the California park system, in the creation of Kings Canyon National Park and Point Reyes National Seashore, and in preventing a major dam in Dinosaur National Monument.

In the stir over Prairie Creek there came to light another freeway scheme that had been sliding along almost unnoticed. Not far from the Oregon border, on U.S. 199 east of Crescent City, as part of the Jedediah Smith Redwoods State Park, stands the National Tribute Grove, trees purchased by donations from Americans as a memorial to friends and relatives who served in World War II. Through a portion of this memorial grove the Division of Highways planned to cut a swath a mile long.

The Division of Beaches and Parks, aware that Highways could condemn the land if necessary, gave the route its reluctant blessing. So the road is officially approved, and whenever they please the highwaymen can move into a memorial grove that the donors had been assured would be preserved for all time.

Stimulated by letters and editorial protests, Governor Edmund G. Brown in January convened a joint meeting of the Highway Commission and the Park Commission. One of Brown's recent appointees was Park Commissioner Margaret Owings, wife of architect Nathaniel Owings, who had been instrumental in defeating attempts a few years ago to blast a freeway down the rugged Big Sur coast south of Monterey. At the meeting Mrs. Owings made a ringing statement for preservation of redwoods, concluding: "I would like to see an unbroken policy established by the state of California: that no more virgin redwoods in state parks be cut down for freeways."

Highway chief Robert Bradford diplomatically promised that his freeway builders would try in the future to avoid parks entirely, but left himself an escape hatch by stating that if it proved impossible to stay out completely, at least the "core" of the park lands should be preserved.

Governor Brown in March took a trip into the two parks to see for himself what the fuss was about. The Governor is an outdoor man with a genuine appreciation of scenic and recreational resources, and his first reaction was that the redwoods should be preserved at all cost. At the end of his tour he gave the conservationists the word that they had scarcely dared hope for: "As long as I am Governor not a single, solitary redwood will be cut down for a freeway."

But the engineers were undaunted. They kept at Brown, and evidently convinced him that increasing traffic made a redwood freeway essential, and that it could not be built without cutting down some trees. A month after his unequivocal statement, a mimeographed handout from the Governor's office declared that if it became necessary to cut down any state park redwoods for freeways, the Division of Highways would "replace" them by presenting the state with an equal number of redwoods outside the park boundaries, on a "tree for a tree" basis.

The "tree for a tree" doctrine, which ignores the importance of maintaining the unity of park land, got a mixed reaction. The *San Francisco Chronicle* strongly preferred Brown's first statement: "Any retreat at all from the Governor's original promise seems unnecessary as well as highly unpopular. A far more widely applauded solution would be a pledge to cut down one highway engineering chieftain for every redwood taken by a freeway—and, in accord with ancient tribal custom, bury him mounted regally upon his favorite bulldozer."

The dismay of the conservationists at the "tree for a tree" principle was increased by the fact that next November the voters of California will be asked to approve a $150 million bond issue for state parks. Backers of the bonds fear the electorate will balk at spending that much money for new parks and trees which could promptly be bulldozed by the freeway builders. They asked the Governor to clarify the muddled situation.

So in mid-May Brown called a press conference and made a statement he doubtless hoped would shelve the whole problem at least until after the election. He said Highways would delay selecting a route through Prairie Creek until the Division of Beaches and Parks had completed a master plan for future redwood acquisition. In the interval the Highway Commisssion would confer with the Park Commission and try to find alternate routes acceptable to all. Brown spoke of the "integrity of a redwood forest" and said that "the Prairie Creek redwoods are a public trust of unique value."

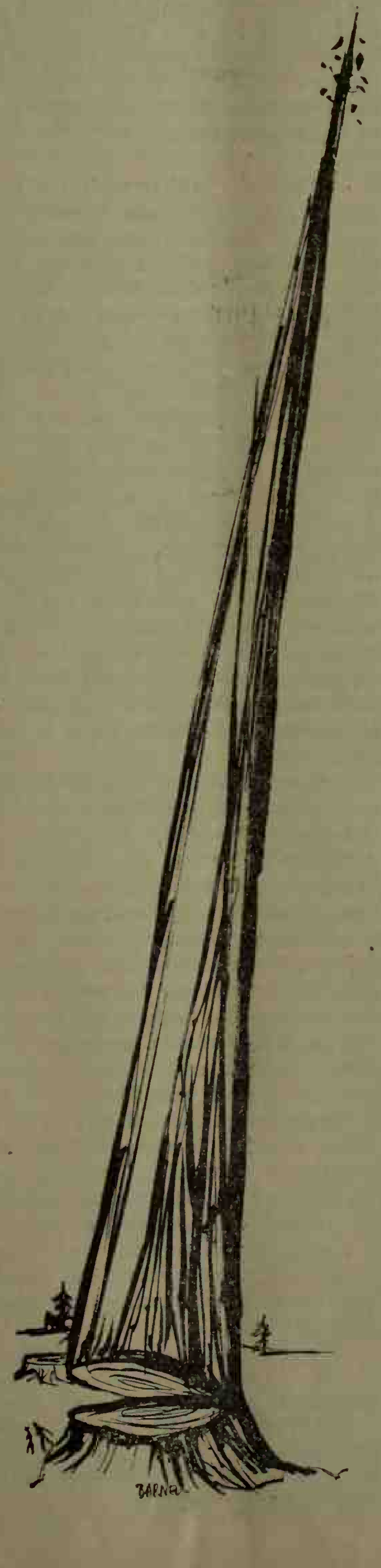
The most ardent redwood-saver could scarcely take exception to that. But the Governor failed to mention the already approved freeway route through the National Tribute Grove, and went ahead to explain his tree-for-a-tree statement in terms that again raised doubts. He spoke of certain unspecified "fringe routes" where some trees would have to be cut, and explained that the destroyed trees would be "exchanged" for newly acquired redwoods outside the parks. That was that, and the Governor's office let it be known that he would say no more on redwoods until the master plan was completed.

At best, Brown's statement only postponed the showdown. Sooner or later the central issue will have to be resolved: are the state park redwoods inviolate or are they not?

Some coming developments may help supply the answer. A group of California attorneys have formed the Conservation Law Society of America, and its first project will be to determine whether the state can legally destroy redwoods it is committed to preserve. The lawyers believe that commitment was implicitly given both to the nation-wide list of donors and to California voters who have approved bond issues for the redwood parks.

Rumblings in the state capital may result in bills being introduced next year to curb the powers of the Highway Commission. One possibility is to repeal the code provision that designates highways as the highest use of the land, thus making it possible to appeal the commission's decisions on freeway routes. Another is to declare state parks an exception to the commission's power of eminent domain. Growing grievances against the freeway builders in all parts of the state would put considerable force behind such legislation and could conceivably lead to repeal of the state constitutional amendment that gives the Division of Highways an automatic income from gasoline tax funds.

The controversy has focused attention not only on the omnipotence of the Highway Commission, but on even greater threats to the redwoods from other sources. The situation is vividly stated in a superb new Sierra Club book, *The Last Redwoods,* with photographs by Philip Hyde and text by Francois Leydet, a volume that has contributed impressively to the redwood-freeway battle. Leydet points out that 80 per cent of the original stands of these trees — which grow no place else in the world—have been destroyed by logging and only 5 per cent are "protected" in state parks. In about fifteen years at the present pace of logging—and sooner if operations are accelerated—all the virgin redwoods outside the parks will be gone.



Forty years ago it was a goal of Stephen T. Mather, first director of the National Park Service, to give redwoods the same kind of protection afforded their Sierra cousins (*Sequoia gigantea*) in Sequoia National Park. The state redwood parks are in scattered groves along a narrow strip traversed by U.S. 101, and subject not only to freeway invasion but to destruction as a result of bad logging practices upstream. In the Rockefeller Forest of Humboldt Redwoods State Park, some 500 of the giants have been toppled by floods originating on cutover land. A national park would necessarily embrace an area large enough to afford protection from such damage.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall has revived the Mather idea; the Sierra Club is energetically backing it; and the National Geographic Society recently financed a survey to discover whether there remained any virgin areas of sufficient size to constitute a national park. One such area was found along the basin of Redwood Creek in Humboldt County. (In their explorations the surveyors came upon three trees that are taller than the one previously believed to be the world's tallest. The biggest of these is 367.8 feet. All three are on property owned by a lumber company.) Late in June, President Johnson directed the National Park Service to prepare a study of possible areas—among them this tract—for a national redwood park.

Ironically, whether a Redwood National Park can be established in time will depend largely on the cooperation of the lumber companies that own the land. If logging goes on during the period required for legislation to get through Congress, it is probable that the potential park areas will be irreparably damaged. And without a Redwood National Park, there will ultimately remain only a few uncertain fragments of the groves that were perhaps the supreme wonder of all the earth's flora.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Theatre of the Grotesque

SHAKESPEARE OUR CONTEMPORARY. By Jan Kott. Translated from the Polish by Boleslaw Taborski. Introduction by Martin Esslin. Doubleday & Co. 241 pp. $4.50.

Oswald LeWinter

Sartre's inspired assertion that "the literary object has no other substance than the reader's subjectivity," might have provided *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* with a fitting epigraph; it is certainly its ethos. Professor Kott, the most astute critic in Poland today, and the only one from the Communist bloc of the stature of Georg Lukács, has performed for our era and Shakespeare a feat comparable to Goethe's when, in 1796, he published *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. If this seems extravagant praise, two factors should be borne in mind.

The Shakespeare criticism of the last decade, or roughly since the appearance of Francis Fergusson's *The Human Image in Dramatic Form* (1957), has been particularly undistinguished. Book after book has appeared in which young doctors or aging associate professors have reheated the theories of such major critics as Levin, Knight, Traversi, to mention the most persuasive, or in which the minutiae left unattended by such men have been dealt mortal blows. It is not merely the absence of scrap gathering that distinguishes the present book. Professor Kott engages the world of the major plays with such a sharp gaze and large mind that even his minutiae serve splendidly as guideposts toward a comprehensive view of that world. He is willing to risk magnificent generalizations, and rarer still, his thesis is genuinely original. By comparison, even so sparkling a book as *The Shakespearean Imagination* by Norman Holland, suffers from its author's inability to move beyond venerated romantic conceptions of his subject.

Kott examines the most crucial dramas of Shakespeare from a critical position that can best be called existential. He is determined to test the validity of his critical attitude by the command it allows him over his subject. Such a process demands a confrontation between the terms of the critic's position, in this case the consciousness of contemporary man in a world of chance, and the elements of the work out of another historical era. Each must be able to accommodate the other at every possible point. What remains for Sartre a theory of criticism has been given its practical expression in the present book.

The thesis that each age must find its own Shakespeare is not a new one. It is the tacit assumption that has underlain the best criticism from John Dryden to G. Wilson Knight. And it is a thesis which never has been really questioned until the rise of that school of critics who, like the late Levin Schücking, assert that Shakespeare can be understood only in the context of his own age. This ultimately reductive criticism has actually flourished far less in Europe than here in America. In France, for instance, so judicious a critic as Jean-Louis Barrault has observed that "Shakespeare is topical to our time, he lived as we do now, in an age of transition, an age of revolutions and calamities in which the old faith had been lost, and the new one had not yet appeared" (*Reflexions sur le theatre*, 1949).

Although Professor Kott shares Barrault's conviction, he would phrase it somewhat differently. He might say that ours is an age of calamities, of enormous disasters, that has been torn loose from all its available faiths, even the belief in history, without having developed new ones. But, he might add, this is precisely the sort of world which can exist within the tragedies and tragic histories of Shakespeare because of their scope. Kott does not attempt to find only *his* era in any of the plays, a method which is actually a subtle inversion of the historicism of Schücking, but examines the world of the plays themselves with the complex and unique consciousness of a man of this century.

Professor Kott's essay on *Hamlet*, contains an excellent statement of this point of view:

> *What I have in mind is not a forced topicality. . . . What matters is that through Shakespeare's text we ought to get at our modern experience, anxiety and sensibility.*
>
> *There are many subjects in* Hamlet. *There is politics, force opposed to morality; there is discussion of the divergence between theory and practice, of the ultimate purpose of life; there is tragedy of love, as well as family drama; political, eschatological and metaphysical problems are considered. There is everything you want, including deep psychological analysis, a bloody story, a duel, and general slaughter. One can select at will. But one must know what one selects, and why.*

The last sentence reveals the nature of Prof. Kott's bias, the demand for consciousness; for approaching the monuments of one's cultural tradition with the full burden of one's own experience without pretending that the past, whether a drama or the last decade, is dead or static.

It is heartening to find such a sane and balanced view articulated by a critic practicing in what is, despite its appearance as the country with the thinking man's brand of communism, a totalitarian state. This uncompromising awareness enables Kott to probe the subtleties of a play like *Troilus and Cressida* in a manner particularly attractive to a Western reader:

> Troilus and Cressida *is from the outset a modern play, a sneering political pamphlet. Troy was Spain, the Greeks were the English. The war went on for a long time after the defeat of the Invincible Armada, and the end was not in sight.*

Here the insistence upon Shakespeare's modernity is superimposed upon the historical consciousness evident within the play without doing violence to either. The author does not suppose that "Troy was Spain," he insists upon it. Kott's attempt to render this play comprehensibly to his time is the critical analogue of the way existential ethics call for the assumption of responsibility.

The ideological confrontation of our time has been between the systems of Marx and Freud. The one insisting upon the ethos of history and progress, the other tragic in the ultimate sense because of its insistence upon individual guilt played out within man's interminable subconscious. To follow Marx leads ultimately to the

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festive conclusion of comedy. The Freudian view finds its finest expression in naturalistic tragedy. Existentialism is in the tradition of both orthodoxies. Where but from Freud does the insistence upon individual awareness emanate? Nor do we need to look further than Marx for the ethical demand for individual action within a social framework. However, existentialism's latest literary manifestations, of which Ionesco's prefaces are a good example, have jettisoned the last "vulgar teleology" which is implicit in the work of Marcel and Sartre. Thus Kott finds in Shakespeare a theatre of the grotesque that has much in common with that of such dramatists as Beckett, Ionesco and Genet.

Kott's conviction transcends any simplistic adumbration of these tenets. For this reason I feel that he will prove to be as influential as Goethe. Shakespearean criticism until now has been unable to shake off the romantic view of the tragic hero in Shakespeare first articulated by Herder and espoused by Goethe with such fervor. Kott offers us a Hamlet and a Lear, a Richard of Gloucester and a Macbeth, who are beyond doubt not anti-romantic or post-romantic, but something new and different. They are not reduced to "authenticity" as in Granville-Barker, or made the focal points for Christian allegory as in Danby, but stand revealed as inhabitants of a world in which: "The grotesque mocks the historical absolute, as it has mocked the absolutes of gods, nature and destiny" and where: "History will first of all disgrace them and then will cut off their heads." This is not the historicism of Hegel; these are not men who have come too late. Neither is it the historicism of Marx whose heroes anticipate their times. These are protagonists who exist in whatever period an indescribable flux has deposited them, and who act not from purpose, although a purpose can be rationalized (*"Troilus and Cressida*—Amazing and Modern"), but because they are figures caught within the workings of the "Grand Mechanism" that is history. And in Shakespeare:

> *History unfolds on the stage, but it is never merely enacted. It is not a background or a setting. It is itself the protagonist of the tragedy.*

And the "dramas of John, the Henrys and the Richards," are finally less dramatic and of less consequence than the "greatest drama" which "consists in the workings of the Grand Mechanism." But this does not mean that there are no choices or that it is not necessary to know what they are and why one is making them. As Kott points out in the essay on *Troilus:*

> *In no other play of Shakespeare's, perhaps, do the characters analyze themselves and the world quite so violently and passionately.* They want to choose in full awareness *(reviewer's emphasis).*

This is equally true for Hamlet, Macbeth and the two Richards.

There are, of course, moments when his insistence upon Shakespeare's modernity leads him to questionable statements as in the essay on *Richard III,* where he claims:

> *Shakespearean tragedy, unlike ancient tragedies, is not a drama of moral attitudes in the face of the immortal gods; there is no fate which decides the hero's destiny.*

No matter how absurd a world we see in *Hamlet,* it is impossible to ignore, as Kott's assertion does, that cry of resignation in Act V:

> *There's a divinity that shapes our*
> *ends,*
> *Rough-hew them how we will.*

Neither is it possible to ignore, in *The Winter's Tale,* Hermione's "if powers divine behold our human actions," despite our conviction that the world of that comedy is finally as aimless as Perdita's rudderless boat. It is precisely Kott's contention that Shakespeare is not to be pinned down to any single orthodoxy, or even any cluster of heterodoxies that should make such reductive assertions impossible.

In these ten essays Kott deals with less than a dozen plays, but his generalizations draw into focus at least a dozen others. Two must be considered masterpieces from a critical as well as from a literary standpoint. "Coriolanus or Shakespearean Contradictions" destroys the prevailing view of this play as a monodrama with an irrefutable brilliance. And in *King Lear* or *End Game* Kott's method finds the perfect subject.

Anyone who saw the recent performance of *King Lear* by The Royal Shakespeare Company with Paul Scofield will recognize the essay as the source of that extraordinary production. Kott begins with a brief history of attitudes toward Shakespeare's *Lear* as deduced from a history of its productions. He reveals at one and the same time the limitations of various views as a modern interpretation, the right of every age to read *Lear* on its own terms as has actually been the practice, and the necessity for a modern reading that will make *Lear* comprehensible. As he points out:

> *Producers have found it virtually impossible to cope with the plot of* King Lear. *When realistically treated, Lear and Gloucester were too ridiculous to appear tragic heroes. If the exposition was treated as a fairy tale or legend, the cruelty of Shakespeare's world, too, became unreal. Yet the cruelty of* Lear *was to the Elizabethans a contemporary reality, and has remained real since. But it is a philosophical cruelty. Neither the romantic, nor the naturalistic theatre was able to show that sort of cruelty; only the new theatre can. In this new theatre there are no characters, and the tragic element has been superseded by grotesque. Grotesque is more real than tragedy.*

In defining the grotesque world as one in which "situations are imposed, compulsory and inescapable," he leaves me with some doubts as to how this is basically different from a naturalistic view. But in the larger matter of the play's structure of meaning as theatre of the grotesque, Kott is superb. As he is, too, in insisting that the focal point of a modern reading of the play must be the Fool:

"Deeply serious and wise"*

FOREIGN AND OTHER AFFAIRS

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> *When established values have been overthrown, and there is no appeal, to God, Nature, or History, from the tortures inflicted by the cruel world, the clown becomes the central figure in the theatre. He accompanies the exiled trio—the king, the nobleman and his son—on their cruel wanderings through the cold endless night which has fallen on the world; through the "cold night" which in Shakespeare's* King Lear *"will turn us all to fools and madmen."*

This is precisely the point at which the historicism of Marx is left behind: the point at which the earlier recognition that

> *In Shakespeare's world there is a contradiction between the order of action and the moral order. This contradiction is fate. One cannot get away from it.*

is fully earned. For modern drama is not tragic but grotesque, although it exists in a tragic world. Yet both tragedy and the grotesque hold the same vision of that world; a vision of the absolute, the "Grand Mechanism," where

> *The downfall of the tragic hero is a confirmation and recognition of the absolute . . . the downfall of the grotesque actor means mockery of the absolute and its desecration.*

This is the crux of Kott's view. All previous criticism of Shakespeare focused on the "tragic hero" not on the *grotesque actor.* Lear had an "inner conflict" and fell from the pinnacle to the abyss of an ordered world, as Tillyard insisted. But Kott's Lear is a male Mother Courage and the point of it all is never in his gut, but in his aimless journey across the tragic landscape. There is no ultimate order; only a gigantic joke. Lear is a Fool. Gloucester is a Fool. We are all the fools of a history that has no eschatology. That is why "the grotesque offers no consolation whatsoever."

Moving at a pace that leaves the reader little time for doubt, this breath-taking book reminds us that we live in a world that has finally become the equivalent of the stark world of Shakespearean tragedy; that the reality for which these dramas are paradigms has actually come to pass.

Dark Lorelei

SELECTED POEMS. By Stevie Smith. New Directions. 120 pp. $1.50 paper.

W. K. Rose

Readers of Stevie Smith's *Selected Poems* will very likely think first of that line of English nonsense moralists and mock balladeers that passed through Lear and Belloc to modern descendants like Edith Sitwell and William Plomer. The poet's drawings, sprinkled pixily over the pages, strengthen this impression. Actually, Miss Smith comes more clearly into focus if one thinks of her as heiress to the romantic poets of her sex. Obsessed, fantastic, despairing, as often witty as trivial, her verse is illumined by the light of, say, Christina Rossetti or Emily Brontë. Her kinship with the latter emerges at times in an astonishing closeness. Here is Emily:

I am the only being whose doom
No tongue would ask, no eye would mourn
I never caused a thought of gloom
A smile of joy, since I was born.

And Miss Smith:

"Poor Soul, poor Girl!"
(A Debutante)

I cannot imagine anything nicer
Than to be struck by lightning and killed suddenly crossing a field
As if somebody cared.
Nobody cares whether I am alive or dead.

Or again Emily (in "Tell me, tell me, smiling child"):

And what is the future, happy one?
'A sea beneath a cloudless sun;
A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea
Stretching into infinity.'

And Miss Smith (in "The Heavenly City"):

I sigh for the heavenly country,
Where the heavenly people pass,
And the sea is as quiet as a mirror
Of beautiful beautiful glass.

As with her female forebears—that other Emily, the American cousin, included—Stevie Smith's subjects are chiefly God, Love (unrequited and therefore inducing isolation) and Death. Like them she pierces deepest when these abstractions coalesce:

Love is not love that wounded bleeds
And bleeding sullies slow.
Come death within my hands and I
Unto my love will go.

It would be unfair to ride these historical alliances too hard. Miss Smith is definitely of our time. Her religion is twisted by doubt:

If I lie down on my bed I must be here
But if I lie down in my grave I may be elsewhere.

As often as not she preaches impertinently:

"God Speaks"

I made Man with too many faults. Yet I love him. . . .
I should like him to be happy. I am genial.
He should not paint me as if I were abominable.

More than her thoughts, the poet's way is modern. As the quotations show, she plays fast and loose with prosody, ranging from tight, metronomic little structures to the boneless, nonstop sequences of daily speech. The latter may be knocked into shape by close, often clever, rhyming. When they're not, they remind one of Lawrence, at his best and worst. Coming at the end of a well-built and amiably rhymed poem ("Parents"), this line

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profits from its cumbersomeness: "Oh to become sensible about social advance at seventeen is to be lost." But to begin,

> *Why are the clergy of the Church*
> *of England*
> *Always altering the words of the*
> *prayers in the Prayer Book?*

is another matter. It should be said that many of the poems in this style gain enormously by being read aloud. (Miss Smith's "Fafnir and the Knights," by the way, recalls Lawrence's "Snake," carrying a similar nostalgia for a golden time or place.)

Above all, the poet's irony sounds the modern note. In most of her best poems one is charmed by the interplay of sophisticated contemporary woman and candid, wide-eyed innocent. In some delightful poems the effect is of a between-wars kind of brightness pervasively corroded, as if Lorelei (genus Loos) were trapped on her own rock. Even when the poem seems wholly guileless, one senses the presence of an undisclosed other side.

Too much irony can limit the poet and bore the reader. Given Miss Smith's narrow range of subject, one is impressed by the variety of effects among her most successful poems where the fears and frustrations that beset us all are rendered poignant, biting and funny by the poet's through-the-looking-glass imagination and her sharp, simple diction.

"I Remember"

It was my bridal night I remember
An old man of seventy-three
I lay with my young bride in my
arms,
A girl with t. b.
It was wartime, and overhead
The Germans were making a
particularly heavy raid on
Hampstead.
What rendered the confusion worse,
perversely
Our bombers had chosen that
moment to set out for Germany.
Harry, do they ever collide?
I do not think it has ever happened,
Oh my bride, my bride.

The contents of *Selected Poems* cover an output of about thirty years; they are taken from a number of volumes, none of which has appeared in the United States. It is high time Stevie Smith's voice—urbane, disarming, uniquely her own—was heard in our land.

W. K. Rose edited The Letters of Wyndham Lewis *(New Directions) and is presently doing a study of the avant-garde in London between 1910 and 1920.*

Panelizing Dissent

Kenneth Rexroth

Between August 5-9, 1964, at Asilomar, a conference camp on the forested shore of Monterey Bay, operated by the California State Parks under the auspices of the Letters and Science Extension, Special Programs of the University of California, and under the general management of Herbert Hill, Labor Secretary of the NAACP, there was held a conference on the Negro Writer in the United States. About 200 people attended as audience. There must have been some thirty representatives of the press, and ten people gave speeches and led discussions—Arna Bontemps, Gwendolyn Brooks, Horace Cayton, LeRoi Jones, Saunders Redding, Ossie Davis, Nat Hentoff, Harvey Swados, Robert Bone, Herbert Hill. James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison were scheduled, but canceled their engagements. Juridically speaking, the affair was a summer-school course of the University of California. There were a few scholarships and the press representatives paid only

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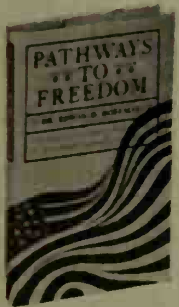

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their board. Otherwise, the audience paid $100 for tuition, board and room. The discussion leaders were transported across the country and received the usual fees for such appearances.

I have given you these vital statistics because they are really more important than anything said at the conference. They clearly demonstrate what has become a characteristic social mechanism—the institutionalization of dissent and revolt. All of us with gray hair, who were in this thing way back when, can remember hitchhiking, riding freights or struggling across the country in packed collapsing jalopies to meetings concerned with what, on the face of it, seemed to be the same problem. We slept on one another's floors; we kept going through the day on coffee and doughnuts; we quarreled violently about art and politics, form and content, and were buffeted on one side by the cops and on the other side by the Apparatchiks. Today, Malcolm X is invited to address executive seminars at Shangri-Las nestled in the snow-clad Rockies. We are all indulged rebels if we are not allowed clowns. In fact, indulgence hastens to anticipate rebellion. All you have to do nowadays is begin to growl and somebody in a pin-striped suit with real buttonholes on the cuffs shows up with a fistful of foundation money.

Does it mean anything? Harlem gets catastrophically worse and worse by the second; goon squads seize the party of the Great Emancipator, while representatives of the State Department abuse the black bourgeoisie gathered in the conclave of the leading Negro Greek letter organization for their lack of militancy.

There was plenty of militancy at Asilomar. Meeting under the storm clouds of the nomination of Goldwater and the Harlem riots (which, everybody was too excited to point out, have a very obvious connection) the conference kept turning into a civil rights rally. Everybody tried to be as charismatic as possible. This was not Herb Hill's fault. NAACP or no, he tried to keep the people talking about writing. The only genuinely literary discussions occurred in brief interchanges after the papers on Ellison, Baldwin, Toomer and Wright, and they bore a chilly resemblance to the battles of the thirties over form and content and Art and the Masses. Just like the John Reed Club or the League of American Writers, most of the wordage was spent offering up dense clouds of verbal incense on the altars of Our Great Writers, a commendable but unilluminating ritual.

Stars of the show were LeRoi Jones, Horace Cayton and Ossie Davis. True, they talked about the problems of the Negro writer, but in general terms of moral exhortation. I have great respect for all three. I know that they are, in fact, concerned with all sorts of concrete problems and their work is much broader and deeper, and at the same time more pointed, than propaganda and protest literature, but that was not the effect of their talks. Partly, this was due to audience response and speaker projection. Put 250 Negroes and whites together in an auditorium today and you get a civil rights rally, willy-nilly. The three programs that raised a genuine literary response from the audience were the poetry readings by Gwendolyn Brooks and LeRoi Jones, and Arna Bontemps' talk on Jean Toomer and the Harlem Renaissance. Gwendolyn Brooks's encores were a revelation to the whites in the audience. People obviously knew her work by heart, and called again and again for one favorite poem after another. LeRoi Jones stands at the opposite pole of American literature and Negro life, yet the audience was at least as attentive, and a number surprised me by requesting favorite poems. More remarkable, any attempt to create a literary antagonism or schism between Miss Brooks and Mr. Jones was fiercely resisted by ordinary people in the audience. This was not just "defending our own." It revealed a degree of understanding of how poetry works that would be very unlikely in an all-white audience.

Intimation

Looking back moonstruck
this freezing night turned
I the wrong street
down
one and two and three I
never saw before; yet
followed the familiar light . . .

say o winter night do the
beams shine the same down

all places cold?

E. F. Weisslitz

Description of a Process

On the old house,
the childhood home,
the roof was constructed with half-pipes lined to the eaves
for the rain to run its own river down the whole pipe
sealed onto the eastern corner of the house from the
edge of the slant to a barrel set on the ground
for collecting part of our water supply.

Inside the house,
the childhood home, we listened
to the quick storms as long as we could,
running at last through the door and
out to the water pouring over the gulleys streaking
the sides splashing over the barrel O breaking the
burning August shouting to each other dipping
our heads and hands — old picture on my mind!

drink deeply then I say
this is the sweetest water anyone ever tasted.

E. F. Weisslitz

More surprising was the response, especially on the part of young people and especially the more militant and even hostile ones, to Arna Bontemps' talk. When he finished, a forest of hands went up. Everybody wanted to know more about the legendary figures of Harlem's golden age, and everybody wanted to discuss the spiritual and literary problems of a very great writer, almost certainly the greatest Negro writer up to his time who had, for religious mystical reasons rather than racial ones, long ago renounced both his race and literature. Most of them had never heard of him, but they certainly wanted to hear more. And I—who had known Jean when we and the century were young and we were full of hope that the world would completely change, and who knew he was lying on a sick bed from which he well might never rise—wondered what he would have thought about it all. His name certainly came to life. If nothing else comes out of the conference but some publisher's curiosity which leads to a reprinting of his works, it will certainly have succeeded beyond expectations.

A lot of things were not discussed on the platform. Teachers were irate about the taking over of the desegregation of textbooks by the educators' educators: the castration of Negro history; the new friend who has entered the circle of Dick, Sally, Jane, Fluff, Toodles and now a little light-brown Sambo with his middle-class father, his middle-class mother and his middle-class dog. Poor little guy, they didn't even have the decency to give him a liver-spotted hound, just another Scotty.

The young radical Bohemians, with their unstraightened hair and their secularized Black Muslimism, put the whole thing down as a Tom show cooked up by the white devils. The Freedom Now people objected to the lack of program. The more orthodox Marxists objected even more to lack of program, fuzziness of thinking and to the racialism. Certainly, there was no better way to get a big hand from the mixed audience than to give whitey a verbal kicking around. Everytime anybody said, "I hate all white men," all the white women in the audience applauded vociferously.

Here and there among the audience however, were quiet, dignified young people, their faces marked by meditation and strength. Most of them were quite dark, although there was one who would not have been considered a Negro in any other country of the world but this. They were the young writers from the South. They asked the most trenchant questions. They always deflated the demagogy. They always rose to challenge the self-pity and to "abreact" the neurotic abuse of whites. None of the Northerners, for all their perfervid militancy, lived in Harlem or in any Negro ghetto. The Southerners came from a world which is every hour on the hour more dangerous than Harlem at the height of the recent riots. They had been, without exception, spending the summer acting militantly at the point of production, so to speak, and usually most inconspicuously. I think they enjoyed themselves. It's always nice to meet a lot of people in the flesh you've only read about. In fact, it can be quite educative. I don't think they were swept off their feet.

Kenneth Rexroth is a frequent Nation *contributor. His most recent book is* Natural Numbers: Selected Poems *(New Directions).*

LETTER from LONDON

Charles Marowitz

With the same driving inevitability that the Goldwater image has insinuated itself into American consciousness, Happenings are beginning to take hold in England.

The Happening movement (which already implies more order and consistency than in fact exists) started around 1958—instigated by the example of composer John Cage, and to an extent, inspired by the theories of Antonin Artaud. Alan Kaprow coined the word for his first "happening" in Chicago. It was also Kaprow who was behind the somewhat abortive "happening" at Au Bon Marché department store during the Paris Theatre Festival three years ago. Each "happener" gives his "events" a personal slant, but in most cases the object is to refresh the senses of sight and sound by exposing them to (1) familiar actions in extraordinary contexts or (2) extraordinary actions in familiar contexts. When the end is not purely aesthetic, it may be social or political. In most cases, the "shock of awareness" is a pivotal factor.

The first foray was at last year's Edinburgh Conference on Drama. Repelled by the hoopla and egotism of the discussions, Ken Dewey, a young American, mounted the first full-fledged Happening to achieve notoriety in England. It was a legitimate attempt to express through sound, space and action, the antipathies aroused by the larger pomposities of that five-day talkathon. The stodgy environment itself was exploited. A number of events — all "happening" at once — included a rigged dispute between Carrol Baker and Alan Kaprow, an itinerant bagpiper, a series of overhead disturbances including students bellowing from the skylights, a tape recording so edited that it played back the most banal comments from the weeks' discussions and, of course, the nude — an artist's model wheeled on a trolley across the balcony of McKewan Hall.

The Drama Conference had been discussing the Theatre of the Future. The majority reaction to Dewey's display was blustering indignation. Chairman Kenneth Tynan, blood pressure technicoloring his cheeks, called it "apocalyptic" and "totalitarian"; most of the continental delegates deplored it. Martin Esslin, finding an affinity with the Theatre of the Absurd, pointed out that if nothing else it compelled the spectators to distinguish between what was real and what simulated and was, therefore, healthy. A few people like Joan Littlewood instinctively approved and rightly admonished the squares for taking such an exaggerated moral stand on what, after all, was only an organized spoof.

The papers were interested only in the nude. The next day, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, speaking as Protector of National Virtues, said: "It is a very great pity, indeed, in a way it is quite a tragedy, that three weeks of glorious festival should have been smeared by a piece of pointless vulgarity. I am advised that the incident can be technically described as a 'happening.' As a mishap it might have been explained away; as a planned 'happening' there can be no explanation or excuse." In the finest tradition of the old tragedians, the Lord Provost concluded: "I have faith in the drama today and I have faith in the drama of the future. I do not contemplate surrendering to the irresponsible actions of a few people sick in mind and heart!" (Curtain. Applause. Tableau.) Subsequently, a court action brought against John Calder, the conference organizer, was thrown out, and a later survey dis-

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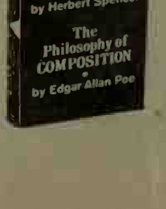

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closed that the whole affair was a plot hatched by Moral Re-Armament to keep Scotland scrupulous and, in passing, blacken the Edinburgh Festival.

After Edinburgh, Happenings, the word if not the concept, had arrived. Abortive small-scale happenings (what the Lord Provost might call "minor mishaps") were presented in out-of-the-way places like Liverpool and Bristol, but the first authentic London Happening was imported from France by Michael White, a young English impresario. In 1963, Jean-Jacques Lebel had organized a Festival of Free Expression in Paris which featured "events" from different countries. A potted and amended version of this program was performed a few weeks ago in a hired hall near Victoria Station. After the first performance, the Happening was banned — not by the police or the Lord Chamberlain but by the caretaker of the hall whose wife had encountered nude girls washing paint off their bodies in the ladies' toilet. The committee which runs the hall was quickly summoned and a graphic, undoubtedly exaggerated, report of the incident was made. The second performance was canceled. Taking this as a blow against "free expression," Lebel, White and the other Happeners staged a protest outside the banned premises. Half a dozen boys and girls wearing adhesive tapes over their mouths and giving away old shoes to passers-by (a Dadaist protest if there ever was one!) milled about outside until the demonic caretaker summoned the police. At the sight of two cops lumbering toward them the Happeners quickly got the message and, unbidden, began picking up their shoes and posters. A highly unspectacular street-corner conversation between the bobbies and the beatniks ended with the Happeners repairing to a nearby pub to exult in their "victory" over the forces of oppression.

The press coverage was again unsympathetic. *The Sunday Times*, the week before, had been snide and facetious, and the *Daily Express*, after the event, was downright hostile — and, as usual, one-sided, having obtained all their facts from the surly caretaker.

To most people in England, Happenings are college pranks that feature nudes. To a few (painters take them very seriously) they are the natural extension of action-painting, and the art of the future. Earlier this year, the Rauschenberg exhibit had an enormous impact in London, and the Rauschenberg, John Cage, Merce Cunningham ballets have had to extend their run because of the interest. In Kinross, John Calder recently organized a dramatic and musical entertainment billed as a Happening with Robert Burns and William Shakespeare. There is at least one Happening-type show planned for this year's Edinburgh Festival and Michael White has been talking about another series of "events" in London—although his complaint is that prejudice is so strong it is difficult to obtain premises.

The fascination for Happenings here is symptomatic of a widespread artistic discontent. The great wail in the theatre is that the New Wave has dried up, that formula plays become progressively more boring, and that television does it all so much better. In painting, the really extraordinary things are happening beyond the canvas in the sphere of constructs, collages and *art mecanique;* in films, the conventional big-studio methods produce only "commodities" and so *cinema verité* is being championed everywhere and emerging in the unlikeliest places. The Beatles' first film, *A Hard Day's Night,* has been directed by Richard Lester, with more than a little of the Maysles brothers' influence. Even in staid old TV, there is rebellion brewing, and recently in *Encore Magazine* Troy Kennedy-Martin (who created "Z-Cars," the leading detective serial) forcefully put the case for a new anti-naturalist style in television drama.

The Happenings' spirit is making things start to happen in all media, and lots of people here believe it is about time.

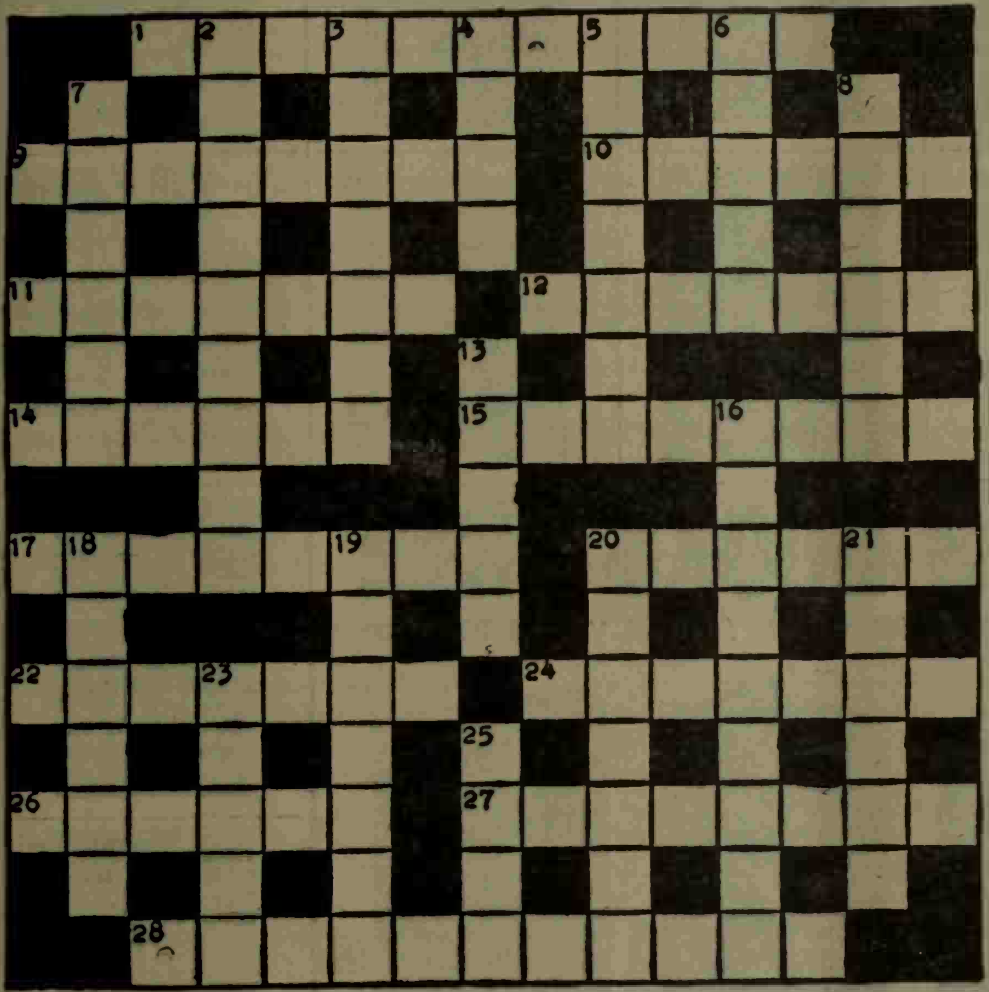
Charles Marowitz, the overseas drama critic for The Village Voice, *is director of In-Stage, an experimental theatre in London, and one of the editors of* Encore Magazine.

Forthcoming Reviews and Essays

George Elliott on Sartre
John Houseman on Chaplin
Lincoln Bloomfield on Dag Hammarskjold
Captain Edward L. Beach on General MacArthur
Hayden Carruth on Theodore Roethke
Robert Theobald on the "Technological Society"

Crossword Puzzle No. 1070

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not very social climbers! (11)
9 A pest happens to be in the shade. (8)
10 She was the subject of an old prisoner's song, blending the end of 26 with the first half of 17. (6)
11 Reputedly one's fall is marked from above. (7)
12 It is in fashion to be on top of the column. (7)
14 One might pursue 11, if not a good speller. (6)
15 Puts in to position where the horses are kept. (8)
17 and 27 across Said to be a good time — and 39 when he died. (3, 3, 2, 8)
20 Extract the essence in time for Christmas and Halloween, shortly. (6)
22 Seems to be a very soft essential for the audience. (7)
24 The Platonic school of philosophy. (7)
26 Is it common in 2 down? (6)
27 See 17 across
28 Though possibly late, it met us in the distance. (7, 4)

DOWN:

2 If anyone can make capital of it, is Yogi able to? (9)
3 He once started out with a score of four. (7)
4 Does it wind up with a dirty look? (4)
5 This war supposedly portended the death of people. (7)
6 Carnivore of later origin. (5)
7 and 8 Compliant, and yet brainy in addition. (12)
13 Proving certain aspects of swing are synonymous with Africans. (5)
16 Relating to such as Ferdinand? (9)
18 Chance. (6)
19 They are supposed to get so, when people are talking about you out of it. (7)
20 20 across' first time getting nothing to drink causes the proper behavior. (7)
21 Curried? Lorelei did for a long time. (6)
23 Does it show brilliance to have such a large number in to dine? (5)
25 Blows up a mild storm, domestically speaking. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1069

ACROSS: 1 Longstreet; 6 Abed; 10 Artemis; 11 Frigate; 12 In re; 13 Blockheads; 15 and 24 Galley slave; 16 Sit down; 17 Refrain; 20 Benares; 22 Idealistic; 23 Olla; 25 Lactose; 26 Gracchi; 27 Sash; 28 Stephenson. DOWN: 1 Leading articles; 2 Natural; 3 Sump; 4 Rustles; 5 Effects; 7 Bravado; 8 Dressing station; 9 Withstand; 14 Medallion; 18 Fleeces; 19 Nascent; 20 Bring up; 21 Relicts.

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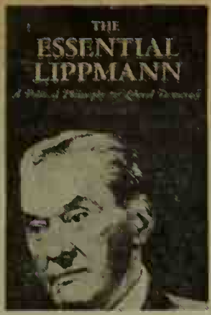
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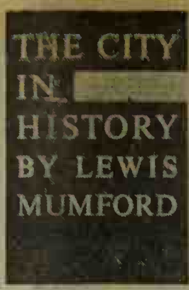
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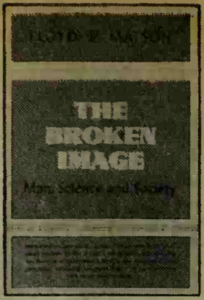
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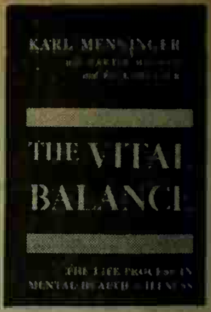
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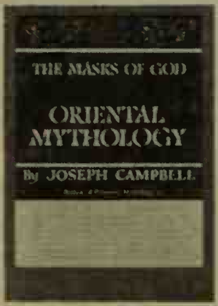
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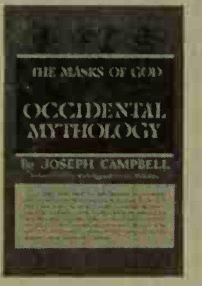
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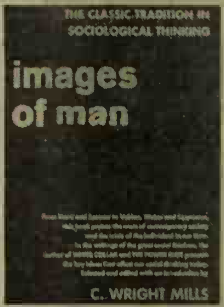
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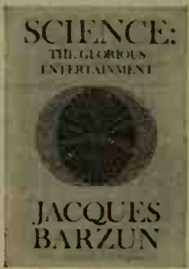
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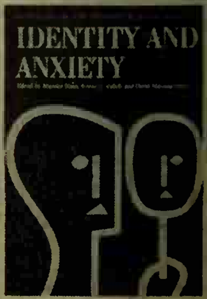
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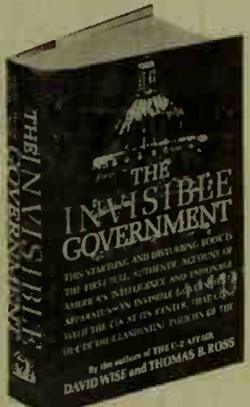
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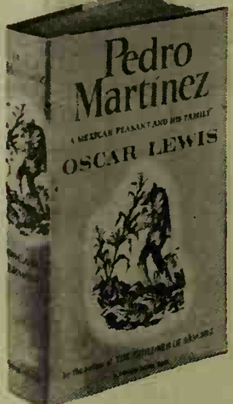
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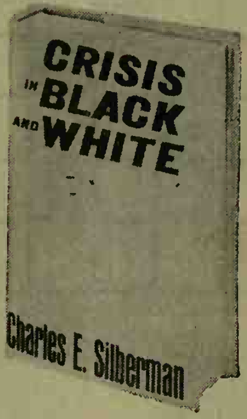
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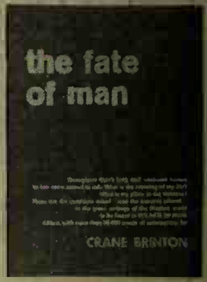
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Freedom Moves In To Stay

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The Cat and Mouse Game

Elizabeth Sutherland

CUBA: Our Cold-Shoulder Policy

Richard A. Falk

LETTERS

Voice of sanity

New York City

Dear Sirs: All honor to Senators Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening for voting against the joint Congressional resolution that, in effect, endorses our government's past and continuing massive intervention in Southeast Asia. Their courage in resisting the bandwagon, "extremist" psychology of an election year deserves the highest respect and praise. I predict that our nation's intervention in Southeast Asia during the past decade will be recognized in the future as one of its darkest episodes. And I further predict that the names of Senators Morse and Gruening will emerge then as representing the voice of sanity, good faith and reason. . . . *Helen Mears*

Semantics?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Elam, in his recent article, "Union or Guild: Organizing the Teachers" [*The Nation*, June 29], inadvertently exposes the greatest defect in teachers' organizations. There are too many theoreticians like himself — Lieberman, Dewey, Childs, Counts—and too few organizers of the legendary Jimmy Higgins or Joe Hill type. If the Phi Delta Kappan had been a teacher in Utah and in New York City, he wouldn't have to resort to semantics in choosing union or association. If he were not so upwardly mobile, he would recognize that the anti-Hoffa stereotypes are the usual big lies to distort the AFT's affiliations to the AFL-CIO. As an educated editor he should recall that similar low-brow blue collars with union labels struggled for the free public schools in the last century. . . .

B. J. Zukas

Negro removal

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: A young Negro scientist friend wrote us recently about Rochester:

I lived there many years ago and am well aware that the Negroes, being the first minority to arrive in the town and early fighters for freedom, now found themselves last in sharing equally in the town. Clarissa Street has been systematically torn down by Urban "Negro Removal" and the colored population has been constricted tighter and tighter into a small cordon of blocks. . . . Last summer when I visited my aunt who lives near Clarissa I noted three large rats ambling down her street in broad daylight. To a naturalist this indicates a large rodent population and that even the rats don't have places to live in the congestion.

This could happen in Detroit too. Every area in town that I know of that has been cleared for redevelopment or freeways has displaced large numbers of Negroes, some of whom owned fairly decent homes. They are rarely able to purchase or move into equivalent housing, and they *never* can move back into the new housing. *Lucy Haessler*

Best analysis

Bronx, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: "Goldwaterism" by Carey McWilliams [*The Nation*, Aug. 24] is by far the best political analysis of this far Right movement I have read, bar none. *G. A. Caparelli*

Tendentious

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: With regard to your editorial, "Shortening the Fuse," in the Aug. 24 issue, I cannot agree that President Johnson can be accused of "excessive retaliatory action" over the recent incident in the Gulf of Tonkin. I believe that many of us can be relieved that President Johnson has shown that unspectacular restraint which we must demand of our Chief Executive. I find the thrust of your editorial tendentious in that your first premise is that the United States does not belong in South Vietnam. I will concede that my view approving the President's conduct is equally tendentious in that I believe that the United States is properly involved in South Vietnam (in principle if not in every detail).

Paul S. Weinberg

Fewer bullets

Trouville, France

Dear Sirs: American foreign policy seems to require the killing of a generation of idealistic youth in a score of countries. The most urgent job before liberals is that of offering an alternative to the blind anti-communism that consumes the State Department; and there are alternatives.

We must permit the spread of vying, variant Marxist states. Rumania, China and Yugoslavia already have been a problem for Russia. Nationalism would bring to our side the peoples of Southeast Asia who fear Chinese domination as they hate ours. . . .

We have no license to suppress an idea, but we have a duty to defend our country. It can be done with fewer weapons and less blind fear of change . . . by a policy of friendship with all who will huddle with us for protection against China, regardless of the economic coloration of those willing to die to get rid of the puppets and generals and dictators we propose for them. . . . *David Mande*

THE
NATION

Monday, September 14, 1964
Volume 199, No. 6

In this issue

EDITORIALS
101
ARTICLES
Summer in Mississippi:
104 Freedom Moves In To Stay
Jerry DeMuth
105 The Cat and Mouse Game
Elizabeth Sutherland
110 The Warren Commission
Maurice Rosenberg
113 Cuba: Our Cold-Shoulder Policy
Richard A. Falk
BOOKS AND THE ARTS
118 Childhood of a Leader
George Elliott
118 Vesalius (poem)
Robert Kelly
120 A Critic's Credo
Harold Clurman
122 Mythology (poem)
Joel Oppenheimer
Art in Court:
123 City of Angels vs. Scorpio Rising
Fred Haines
125 Candy Comes to Chicago
Bruce Cook
126 Drought (poem)
Allen Planz
127 Records
Benjamin Boretz
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 128)
Frank W. Lewis

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EDITORIALS

Keating for Senator

As between Robert F. Kennedy and Kenneth B. Keating, in the New York Senatorial race, *The Nation* favors Senator Keating. There is no need to await the electioneering; it does not promise to be enlightening. The men can be judged on their records and motives to date. The only factor that might arise to change the picture would be Keating's "discovery," under pressure from his party, that Goldwater was not so bad, after all. One can never be sure in politics, but Keating is neither a hypocrite nor a fool, and to espouse the Goldwater cause at this juncture he would have to be both.

On the issues there is little to choose. Both candidates have generally good civil rights records, but Kennedy has had greater opportunities than Keating and has temporized miserably in a number of situations, as in his recommendations of Dixiecrats for federal judgeships. Neither man has been good on civil liberties, but Kennedy may enjoy the edge. On Cuba both are bad and it can be predicted that they will vie with each other in waging a campaign war against Castro.

The Nation is not greatly exercised over Kennedy's invasion of New York, blatant though it is. There happens to be a loophole in the federal law and he took advantage of it. It is not certain that it would be desirable from a national standpoint to close the loophole or discourage further excursions. Senators have always tended to represent a national point of view, and the country is much more a single national community than it once was.

Keating has more experience in New York affairs, but to no great avail. He has not been able to get more arms contracts for the state, although he has tried hard. *The Nation* would not be impressed if he had had better success. Some voters may prefer Kennedy on this score. That is one way to vote, if one has no other convictions.

The New York reform groups dislike Kennedy because they regard him as too close to the Democratic bosses. The argument does not stand up under close examination. The Kennedys, as a clan, use the bosses more than the bosses are able to use them. The Kennedys are too intelligent and too arrogant to be subservient. Actually, a deplorable leadership vacuum exists in the New York section of the Democratic Party—in place of Smith, Roosevelt, Lehman, there are hacks, has-beens and mediocrities. Kennedy would almost certainly help to revive the party as a state-wide organization. By the same token, he would help the national ticket.

One can argue back and forth like this, yet the count goes decisively against Kennedy. What should defeat him is his patent attempt to *use* the Senate seat, to *use* the New York electorate to further his grandiose ambitions, and to do this in a hard-boiled, almost insolent fashion. The impression he gives is that he does not want to serve the people of his hastily adopted state, nor the people of the nation. He is out to serve himself. There may be other considerations but they are marginal to this Kennedy's thinking. One can see what is going through his mind. Here is a key state with a big electoral vote, the financial and communications center of the country, to be had for the grabbing.

If Robert Kennedy had really wanted to further the plans and ideals of his late brother, he could have served them gallantly by running against Harry Byrd, who is out for a sixth term in Virginia and who stands as a roadblock to most of the things John F. Kennedy cherished. Robert has been living in Virginia; he could have stayed there and been above reproach. He has the money and the time; he is young, and if he were unable to displace the Byrd machine on his first try, a defeat would not have harmed him in the long run.

Keating was a somewhat better-than-average Representative for several terms and gets about the same rating as a Senator. But he is devoted to the Senate. No one questions his desire to serve the people of New York. And he is entitled to respect for his refusal to ally himself with Goldwater. His motives may be political in part, but there is every reason to believe, also, that Goldwater really goes against his grain. In itself that would not be a sound reason for endorsing him. What impresses us, in making a choice, is that Senator Keating respects the office he holds and to which he seeks re-election. What we object to about Mr. Kennedy's candidacy is precisely what Rep. Samuel Stratton said about it. Mr. Kennedy, he said, is "not really interested in serving the state, but in becoming a Senator as a diversionary undertaking on the way to something else." We adhere to the perhaps quaintly old-fashioned notion that a Senator is supposed to serve the people, not to use them.

General Khanh's Ailment

Nguyen Khanh—General, Premier or whatever he is—last week came down out of the hills to grasp for a second time the reins of his plunging, chaotic country. In his week of mountain recuperation, he presented a fascinating medical problem. His condition has been variously diagnosed by journalists as a severe cold, a heart ailment, exhaustion from overwork, a physical and mental breakdown, or nothing at all. One journalist who interviewed him reported that Khanh did not appear to be mentally ill. The patient concurred: "I am not at that stage yet," he declared.

What the general appears to be suffering from is crisis fatigue brought on by wretched judgment. The fact that the unbroken succession of errors, not only by Khanh but by his predecessors, was encouraged or dictated by his American "advisers" will not improve matters in the slightest. What is significant, however, is that Khanh's usefulness to those advisers has about ended.

What remains? Saigon is a snake pit of intrigue, the people suffer from acute war fatigue, the Americans on the spot and in Washington are at their wits' end, and South Vietnam is in a state bordering on anarchy. Writing from Saigon for the Associated Press, Malcolm Browne quotes a high-ranking Vietnamese official: ". . . the unpleasant fact is that the Vietcong is the only strong, stable political group with mass following in South Vietnam. In a certain sense, it is perhaps a testament to the Vietnamese people that they have been able to organize such an effective Communist movement." The official with whom Browne conversed sees only three choices: let the Vietcong govern, let the country sink into anarchy, or let the Americans run the nation, which would inevitably mean sending in combat troops.

But we are not willing to accept any of these alternatives. "The events of the past week in Saigon," reports Crosby S. Noyes, Foreign Affairs Editor of the Washington *Star*, "have strengthened, rather than weakened, the determination of the American Government to hold on in Vietnam at all costs. The strong impression given by top officials in Washington is that if it comes to a choice, they would prefer to enlarge the war in Vietnam rather than pull American forces out of the area. They would, of course, very much prefer to do neither." But there is one turn events might take that, in Mr. Noyes's assessment, could bring about the withdrawal of American forces, namely, "the accession to power of a neutralist government which would demand such a withdrawal. . . ." It is a measure of the bankruptcy of American policy in Vietnam that we would prefer to run the risk of leaving at the request of a neutralist regime—which would seem to be the ultimate humiliation—rather than begin negotiating for the neutralization of all Southeast Asia—which would necessarily involve recognition of Red China. It is not General Khanh alone who suffers from crisis fatigue.

Foundations as 'Fronts'

Rep. Wright Patman is to be commended for his decision to disclose, even though he had apparently been told it in confidence, that since 1959 the CIA has used the J. M. Kaplan Fund of New York as "a conduit for channeling CIA funds." For a moment the secrecy curtain was lifted on a significant aspect of the CIA's operations, but the next day it was promptly lowered. It was up long enough, however, and high enough, to give press and public a glimpse of some extremely interesting scenery. For example, Mr. Patman disclosed that certain foundations—Gotham Foundation, Michigan Fund, Andrew Hamilton Fund, Bordon Fund, Price Fund, Edsel Fund, Beacon Fund and Kentifield Fund—had contributed large sums to the J. M. Kaplan Fund. By clear inference, these funds were made available to the eight foundations by the CIA. In a word, the CIA had channeled funds to eight foundations which, in turn, had channeled them to the Kaplan Fund. On its face, this is a typically clumsy CIA maneuver which has only the appearance of cleverness. The Kaplan Fund's benefactions have included such popular cultural projects as Shakespeare in the Park and any number of splendid social causes. Precisely because this fund would seem to be an unlikely conduit, it was by CIA standards a good one. But the agency had other and more urgent reasons for turning to the Kaplan Fund. Some of the eight foundations listed—we shall single out no names—are simply CIA spin-offs, that is, they are creatures of the agency and nothing else and have been known as such for quite some time. Moreover, the CIA had reason to believe that certain of these "fronts" had attracted the curiosity and attention of some publications; after all, word does get around. Not so long ago, *The Nation* asked one of the eight listed foundations to furnish a list of its recent grants; in fact we indicated that we would be grateful if just one could be cited as a sample of its policy. The inquiry seemed entirely proper; foundations are semi-public institutions. But the request was curtly refused.

The Kaplan Fund, by contrast, is known to support a number of worth-while projects, and CIA-motivated ploys could thus be sandwiched inconspicuously among the responsible benefaction. *The New York Times*, editorializing on the situation last week, fears that, particularly overseas, people will assume that sauce for the Kaplan Fund is sauce also for foundations not yet specifically tagged with undercover money. The paper suggests that American scholars working abroad may now find it very difficult to convince their hosts that they are not code-carrying members of the American espionage network.

In discussing Mr. Patman's disclosure, some newspapers have said that neither the press nor the public should inquire into the "legitimately secret" operations of the CIA. But the difficulty is to determine which CIA projects are "legitimately secret" or, to put it more bluntly, which are legitimate. For example, should the CIA be permitted to channel funds to magazines in London—and New York—which pose as "magazines of opinion" and are in competition with independent journals of opinion? Is it proper for CIA-supported magazines to offer large sums in payment of single poems by East European and Russian poets regarded as men of a character who might be encouraged to defect by what, in the context, could be regarded as a bribe? Is it a "legitimate" function of the CIA to finance, indirectly, various congresses, conventions, assemblies and conferences devoted to "cultural freedom" and kindred topics? Is it a legitimate function of the agency to channel funds to certain American labor organizations for "civic action" programs in Central and South American—thereby enabling the unions to win public applause for "generously" supporting the country's foreign policy, when in fact the unions are being used as fronts for an intelligence agency? Is it legitimate for famous American universities to palm off on the public, as scholarly research, work which has been subsidized by the CIA and should properly be classified as propaganda? The secrecy curtain should not be lowered on this subject matter; legitimate questions are involved and they deserve legitimate answers.

Barry In Space

Senator Goldwater's appeal to the voters is a curious amalgam of *ad hominem* vulgarity ("You want your wife to be *moderately* faithful?"), wrongheadedness bordering on farce and, since he talks a lot, an occasional ricochet into a semblance of reason. In the space field he has chosen to expose his views in one of those "science" magazines which run ads addressed to men past 40 who are nagged by backache, men anxious to earn money in spare time, amateur hypnotists, free-lance inventors, et al. On the cover, Goldwater shares billing with a stunt motorcyclist. Still, he starts off with a view held by many scientists— he is opposed to a manned race to the moon. Immediately, however, he goes off on a typical Goldwater tangent —he feels that in trying to land a man on the moon before the end of the decade we are falling for "Kremlin propaganda" and spending billions which should be going into military activity in space. Within the critical orbital altitude of 1,000 miles we must establish "daily surveillance" as soon as possible, and acquire the additional capabilitites of positive identification, interception and destruction of enemy vehicles.

In accordance with this well-established Air Force formula, NASA might as well prepare to go out of business. Goldwater lays it on the line: "All manned space research should be directed by the military, with national security and control of the access to space as primary goals." We will go up there and they —you know who—are to be kept out or shot down. Control of the world is the stated purpose of the Communists. The nation that controls access to space will control the world. We must be that nation. The lads on the motorcycles will surely agree.

Goldwater regards the nuclear test-ban treaty as a menace to our security. Under its terms: "we cannot develop nuclear weapon systems for the control of enemy access to space." Goldwater is pretty sure that the Russians will cheat, maybe are cheating already, and Uncle Sam is being gulled. He doesn't believe that a real clash between Soviet and Chinese goals exists. "The Soviets," he declares, "could clandestinely test in the atmosphere, in space and under water by way of Red China."

What shall we do to be saved? We must establish as soon as possible a military (Air Force) orbital space station—"*Now* is the time to start on this vital program" (Goldwater's italics). We must also institute a "crash program" to develop the laser as a weapon— the laser, thank God, is not interdicted by the test-ban treaty. Somebody has told Goldwater that "particular kinds of lasers could, with lethal certainty, vaporize nuclear space weapons before they could harm our territory. Such lasers *must* be developed as soon as possible" (again, Goldwater's italics).

Vaporizing an ICBM is not the same as melting a razor blade across the laboratory, which is the most that laser experts can do at present with this beam of light. And if we can solve the problems of power supply, target acquisition and aiming, so can the Russians. But that is the way Goldwater's mind works. It is all there, and much more, over his by-line in *Science & Mechanics*, Vol. 35, No. 6, June, 1964, 35c.

Americans at Sea

For once, the cold war has had a beneficial result. For once, also, the federal government is sponsoring a maritime subsidy that will actually benefit the nation. President Johnson has signed a bill authorizing a five-year $10 million annual disbursement to help rebuild and modernize the U.S. commercial fishing fleet. By law, American fishing vessels must be built in American shipyards, where costs run about 50 per cent higher than in foreign yards. The new law provides for a maximum subsidy of 50 per cent of the construction cost.

In 1956 the United States stood in second place in its share of the total world catch—about 13 per cent. The percentage has since dropped to about half of the 1956 figure, and we are presently in fifth place. In a *Science* (September 4, 1964) editorial, Athelstan F. Spilhaus, dean of the Institute of Technology at the University of Minnesota, points out that in exploiting the sea we face the most formidable kind of competition. The Russians in particular fish "on our doorstep" with hundreds of modern, factory-type ships, and on the other side of the continent the Japanese do the same. Without federal help, our fishing industry simply is not in the running. [See articles by William S. Ellis, *The Nation*, April 28, 1962, and November 23, 1963.]

Dean Spilhaus goes far beyond immediate problems, however. Man, he argues, is going to colonize the oceans, and it might as well be our men. Others too will take care of their own—going deeper, staying down longer, studying the currents and interactions and the life and chemicals that exist at various depths. Small deep-diving submarines will prospect the oceans, and platforms, on the surface and submerged at various depths, will give access to deposits of minerals. Phosphorites and diamonds are already being taken commercially from the continental shelves, and minerals are known to exist in enormous quantities in the form of nodules which may be mined when appropriate techniques are developed. Dean Spilhaus points out that one of the best investments the nation ever made was in the land-grant act of a hundred years ago, which gave a decisive impetus to science, scientific agriculture and the mechanic arts. He calls for sea-grant colleges analogous to the land-grant colleges, to focus attention on marine science, aquaculture and oceanic engineering. The oceans offer greater opportunities for useful exploitation than airless space, and at less cost and risk.

Summer in Mississippi

Freedom Moves In To Stay

Jerry DeMuth

"Miss. Summer Project to End Aug. 24, 700 Students to Abandon This State," the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* headlined on August 8. But there were no signs of it at the more than twenty project locations. About 200 volunteers have elected to stay for at least six months and three aspects of the summer project—the Freedom Schools, the community centers and the voter-registration activities—will be continued.

By late August there were forty-seven Freedom Schools, with 2,500 pupils, in more than two dozen communities. Plans before the summer began were for fourteen such schools. "We're going to continue into the winter," explains Dr. Staughton Lynd of Yale University, Freedom School director. The schools will meet primarily at night because youths are attending public schools during the day. And new schools are being planned. Two panel trucks, for example, are being staffed and equipped to serve as schools in Neshoba County, where the three civil rights workers were killed last June.

The thirteen community centers will continue with the help of local adults and volunteers who are staying on; new buildings for such centers are being constructed in two rural settlements, Mileston and New Harmony, and one is planned for the large town of Greenville.

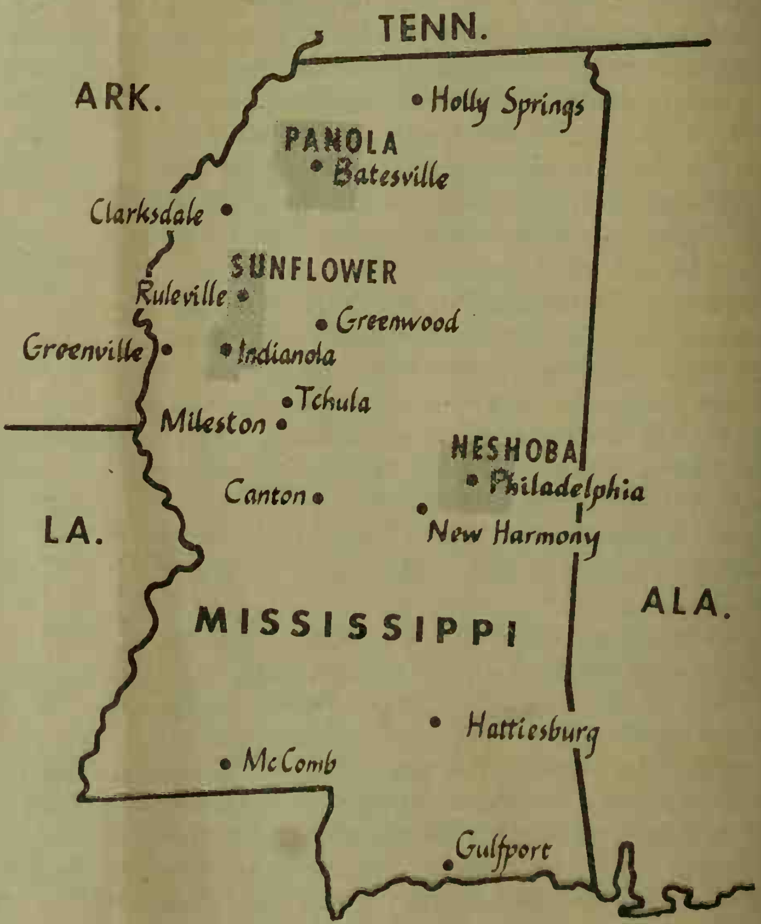
Voter-registration activities will be renewed. In the weeks just before the Democratic National Convention, emphasis was shifted from regular registration to gaining support for the Freedom Democratic Party. Voter-registration workers spent most of their time explaining the party to Negroes and getting those who supported it, and were without fear, to "freedom register."

By early August one or more of the three programs existed in about twenty towns. As workers from these projects made closer contact with other communities in their counties they began to move permanently into these areas, and new projects were born. In Marshall County, for example, the project has headquarters in Holly Springs. Its workers began reaching into adjoining counties as they went canvassing outside that town. Volunteers from Holly Springs were soon working in six counties, with plans to move into two more. In Panola County, seventeen volunteers lived and worked in the county seat of Batesville. Four teams had moved from Batesville to Crowder, Crenshaw, Como and Sardis.

A particularly interesting example of such expansion occurred in Sunflower County where the project has its headquarters in Ruleville, home of Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer (see *The Nation*, June 1). A Freedom School, community center and voter-registration activities are all operated in a small frame house on the edge of this town of 2,000. Cardboard from cartons forms the ceiling. The unpainted walls are covered with maps and pictures. Shelves holding about a thousand books line the walls.

In the morning, young children play inside while their mothers meet on the lawn in back, sitting on benches in the shade of a few pecan trees. These women are taught health, first aid, reading, writing, and Negro history. In the afternoon, after the Negro public school lets out, teen-agers meet for classes. The Negro schools in the delta are open in July and August so they can close in September and October, freeing the youngsters to work in the cotton fields.

In mid-July, Ruleville organized a mass rally at Indianola, a town some 22 miles away. James Forman, executive secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, gave the main address, but perhaps the most important speaker was Oscar Giles, an Indianola Negro. Giles rose from the audience and announced he was with the movement 100 per cent and would give it all the support he



Jerry DeMuth, a free-lance writer working in the South, has contributed to The Nation *several articles on the civil rights movement.*

could. This was his first involvement with the civil rights movement. Giles had been waiting for the rights workers to come to Indianola, had been waiting ever since spring when he returned from a trip to Chicago and decided he had to do something about his people in Mississippi. Now he began moving with the civil rights workers and would keep on moving.

Three workers came from Ruleville to set up a project in Indianola. An old house was found and the workers began to fix it up. A group of Baptist ministers donated their old school to the project, a brick building, surrounded on three sides by fields of cotton. Materials began to arrive from the Seattle Friends of the SNCC group—art supplies, books, prints. A library was started and the walls became covered—with maps and photos of the non-white world, ancient and modern—and with prints by Miro, Daumier, Feininger, Gauguin, Kandinsky and others. Even the walls in the washroom were covered. A Citizens Band radio was installed and the tall antenna erected. It would be used to keep in touch with Ruleville and with the project's radio-equipped cars. On August 6, the finishing touch was added; a

(*Continued on page 108*)

The Cat and Mouse Game

Elizabeth Sutherland

Jackson, Miss.

To say that the summer just past was, in Mississippi, less bloody than it could have been, might sound too much like the FBI agent who came to investigate the shooting of a Negro in Jackson and was heard to say, "His head's not blown off? Oh, then it's not as bad as we thought."

It might also seem highly questionable to Silas McGhee, the young Negro who was shot in Greenwood on a recent Saturday night after his seven attempts to integrate a local movie theatre, or to Stokeley Carmichael, a SNCC field secretary who lost one automobile to a fire bomb and whose present car has more than its share of bullet holes. The Summer Project headquarters in Jackson has mimeographed a list of "incidents," from shootings of this type to church burnings and traffic-violation arrests, during the period of June 16 to August 14. It covers thirty-four pages, most of them legal size and single-spaced. Yet much of it has the curious monotony of a cat-and-mouse game; over and over again, the same arrests on phony charges, followed by early release on payment of bail; the same homemade bombs which somehow don't go off (or blow up windows but not people); the same obscene threats which stop short of fatality. The picture which emerges is more depressing than horrifying, and it's a relief to hear of the cops using some imagination now and then—making an arrest for "reckless walking" or raiding an office for what they called "deflammatory literature."

Last July, in Hattiesburg, I was waiting for the police to release project director Robert Moses, who had been stopped for speeding. An FBI poster in the station carried photos of James Chaney, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner, then still missing, and I felt that in their presence the police wouldn't do anything really terrible to us that day. It was irrational but not altogether untrue, for the furore which followed the disappearance of those three so early in the summer—the hordes of FBI agents and sailors, newsmen and federal officials who descended on the state—made a strong, distasteful impression on local authorities. The hordes came, it is true, only because two of the missing youths were whites: indirectly, the major reason for the limited bloodshed last summer was the presence of so many white volunteers, particularly girls.

The degree of violence varied from one county to another, partly because the county sheriffs, elected officials whose power would be hard for a Northern city-dweller to imagine, range from Ben Collins, spraying volunteers with obscenities and, on one occasion, a real deodorant, to somewhat rational fellows anxious to keep a trouble-free record. The more sophisticated, or those receptive to more sophisticated influence from higher-ups like Senator John Stennis, would do a great deal to avoid federal intervention. The authorities of Indianola posted a notice urging all citizens to exercise restraint toward "the so-called Freedom Workers." In Greenville, a police officer was heard to give the order, "If it's a local guy, throw him out; if it's one of those agitators, take it easy." And in Gulfport, on the southern coast, the police sent a car to stand guard near the project office for some two hours when the workers there reported that a midnight bombing had been threatened by telephone. Inside the office, no one except me was even watching the clock.

Some of this "protection" has been indistinguishable from harassment: who can say with certainty whether the police car driving past a project office late at night is looking for would-be attackers outside or aiming to jangle the nerves of those inside? One never knows; and that is the quality of fear in a cat-and-mouse game. Inescapable, amorphous, unpredictable—"the worst kind of fear I have ever felt," said a Californian who had fought in the Spanish Civil War and organized miners in a tough West Virginia town. Considerations of Mississippi's relative bloodlessness last summer have little bearing on that emotion.

Still, one can say that by mid-July the white civil rights worker had less to fear generally from the authorities than from the rednecks, whereas before they seemed equally dangerous. This does not mean that these two groups are the only sources of violence; there are also the "respectables," like the salesmen who machine-gunned SNCC worker James Travis last year. Nor does it mean that the groups operate independently. The authorities have created a climate of permissiveness in which others do the

dirty work. Thus, to be stopped by the police might or might not mean a day in jail, perhaps a beating, while to be chased by a gang of whites down a foggy country road at 1 A.M. raised a different question and only one: how fast can your car go?

None of these variations and distinctions applied to local Negroes, of course, and they applied in a much diminished degree to Negro volunteers. If the project had been able to fulfill its earlier hope, which called for a high ratio of Negroes, the whole summer might have been very different.

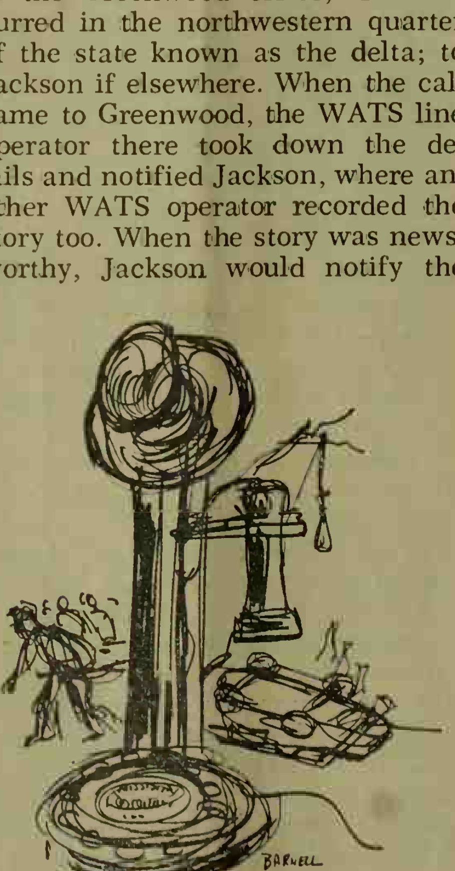
Northern reaction to the disappearance of Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner not only improved the behavior of local officials; it also taught a lesson to COFO, the Council of Federated Organizations which served as the project's official sponsor, although actually SNCC staffed four of the state's five districts, with CORE working the other one. Betty Garman of SNCC tells how holding the FBI over local heads guaranteed the safety of some workers driving through a small town near Greenwood after a Freedom Democratic Party meeting. They reported that they were being followed by a game warden and an unidentified car; she called the FBI, then told the county sheriff she had done so and was about to notify the Department of Justice. A few minutes later, he sent out the order: "Let the brown Pontiac go through." Some volunteers followed a similar tactic one night in McComb, when a sympathetic local Negro was jailed at 1 A.M. with bail set too high ($950.57) to be raised until the next day. Knowing that local people are the most vulnerable, and remembering Philadelphia, the workers placed collect calls to friends and newspaper contacts from California to Boston, who then telephoned the McComb jail to inquire about the prisoner's condition. When lawyers arrived the next morning, they not only found the Negro in good condition but also were able to have his bail sharply reduced and the trial held over to permit removal to a federal court —a courtesy the police need not have extended. An officer was heard to mutter, "All they want is publicity. They'll even burn down their own place to get it."

His second sentence was a familiar Southern fantasy, but the first contained some truth. Publicity has played a key role in the COFO security system, which begins with certain ground rules as outlined in a notice on one wall of the Jackson headquarters office:

(1) Anyone leaving town should check with our WATS operator.
(2) Call collect for the person you checked out with as soon as you arrive at your destination.
(3) If you are driving a car other than your own, get authorization slip from legal dept.

The WATS line (Wide Area Telephone Service), to which considerable mystique attaches, was the heart of all security and communications. In the delta town of Greenwood, where SNCC moved its national headquarters for the summer, there were two WATS lines: one covering the entire nation, the other state-wide. For a flat monthly rate, an unlimited number of calls can be dialed directly to any place in the country—or the state, depending on which line you use. The Jackson office also had a state-wide WATS line, and at SNCC's permanent headquarters in Atlanta, Ga., there was yet another which extended as far west as Chicago. All three were maintained on a twenty-four-hour basis.

A project worker would telephone news of any "incident" or threat to the Greenwood office, if it occurred in the northwestern quarter of the state known as the delta; to Jackson if elsewhere. When the call came to Greenwood, the WATS line operator there took down the details and notified Jackson, where another WATS operator recorded the story too. When the story was newsworthy, Jackson would notify the newspapers and wire services which had reporters stationed in Mississippi. Several of them helped protect workers by calling jails when that was beyond the line of journalistic duty. Meanwhile, Greenwood was notifying the FBI and Justice Department (John Doar, of the Civil Rights Division, lost a lot of sleep last summer) and telephoning out-of-state newspapers and a volunteer's parents if the situation called for that. Greenwood also used its national line to notify Friends of SNCC groups around the country; sometimes Atlanta did that job for those groups and the press east of Chicago. As further information came in, new rounds of calls were made. On a bad night, the hectic Jackson office at 1017 Lynch Street, and the smaller office in Greenwood looked and sounded as though the stock-market had crashed.



On the other end of the line, the FBI seems to have gone through a sort of cycle of attitudes: indifference and reluctance to act, followed by a period of concern and quick response, and then recently a return to the first attitude. But individual agents varied and sometimes their attitudes changed. On a bloody August night in Jackson, when the shootings and cross-burnings came in such rapid succession that one agent told all the witnesses who were streaming in, "The line forms to the left," I heard James Travis of SNCC plead with another agent for the FBI to come more often, merely as observers. "What's the matter—have you got a chip on your shoulder?" the agent asked. Later he apologized. At Itta Bena, on June 26, the FBI broke with policy by arresting whites for attacking voter-registration workers. Only one thing seemed sure about the FBI: if an endangered volunteer had a parent of power or influence, quick action could be counted on. There was no question of "coming by tomorrow" when Len Edwards, son of the California Congressman, was among those in the bomb-threatened Shaw office.

There were a few projects in rural areas which had no telephone; for them, the two-way radios installed at the end of July had special importance. COFO's radios operated on the Citizen's Band, which has twenty-three frequencies available on a sort of party-line basis. A license was obtained from the FCC within 24 hours of application instead of the usual six weeks. At the end of August, there were some fifty installations—twenty-five in automobiles, twenty-five on the ground—plus twenty walkie-talkies. This was made possible by one of the parents' committees formed last summer. The committee sent a representative down in July to propose not only these security measures but also scramblers, which frustrate the telephone-tapper, and snooper-scopes, infra-red equipped binoculars which light up the dark. Not to be outdone, some members of the White Citizens Council also stocked up on walkie-talkies and could be seen practicing with them in Greenwood. A more sinister sight was the proliferation of two-way radio antennas on pick-up trucks around the state. Civil rights workers dread the pick-up truck even more than the police car: it is the symbol of the redneck, and often carries no license plate, a tolerated illegality reflecting the links between officials and poor whites.

None of COFO's radio installations on the ground was destroyed by whites, although one irate policeman in Natchez bent the antenna at project headquarters there. (This happened immediately after the bombing of a house next door to the project. The officer in question is reported to have arrived on the scene, shouted "Goddamn, they bombed the wrong house!") But there were lots of minor kinks and problems with the radio system, most of them arising from its limited range and delicate construction. One night in Clarksdale, several workers left in a radio-equipped car for a town 18 miles away. There was no telephone there. When they didn't radio word of their arrival, another car with radio departed from nearby Batesville to search for them. For two hours, the Clarksdale office was like one of those exciting bad movies about airplanes, as tense faces hovered over the humming radio and magical code names filled the air. Some of the Clarksdale people went home because of the town's midnight curfew, while others watched through the curtains as a police car repeatedly circled the building. Finally the news came that the missing group was safe. The next day we learned that they had arrived on time and tried to radio confirmation but couldn't cope with the equipment, gave up, and went to bed. Four people in Clarksdale alone had stayed up until past one in the morning, and it wasn't much fun to run home down dark alleys after curfew praying that the barking dogs wouldn't bring the police onto the scene. But no one would have suggested not waiting to make sure the group was safe.

COFO's other main form of protection and deterrence was legal. Four groups of attorneys, totaling about 150, came to the state, with a remarkable white SNCC field secretary named Hunter Morey coordinating their work from Jackson. To some of the lawyers, Mr. Morey was a brash young man with only half a year of law school behind him. (He does, in fact, look more like that nice boy who delivers the morning paper than a 24-year-old veteran of several civil rights battlefields.) They might have thought twice if they had realized what he had to contend with:

(1) The National Lawyers Guild, with an office in Jackson and bases in Meridian, Greenwood and Hattiesburg. The Guild lawyers were generally acknowledged to be the most gutsy and the most experienced in civil rights cases. Representatives of the National Council of Churches, CORE and the NAACP's legal branch are reported to have refused to work with the Guild in Mississippi because of its left-wing reputation. Peace was eventually established and everyone calmed down except the Red-baiting Mississippi press, which tends to call all civil rights workers Communists anyway.

(2) The Lawyers' Constitutional Defense Committee, established this summer by a group of lawyers from various sources including the American Civil Liberties Union. In general, the LCDC handled cases in areas of the state where the Guild was not operating but there was occasional overlapping both ways. It maintained a Jackson office and additional attorneys were channeled into the state when the need arose, from Memphis, Tenn., and New Orleans, La.

(3) The Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, known as "the President's Committee" because it was set up under a Kennedy program. It acted as counsel for the National Council of Churches, which sent about 325 ministers into the state during the summer.

(4) The NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., known as "the Inc. Fund." It maintained only one full-time staff member in Jackson but helped establish the LCDC and coordinated with that group.

There was also an unofficial COFO Legal Advisory Committee, including attorneys William Kunstler and Mel Wolf, which initiated several broad suits such as the one against the poll tax. A few distinguished lawyers came to the state on an individual basis. And finally, there was a group of law students who worked with the attorneys and who were supplied by yet another organization, the Law Students Civil Rights Research Council.

If the picture seems confusing, it was—at least to this observer. The actual work of the attorneys is easier to describe, since they—like the fifty-seven doctors who came down—were allowed to practice very little in the state. It consisted mainly of bailing or bonding out arrested volunteers, as well as local Negroes; getting cases removed from a state to federal court (unfortunately, many of these are being remanded to the state court); and acting as observers or advisers. Despite the limitations, the presence of the attorneys definitely had its effects. As Mike Starr, one of the law students, said in Hattiesburg: "The amount of actual legal work we've done could be engraved on the head of a pin. But our mere presence is a real deterrent. With the lawyers here, the chances of a person's being beaten are much less and the chances of getting a person released in his own recognizance instead of by putting up a lot of bail are much better."

He went on the discuss Mississippi's white attorneys, none of whom had been cooperative on any sort of regular basis except a short, slender Jacksonian named Leonard Rosenthal. "His landlord kicked him out of his office, his brother-in-law chased him with a shotgun," Starr said. "But Rosenthal doesn't believe so much in civil rights as in civil liberties."

The Mississippi Negro himself played a role—or rather, several roles—in making the summer relatively unbloody. When volunteers first arrived in the northern town of Batesville, a group of local Negroes with guns stood guard at night—unasked—for the first few weeks. As nothing developed, they stayed home. Guns have stood ready in

Biloxi, too, where a tight little group of armed men used to stop by the project office from time to time and offer protection. Local Negroes have also risked their lives to bring the volunteers word of threatening danger. In one small Delta town, a volunteer's life was probably saved when local boys told him about a conversation among whites drawing up a murder plan. In Shaw, a young man came to the office and reported that he had been made two offers by whites —one of $40, for pointing out the office, and another of $400 for blowing it up.

On the other side of the coin, militant local Negroes have practiced self-restraint to make things easier for the summer workers. Groups of youths in several towns have said that they refrained from extensive testing of the Civil Rights Act during the summer because such testing was not part of COFO's program and could lead to bloodshed. In Greenville, one of them showed off his knife late in the evening at the office there and said with a grin, "You people are okay but I happen to be *non*-nonviolent. We're going to start moving again this fall and no white man is going to push me around." For these older teen-agers, who may of course just be talking tough, the project is admirable but too tame; they have small interest in Freedom School classes in Negro history because they want to make history themselves, and now. Their anger and impatience are understandable. The little testing which was done last summer had almost no effect; whites prevented integration by physical force, closing down, turning restaurants into clubs. The "White" and "Colored" signs are still up in courthouses; even where they are gone, as in Jackson's Trailways bus terminal or its University Hospital, white and Negro still sit in separate waiting areas, still go to separate washrooms.

If the project has not been provocative enough to satisfy some Negroes, there is also a sense in which it was not provocative enough to drive whites to greater violence. The project presented no direct economic threat. What if COFO had organized a plantation strike for the months of September-October, when the cotton is picked? It could not, of course, for several obvious reasons. Boycotting wasn't part of the program either, and when it occurred under local leadership it was not notably successful. In Greenwood, Negro youths would stand outside a store urging potential customers to pass it by. But when they left, their elders went in.

This does not mean that the movement failed to move forward last summer. Instead, it took solid root at last. The Freedom Schools, and the Mississippi Student Union which has largely developed out of them, will be the youthful base of the movement; the new Freedom Democratic Party its adult structure. These, said Bob Moses in late August, were the project's two great achievements. And behind them both is perhaps the most extraordinary phenomenon of the summer: the kids of 8 or 9 who go out to canvass, who practice demonstrating and being arrested and everything else the future holds.

Set against all this is a mood of white rebelliousness whose bounds are unpredictable. But there were signs, as August ended, that a new cycle in the cat-and-mouse game had begun. One of these was the bombing which destroyed the Jackson offices of *The Northside Reporter,* a weekly published by a noted white liberal.

Let no one think that only the crazy redneck is a die-hard segregationist, that most of the authorities now reluctantly but rationally accept Negro equality as inevitable. They are even more stubbornly opposed because they have more to lose: power. These men will evolve new barriers, refortify others, step up economic pressures. My most frightening hour in Mississippi was not on a dark road with a police spotlight suddenly turned on my car, or watching the pick-up truck in my rear-view mirror. It was in the office of a county attorney who chatted politely about the lack of rain. Somewhere in the room, invisible, a time clock loudly clicked off each minute. The attorney didn't bluster against intermarriage or reaffirm God's desire to keep the races separate; in fact, I didn't even ask him his racial views. Then unexpectedly he stopped smiling and said, in a calm voice, "You know, everything I have is in this town— my work, my family, my farm. *I intend to protect them.*" It was a simple little statement, delivered with unmistakable portent and maximum hostility.

FREEDOM MOVES IN

(Continued from page 105)

huge black-and-white sign over the doorway with the words "Indianola Freedom School," illustrated by clasped Negro and white hands.

Seventy-five Negro youngsters began attending classes in the afternoon and about thirty adults in the evening. A number of the children returned in the evening to help the adults with literacy training. One of those who come to the Freedom School at night is a woman whose legs are paralyzed; she also cannot move her arms freely. Sitting on her bed at home, she tells volunteer Fred Winn of how she has heard about the Freedom Democratic Party, and proudly explains why she fully understands it. "I went as far as tenth grade," she smiles. This, in Mississippi, where the average number of years completed by Negroes is six.

"I got polio when I was 6 months old. I worked in the fields for eighteen years—from when I was 13 to when I was 31, I chopped and picked cotton." Fred expresses amazement since she has never walked a step in her life. "I chopped and picked cotton on my knees."

The local students have participated in voter-registration canvassing and have begun to take action to improve their local school. They may join the Ruleville Student Action Group which was formed during the summer, one of many such local organizations which the summer project has encouraged.

Gary DeMoss of Kansas City, a volunteer, speaks with amazement about the Ruleville Negro school:

> *Whole classes go out and pick*

cotton, though they're never given any accounting where the money goes. A freshman algebra class has seventy-two students, they sit two to a desk, and have only one teacher. Sometimes three and four classes meet at the same time in the gym and the entire library is a couple of incomplete sets of encyclopedias. No typing is taught there and almost every student here at the Freedom School wants to take it.

The Student Action Group has passed out leaflets and sent letters to teachers and school officials demanding a change in these conditions. They and other student groups may stage a state-wide school boycott this fall.

"The teen-agers can take over after we're gone," explained Don Madison of Columbus, Ohio. "The students here catch on very quick and really want to do something. They understand what's going on."

The older people are more easily frightened. In Holly Springs, Dave Kendall of Sheridan, Ind., tells of his experiences in trying to canvass in nearby Tate County:

> *The sheriff, a deputy, and the constable with a police dog kept following us wherever we went. We would talk to people about registering and when we left the sheriff would call them over and tell them to ignore us . . . and back up his order with all kinds of threats. We kept calling on people and talking to them. But they wouldn't even look at us. They would just look right past us at those cops. Other times they'd see those police sitting there in their cars, taking notes, and they'd slam the door right in our faces.*

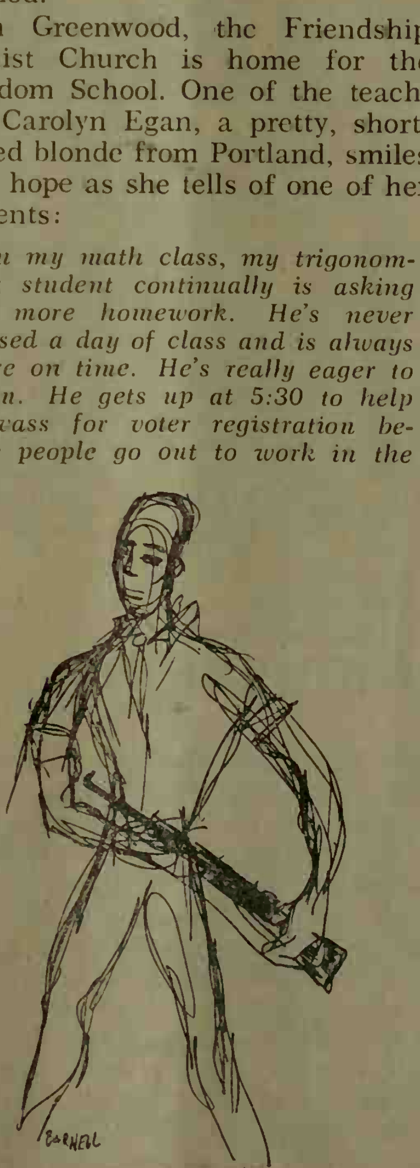
Four people agreed to go to the Tate County courthouse to take the registration test, but because of threats none went. The barn belonging to one of the four was burned. Two youths who helped Dave and his co-worker, Woody Berry of Dayton, Ohio, fled to Memphis to avoid a threatened lynching. There are 4,326 voting-age Negroes in Tate County; none of them are registered.

But in Panola County, more than 600 Negroes have been registered since the summer project began. In October, 1961, when the Justice Department filed a suit against the registrar, only one Negro was registered; thirty-one more were registered while the suit was going through the courts. Then last May a one-year injunction was handed down. It ordered that the sections of the registration test calling for an interpretation of any of the 285 sections of the state constitution, and a definition of the duties of a citizen, be dropped for one year. Many still are failed for other questionable reasons, but the injunction is the biggest breakthrough in Mississippi, and rights workers are determined to take advantage of it for they are still a long way from getting the county's 7,000 voting-age Negroes registered.

And elsewhere, the young people keep on pushing. A former café has been fixed up—the floor repaired, grease washed off the walls, everything given two coats of paint—to serve as a community center. "A young Negro in his twenties heard about our literacy program and drove 14 miles to our center," explains Margie Hazelton, a short, slim redhead from Detroit. "He said he had gone as far as the third grade but then had to drop out because he had to work for his family. I've been teaching him reading and writing through the Laubach method."

In Greenwood, the Friendship Baptist Church is home for the Freedom School. One of the teachers, Carolyn Egan, a pretty, short-haired blonde from Portland, smiles with hope as she tells of one of her students:

> *In my math class, my trigonometry student continually is asking for more homework. He's never missed a day of class and is always there on time. He's really eager to learn. He gets up at 5:30 to help canvass for voter registration before people go out to work in the fields; then he comes to the Freedom School. They don't teach trigonometry at the Negro school here. He plans on going to college and we're trying to gather all the information we can on scholarships for Negroes in the South.*



In Hattiesburg a Negro woman returning home from work got on the bus. A white woman removed her package from the seat next to her to make room. When a white woman later got on the bus, the driver asked the Negro woman to give up her seat. The woman didn't do or say anything and the driver called a policeman who arrested her. She was charged with breach of the peace and interfering with an officer. All the Negroes left the bus in protest.

At a city precinct meeting organized with the help of the summer workers, the occurrence was discussed. Several mentioned a limited boycott of buses. A mass meeting had been scheduled for the next night and it was decided to go further into the situation then.

These people, these situations, cannot be left behind, most of the summer workers feel. Some give the workers new hope; others make them more determined. In either case, they point to the need for continuing the work of the summer. About one-fourth of the volunteers plan to stay. At least as many more plan to return, some next summer, others as soon as early next year. To some an even stronger reason for staying is that the community has become a part of their life, has become their home. And they expect new groups of volunteers to join them.

As Woody Berry explained in Holly Springs:

> *Negro people here are happy that we're here. They feed us, take care of us, protect us. When Hardy Frye, a volunteer from Sacramento, was arrested he wasn't permitted to make a phone call, but we knew what had happened in minutes. A Negro man saw him get arrested and jumped into his truck and came right to our office and told us.*

Mississippi, with a total population of slightly more than 2 million, is extremely rural, and almost everywhere strong community feelings exist. It is easy to become a part of the Negro community within a few days of active work with its people.

Twenty-five workers found this

to be especially true in Mileston, project headquarters for Holmes County. Mileston is not shown on most maps; driving down U.S. Highway 49E from Greenwood to Jackson, all you see is a sign, a short-order café and store, and a small train station along two tracks where the Illinois Central hasn't stopped in years. A few miles south of Tchula, Mileston is a community of 120 to 150 Negro families who have owned their own land since 1939. That was when the plantations went bankrupt and the federal government gave the workers a chance to homestead the land. Few of the Negro homes have running water and in some the conditions are shocking. A seasoned voter-registration worker, out canvassing one day, found a family living in a windowless shack. A little light and a lot of flies—and in the winter probably a lot of cold—came in through chinks in the walls. Both husband and wife, often ill, could seldom work, and there were no welfare payments. In the shadows huddled three children, their eyes puffy and running with pus. The boy's stomach was swollen from malnutrition. On the bed lay a young baby crying. He had been born blind.

Across the tracks is a narrow dirt and gravel road with small, identical homes, run-down barns built for mules and no longer needed, and fields of cotton and soy beans. Whites are seldom seen down this road in Mileston except for the civil rights workers who stay with some of the Negro families living along the road.

"You're so isolated here," explained volunteer Gene Nelson of Evanston, Ill., "that you can easily forget about the rest of the world. You can even forget about the rest of the county you're working in."

Down a couple of miles is a side road with two houses at its end. One serves as a community center, the other as the Freedom House where several volunteers live. Beyond the houses is a field of cotton. On the other three sides are thin woods.

This area of Mileston is home for the volunteers and headquarters for Holmes County activities. The voter-registration workers leave it to canvass during the day, but the others stay here to teach at the Freedom School which meets at a church along the road, to help build a new community center which is going up next to the church, or to help children in arts and crafts and recreation at the temporary community center. The phone they use is in one of the homes, as is their main Citizens Band radio transmitter. Occasionally they may go out to the highway store for a hamburger or a bottle of pop. But they live and eat with the families here, and sit and talk with them as members of the family. "They're like my own children," one of the hosts said to me.

The fears of the Negro families have become the fears of the volunteers. All share in the tension. They know well local leader Hartman Turnbow's story of how in the spring of last year he tried to register, of how his home was burned two weeks later, and of how he, himself, was arrested and charged with arson. They were there when a dynamite bomb was tossed into another Negro's home. They saw where it had landed on his young daughter's bed, failing to go off. Two of them had been beaten by local whites. Another, when canvassing, listened to a Negro minister who told how two deputy policemen in plain clothes forced him into their car at gun point and threatened to kill him. The volunteers know that one of the two had, without apparent reason, killed a Negro boy the previous summer. At the new community center they can still see the hole in the ground where there was a bombing in mid-July. And every time they drive down the road they can see the burned-out hulk of a SNCC project car that was fire-bombed a week later. They know too that out of more than 8,000 voting-age Negroes in the county only forty-one are registered.

At night, it is too dangerous to venture far from their little community. They work at the Freedom House and temporary center, or sit talking to people on darkened porches along the road. They sit and talk while their hosts keep a shotgun nearby, waiting for those who may toss the next bomb or fire the next shots into their homes. Occasionally a car comes down the road, and the crunching of tires on gravel fills the air. Voices quiet, hands reach for shotguns; in the tense stillness everyone is joined more closely together. Then the car signals, and all relax and begin to talk again. Volunteers cannot desert this community; if there is any change in Mileston it will be one of increased activity. And this seems to be the pattern throughout the state.

The Warren Commission . . . .

Maurice Rosenberg

Soon the select commission probing the assassination of John F. Kennedy will deliver its findings to the world and to history. One inevitable result when the Warren Commission's report comes in will be to evoke anew the heavy flavor of irony which has tinged the tragedy from the start. In part, that is to be expected, for it is the habit of terrible events to reveal one bitter twist after another as their details unfold. Unhappily, in its quest for "truth," the Warren Commission itself seems destined to compound the irony, even though its purpose is high and its members honorable.

A week after John F. Kennedy was shot dead in the Dallas motorcade, his successor named the special commission to study the assassination and report back its conclusions. The key instruction from President Johnson was that the commission "satisfy itself that the truth is known so far as it can be discovered." To assure the whole world that the commission's report would carry the utmost authority, responsibility and credibility, the Chief Justice of the United States was made head of the group and it was rounded out by six other distinguished men from public life.

There was no mystery about what the new President meant or wanted when he charged the commission to bring back "the truth." The shots that killed Kennedy had ricocheted around the world, raising deep fears and doubts. A public-opinion poll taken at about the time the commission was named reported that a majority of the American people believed that some group or element had worked with the presumed assassin. Many other people reported themselves uncertain as to what to believe. Abroad, there was disquiet and foreboding over the possibility that the act was a step in a right-wing *Putsch*. President Johnson wanted to still the fears and doubts for all time by obtaining indisputable facts about what had happened in Dallas on November 22, 1963, in the days that led up to it, and in the few days following. He wanted the commission to write a report that schoolboys would read as truth in their history books, accepting it forever after as the authentic account of the most calamitous American death since Lincoln's.

And so the Warren Commission began life as the servant of history, dedicated to recording the historical truth about the people and deeds that intersected on November 22-24, 1963, in Dallas, Texas. This was not an event that needed the perspective of time; history in this case could be served up piping hot, for nothing was wanted except the blunt, simple truth about a relatively few stark questions: Did Lee Harvey Oswald kill John F. Kennedy? Did he act alone or were there confederates? Was the assassination a product of political motivation? Was there a plot or conspiracy? When Jack Ruby killed Oswald, was it a mad act of isolated malevolence or again part of a plot?

At the start, the commission thought it had only to "investigate" to establish the truth about those questions. Then coming generations of schoolboys would know the name of the man who shot John F. Kennedy as certainly as they knew that Booth had killed Lincoln.

The lawyers on the commission and its staff must have reflected that this time, at least, truth was going to be an uncomplicated business. Their job of truth-finding, as they first viewed it, had a plain definition and a vivid model. By building on the FBI's work, and by amassing more photographs, taking more statements, and sifting all the proof, they were to reconstruct the events of November 22 until the picture of what had occurred on that day emerged as clear as the television image of Jack Ruby shooting Lee Oswald. Cameras do not deal in legal judgments and neither would the commission's report.

Regarding the manner as well as the object of the probe, the commission was entirely clear at the start: it was to be an *investigation*, not a *trial*. There was no problem of protecting the rights of any person living or dead, for the commission was unconcerned with accusing or with finding anyone "guilty." In short, there was no call to bring in the elaborate trappings of a jury trial, or the clash of adversary lawyers, or the punctilious legal rules about presumed innocence, improper evidence, confrontation or cross-examination. The commission was to record, in words and retroactively, the truth that a stereophonic sound camera would have reported if it had followed the moves of the President and his killer up to their fatal convergence.

Under its "investigation" concept, the commission had no trouble at all in dealing with the New York lawyer, Mark Lane, when he came forward early in the inquiry with an offer to "protect" the interests of Lee Oswald—presumably, as a trial advocate would. There could be no intention to appoint a lawyer to act on Oswald's behalf, since, as was pointed out by chief counsel J. Lee Rankin: "The commission is not engaged in determining the guilt of anybody. It is a fact-finding body."

Mr. Rankin made that statement on January 10. A few weeks later, in early February, the Warren Commission took the testimony of Oswald's widow as the first witness, followed by testimony from his mother and brother. Then suddenly, on February 24, the commission did a turnabout and appointed lawyer Walter E. Craig of Phoenix, Arizona, the president of the American Bar Association and a designee for the federal district bench, as an "independent lawyer" to protect Oswald's interests.

Mark Lane now protested that Mr. Rankin had written him on January 23:

> *. . . the commission does not believe that it would be useful or desirable to permit an attorney representing Lee Harvey Oswald to have access to the investigatory materials within the possession of the commission or to participate in any hearings to be conducted by the commission.*

Lane also said that in a personal conversation the Chief Justice had told him that "Oswald was not on trial and . . . counsel would not be permitted to represent him." Whether or not the Lane version is completely accurate, there is no doubt that the decision to appoint a lawyer to protect Oswald's interests signaled a drastic change of view by the commission. It must also be true that the shift came in response to some very powerful force, for it was a serious matter for the commission to alter its position after weeks of investigations.

Mr. Craig himself played down the partisan quality of his representation by issuing a statement on March 18, in which he denied he was Oswald's legal protector in the probe. "We are representing the interests of the American people," he said, rather than Lee Oswald's.

Maurice Rosenberg, professor of law at Columbia University, was director of the Columbia University Project for Effective Justice (1956-64). Submitting his piece, Mr. Rosenberg noted that it falls into the dilemma it poses, for it must make assumptions about Lee Harvey Oswald's part in the assassination which can never be decided in a court of law. In a later issue, Herbert Packer, of the Stanford University law faculty, will analyze the substance of the Warren report.

Harry Moss

Lee Harvey Oswald

He added that his function was to "review" the commission's actions against the possibility of error. Despite Mr. Craig's disclaimer—which may have been prompted in part by sensitivity to his ambiguous role as chief pursuer of Melvin Belli for outbursts in connection with Belli's ill-starred efforts to defend Jack Ruby—the record is clear that the commission did a partial if not a full somersault on the question. The intriguing question is: Why?

The answer is *not* that the commission changed its purpose from neutral probing to prosecuting. Rather, in my opinion, the force that caused the reversal was the subtle but potent pressure of the tradition of adversary trial and due process on the commission's conscience. For the tradition that certain decencies are due a man before he is convicted of crime, even implied or indirectly, is deeply ingrained in American thought. The eminent lawyers who man the commission and its staff are particularly sensitive to the tradition, for they were well schooled in it. As dozens of witnesses took the stand, and as the evidence pointing to Oswald's responsibility mounted higher and higher, the lawyers must have become increasingly aware that "truth" was emerging in a way that to them was at once unaccustomed and uncomfortable. They may well have asked themselves: "Shouldn't there be an advocate for Oswald's innocence? Might he not be able to shake a damaging witness by a searching cross-examination?" Certainly the staff could not be expected to wield the cudgels for Oswald at the same time that it was busy interrogating potential witnesses, checking their statements, and deciding whether to use them as proof. The commission members could not forsake their places as judges in order to object to improper evidence or to try to punch holes in a witness's story. One day last February there must have been a deep, resigned sigh around the commission's table as the idea took hold that the truth was not to be a simple matter after all; that not only had the inquiry turned up some bits and pieces that didn't quite fit, but that no pieces would really fit unless the commission shifted its course away from investigation and closer to trial.

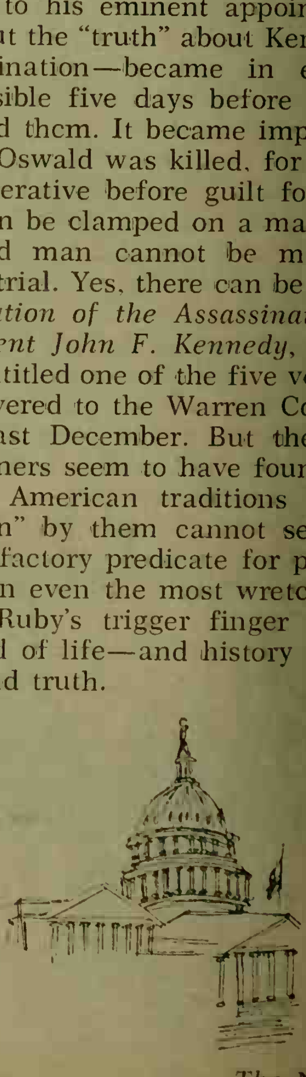
Perhaps in February the commission came to believe that world-wide concern over the assassination would best be quieted if, as Dean Eugene Rostow of the Yale Law School said, the commission's hearings were conducted "as nearly as possible in the familiar pattern of a trial." This would mean modifying the commission's approach to searching for "legal truth" instead of for historical truth. The shift was a major one.

The truth the law seeks and that lawyers battle for in the courtroom is a very different thing from the reporter's idea of truth. Newsmen try to recapture and record the information that would be reported by an all-seeing, all-hearing witness of events. The law would like if it could to recapture "truth" in that basic sense, but it wants more. In a criminal case it wants to protect the accused in a variety of ways, some of which are constitutional imperatives and others of which are merely well-established common-law procedures. Unlike the camera, the law recognizes diverse social values, some of which it at times regards as more important than getting the naked truth. That is why it does not compel the accused to testify. That is why it bars confessions if they are tainted by force or coercion.

The Warren Commission may have thought at the beginning that it could avoid grappling with these other values and social interests of the law if it resolved that it was not bent on accusing anyone or seeking to prove anyone guilty. However, it soon became apparent that the whole venture was instinct with accusation, try as one might to be neutral, impartial or merely "fact-finding." As the inquiry went on, the commission realized that the dividing line between fact-finding and accusation was nonexistent when the facts alone might both accuse and pronounce guilt. With that realization, it seems, came the decision to appoint Walter Craig as "independent" counsel to protect Oswald's interests. And so came the shift in direction—from the search for investigator's truth to the search for courtroom truth.

To President Johnson the commission might now say it had come to recognize that there might be essential unfairness in trying to write the truth for the schoolboys' history books without observing the legal rules and safeguards for getting truth. At the same time the members of the commission were aware that in this case legal truth is forever beyond reach. Jack Ruby arranged that when he gunned Lee Oswald down.

The great irony which the Warren Commission's report appears destined to add to the Dallas tragedy is that President Johnson's command to his eminent appointees—root out the "truth" about Kennedy's assassination—became in essence impossible five days before he appointed them. It became impossible when Oswald was killed, for a trial is imperative before guilt for murder can be clamped on a man; and a dead man cannot be made to stand trial. Yes, there can be an *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy*, as the FBI entitled one of the five volumes it delivered to the Warren Commission last December. But the commissioners seem to have found that under American traditions "investigation" by them cannot serve as a satisfactory predicate for pinning guilt on even the most wretched of men. Ruby's trigger finger robbed Oswald of life—and history of justice and truth.



Cuba: Our Cold-Shoulder Policy . . . Richard A. Falk

Fidel Castro has recently proposed that the United States and Cuba negotiate their differences with the view to restoring normal relations between the two countries. The U.S. has now, as it has in the past, spurned Castro's offer, and has indicated in no uncertain terms that it is unwilling to work toward a peaceful settlement on any basis as long as the present regime stays in power. Instead of expressing a willingness to enter negotiations, the U.S. has been devoting its energy to intensifying diplomatic and economic pressure upon the Cuban Government.

Article 2(3) of the United Nations Charter requires that "All Members shall settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security, and justice, are not endangered." And Article 2(4) adds that "All Members shall refrain in their international relations from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state." In various international settings the U. S. has been a staunch advocate of adherence to these Charter principles as indispensable for the maintenance of minimum world order in the nuclear age.

How, then, can one account for American insistence on the technique of coercive settlement in the case of Cuba? The question is vexing in the face of our refusal to respond favorably to Castro's offer to negotiate. And it is especially so because Castro went out of his way in an extensive interview with Richard Eder of *The New York Times* to develop his proposal for negotiations in a form—one would have supposed—that would be pleasing to the U.S. First, Castro agreed to withhold support from Latin American revolutionary movements in exchange for an assurance that anti-Cuban subversive activity would be suppressed throughout the hemisphere. Eder reported that Castro "did not exclude the use of some international means to supervise such a joint commitment, although his personal view was that this would not be necessary." Second, he was reported willing to release political prisoners once normalization of relations with the U. S. was achieved. Third, he indicated an intention to introduce constitutional government in Cuba no later than January 1, 1969. Fourth, he disclosed a willingness to discuss compensation for property confiscated from American investors. And fifth, as a tangible gesture of conciliation, Castro announced that Cuban guards would be pulled back several hundred yards from the Guantanamo Naval Base.

This offer to negotiate was reinforced by Raul Castro in a news conference held on July 21. At that time the Premier's brother said that Cuba would no longer insist upon the basic conditions for negotiation that had been laid down by Fidel Castro on October 28, 1962, in the midst of the missile crisis: ending the economic boycott, halting "pirate attacks" from the U. S. and Puerto Rico, ceasing violations of Cuban air space by reconnaissance overflights, and withdrawal by the U. S. from the Guantanamo base. Dropping these conditions is further evidence of Cuba's present willingness to establish a satisfactory framework for negotiations.

The official U. S. response has been minimal, exhibiting nothing more positive than suspicion or lack of interest. No one in Washington is willing to take the risk that Castro might be serious, because that might lead to disaster: a peaceful settlement of our differences with the Cuban Government.

Consider, first, President Johnson's enthusiasm for Cuban-American negotiations as it was expressed in a news conference held a few days after Castro's interview with Eder:

> Q: *Mr. President, Premier Castro has recently had a long interview in which he is offering to negotiate peace with the United States. What is your attitude, or response to that?*
>
> A: *I have seen newspaper reports purporting to reflect his attitude. I am much more interested in the deeds than the words, and I shall carefully watch for any actions or any deeds that would carry into effect the actions that I think would be in the best interest of Cuba and the people of the world. I am much more interested in deeds than in words.*

This is all the President of the United States has ever said on the subject. It may be that it is beneath the dignity of the U. S. to take seriously a proposal that is communicated in the form of a newspaper interview. It should be realized, however, that no normal diplomatic contact exists between the two countries. In addition, it opened a door to the U. S. to suggest a more formal approach.

What can President Johnson have meant by his call for deeds instead of words? Why does not a simple offer to negotiate suffice? After all, our dispute with Cuba has on several occasions endangered international peace, and it continues to produce friction and bitterness that interfere with the effort to keep the cold war under control. It would seem to be in our interest to explore Castro's offer, at least to the extent of ascertaining his good faith. It therefore seems inappropriate to expect Castro to do more to set the stage for negotiations than to indicate a willingness to settle all of the issues in genuine controversy.

Yet Castro has done more. The long Eder interview suggesting the negotiations indicated a willingness to alter Cuban society in a direction that is responsive to U. S. wishes. For example, there was the promise to restore constitutionalism, to release political prisoners and to halt the export of subversion. Furthermore, Castro moved Cuban guards away from the fence at Guantanamo to reduce the prospect of provocative incidents. Can President Johnson expect more in the way of preliminary deeds? As a minimum, some specification of what Castro must do as a prerequisite to negotiations would have been desirable. It is important to realize that the discussion is about what must be done to negotiate differences, rather than about what must be done in order to have a resumption of friendly relations.

Max Frankel observed that the President's response to Cuba's offer followed "the Administration's practice of not even suggesting the possibility of an arrangement with the Castro Government." In general terms, officials have called upon

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Castro to halt aid to foreign revolutionary movements in Latin America and to cut ties with Communist countries. Dean Rusk is reported to have expressed doubt whether the Castro government could survive if it lost the support of Soviet aid and trade. Thus the demand that Cuba renounce its relationship with the Soviets is tantamount to demanding that the Castro regime commit suicide so as to demonstrate its good faith. It is evident that the U. S. intends to set a premium on initiation of negotiations that far exceeds Cuba's capacity to pay. That is one way to express the thinly veiled U. S. policy of being uninterested in normal relations with Cuba as long as Castro remains in power. The U. S. insists that peace is possible only after the removal of the existing regime. This is power politics in its most blatant form; it offends basic ideas of national independence and it implies a highly interventionary set of objectives.

Lesser State Department spokesmen depreciated Castro's proposal as a propaganda move, designed to discourage the OAS from voting sanctions against Cuba at the Ninth Consultative Meeting of American Foreign Ministers, held in Washington in July. As is now well known, the Latin American foreign ministers did pass a sanctions resolution at that meeting condemning Cuba for smuggling arms to pro-Communist rebels in Venezuela in 1963. No official mention of Castro's overtures was made at the meeting, nor was any examination made of whether Castro had valid provocation for taking action against Venezuela. The sanctions imposed require OAS members to cease diplomatic and consular relations with the Cuban Government, and to suspend trade and sea transportation to Cuba. The last two obligations may be moderated for humanitarian considerations. The sanctions remain in effect until "an affirmative vote of two-thirds" of the OAS Council authorizes their discontinuance "at such time as the Government of Cuba shall have ceased to constitute a danger to the peace and security of the continent."

No further guidance is given as to how Cuba might prove that it is no longer a danger. One would suppose that Castro's outline of a negotiating position on the subversion issue, made well in advance of the foreign ministers' meeting, satisfied legitimate hemispheric needs: a reciprocal agreement to halt aid to subversive movements, together with an apparatus to assure compliance. What greater contribution to the goal of restoring peaceful, non-coercive relations to Latin America can be expected from Castro? It is also consistently unfair to examine Castro's support for revolutions abroad without considering what those countries are doing (or not doing) to regulate Cuban exiles at work to achieve the violent overthrow of Castro. It may be true that Cuba has no better defense against counterrevolutionary terror spread from hostile foreign states than to help groups more sympathetic to it to seize power. Castro has often and rightly insisted that regulating the export of violence is a two-way proposition. The U. S. and the OAS have, in contrast, always condemned Castro's support of foreign revolutions as an isolated phenomenon, completely separable from the activities of Cuban exile groups.

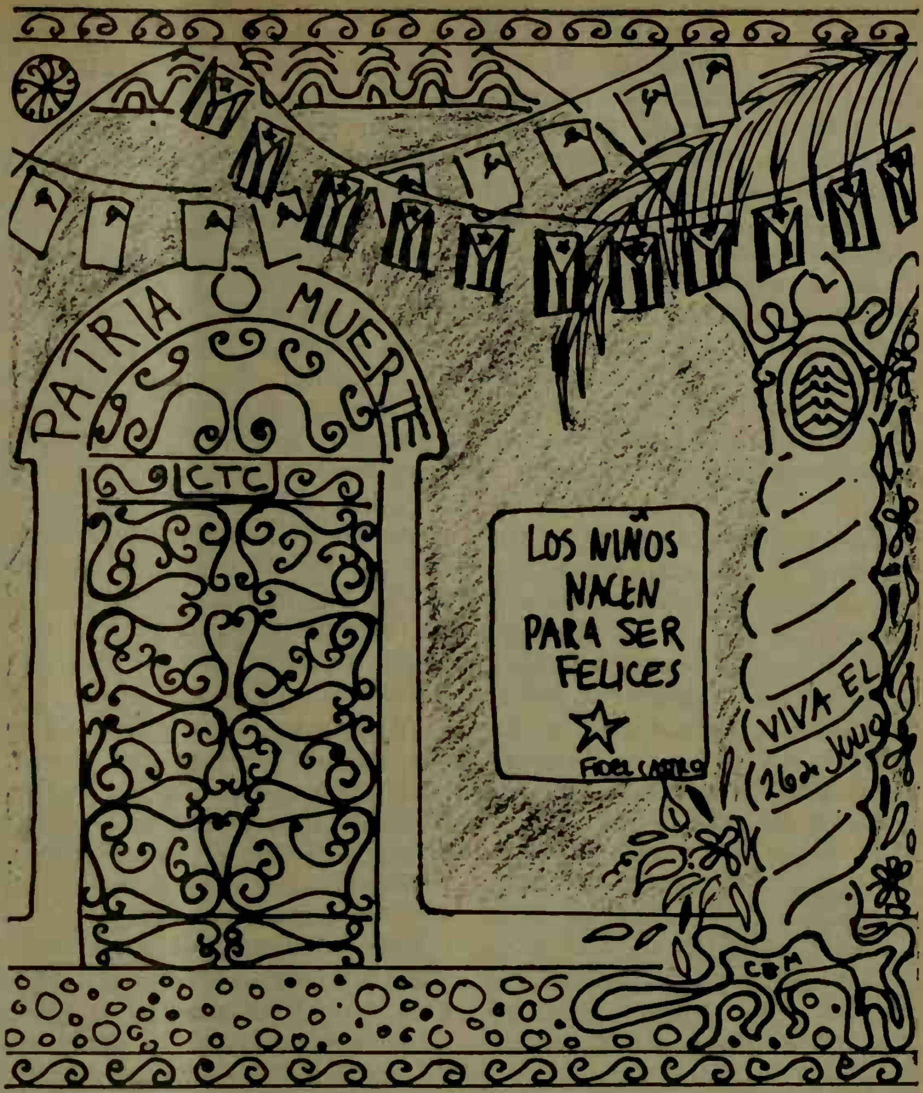
It is, indeed, rather surprising that Castro, after being condemned at the OAS meeting, has been willing to renew his offer to begin negotiations to improve Cuban relations with the U. S. Whatever else, it is no longer possible to discount this conciliatory posture as an effort to head off OAS sanctions!

Let us suppose, though, that Castro's main motive is to persuade the U. S. to take the pressure off. Is this an unworthy objective? If Castro is prepared to live at peace in the hemisphere, why are we refusing to test the seriousness of his negotiating initiative? Why do we prefer a coercive foreign policy in contravention to our more general duty under the United Nations to seek peaceful settlements of international disputes? How can we account for this implacable hostility of our government to negotiate a settlement with Castro?

Part of the explanation is, of course, embedded in U. S. domestic politics. Senator Goldwater's nomination emphasizes this. President Johnson seeks re-election. And one might reasonably argue that anything that weakens this prospect is better postponed until after November. American public opinion seems overwhelmingly hostile to Castro. Any effort to improve relations as long as Castro remains in power would probably be viewed with widespread disfavor; hostile public attitudes are difficult to reverse. The start of negotiations with Cuba—however exaggerated our negotiating demands—would tend to compromise the purity of U. S. opposition to Castro, and would be likely to undermine the morale of the various exile groups operating in the U. S. and elsewhere in the hemisphere. If this analysis is correct, it tends to make the U. S. Government a prisoner, temporarily at least, of a foreign policy that is both illegal and futile. U. S. sponsorship of OAS coercion, tolerance of exile groups, U-2 overflights, and imposition of the economic boycott are continuations, although in much diluted form, of the policies of coercion and intimidation that culminated in the 1961 fiasco at the Bay of Pigs. It is ironic that a superstate like the United States should find itself so foolishly trapped in the course of a conflict with its minuscule neighbor to the south. And although the fact that this is an election year, with a reactionary challenger in the saddle, may partially account for the present rigidity of U.S. attitudes toward Cuba, it would seem that the inflexibility of the U. S. position reflects more fundamental, even though not more acceptable, considerations.

Among the most important of these considerations is the legacy of the dominance exercised by the U. S. over Latin American affairs during the nineteenth and early twentieth century. The U. S. asserted the Monroe Doctrine in 1823, and claimed under it the right to exclude nonhemispheric states from extending their influence to the Americas. Despite the repudiation of the Monroe Doctrine and the enthronement of the principle of nonintervention from 1933 onwards, in the era of the Good Neighbor Policy, there remained in the U. S. a hegemonial attitude toward events in the hemisphere. No outside or competing influence of any magnitude can be or has been tolerated. The Communist movement, triumphant in the Soviet Union and China, presents all countries, including those in Latin America, with a real alternative to U. S. hegemony. As such, the Communist system must not be allowed a foothold in Latin America even if the exclusion of communism requires conduct that violates the postulates of peaceful coexistence that are operative in our policy throughout most of the rest of the world — operative at least to the extent of recognizing the legitimacy of a Communist-aligned government if it behaves properly in its external relations. Such a hegemonial outlook is expressed by our insistence that the downfall of Castro is the only outcome acceptable to the U. S.

One can find support for this hypothesis of hegemonial exclusivity in recent Latin American diplomatic history. The first indication of the U. S. position was in 1954, at Caracas, in response to the emergence of a leftist government headed by Arbenz in Guatemala. It was at this time that Secretary of State Dulles persuaded the Tenth Inter-American Conference to adopt a declaration stating that ". . . the domination or control of the political institutions of an American state by the international Communist movement . . . would constitute a threat to the sovereignty and independence of the American states, endangering the peace of the Americas and would call for a meeting of consultation to consider the adoption of measures in accordance with existing treaties." In effect, this was construed to mean that the emergence of a government characterized as "Communist" was a fit occasion for collective coercive action by the OAS to bring about its downfall. The Caracas Declaration was followed shortly by the successful, if covert, U. S. intervention in Guatemala against the Arbenz government and its prompt replacement by the rightist regime of Castillo Armas. The U. S., despite a vigorous Soviet protest, was able to frustrate the attempt by Arbenz to bring Guatemala's complaint of aggression before the Security Council. Although the Soviet Union vetoed a Brazilian-Colombian proposal to refer the Guatemalan complaint to the OAS, the rapid success of the Armas uprising led to the mooting of Guatemala's complaint, but not before several important precedents were set.



Catherine Merrill

First, the U. S. was more or less successful in its attempt to persuade the majority of the OAS that a right to resist a Communist-oriented government existed as an exception to the nonintervention principle; in effect, a regionalized Monroe Doctrine was created to combat Communist infiltration. Second, the U. S. could act *unilaterally* under the principles of the Caracas Declaration and be assured of the passive backing of a majority of OAS members. And third, the state that found itself the target of such interventionary pressures could not get an effective hearing before the political organs of the UN. Its complaint would be cut off at the regional level.

These observations are pertinent to the evolution of U. S.-Cuban relations. The U. S. acted more or less unilaterally at the Bay of Pigs, and the UN was prevented from exercising control over this serious breach of the peace—an armed attack against a member mounted with support, training and equipment provided by another member.

Later at Punta del Este in January, 1962, the Eighth Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs adopted a resolution under prodding from the U. S., "that the present Government of Cuba, which has officially identified itself as a Marxist-Leninist government, is incompatible with the principles and objectives of the inter-American system." The resolution went on to say that "this incompatibility excludes the present Government of Cuba from participation in the inter-American system." It is the form of government, rather than objectionable behavior, that is given as the root cause of Cuba's "incompatibility." Note that the Incompatibility Doctrine is not made to depend upon any extrahemispheric interference by the Soviet Union or other Communist states.

The background of Castro's rise to power is also relevant. It has never been seriously contended that Castro gained control of Cuba as a consequence of foreign intervention, whether Soviet or other. Rather, it has been generally accepted that Castro's victory was a consequence of a favorable balance of forces in as domestic a revolutionary struggle as is possible in the modern world. Subsequent events are both complicated and notorious, dominated as they are by steady deterioration of U. S.-Cuban relations and by the communization of both internal and external Cuban policies. One must realize that a sovereign state is traditionally regarded by international law as competent to choose its allies without interference, and to make whatever bilateral defense arrangements it wishes. There is nothing more persuasive than the repudiated practice under the Monroe Doctrine and the rather dubious claims of the Caracas Declaration and Punta del Este Resolution upon which to object to a Cuban-Soviet alignment, or the adoption of a Marxist-Leninist orientation by the Cuban Government.

Let us return now to the U. S. refusal to negotiate with Castro. At stake is, of course, the reasonableness of the U. S. demand that Cuba abandon Marxism-Leninism (whatever abandonment would entail beyond a humiliating statement to this effect by the Cubans) and renounce the aid and support of the Soviet Union. Obviously Castro is unwilling and unable to comply, and has said so repeatedly. Castro's position is that negotiations are appropriate to eliminate the specific grievances between the countries, but must be carried on within a framework of basic respect for the governmental form and foreign policy of both states. Given contradictory U. S. demands, negotiations might become fruitless exercises in frustrations and are easily susceptible of misunderstanding.

Can the U. S. position find any justification? Does a regional organization have authority to proscribe certain forms of government and extraregional relationship for states within the region? Are regional dissenters, such as Cuba, not protected against coercion by the guarantees written into the UN Charter? If Cuba can be exorcised for Marxism-Leninism, cannot the Arab League, with equivalent validity, exorcise Israel for the practice of Zionism? These questions point up some of the dangers that lurk beneath the OAS contention, so vigorously supported by the U. S., that a regional organization is entitled to oppose with force the emergence of certain forms of government in any member state. Presumably, the U. S. is not prepared to contend that Cuba's form of government is incompatible with its participation in the UN. Is there any evidence to support a claim that the global system tolerates regional sub-systems, each of which is entitled to undertake the coercive elimination of a government that is offensive to regional, but not to global, values? The Republic of South Africa is a counter example; the internal government is incompatible with both regional and global values. But consider how reluctant the U. S. has been to authorize members of the UN to impose sanctions upon South Africa that are less coercive than those it unilaterally carries out against Cuba. Our belligerence vis-à-vis Cuba is wildly inconsistent with our eloquent pleas to other disputants throughout the world to enter upon peaceful negotiations as an essential alternative to violence in the nuclear age. Must we not practice in the Americas what we preach to the Asians and Africans?

A more tenable argument in support of our position would rest the case upon the disruptive quality of Cuban conduct. The OAS sanctions voted in July in Washington were supposed to be a response to a verified Venezuelan complaint that Cuba had smuggled arms to Venezuelan terrorists in the fall of 1963 to stir up trouble prior to the elections there. There is considerable evidence that Castro has given various kinds of nontrivial support to insurrectionary groups throughout the hemisphere. However, recent evidence suggests a falling off of Castro's efforts to export revolution. Furthermore, the internal security systems of most Latin American countries have been strengthened to a point where they can deal with subversive activity. Even in Venezuela the evident consequence of Castro's efforts was to diminish, not enhance, the prospects of a revolutionary take-over. And finally, Castro has offered to halt further support for subversive activities in exchange for a reciprocal pledge to suppress anti-Castro exile activities. Castro has consistently put his proposal in terms of mutual adherence to a common set of international norms. The U. S. and several Central American states have been most hospitable to Cuban exile groups whose avowed objective is the violent overthrow of the Castro government. Castro, too, is genuinely haunted by the specter of indirect aggression. How can we give aid and comfort to these groups and, at the same time, complain about Castro's efforts to export revolution? Either there are common rules of the game or there are not. Mutuality of nonadherence suspends rights and duties on *both* sides. It seems reasonable to accept Castro's proposal to commence a new period by adopting mutual standards. In this regard, effective agreements not to foment violence abroad would constitute a real contribution to hemispheric peace and stability without necessarily crippling domestic protest movements. At least Castro seems prepared to negotiate as much as we can reasonably request. Given this readiness, and given our own support of anti-Castro subversive activity, there seems to be no legitimate basis for sanctioning action against Castro.

If one considers other U. S. grievances, the rationale for sanctions at this stage does not improve. Castro has offered to negotiate on the issue of compensating expropriated foreign investors. In any event, a breach of economic obligations does not authorize a coercive response under the rules laid down by the Charter. The suppression of human rights in Cuba does not seem especially severe, given the external pressure placed upon the country and the almost inevitable internal opposition of those groups that suffered most from the radical Socialist program Castro has put into practice. It seems relevant to note that we are untroubled about our relations with other Latin American countries that have poor records when it comes to human rights. Haiti is an example. The Johnson Administration finds it increasingly possible to accept friendly relations with "Papa Doc's" notorious regime, although it is based on terrorism and corruption of a scale that far exceeds whatever exists in Cuba.

Before condemning Castro, it might be helpful to recall the unseemly manner in which American citizens of Japanese descent were herded into "relocation centers" at the start of World War II. Democratic liberties rarely flourish under conditions of domestic crisis. The reality of the Cuban crisis is amply proved by the long record of U. S. bellicosity, extending into the present in the form of the symbolic intrusions of the U-2 overflights, and the continuing use of U. S. territory as a base for exile fund-raising, training and attack-mounting. Here, again, Castro's proposal to negotiate includes an offer to release political prisoners once Cuba's relations with the U. S. are normal. And this seems to be as reasonable a position as we are entitled to expect.

There is, I think, a more plausible, if not more acceptable, explanation of the present immobile U. S. position on Cuba. It consists of manipulating the situation to conform with our broader foreign-policy objectives. First, it is in our interests to make sure that radical socialism does not succeed in Cuba and thereby provide an example to other Latin American states beleaguered in a semi-feudal, semi-modern, political condition. The economic and political pressure exerted on Castro, even if only partially successful, is certain to slow down the rate of Cuban economic and social development. This allows moderate groups elsewhere in Latin America to allege that radical socialism is not well suited to solve the problems of the Western Hemisphere.

Secondly, maintenance of an economic boycott on Cuban trade raises the costs of Soviet participation in hemispheric affairs. This diverts Soviet resources and, more important, it makes the Soviet Union more conscious of the adverse consequences of risk-taking in Latin American politics. The point is that if Soviet support for Castro is made expensive and dangerous enough, then the Soviet leadership may be more reluctant to get involved in other Latin American situations.

Under Secretary of State George W. Ball made these objectives very clear in a speech that was delivered last spring to the Omicron Delta Kappa Society in Roanoke, Va., and later given wide circulation by the State Department. In the course of defending U. S. policies toward Cuba, especially what he felicitously referred to as the "program of economic denial," Ball said that there was little expectation that the program "is likely *by itself* to bring down the present Cuban regime." Instead, the objectives are more limited: "First—and most important—to demonstrate to the peoples of the American Republics that Communism has no future in the Western Hemisphere." Second, to show the Cuban people that the present regime cannot serve their interests. Third, to deter Cuba from exporting subversion. And fourth, "to increase the cost to the Soviet Union of maintaining a Communist outpost in the Western hemisphere."

Ball nowhere justified this coercion in the light of the Charter principles or the broader U. S. concern with maintaining world peace. And there is no attempt made to suggest steps toward a settlement of our dispute with Cuba. On the contrary, Ball summarily dismisses the prospects for serious negotiations with the Castro government.

In a sense, Ball's speech seems to have been an Administration reply to Senator Fulbright's outspoken words of last March on myth and reality in U. S. foreign policy. It will be recalled that Fulbright had said: "I think we are bound to conclude that Castro is a nuisance but not a grave threat to the United States and that he cannot be gotten rid of except by means wholly disproportionate to the objective." Ball pointed out that our policy was improperly assessed, if its objective was thought to be to bring about Castro's downfall. According to Ball the U. S. is not faced with a choice between tolerating Castro and overthrowing him. There are the several objectives intermediate between these extremes listed in the Roanoke speech. Senator Fulbright is wrong, I think, to suggest that U. S. policy is based upon "the myth that Cuban communism is a transitory menace that is going to collapse or disappear in the immediate future." First, our action is not primarily seeking its disappearance. Second, there is no illusion about its transitoriness. And third, there is rather little belief in sophisticated circles that Castro is a menace that must be gotten rid of at all costs.

Senator Fulbright's arrows thus go astray. The most serious criticism of our Cuban policy involves its refusal to abide by the minimum rules of world order that it has done so much to champion. Two cardinal principles are involved: (1) the willingness to negotiate international disputes; (2) adherence to the pledge to refrain from using force or its threat to resolve disputes.

Not too long ago Adlai Stevenson uttered these words during a General Assembly debate on the use of force to decolonialize Angola:

> *If anyone in our world feels that his case is special or so unique that international procedures can be ignored and obstacles crushed by military force, let him consider the risks. Can exceptions be made from standards of conduct we have all accepted without risking that they will be followed in other cases? Can anyone believe that the use of force can be prohibited in certain types of national disputes if it is allowed in others? In our interdependent world what is done in one place, however remote, reverberates around the globe, and the implications grow as they travel. No longer is it possible to rely on conflicts being localized. If one of us takes the law into his own hands he may force the hand of others who also feel that they have special cause.*

Cuban Ambassador Incháustegui has already had occasion to effectively quote to the U. S. these brave and persuasive words in the course of a Security Council debate on Cuban-American relations.

We are left in a situation dominated by a contradiction. The logic of world order in the nuclear age requires that we come to terms with Castro. A first step toward this objective would be to respond favorably to Castro's recent proposal to commence serious negotiations. On the other hand, U. S. public and elite opinion seems dogmatically opposed to any change now. In the climate of truculent opinion, it would be highly unpopular even to entertain the idea of negotiations leading to normalcy. It is unreasonable to expect President Johnson to assume such a political risk in the face of the Goldwater challenge. The best one can hope for at this stage is a new look at the situation after November—especially in the event of a Democratic victory by a comfortable margin.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Childhood of a Leader

THE WORDS. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. George Braziller. 255 pp. $5.

George Elliott

In *The Words*, Sartre sets out to answer in autobiographical form the second most difficult question he could ask himself. *Why have I been insincere?*

First of all, the narrative problem is severe. How is a writer to keep his reader interested in a story—and an autobiography is primarily a story—when the central character is a nonperson, a child who is a blob of unrealized humanity? Sartre handles this difficulty in a number of ways. He employs the mode of French psychological bourgeois fiction to create the characters which compose the larger family into which he was born. He creates with special force the central family which molded him: the mother who was like an older sister; the strong bookish grandfather; and the father, dead before the child was born, whose nonexistence in the family became a lack in Jean-Paul himself. But any autobiographer must turn his attention chiefly upon himself; and when the point of a story is that himself as child was deficient of will as well as destitute of adventure, then the storyteller must substitute something for the usual characterization and episode. What Sartre offers is an analytic account of how little Jean-Paul was molded into a form that went against his own nature—a nature that was, to be sure, unclear in any case. The combination of the puttiness of his own character, his position as the uncritically adored center of the family, and his grandfather's special attitude toward books and authors, permitted the child to regard himself as so predestined a genius that he could serve as both author and spectator of the drama of his own success. It also permitted him to devote himself to a most intricate and profound fakery. The narrative drive of the story merges into an analysis of how this confused falseness came about: the game of event yields its excitement to the hunt of understanding, the climax becoming a cliff hanger of pure moral analysis.

In addition to the narrative problem, there is the delicate matter of an autobiographer's relation to his former self. Sometimes a writer uses his autobiography as a way to project himself the man writing ("What a mighty lover am I!"). Sometimes he uses parts of his life as exempla for a thesis ("There is hope for you too"). Sometimes he is in such a position that his autobiography is also a historical document ("This is what really happened"). In these cases, the writer is encouraged to conceive of himself as a personage in a larger pattern of meaning. Sartre has undertaken a task of greater difficulty. He proposes to understand how he uniquely came into being ("How is this man different from all other men?"). Such an autobiographer must deny himself as writer all the vanity, self-pity, boasting and self-justification which exist in him as character; for a writer's relation to his former self must be severe, succinctly recounted, and pure if the reader is to believe he is telling the truth. Liking or admiring the character who is the subject of the story is not at issue. What matters is that the writer himself be intelligent and honest. Above all, honest: confession is a moral act. Sartre takes the stance that his childhood is a subject worthy of interest for intrinsic reasons, not because he is fond of it or because of his present notoriety (his term); he assumes that the process of understanding will cause the reader intimately to know another person and that such acquaintance is its own justification. Sartre never allows the personal benefit he as author may gain from this process of understanding to pollute the reader's involvement. In fact, I am (gratefully) hard put to it to guess exactly what that benefit is, beyond the literary one of writing a very good book. I have the impression that he was able to write this book because he had gained a certain wisdom as a man; not that he wrote it instrumentally, as a way of achieving maturity. This latter is also a legitimate reason to write a book, but one that tempts writers to long-windedness and the vapors.

Why have I been insincere? A preposterous question for a writer to ask himself, implying not only that he can sincerely feel that earlier he was insincere, but also that he can prove it to the reader. The proof of his metamorphosis must be the book itself, which thereby becomes the demonstration of its own thesis.

Sartre cannot *demonstrate* that his writing was insincere up till ten years or so ago. He asserts it as the case; he cites his critics; he points to certain defects of style, especially a forced, laborious quality. But if you happen to think that he was a literary master—of fiction and drama as well as of essay—then he has done in *The Words* as neat a job of one-upmanship as I ever heard of. If you thought highly of the early Sartre, you cannot, *sincerely*, think highly of the late, and

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Vesalius

the man who knew the design
of our bodies
that our Mean
or due proportion of spirit
is how much of necessary flesh,
to spell it

here,
run your fingers on it
musculature of delight
that moves for you
& always towards you

it is said
to be behavior of animal
tissue
& never mind
but it is the field
& there are
bees between it & the next
moving among them
even
in due measure though you
cannot see them you can
hear them always

Think
about the bees & then
forget them
who are the
movements of your movements

Robert Kelly

vice versa. The only way to endorse both early and late Sartre would be to take the attitude that in *The Words* he is playing; but this attitude would be false for a reader and self-protective.

> *I strutted past children still unborn who were the very image of me. I brought tears to my eyes by imagining those I would make them shed. I saw my death through their eyes; it had taken place, it was my truth; I became my own obituary.*

In these words he is not playing a game of French flashiness; he means what he says.

As it happens, I do not need to be convinced of the insincerity of the Sartre of *Nausea, No Exit, What Is Existentialism?, Saint Genet,* and the other pieces I have looked at. A couple of the essays, especially one on anti-Semitism, seemed genuine to me; there were flashes of brilliance to be caught along the way in almost every piece; *The Flies* was a quite interesting play, I thought, though far from a great one. Sartre's literary trouble was partly an excessive and forced rhetoric; but also there were the posing, the melodrama and the flashiness.

In *The Words,* Sartre gets to the heart of the matter. He never really suffered from fear of his own death (was not Jean-Paul predestined to literary immortality?) or of nothingness. It now is clear that the anguish he was forever talking about all those years was other people's anguish, not his own. To speak well on matters of such ultimate importance, a man must speak from his inmost heart. He must be true to himself. Sartre was not. "I've often written (my books) against myself, which means against everybody."

Yet now he says he is changed. And the change rings true. In the book's crucial passages one feels in one's own heart that responsive vibration which signifies that a writer has got there, made it, found and felt the truth of a matter. Not that Sartre overdoes things. He is not absolutely sincere in every sentence of this book. The last paragraph is pretty schmaltzy, and he cannot resist some of those vast paradoxes which are a weakness of French intellectuals.

> *I plunged into pride and sadism, in other words, into generosity, which, like avarice or race prejudice, is only a secret balm for healing our inner wounds and which ends by poisoning us.*

But a few of these do not spoil the book. On the contrary, they serve to reassure the reader that Sartre is not totally, and therefore incredibly, altered. The old man lives in the new man still; that is, the conversion was genuine, an imperfect man has become a less imperfect one.

On the whole *The Words* is composed in a style that suits its purpose: in classic French prose, succint, exact and mercilessly unselfed.

> *In the beginning, I was sound as an apple: a little faker who knew enough to stop in time. But I worked hard; even when it came to bluffing, I remained a plugger. I now regard my tricks and jugglings as spiritual exercises and my insincerity as the caricature of an utter sincerity that was constantly grazing me and always eluding me. I had not* chosen *my vocation; it had been imposed on me by others. Actually, nothing had happened: some words tossed off by an old woman and Charles' machiavellism. But that was enough for me to be convinced. The grown-ups, who were installed in my soul, pointed to my star: I didn't see it, but I saw their fingers pointing; I believed in the adults who claimed to believe in me. They had taught me the existence of the great dead—one of whom was still alive—Napoleon, Themistocles, Philip Augustus, Jean-Paul Sartre. I did not doubt the fact: to have doubted would have been to have doubts about the adults. As for the last-named, I would have liked simply to meet him face to face.*

There is a hint in the book that he intends to continue his autobiography. If he does, he will have to pose himself the most difficult question. *How did it come about that I am now sincere?* Since he is an atheist who believes in the crucial importance of choice in one's life, he cannot credit the change he has undergone to divine intervention or to any sort of determining natural evolution. He must manage, without insincerity, to convince the reader that he himself caused his own improvement. If he succeeds in doing this, he will have completed an autobiography which will surely survive him. By the elegance with which he repudiates a spurious immortality, he will have gained the real thing.

The publication of Sartre's The Words *was postponed from September 14 to October 7. However, this was established only after the present issue had been made up for press. Our apologies to readers who may find the book temporarily unavailable.*—EDITORS.

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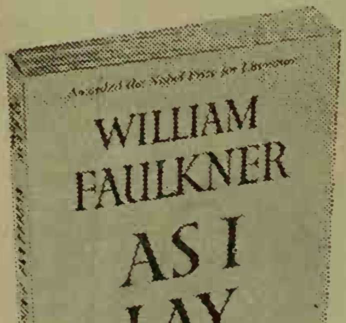

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A Critic's Credo

Harold Clurman

"Criticism is, has been, and eternally will be as bad as it possibly can be." Thus spake George Bernard Shaw, the best theatre critic in the English language in at least the past hundred years. What he meant was that critics will never satisfy everyone concerned, that they will always make horrendous "mistakes," that they are bound occasionally to cause damage, and that the degree of their benefactions will always fall under the shadow of serious doubt.

What is a critic anyway? For the reader of the daily newspaper he is one who issues bulletins in the manner of a consumers' report. He is a sort of advance man, a free-loading publicity agent charged with the duty of instructing the prospective theatregoer as to what he should or should not buy. He is to tell his readers in no uncertain terms, "I like it" or "I don't like it."

If the reader were as careful in his perusal of printed matter as he is admonished to be about his diet, he would realize that in most cases the inference contained in the declaration "I like it" is of little value, in fact, nearly meaningless. All three words are vague!

Who is the "I" that speaks? Why should his assertion carry any particular weight? For him to exercise any decisive influence over me, should I not take the measure of the man, learn something of his intrinsic qualifications, his human disposition, his beliefs, his personal complexion? There are critics whose most emphatic encomia fill me with misgivings.

Second: what does the critic mean by the word "like"? In what way does he like it? I like pretty girls and I do not particularly "like" Samuel Beckett's work; yet I do not rush to a show which boasts a cast of pretty girls (I can meet them elsewhere) but I hope never to miss a Beckett play.

Above all: what is the "it" which the critic likes or dislikes? I like candy and I like meat, but before consuming either I should be able to distinguish between the two. The primary obligation of the critic is *to define* the character of the object he is called upon to judge. The definition itself may constitute a judgment, but insofar as they are distinct from each other the definition should precede the judgment. It is perfectly proper to rave about *Barefoot in the Park* as candy, and I can well understand the critic who damns Wedekind's *The Awakening of Spring*, but I can have little respect for him if he does not recognize that it is meat. It is certainly true that one man's meat is another man's poison, but the manner and reason for the choice may characterize the man.

To put what I have said in another way: the reviewer whose reaction to a play is contained in some such ejaculations as "electrifying," "inspired," "a thunderbolt," "a mighty work," "a dismal bore," may in each instance be right, but his being right does not by itself make him a critic. For these epithets only indicate effects: pleasure or displeasure. The true critic is concerned with causes, with the composition of human, social, formal substances which have produced the effect. Strictly speaking, it is not even necessary that the critic name the effect; it is imperative that he take into account the sources from which it springs. In doing this the critic is faithful to the work he treats of, while at the same time he affords the reader some idea of what manner of man the critic himself is—which is a crucial consideration.

In estimating Shaw as a critic it does not upset me that he was captious about Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*—he was wrong—and that he was much more receptive to the same author's *An Ideal Husband*, a play for which I have less regard. In both cases he said things of great interest and moment; I am more impressed with him in my disagreement than I am in the critic who pronounces *Any Wednesday* a "wow"—a statement which brooks no denial.

Theatre having become a luxury commodity with us, the person in quest of entertainment demands instantaneous guidance, and the daily critic is there to supply it with the necessary dispatch. His columns tend toward making the pronouncement of opinion a substitute for criticism, so that very few of his readers have any idea of what criticism really is.

Newspaper editors are not especially interested in the theatre. Their views are generally similar to that of the ordinary playgoer. There is, thus, little inquiry into the qualifications of the person who is to occupy the post of theatre critic. If he is a competent journalist, is not so eccentric in his tastes that his recommendations are likely to disappoint or offend readers, the editor is satisfied. If, in addition, the critic can crack wise and shape his opinions into formulas as efficient as an advertising slogan, the editor is delighted. What concerns him most is circulation.

The daily critic is actually responsible to no one but his newspaper. In the context of our present theatre situation the critics of at least three or four of our dailies (the columns themselves even more than the people who write them) exercise far more power than anyone desires them to—power, that is, which affects sales. The critic may himself be embarrassed by the commercial influence he exerts. He will even go so far on occasion as to disclaim that he is a critic; protesting that he is simply a reviewer, that his word is hardly more important than the next fellow's. After all, as has often been remarked, he is usually constrained to write his review immediately after the performance in less than an hour. While such defenses are largely sincere, they contain some unconscious hypocrisy. The fact remains that most of the daily reviewers mistake their opinions for criticism. They are as much in the dark on the subject as their readers.

Criticism, to paraphrase Anatole France, is the adventure of a soul (or a mind) among presumed works of art. Just as the artist seeks to communicate his experience of life through the use of its raw materials and the specific means of his art, so the critic, confronting the resultant creation, sheds a new light on it, enhances our understanding of it, and finally ends by making his own sense of life significant to his readers. At best, the critic is an artist whose point of departure is another artist's work. If he is a truly fine critic, he will make his reader something of an artist as well. It is not essential that he also make him a customer!

Let us agree that the daily reviewer is rarely a critic of this kind because, for one thing, he has no time to be. One notices, however, that he infrequently has more to say about a play after a week's reflection than he said immediately after the performance. Some reviewers do not even desire more time. They trust that the rush from playhouse to typewriter will furnish them with the impetus to convey honest hot-off-the-griddle reaction.

For my part, I often do not know what I really think about a play as I leave the performance. Momentary satisfactions and immediate irritations frequently warp my judgment. My thoughts and feeling become clear to me only when I read what I have written! And then, I must confess, I sometimes alter my view, in the sense that I see plays—as I do people—in many different perspectives according to time and circumstance. The critic ought to proclaim the right to change his mind, just as an art work itself changes even for its own creator. Our relation to art ought not to be static; it is a very human business.

To be candid, however, let us assert that most daily reviewers are not critics because they are not richly enough endowed with sensibility, thoughtfulness, personality, knowledge of art and life or literary skill to hold our attention for much longer than it takes to read their reviews.

It should not surprise us that great theatre critics — Lessing, Hazlitt, Lewes, Shaw — and even lesser ones of the same line are rarely employed as daily reviewers because men of this rank have prejudices about which they are as explicit as possible — prejudices moreover which are rarely those of the casual reader. And one of the authentic critic's main purposes is to enunciate or construct an attitude toward life—if you will a "philosophy"—and to make it as cogently relevant as possible. This must necessarily scare a newspaper editor whose publication is designed to please "everybody," that is, from 400,000 to a million readers daily.

Criticism can never be wholly objective — though the critic should keep the "object" well in view—but our basic complaint is not that certain daily reviewers are too subjective but that too often they are themselves such puny subjects.

Critics of the mass-circulation weeklies are usually men who write in the vein of the daily reviewer except that they employ a more specialized or more "pointed" vocabulary. The men who write for the smaller (usually liberal) weeklies aim to fulfill the requirements of true criticism, though too often—as sometimes in the case of George Jean Nathan—they believe they will attain this goal by defiantly reversing the daily reviewers' coin. To thumb one's nose at Broadway

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

Cajole and Cozen

He was not all rawhide. Almost from the start, Mr. Johnson demonstrated that his political antennas are as delicate and sensitive as a safecracker's fingertips. And he could cajole and cozen, smile beatifically, reward and punish with rare and effective skill.

Still the homespun image persisted, and it kept pace with Senator Johnson's ever-growing reputation as the most masterful wheeler-dealer in U.S. political history. He became, to his enemies at least, a kind of bucolic Rasputin, a Richelieu in Levi's.

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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values is not in itself an artistic gesture. Still there is a value in upsetting settled and stupid habits of mind.

In the monthlies and the scholarly quarterlies, criticism generally becomes aesthetic debate or exposition, frequently valuable as instruments in criticism. (Aristotle's *Poetics* is the classic model for this sort of criticism.) Often this proves to be drama, rather than theatre, criticism. It is necessary to make the distinction because criticism of drama is a branch of literary criticism (though to be sure drama, like poetry and the novel, has its own laws), while the theatre critic, who must be thoroughly aware of literary values, looks upon drama as it historically came into being—as a part of but not the whole of the theatre, which is an art in itself. There are men of sound literary judgment who are unattuned to the theatre, just as there are cultivated folk who have little real feeling for music or the visual media. One has only to compare Max Beerbohm's essay on Duse with Shaw's corresponding piece to become aware of the difference between a brilliant commentator on the drama and a complete theatre critic.

In the introduction to my collected volume of theatre reviews and essays, *Lies Like Truth*, I said: "My notices in the weeklies tended to be milder than those I wrote for the monthly, and I suspect that I should be more careful to be kind if I wrote for a daily."

One may well ask how this statement can be reconciled with "honesty" and high standards. "My years of work as a producer and as a director," I went on to say, "taught me many lessons about snap judgments and the dangers of a too proud or rigid dogmatism. . . . I would conduct myself in criticism . . . with due regard for immediate contingencies without ever losing sight of the larger issues and aims. Do not, I tell myself, squash the small deeds of the theatre's workers, trials and errors with an Absolute."

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Can a person professionally engaged in the theatre also be a reliable critic? The simplest answer is to cite—I have already indirectly done so above—the names of some of the best critics of the past who have been craftsmen and critics in their respective artistic areas—a list I might extend further to include poets, musicians and painters. But I shall once again call upon Shaw to speak for me: "I do my best to be partial, to hit out at remediable abuses rather than at accidental shortcomings, and at strong and responsible people rather than at weak and helpless ones. . . . A man is either a critic or not a critic. . . . He cannot help himself."

I shall go further. The fact that I am engaged in active stage work does not render me either timid and indulgent or resentful, malicious and vindictive. It makes me scrupulous and responsible. I am convinced that a critic of contemporary effort owes it to his job to be responsible to everyone in the theatre: the audience to begin with, as well as to the dramatists, actors, directors, designers. In doing this he becomes responsible to the Theatre as a whole.

George Jean Nathan once cavalierly said that he didn't care if every box office in the country closed. I do care. For the closing of the box office bespeaks closing of the theatre and this would mean that we would end by being more culturally maimed than we are with the theatre in its present deplorable state. There can be no "masterpieces" where there isn't any production, any routine theatre activity. Even in Elizabethan times, without a box office, no theatre; without a theatre (and inevitably many bad plays), no Shakespeare to write for it.

Mythology

no gulls screech. unless
you walk far west you
will think this city not
port, it hides its functions
so beautifully, like any
bourgeois. no age. no
newness. only the
people and the money, new
york/s history. banks
all over. people all over.
a lonely city to be jostled in
sometimes and not even
kick back. make it a
mountain to climb then —
alpenstocks, someone you
trust at the other end
of the rope, dig boots in.

simple enough. who cares
for gulls anyhow? who cares
for any charm except that
we make ourselves, carefully,
out of bits and pieces of
existence in a dangerous
climate where we live

Joel Oppenheimer

I would encourage playgoing. (Do not lift your brows too high; it makes you look idiotic.) I would encourage it not by rave reviews of mediocre plays, not by discovering "genius" in every promising talent, but by being wholly committed to saying, with due regard to all the complexity of the elements involved, what I feel at each theatrical occasion I am called on to attend. Such treatment, which arises from a devotion to talent howsoever modest, will arouse interest in the theatre. Making extravagant claims for entertainment which one knows will prove remunerative, with or without critical ballyhoo, depresses such interest as much as does the neglect of promising, but not yet wholly ripe, efforts. I regard the writer to whom the practical economic, social and professional aspects of the theatre are totally alien as at best a curator of the drama, not as a true critic.

As to my own "philosophy" of life and the theatre: it must become apparent with the continuity of my progress as man and critic. It is for that rather than for my incidental recommendations — when I take the trouble to make them — that I write. Just as opinions, yours are as good as mine.

Next week, Mr. Clurman will apply the principles outlined in this essay to current practices in theatre criticism.

Art in Court

1. City of Angels vs. Scorpio Rising

Fred Haines

Last spring half a dozen vice-squad officers barged into a Hollywood art film house and sat down to watch *Scorpio Rising*, an experimental work by Kenneth Anger. When they left they took *Scorpio* with them; in their opinion it was a pretty dirty movie. Several days later they returned to arrest theatre manager Mike Getz.

Gaiety prevailed when the trial opened in April in the Los Angeles Municipal Court. Jurors were eager to be empaneled: this case promised to be far more exciting than the customary trials of junkies, drunks and hustlers. With censorship rapidly vanishing under ten years of progressive court rulings, those defending the film weren't too worried. *Tropic of Cancer, Naked Lunch*, even *Fanny Hill* (which may be a truly pornographic novel, depending on what you think "pornographic" means), are freely sold all over the city. And *Scorpio* would be tried under the California State Penal Code's definition of obscenity, which combines the sense of recent court rulings with the American Law Institute's 1957 "model" definition.

Obscenity, in California, is that which, to "the average person applying current standards . . . the predominant appeal of the material taken as a whole is to the prurient interest, i.e., a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion." Obscenity "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description of such matter and is . . . utterly without redeeming social importance."

Not a bad definition—in spite of the vagueness of terms like "appeal," "customary limits" and "prurient." In order to be legally obscene, a work must meet all of the criteria at once, and the clause on social importance seems to guarantee immunity to serious art. It does not mean that social importance must outweigh obscenity; the courts have held that *any* social importance redeems an otherwise obscene work. If one concedes that serious art necessarily has social importance, the radical's axiom that art is never obscene seems enshrined in California law.

The prosecutor presaged the drift of his case against *Scorpio* in the selection of jurors. Deputy City Attorney Warren Wolf dismissed all those who customarily enjoyed books or movies—an easy task, since only a few were guilty of such conduct. Defense counsel Stanley Fleishman was satisfied with the all-woman jury eventually empaneled; he feared that a male juror with anxieties about his masculinity might respond hysterically to the homoerotic undertones of Anger's film.

Scorpio Rising investigates the American motorcycle cult in purely visual terms. There is no narration. Anger's camera explores the sensual nature of the cyclist's relationships to his machine-sex object, to his buddies and to his heavily symbolic leather clothing, chain belts and jewelry. He portrays the cyclist as an alienated, death-oriented hipster, whose masculinity is expressed as violence and whose femininity emerges in his clothing, in his masochistic devotion to cults and in the kind of homoerotic horseplay common to authoritarian, all-male groups like fraternities or veterans' clubs. Anger's motorcyclist is not unlike Fromm's Fascist in *Escape from Freedom* or Lindner's psychopath in *Rebel Without a Cause*.

Mr. Wolf opened by warning the jury ladies that they would actually see a "male penis" (throughout the trial he seemed to think there might be another kind). His expert witness would testify to the utter lack of "redeeming social importance." In fact, Mr. Wolf told them, *Scorpio Rising* is a cancerous film about a bunch of sick people that ought to be stamped out. It was not clear whether he was talking about the film or the sick people.

Scorpio was shown to the jury, and then the prosecution introduced eleven stills made from frames of the film. They were admitted into evidence over the defense objection that they hardly constituted "best evidence," since the film itself was an exhibit. These represented shots picturing a penis or other nudity. All were from a single scene.

Anger shot his film in Brooklyn, using a real motorcycle club. In order to film a party he threw one himself, hanging dime-store Halloween decorations around to provide

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

Ping Pong and Pigs

Ping Pong players depend on it; pig farmers are inspired by it; juvenile delinquents are cured by it. The all-purpose panacea: the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, or TMTT as it is known in the irreverent shorthand of Hong Kong's China-watchers, who have recently detected a new campaign to spread Mao's gospel by means of heroic example.

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Newsweek

some of the death symbols he wanted. He asked the cyclists' wives to stay behind the camera. Once the party, complete with improvised costumes, got under way, Anger asked his cast to make an entrance he could film. The first guy through the door came in wearing one of the decorations, a cardboard skeleton, which he had adorned—as a joke on the film-maker —with a rubber dildoe from a Times Square novelty shop. This artificial penis figured in much of the night's revelry, which included a lot of that childish pseudosexual play so aptly characterized by the slang term "grab-ass." In cutting his final footage, Anger emphasized this sexual clowning to create the impression that an ugly sort of orgy was taking place.

The jury ladies couldn't make much of the stills, but Mr. Wolf helpfully explained that they depicted "attempted" oral intercourse, "attempted" anal intercourse, and so forth. He next brought his expert to the stand. Vagueness, which ordinarily invalidates an indictment, is the essence of an obscenity trial, since there is no objective test for obscenity. (Ladies donning silk stockings are obscene to some people; motorcyclists donning leather jackets are obscene to others.) Consequently, if there is no question as to whether the material was actually exhibited, the only relevant evidence is the opinion of experts. Even more confusing, this "evidence" is not binding on the jury, which is instructed to make up its own mind no matter what the experts say.

The prosecution's expert was J. Warren Day, a 26-year-old Boy Scout leader from La Crescenta. A graduate of Scarritt College, Tennessee, Mr. Day serves as education director for a Methodist Church. Mr. Day sees two movies a month and calls himself something of a movie fan. He knew the film was homosexual right from the first scenes, which were portrait shots of jazzed-up motorcycles.

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Oddly enough, Mr. Day remembered all the scenes that showed penises, but could not recall the spectacular motorcycle wreck that climaxed the film. Nor did he notice another key scene, a man taking a drug. Shown a reproduction of a Courbet painting, Day judged it obscene. The fact that motorcyclists admire Nazis was of no social importance. *Scorpio* might have social importance for some people, he admitted, but not for the average person. The film was largely unintelligible to the average person. Moreover it was trite. How could that be? Well, it was trite to Mr. Day, but "above" the average person.

Shown photos of Indian temple sculpture, Mr. Day opined that it would be obscene if "on public view" (which it is). On the other hand, a Greek vase depicting fellatio and buggery would not be obscene if it illustrated an ancient Greek play (which it did), but would be otherwise.

Then came defense experts: James Powers, film critic for the Hollywood *Reporter*, felt that Anger was a gifted film-maker meriting serious attention. Showing the penis does not go "beyond customary limits"—travelogues occasionally show the male organ. Paul Sawyer, a Unitarian minister, said that *Scorpio*, like the Bible, dealt with morality by depicting immorality. Sex organs are often shown in art, even great religious art.

Cinematographer Archer Goodwin testified that he had timed the objectionable shots. Their total duration was eighteen and two-thirds seconds. Of this, two shots—the cardboard skeleton shot and another revealing the bare buttocks of a man on a cycle —lasted more than six seconds each. The remaining nine shots occupied the screen less than six seconds all together—none lasted long enough for the viewer to assimilate their content. In other words, nine of the eleven shots were essentially "subliminal."

Goodwin found no sexual contact in any of the shots, and even microscopic analysis did not reveal whether any of the penislike objects were in fact penises. One of the stills—showing a man's head on another's lap—had been cropped. The full frame clearly showed several people who were merely scuffling. In any case, excepting the skeleton shot, a penis-like object appeared in only nine frames out of a total 44,500.

Judge Bernard Selber asked Goodwin why a film-maker would use shots a viewer could not, in any ordinary sense, "see." Goodwin thought Anger wanted to suggest homosexuality without showing it. In any case, Goodwin said, a true pornographer would hardly hide his best shots that way.

More defense experts followed: Mel Sloan, a professional film-maker and USC teacher; film critic and teacher Colin Young; *Saturday Review* critic Arthur Knight, one of the judges who selected Anger for a $10,000 Ford Foundation grant; Ted Carpenter, chairman of Valley State College's anthropology department; art critic Jules Langsar; film editor Verna Fields, who testified that she would let her children see *Scorpio;* Rabbi Leonard Bierman; Ruth Hirschman of KPFK-FM; and the producer-director of *Hud*, Martin Ritt.

Twelve witnesses in all. None thought the film obscene according to the law. Several thought *Scorpio* went well beyond customary limits of candor—at least for a film—but all conceived it to be of redeeming social importance.

At last the defendant took the stand. (Actually, the defendant serves mostly as a sort of "body bail"—if the film is guilty, he goes to jail.) Technically, at least, it was necessary to prove that Getz knew the film to be obscene in order to convict him, but no one seemed to care very much about that. The 26-year-old Cornell graduate did not, and still does not, believe the film to be obscene.

On rebuttal the prosecution brought in two more witnesses. The first was the 26-year-old student who had filed the complaint. He thought *Scorpio* was a stag film. We all know about motorcyclists and prostitutes, he said, but we don't have to see films about them. He admitted he had seen other films about prostitutes, even on TV, and Fleishman dropped his cross-examination.

The last witness, Dr. Fred Goldstein, was a clinical psychologist who treats many homosexuals. Dr. Goldstein obviously had good claim to expert status, but he almost seemed not to have seen the same film the others saw. He objected that *Scorpio* did not portray all homosexuals fairly; it dealt with a vicious minority, and its only apparent purpose was to arouse the prurient interest of that minority. Asked whether he believed the film would arouse the average person, Dr. Goldstein said it would be as confusing to the average person as an Ingmar Bergman film.

Fleishman, in summing up, pointed out that Mr. Day's definition of obscenity was more restrictive than the law's, since he condemned works previously exonerated by various courts. Dr. Goldstein, on the other hand, had admitted that the film would not arouse the prurient interest of the *average* person as required by the law.

Mr. Wolf told the jurors they need not heed the experts, that the problem was one of moral standards. He read a passage from *Tropic of Cancer* and asked them how they would like to see that on a wide screen, in color—even Panavision! He predicted that *Scorpio Rising* would be shown on television, a possibility that could only have astonished its maker.

Judge Selber instructed the jury to find for acquittal if they agreed the film had any social importance whatever, which, apparently, they did not. After less than five hours of deliberation, the twelve ladies reached their verdict: guilty. Mike Getz received a sentence of $500 or fifty days, which is now being appealed.

Anyone who sat through the trial heard twelve people—artists, critics, educators, a minister and a rabbi—recommend *Scorpio Rising* as a worthwhile aesthetic experience, a film of insight and social importance which one might want to see. At the trial's end, another twelve people delivered a contrary opinion. But the second group's decision was far more than a recommendation not to see *Scorpio;* they told the spectator, in effect, that he *may not* see the film. They made it clear that no matter how "progressive" the obscenity statute, a court of law is a poor device for making artistic judgments. The legal process is directed toward securing a verdict; that is the way we deal with facts. In debate about values, though, we insist that the verdict is never in, that no one has the right to close off debate.

Fred Haines is a story analyst for Columbia Pictures.

2. Candy Comes to Chicago

Bruce Cook

Writing in the May, 1964, issue of the *Reader's Digest*, Clarence Hall tells us, ". . . Police Superintendent O. W. Wilson [of Chicago] created a program of attack that is now hailed as a model for police. Making district heads co-responsible with the Vice Control Division, Wilson placed pornography control with the cop on the beat."

Significantly enough, the title of the article from which this is quoted is "Poison in Print—and How to Get Rid of It," and it describes the activities and history of the Citizens for Decent Literature. Among other achievements, Hall credits the CDL with pressuring Wilson to create this model "program of attack."

Could be. But while the CDL is at least as active in the city as in other large metropolitan centers, it is only one of a number of forces that make contributions, both subtle and blatant, to the heavy local atmosphere of censorship and suppression. The National Office for Decent Literature has its headquarters in the city and is nowhere stronger than in this, the largest Roman Catholic archdiocese in the world. Individuals contribute their share, too. For example, columnist Jack Mabley of Chicago's *American* recently boasted, "Chicago is getting a reputation around the country as a very strait-laced town, as far as the circulation of salacious books is concerned." Then he explained just what sort of books he had in mind: "Legal action has stopped or limited the sale not only of *Tropic of Cancer*, but a companion volume, *Tropic of Capricorn*, and *Fanny Hill*, a prostitute's candid memoirs, and most recently *Candy*, a vulgar book which is a best-seller in other cities but is virtually bootlegged in Chicago." Paul Molloy, a *Sun-Times* columnist who is more of an activist than even Mabley, has raised the flag and rallied over 5,000 patriots around him in an organization he proudly calls "Bluenoses, Inc." Taken together, it should give anyone a fair idea why Walter J. Minton, president of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has said that censorship in Chicago is "the most severe in the United States."

Although a number of girlie magazines and two erotic paperback lines are published in the city, legitimate booksellers have suffered most from attacks by columnists, "decent" literature organizations and police raids. In the last five years they have endured more or less continual harassment, and the campaign has grown steadily in intensity. *Candy* is only the latest book to excite the interest of the vigilantes.

I was told by a member of the Chicago Corporation Counsel's office that they get their tips on obscene books "from many different sources. We read about them in the newspapers or get some comment by word of mouth. They also are cited in specific complaints from citizens." It does seem likely, however, that *Candy* might have been spared had she not been called "dirty as hell" by *Time*. In any case, the boys from the vice squad put in their appearance, the book was pulled from the shelves, and it is now sold "selectively" (that is, the clerk makes sure you're not from the fuzz).

But apart from the merits of *Candy* as literature or obscenity, it may prove to be the most important case yet, since for Chicago booksellers it seems to be the very last straw. On June 15, they met together to form what amounts to an association for mutual defense. About thirty-five people attended, including reporters, literary editors and attorneys. Except for electing Joseph Faulkner (owner of Michigan Avenue's Main Street Bookstore) head of the group, the booksellers did little more than articulate their history of harassment to the press. But by the time (a week or so later) the group met again, they had two court decisions to discuss: the Illinois Supreme Court had upheld a local decision against *Tropic of Cancer* as an obscene work, and the U.S. Supreme Court had reversed a similar one in Florida, nullifying the Illinois ruling.

Following the second meeting, Joseph Faulkner of Main Street said that he thought the Florida *Cancer* decision extremely important. "This one, together with an earlier case originating in Kansas, set out the proper procedure for the banning of a book—evaluation first by a competent panel, and then action by police, courts or whatever. After all, here in Chicago, it's not just a matter of suppression and censorship, but one of constant humiliation and harassment."

The Corporation Counsel's office is proud of the city's obscenity ordinance.

Bruce Cook is a frequent contributor to Commonweal, The Critic *and* Catholic World.

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"It ought to be good," I was told, "it was phrased after the Roth-Alberts decision of the Supreme Court." The ordinance states that it is against the law to *knowingly* disseminate obscene matter. The standard it sets for judging matter obscene is this: "Whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material, taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interest."

Booksellers protest that it's not the ordinance but its enforcement that causes trouble. Barbara Kahn, who owns and operates Barbara's Bookstore in the city's Old Town district, told how she had been visited by two plain-clothes men from the vice squad. They came in together and bought paperback copies of *City of Night* by John Rechy and *The One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* by Robert Gover (both had sold in hardback without incident). "I didn't know anything was up until one asked me if I had ever sold the books to minors," she said. "He seemed to take a pretty dim view of it when I told him I had no idea whether I had or hadn't. Then the other one held up *City of Night* and asked if I had read it. I said I'd read the first chapter and hadn't liked it very well. He seemed shocked at that and waved his hand at the thousands of titles and said, 'You mean you'd sell a book you haven't read?' I laughed and said, 'You're a policeman, aren't you?' They said they were and that they were going to take these books to a 'group of men' to be looked over for obscenity. Then they started to go, and I said, 'Well, what am I supposed to do in the meantime? Am I breaking a law?' The other one said, 'All you can do is just sweat it out.' They haven't come back, so I've stopped sweating."

It was to protest such treatment and to seek some sort of *modus vivendi* with the authorities that the booksellers' organization sent a delegation to the Corporation Counsel's office on July 2. Accompanied by Charles Liebman, one of three attorneys who are acting as advisers to the booksellers, they were met affably enough by city attorney Brian Kilgallen and others in the office who have been involved in the prosecution of obscenity cases.

Liebman seemed to feel that the absence of reporters helped their discussion considerably. "We had a very good talk on a dialogue, rather than an adversary, basis. We accomplished a complete change of climate. I think we'll see a 180-degree reversal in this policy of harassment." He said that he did no more than introduce the matter to the city's attorneys and then let the delegates do the talking. He feels that the recent decisions of the Supreme Court—both the Florida *Tropic of Cancer* case and *A Quantity of Books* vs. *Kansas* (October, 1963)—put the law so much on the side of the booksellers that they could afford to talk softly.

The city attorneys promised to study Liebman's proposal that pending obscenity prosecutions be stayed until matters of law are clarified to the satisfaction of all. They also accepted for consideration a modification of the Illinois search-warrant procedure as it applies to obscenity cases. The proposed change, following the Kansas decision, would provide for a hearing on the obscenity of a book *before* the issue of a warrant.

Liebman is optimistic, and the booksellers are encouraged. Since their audience, the Illinois Supreme Court has formally reversed its decision on *Tropic of Cancer*, making it available to the people of the state. Still, in spite of this small victory, the booksellers are not likely to claim that they have won their war against censorship. For against such powerful opponents as the CDL, the NODL and the Chicago police department, they can claim only one puny ally—the law.

Drought

**The land, how
in a few days the birds
leave it, how
the buzzards, drinkers
of thicker fuels,
come on.
Their darkness.**

**Stalks stiff, the green
going gray-brown, blown
naked in wind.
The blackening up.**

**Sunlight winces
on the shoulder strap
callouses of a black man
stripped for work in dust**

in heat loosening everywhere

**His woman, reddish
in the westering haze
hums down the evening hush
to her strings.**

**Sometimes a skeleton whirlwind
lifts the hoarse voice
of the grasses.**

Allen Planz

RECORDS

OPERA

VERDI: *La Traviata.* Renata Scotto, Ettore Bastianini, Gianni Raimondi. Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala, Milan; Antonio Votto, cond. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138 832/34 (S).

Il Trovatore. Antonietta Stella, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Ettore Bastianini. Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Milan; Tullio Serafin, cond. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138 835/37.

Rigoletto. Joan Sutherland, Cornell MacNeil. Chorus and Orchestra of L'Accademia Santa Cecilia; Nino Sanzogno, cond. London OSA 1332.

Perhaps the liveliest impression one receives from a fresh encounter with these almost unbearably familiar works is the sense of how much compositional profundity can be achieved even from within the most unlikely traditions and disciplines. For even such straightforward number-works as *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore,* constructed from set pieces of simple sequential patterns, have a stylistic integrity and an economical deployment of resources that forecast the potential of a master compositional strategist. In particular, the detached perceptivity engendered by such a redundant listening experience allows one to discern behind the succession of smash-hit tunes a rhythmic compression and phrase control that is completely directed and directional, and a superb sense of timing that permits the dramatic, verbal and musical events to be fully comprehended and finely balanced within the total span.

Rigoletto, moreover, although composed earlier, impinges far more intensely and individually on one's awareness by its skintight molding of traditionally well-verified materials to the ebb and flow of a total dramatic progression, building through hairline precision of choice in every dimension to a swift and powerful forward drive. Strikingly individual vocal profiles are picked out from among the interior pitches of a continuous progression, so that—as in Mozart—the voices seem to be moving "inside" the overall forward flow, while maintaining and developing their distinctive qualities.

Both the *Traviata* and the *Trovatore* recordings show the traditionalist competence that is the most impressive quality presently to be found

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among European performances of "standard repertory" works. Here, as elsewhere, fidelity to the image of some sacred "source" performance results in a closer approximation to musical coherence and cogency than one finds in many superficially far more brilliant or "original" approaches. The most notable feature of this tradition in Italy is its special balance of clarity with smoothness, rhythmic and accentual acuity with sustained continuity, timbral and vocal brilliance, as well as harmonic firmness achieved with the lightest possible textural emphasis (compare this with the somewhat brittle harshness that sometimes results from the French preoccupation with extreme clarity, and the frequent sonic dullness and indistinct texture that arise from the German insistence on both vertical and horizontal homogeneity).

And it seems (from these recordings at least) that the other principal characteristic of modern Italian performance—a prevailing sloppiness about standards of intonation and accuracy under the most trivially undemanding conditions—has not yet penetrated to La Scala. Although in both cases casts and conductors are drawn from the regular Scala company, the *Trovatore* is altogether the superior performance, primarily because of Antonietta Stella's singing and the conducting of Tullio Serafin, who remains the living embodiment of the original Verdi tradition.

As far as *Rigoletto* is concerned, its demonstration of Verdi's mastery as a composer of "popular" opera extends to the performance: given reasonable vocal accuracy and adequate rhythm control, its qualities are so firmly embedded that it virtually plays itself. The only problem in this performance, therefore, is Joan Sutherland, whose mannerisms of uneven rhythm, scooping and peculiarly breathy vocal attacks call much more attention to the fact that she is singing than to the particular events of Gilda's music.

PUCCINI: *Il Trittico* (three one-act operas): *Il Tabarro, Gianni Schicchi, Suor Angelica.* Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena. Lamberto Gardelli, cond. London OSA 1364.

La Bohème. Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, Mary Costa, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, Philip Maero. Rome Opera House Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM-6095.

Madama Butterfly. Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Rosalind Elias, Philip Maero. Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6160.

The wonderful sleazy sound that Puccini got in *Il Tabarro* by combining imitation jazz style and orchestration (evidently derived from French imitations of American jazz) with the traditional clichés of Impressionism and Italian *verismo* seems to me the apex of imaginative achievement for his special kind of admirable and highly effective commercialism, although I might have to admit, if confronted with particulars, that a number such as the first-act *Ha ben ragione* was inferior to *Old Man River* by all the applicable criteria. *Gianni Schicchi* is probably a more successful piece, since its neo-Mozart-Rossini *buffa* style was so much more familiar to Puccini and his audience that he could play much cleverer and funnier musical and situational associative games. In any case, these two are unquestionably Puccini's best works, full of deft theatrical, musical and orchestrational touches. *Suor Angelica*, on the other hand, is almost on the level of Menotti's crude dilutions of this style, but one can be grateful for it as the receptacle for all the sentimentality that was left out of the rest of the *Trittico*. The performances are honest and square, just right to project Puccini's jokes on his own performers.

Of the "big" Puccini operas, all grand illusions built out of the minimal content of a memorable phrase or two and (especially in *La Bohème*) a single, strong, rhythmic idea manipulated primarily by Puccini's prodigious skill in inventing and juxtaposing vocal and orchestral sonorities, *Madama Butterfly* is perhaps the most "musical," the least encumbered with jarring melodramatic pratfalls. In the present recording, everything lies well within the capacities of the performers, but Leontyne Price's way of melting notes together is somewhat disconcerting until one gets one's sea legs. (It seems inescapable that the qualities by which such "personality" singers as Sutherland and Price are identifiable rest principally in gratuitous little mannerisms of distortion and inaccuracy.) The *Bohème* recording is primarily for those who insist on maintaining complete record libraries, but is mostly a sad experience for anyone who remembers how Anna Moffo used to sound before succumbing to the vocal overuse that seems inevitably to follow success.

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov.* Boris Christoff, Dimitri Ouzounov, John Lanigan. Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Chorus of the National Opera House of Sofia; Andre Cluytens, cond. Angel 3633 D/L (S).

Moussorgsky's reputation for originality appears to derive almost entirely from his use of novel devices of declamation and local harmonic and rhythmic progression derived from folk sources—which materials are treated with literal and unimaginative conventionality to the point of rather extreme technical naïveté. Rimsky-Korsakov's highly competent orchestration of *Boris* only emphasizes the crudities it attempts to hide, and the resultant spectacle is a little like that of a droshky being pulled by a Diesel engine. Christoff is the classic contemporary Boris, with the right Russian boom in his bass to instill the proper rapturous gloom in the nostalgic (real or sentimental) *émigré*. The sharp-edged string and brass sounds of the French players, too, are perfect for a work consisting almost entirely of massed individual timbral blocks.

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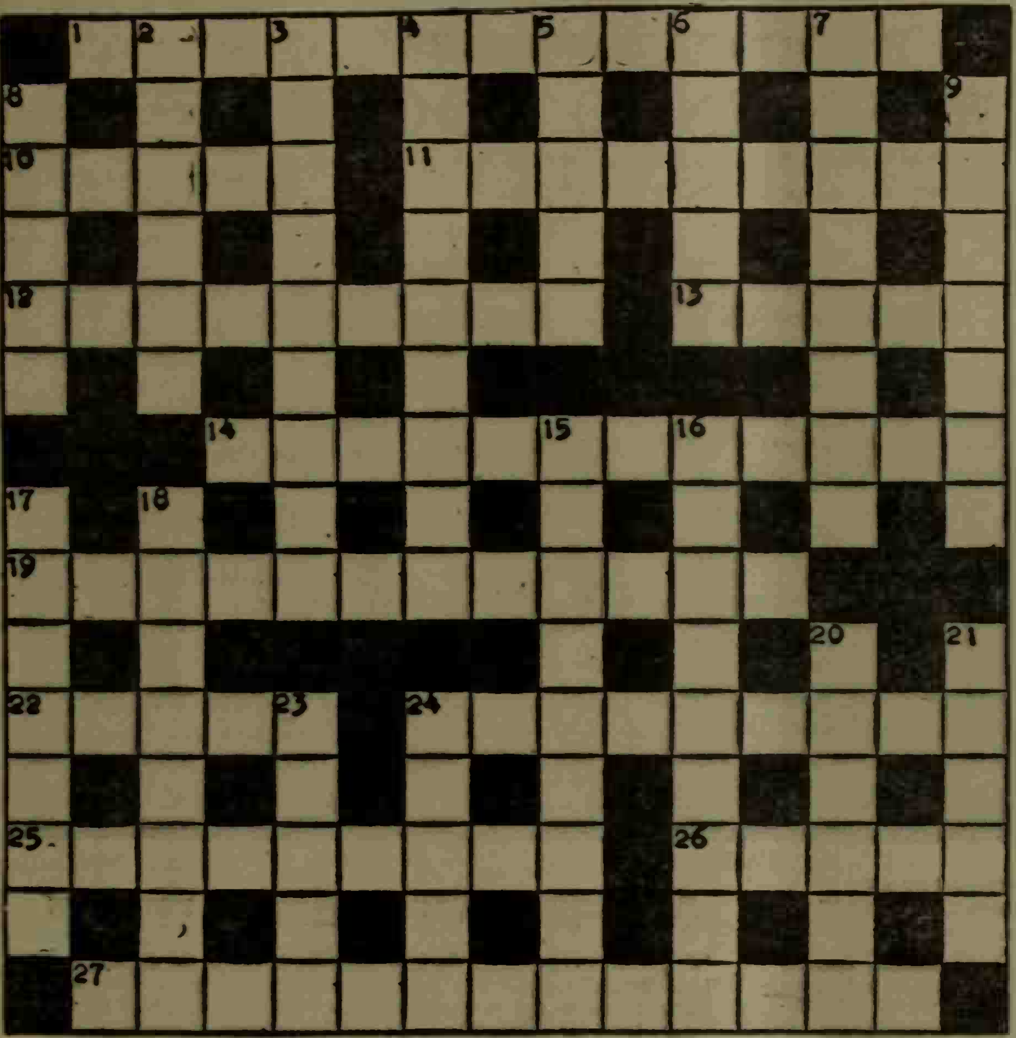
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Do they show a sampling of aggravated community districts? (5, 8)
10 In case the race is started with it?
11 If such be the case, are tranquilizers given for a more relaxed future? (4, 5)
12 One function with remedies is to make little work with them. (9)
13 and 24 down Intoxicated on what some prefer with Scotch? Such things might not go down easily.
14 Not fully developed pelts, perhaps associated with one's salad days. (5, 7)
19 The place where Diana grows flowers shouldn't be a popular spot. (8, 4)
22 Made of leather, perhaps, although not of quality when both parts are short. (5)
24 Follow behind, as one might one's parents. (4, 5)
25 Attack what might be given away by a person's laughter. (9)
26 These are likely to be of some significance. (5)
27 A short publicity undertaking a few find daring. (13)

DOWN:

2 People get about in the city, obviously. (6)
3 Do they bear the weight of the frame when one lifts the glass?
4 Jack's bean, by the sound of it, should be set aside. (9)
5 Allots parts of sheds? (5)
6 Two V's might be made as we might be when powerless. (2, 3)
7 If you say a whole number, it might suggest this as a place of refreshment. (8)
8 and 17 down Probably not valuable as paper, but bound to be more so. (5, 7)
9 Having broken a rib, she is tending to cause a decline. (7)
15 Is one practically a humorist? (9)
16 Sport a red convertible? Such things should be catchy! (9)
17 See 8 down
18 The sort of pose employed when getting married. (8)
20 Master plan for a flower. (6)
21 Paper and iron? (5)
23 Heavy accent? (5)
24 See 13 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1070

ACROSS: 1 Wallflowers; 9 Nuisance; 10 Althea; 11 Sparrow; 12 Stylite; 14 Merlin; 15 Installs; 17 and 27 across The Age of Pericles; 20 Decoct; 22 Appears; 24 Academy; 26 Wealth; 28 Statute mile. DOWN: 2 Australia; 3 Lincoln; 4 Leer; 5 Wraiths; 6 Ratel; 7 and 8 Supplemental; 13 Riffs; 16 Archducal; 18 Happen; 19 Earshot; 20 Decorum; 21 Combed; 23 Eclat; 25 Spat.

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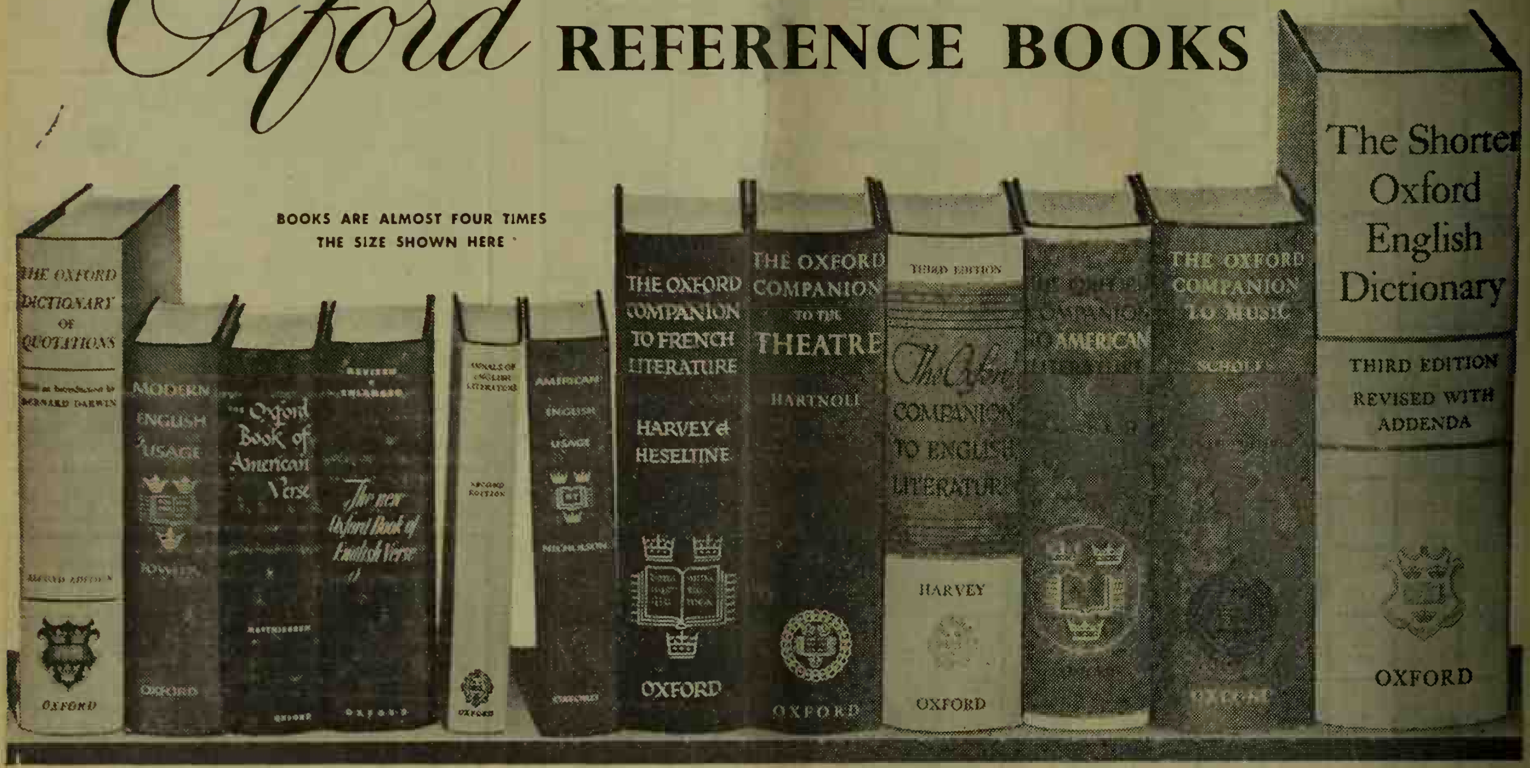
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Predictions of a Southern Politician

Frank E. Smith

Why Youth Riots

The Adolescent Ghetto

Frank Musgrove

Postal Savings

AMERICA'S POOREST BUY

Ralph Lee Smith

'A Mother's Kisses'

Review by Nelson Algren

LETTERS

The elemental instincts

Cambridge, England

Dear Sirs: The American race riots now exploding had their fuses lit in the conditions of American life. But many years ago an Englishman, writing about England, explained:

> *When the conditions of social life are such that the individual may be excluded through no unfitness of his own for co-operation . . . we are brought face to face with the conditions of primitive ages. And if you force him back upon the elemental instincts, one of two things will happen. Either, if the individual is weak through physical deterioration or incapacity to combine with his fellow outcasts, he will be crushed and killed by society and putrify about its holy places; or, if he has indomitable life and vigour, he will revert to the argument of elemental forces: he will turn and explode society.*

Sidney Olivier was writing (*Fabian Essays*) about white workers in England, in 1888. He not only accurately described the total insecurity of most contemporary American Negroes; he also penned the kind of total moral purge that few of us are willing to face. How many of us are willing to

> *supersede institutions now immoral, because useless and mischievous, by institutions which shall re-establish the elementary conditions of social existence and the possibility of the corresponding morality — namely, the opportunity for each individual to earn his living?*

Irving Richter

One continent divisible . . .

Vancouver, Canada

Dear Sirs: As a once very unhappy American now living contentedly in Canada, I offer the following comments on David Cort's "Canada Under Old Glory" (*The Nation*, Aug. 10):

For all its weaknesses, Canada's parliamentary system is vastly superior in efficiency and responsiveness to public opinion and public need to the creaky, utterly reactionary, eighteenth-century governmental structure in the United States. . . . I know of no Canadians familiar with the U. S. Constitution who would agree to any form of political union with the United States as presently constituted. . . .

The U. S. is the least democratic of all countries which can reasonably be described as democracies; its elections are sham battles between ideologically identical parties, conducted under election laws which effectively (although, of course, not *formally*) prevent even the weakest competition from minority parties. In Canada all political parties, including the despicable little Communist Party, have absolutely equal access to the ballot. . . . Insofar as the extent of political freedom consists in the right and opportunity to choose between real alternatives, the Canadian voter is palpably freer than the American voter. . . . Does Mr. Cort seriously believe that Canadians would willingly subject themselves to such a situation? . . .

The penetration of the Canadian economy by American capital is a serious problem which worries many Canadians, but I know of no Canadian who wishes to "solve" the problem by dissolving Canada. . . .

The probability of Canada's joining the U. S. as ten new states is nil, but the existence in North America of two national states is geographically and economically irrational. I am astonished that Mr. Cort did not mention a possibility which could receive serious attention in the future, viz., the founding of a completely new nation in North America—a nation which would be neither Canada nor the U. S., nor a merely mechanical amalgamation of the two—under a thoroughly democratic constitution and with new political and economic institutions. . . . *D. D. Todd*

Noisy trap

Redlands, Calif.

Dear Sirs: According to the news our military planners in South Vietnam missed the boat by a wide margin. They were trying to trap some 2,000 guerrillas and so ferried a regiment of Vietnamese troops by the use of ninety-six helicopters to a point 30 miles north of Saigon. The Vietcong knew they were coming and prepared an ambush. But the helicopters were tipped off by rifle fire and landed at another place. The Vietcong fled and all but four of them escaped. We lost a pilot. One wonders how ninety-six helicopters, all flying in the same direction, could surprise anyone; the noise they would make could have been heard all the way to the Great Wall of China! *C. W. Swenson*

Backlash

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: In issue after issue, you publish articles and letters which suppose that there will come a time when Negroes and whites will be fully, and perhaps happily, integrated.

I have had occasion to make a tour of many states recently and to talk to many white people, especially those in the lower and middle economic classes. They are beginning to realize that when and if integration is instituted on a broad scale it will fall upon them, and they will not have the economic wherewithal to protect themselves against racial integration and its many ill effects. . . . I hear white people say that they "see what it's all about now." I read in their attitude a grim determination that will surely delay implementation of integration, North and South, for a long, long time. *D. Lane*

THE
NATION

Monday, September 21, 1964
Volume 199, No. 7

In this issue

EDITORIALS

129

ARTICLES

132 The Southern Politician
Frank E. Smith

134 Afghanistan: The Canny Neutral
Louis Dupree

137 Why Youth Riots: The Adolescent Ghetto
Frank Musgrove

140 Postal Savings: America's Poorest Buy
Ralph Lee Smith

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

142 The Radical Innocent
Nelson Algren

144 A Difficult Birth
Mel Rosenthal

144 After a Tale from Hoffman (poem)
Paula Hocks

146 The New Money (poem)
Robert Kelly

147 A Critic's Credo (II)
Harold Clurman

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 148)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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Harold Clurman, Theatre
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Carl Dreher, Science
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EDITORIALS

Lots of Kids

The pattern everywhere was the same—teen-agers on the rampage at Hampton Beach, N.H., Monterey, Calif., Seaside, Ore., and in the Bronx. They were having one big romp before going back to school—or just going back home, since some of them are neither students nor workers. Nor is this a peculiarly American phenomenon; they are just as destructive in Brighton, England, and Canada had a riot in Grand Bend, Ont.

It is all very bad for business. Even when they are not fighting, the teen-agers are not in the market for much except beer and hamburgers. They eat only enough to fight, and sleep on the beaches. They come to a resort when the word is passed that there is going to be a brawl. The adults hear about it too, and stay away.

This is sad. For years the business community has rejoiced in the population explosion. It guaranteed prosperity, it was said, by its sheer magnitude. First the babies would have to be raised, then they would marry and buy ranch houses and furniture, and make more babies. But today, the motel owners whose windows were smashed are crying the blues. They do not take the long view.

Official reactions are also predictable. Mayors and police chiefs of resort towns are bursting with wrath. Monterey was invaded by black-jacketed motorcyclists from Southern California, that Sodom-Gomorrah on the other side of the Tehachapi. "These are not kids," the mayor protested. "They are old enough to know better. They're a crummy looking lot, with their beards and unwashed appearance. We don't want them back."

But probably they will come back, precisely because they are not wanted. Providentially, the American Psychological Association was holding a convention in Los Angeles just when the riots occurred. Dr. Jerome S. Bruner, the Association's new president, thought that the outbursts "probably reflected a feeling of disengagement from society because of the complexity of modern life—a desire on the part of the demonstrators to express a feeling of control over their own destinies." But, Dr. Bruner added, these youngsters belong to the same generation that has taken such a big part in the civil rights movement, the Peace Corps and other good works.

True, one cannot indict a whole generation. We can be sure of only two things. One is that if a nation's goals fail to challenge a large part of its youth, that part will express itself in ways that do challenge—if only for a weekend. Second, there will be more outbreaks from time to time, very likely on an even larger scale. One has only to look at the statistics. A total of 3.7 million Americans will celebrate their 17th birthday this year—a million more than in 1963. Each year's crop will be larger than the preceding year's; by 1974, 17-year-olds will number 4 million or more. Even if only 1 per cent of them are inclined to raise Cain, the state troopers are going to get a lot of exercise on Labor Day weekends to come. These census estimates lend urgency to Frank Musgrove's discussion of youth as a society in exile (see p. 137).

Operation Sea Orbit

In a stimulating new pamphlet, *The Demilitarized World*, Walter Millis persuasively argues the proposition that demilitarization and the establishment of a supra-national authority may be nearer than we think. The reason he gives is that great armament complexes are becoming increasingly senseless. To put them to use would invite mutual annihilation. It may well be so; all the same, the great powers still think it necessary to exhibit new additions to their formidable arsenals. A case in point is the cruise of the nuclear-powered task force—Operation Sea Orbit—now in progress. Task Force One consists of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, the frigate *Bainbridge* and the cruiser *Long Beach*. The novelty of this flotilla is its complete independence of support by supply ships, or port facilities. Everything needed is on the ships. They can move about 800 miles a day, which is certainly not aircraft speed but much faster than oil burners can move; and their self-sufficiency does away with the risk that tankers may be torpedoed at rendezvous points, or en route. The *Enterprise* can cruise around the world at high speed three to five times before her reactors need refueling. At a leisurely pace, the task force made it from Gilbraltar to Karachi—11,000 miles—in three weeks; if there had been reason for haste it could have cut the time by a week.

If we must put on displays of power of this kind, then it is well that they should be staged with the restraint that has characterized Operation Sea Orbit to date. The demonstration has been on a selective basis, aimed at the people who count. Besides Pakistan, the ships made "under-way visits" to several neutral or friendly African countries: Morocco, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Ivory Coast, Union of South Africa and Kenya; also Australia and New Zealand. Before returning home to Norfolk, the flotilla will look in on Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. At each port of call the practice has been to stay well offshore, to pick up a few selected officials with planes from the *Enterprise*, fly them out to the flotilla for a few highballs and a firepower demonstration, and fly them home again. If the officials were not impressed by 100 aircraft and nuclear bombs cramming the *Enterprise's* hold, they must have been deaf, blind and dumb. It is more likely that they understood that the Minutemen and Titans could remain peacefully in their homeland silos, while *Enterprise* and her escorts could selectively pulverize any given area of any country which had given Uncle Sam offense. There has been no such ballyhoo as characterized our debut as a major naval power in 1907-09 when Theodore Roosevelt sent the Great White Fleet around the world. Nor has the cruise been used as was the earlier one to stimulate the phobias of domestic jingoes and would-be imperialists. But the fact that such a formidable display of power was thought to be advisable on any terms should serve as a warning that we still live in a world that is far from being demilitarized.

Barry on the Beam

Not even Barry Goldwater can be wrong all the time. In calling for an end to the draft he joins *The Nation;* he is five or ten years late, to be sure, but his collaboration is welcome. *The Nation* printed so many editorials and articles denouncing the draft that the editors became tired of seemingly talking to themselves, but then some of the mass magazines started saying the same things and now, behold, here's Barry.

The Johnson Administration does not come out too well in the exchange on the draft. First, the rebuttal squad said, in effect, Thank you, Senator, glad to have you with us. Then the President himself gave the word, and it was that the question of ending the draft should not be a campaign issue. He spoke, he said, "without reference to any individual." A likely story! In an electoral campaign all of Johnson's utterances must have some reference to the individual running against him, and everything Goldwater says will refer to the President. Nor does it help that General Eisenhower wanted the draft out of the 1956 campaign. It belonged in that campaign, it belonged in the 1960 campaign, and it will belong in every campaign until it is finally abolished, which by all indications will be soon.

The case against the draft is that it is unfair, unnecessary, outmoded and militarily meaningless. The last reason is one which would naturally appeal to Goldwater; the Air Force doesn't need the draft and has never been keen about it. The Navy likewise does not need to dragoon young men into wearing its uniform. The Army is the only service that has any substantial interest in the draft. If it cost more to keep the Army up to strength without the draft, it would be money well spent. But at the risk of committing heresy, *The Nation* suggests that perhaps the Army could get along just as well with fewer soldiers.

Drugs and Doctors

The ethical drug business has an advertising/sales ratio of 10.5 per cent, only the fourth highest in American industry, but fantastic in terms of expenditure per prospect. About $750 million is spent every year to persuade 180,000 physicians to prescribe the products of some sixty drug companies. Every possible dodge is used, from seductive advertising in medical journals to free cocktail parties and including, of course, the visits of an army of detail men. As the late Pierre R. Garai put it in *Drugs in Our Society* (Paul Talalay, ed., Johns Hopkins Press): ". . . perhaps no other group in the country is so insistently sought after, chased, wooed, pressured and downright importuned as this small group of doctors who are the *de facto* wholesalers of the ethical drug business." Moreover, after the Kefauver investigation, conditions are worse rather than better.

As a writer and connoisseur of medical advertising, Mr. Garai deplored its extravagances, frequent dishonesty and endless repetitiousness, but pointed out that from the industry's standpoint it has one supreme virtue: it works. *American Druggist* rejoices that the doctor's pen is flowing more freely than ever, and new prescriptions and refills are booming. Some of these drugs are lifesavers, but many are worthless, not a few are actually harmful, and occasionally one is dangerous. Dr. Dale G. Friend, professor of medicine at Harvard and head of clinical pharmacology at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, says flatly that there is no such thing as an absolutely safe drug. The economic damage is not small either. Partly because of overpromotion, overdevelopment and overcompetition, many drugs are overpriced and a disproportionate share of the burden falls on those least able to sustain it—the sick, and especially the elderly sick.

What can be done? Mr. Garai recommended that the physician arm himself against "confusion, ignorance and error" by subscribing to *The Medical Letter*, a fortnightly publication which provides a continuing evaluation of drugs, especially new and intensively promoted ones. The *Letter* does for the physician what *Consumer Reports* does for the general buying public; in fact, its managing director, Arthur Kallet, was for some twenty years the director of the *Reports* organization. Mr. Garai is outraged by the fact that after more than four years of publication, the *Letter* numbers less than 30,000 subscribers, or only about one physician in six. Is it any wonder, he asks, that "drug advertisers should be unimpressed by the professional maturity of the bulk of their audience or that campaigns for ethical drugs should sometimes seek to manipulate physicians rather than communicate with them?"

A similar point is made by Dr. Louis Lasagna, in "Problems of Drug Development" (*Science*, July 24). Dr. Lasagna is associate professor of medicine and associate professor of pharmacology and experimental therapeutics at Johns Hopkins and serves on the *Medical Letter* advisory board. He makes a second suggestion which the medical profession and the foundations that dispense money for research (including some supported by drug houses) would be wise to take up. In the majority of medical centers, he asserts, clinical pharmacology and clinical toxicology are neglected programs. The National Institutes of Health should take action to remedy this lapse in the generally impressive performance of American medical education. At present, the help that is provided by federal sources is actually diminishing. "It is tragic," says Dr. Lasagna, "that education in pharmacology is declining at a time when it is most needed." If a phalanx of skilled and resolute pharmacologists were available to call to order the gullible sections of the medical profession and the unscrupulous sections of the drug industry, few would be hurt, many would benefit.

The $1.8 Million Taxi Ride

The National Bureau of Standards says a mile is 5,280 feet long, but developments in Los Angeles suggest that a mile is as long as a cab company wants it to be. In 1959, George Worster, owner of Yellow Cab's Los Angeles franchise, decided that a city-approved fare increase was not bagging the desired revenue. Worster recalls that his maintenance chief then suggested that the fare meters be speeded up. "I authorized the meters to be changed," Worster told the Los Angeles City Board of Public Utilities and Transportation recently. The board estimates that the faster tick has brought in $1.8 million in overcharges during the last five years. In 1962, Worster stepped out as owner, a move which, in effect, neatly obscures responsibility and liability for the recently discovered meter tinkering. The present franchise owner, Rex Taylor, told the board, "We thought your inspectors were inspecting the meters thoroughly and would have detected a small error." It would be comforting to find that a vigilant city inspector finally did uncover the "small error," but such is not the case. A Yellow Cab competitor, Segal Cab, tattled to the board. After learning that the last large-scale check-up on meters by city inspectors occurred in 1947, the board suspended the general manager of the Department of Public Transportation.

Observing that meter inspections across the nation are about as thorough as those in Los Angeles, the recent National Conference on Weights and Measures recommended that all cities enforce the meter tolerances set by the National Bureau of Standards. The California Taxi Cab Association assails these tolerances as "unrealistic and oppressive," a description which more aptly fits a $1.8 million taxi ride.

Politics and Jim Crow

Frank Smith's account in this issue (p. 132) of the mainspring of Southern politics—the close connection between the one-party political system and the Jim Crow social system—provides excellent background, by a man who has himself been a Southern politician, for understanding the current agony of the racist Dixiecrats. Since the 1948 election, there has been a trend in the South toward a two-party system; it shows up in the popular and electoral vote in Presidential elections, in the presence of nine Southern Republican Congressmen, and in a growing number of Republicans in local office. For example, in Lynchburg, Virginia, three of the city's seven councilmen are now Republicans. Theoretically, both parties in a two-party system could be equally dedicated to the preservation of Jim Crow but, practically, it is impossible. Sooner or later one party or the other, or possibly both, will be driven—or tempted—to court the Negro vote; in fact, it has already happened, here and there.

Against this background, Goldwater confronts the Southern racists with an insoluble dilemma, for he offers them a clear choice and that is precisely what they do not want. Given his voting record and his views, they must vote for him, but every Goldwater vote in the South furthers the trend toward a two-party system. If the Republican nominee were Rockefeller or Scranton, the racists could say a plague on both houses and ignore the Presidential election; but they can't do that this year. Nor will any of the old stratagems work. A third-party movement, of the kind Strom Thurmond headed in 1948, would simply siphon votes from Goldwater. A rival Democratic slate—"Democrats for Goldwater"—would have the same effect. The unpledged-electors gimmick, they now discover, is probably unconstitutional.

Caught in this dilemma, the Mississippi Democrats have selected electors loyal to the national ticket, while announcing that they will vote for Goldwater. At the same time, Gov. Paul Johnson offered the delegates—many of them officeholders—the cheerful assurance that they could vote for the Goldwater-Miller ticket without endangering their status in the state Democratic Party. But the assurance is as worthless as Confederate currency. For example, if the Goldwater-Miller ticket should win in certain Southern states, the Republicans would probably add to the total of the seats they hold in Congress. The effect of this would be to reduce the Dixiecrat representation which has already been weakened through reapportionment. It could also cost the Dixiecrats the chairmanships of certain key committees, thereby further diluting their influence as a bloc. Then there is the threatened loss of federal patronage and contracts to worry about and, beyond that, the specter of active competition by Republican nominees for every city, county and state office. Southern Republicans, like Republicans anywhere, are ambitious; as the party grows in the South it will offer competition at every level.

In Mississippi the Democrats have set up a committee to study how they can eat their cake and have it too — that is, how they can be Goldwater Republicans while, at the same time, retaining the Democratic monopoly of local and state offices. The problem, fortunately, is insoluble. In the unlikely event that Goldwater should make a sweep of the South, it would simply undermine the Jim Crow system by strengthening the position of the Republican Party. On the other hand, should President Johnson sweep the South or any substantial part of it, the influence of the moderates in the Democratic Party will be greatly strengthened, while the racists—the Wallaces, the Paul Johnsons—will be locked out. In this painful vise, the smart, i.e., moderate, Dixiecrats will keep their moves covert and their mouths closed. But the only choice that Goldwater gives to the extremists—and it is one that may appeal to his somewhat flamboyant view of life—is ceremonial political suicide.

The Southern Politician

Frank E. Smith

Mississippi has the largest proportion of Negroes of any state in the Union, and since the Civil War it has always been on the lowest rung of the national economic ladder. These two factors are not unrelated, but they have not had directly equal influence on the politics of the state. Through the years, race has been a far greater force than poverty. And wherever race has been significant in politics, the most extreme position has historically prevailed. Mississippi politics is accordingly a good index to Southern political patterns.

From its admission to the Union in 1817 to its attempted secession in 1861, the state's economic and political leadership devoted itself to the creation of an agricultural economy and to the maintenance of slavery, the labor pool with which the economy became one of the most prosperous in the country. In the Reconstruction period between 1865 and 1890, that leadership reasserted itself, to re-establish the plantation system and ultimately to control its politics. The foundation was the same, only the semantics were different. Until 1865 the name was slavery; after 1865 it was "white rule," or the Southern way of life, or States' rights.

The corresponding historic dates for each of the Southern states are different, but the pattern, for all practical purposes, was identical. The economy of any region has a significant effect on its politics; this is not a characteristic peculiar to the South (neither, for that matter, is racism; the difference lies in the fact that in the South racism is more determined, more virulent and more overt). A population composed of a large number of almost totally uneducated Negroes, plus a sizable number of either uneducated or ill-educated whites, lent itself to the development of two forces. The first was a landowner-banker-business group, the Southern leadership, which materially benefited from a cheap labor force and thus had a pressing reason to maintain the *status quo*, irrespective of the moralities. The second was what has come to be known as the poor white group, a populace which included not only the small white farmer but the crafts and trades and service people as well. In the main unlettered and unskilled, this bulk of the white population was led to believe, by fact and by manipulated fear, that the freed Negro was his competitor and thus his enemy. Turned upon the Negro by economic forces, excluded from the ruling society, the less solvent white rationalized a status for himself by assuming superiority to the Negro, and the creation of white supremacy was complete.

There isn't a great difference between the propaganda used to justify the segregation laws enacted by Southern legislatures following Reconstruction and the so-called States'-rights doctrine spread by Governor Wallace earlier this year. Both were designed to persuade the white man that the Negro would ruin him financially. Given any degree of economic or social insecurity, there's a good chance that such persuasion will reach its target. It did in the 1890s, and it does today, and it makes little difference whether the target is a low-income Polish group in Milwaukee or the low-income Anglo-Saxons in Maryland's money-pinched bay-shore counties or the Deep South's even more money-pinched rural areas. The appeal is the same, and it works. It works better in the Deep South because for successive generations white Southerners have been assured of their superiority by the press, the bar, the church and the politicians, each to its own interest.

From this foundation, conformity has been the common denominator in Southern Congressional politics since the Civil War. Traditionally it has been popular to picture the typical Southern Congressman as the willing tool of various reactionary economic interests—big planters, big business, courthouse political rings, et al. This has often been true, but in most cases the controlling element has been simply that the politician in a one-party system has to make some attempt to please every interest that has an influence with the electorate.

Through the years much of the racial agitation among Southerners in the Congress has been a vehicle to cover attacks on liberal economic legislation. Seventy-five years ago the Southern Bourbons used the race issue to defeat the Populist movement; the Southern Democrat-GOP coalition of the past generation was cemented with the GOP promise (and occasional delivery) of assistance against civil rights measures. The greatest strength of the race issue, however, was in its use to defeat or handcuff Congressmen or would-be Congressmen who supported federal programs to invigorate the economy of the South.

The political influence of farm migration and industrialization in the South has varied. Urbanization has focused some attention on the need for federal legislative remedies for urban problems, but the widespread growth of medium-size towns has largely been a conservative influence. Villages are dying out, but small towns have generally grown in population, and most of them are strongholds of anti-federal philosophy. Unionization in the South has not kept pace with industrial growth, and many of the union workers who are organized, including large locals of the United Automobile Workers and the electrical workers, have given vocal and effective support to blatant racist politicians, despite strong progressive leadership of these unions at the national level.

The Southern states are the poorest in the country and receive heavily disproportionate assistance from federal grants-in-aid and welfare programs. Despite this, the fiercest opposition to these programs in recent years has come from Southern Congressmen. One reason is that the chief beneficiary, the Negro, has been disenfranchised. Another is that many of the programs have been made unpopular with even the impoverished whites by being described as primarily of benefit to the Negro, or likely to promote integration.

One of the national tragedies resulting from this greater tragedy of the politics of race has been the loss of a broad federal aid-to-education program in the years after World War II. During the thirties and forties the majority of Southern

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Frank E. Smith, a director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and a former member of Congress, is author of Congressman from Mississippi, *to be published by Pantheon this month.*

Congressmen were committed to federal aid to education. If this same degree of support had held, the program would have been enacted into law under President Truman, with a resulting better trained and educated generation today.

This shift in sentiment on education was only one example. Beginning in the late 1930s, with minute but measurable Negro progress in economic and political rights, the iron grip of a political pattern designed to resist any change in the racial *status quo* began to tighten everywhere in the South. It appeared first as opposition to some of the New Deal economic measures, and developed as various administrative concessions to Negroes were made by President Roosevelt in the midst of the war effort. After President Truman's civil rights commission made its report in 1947, the racial issue became the dominant consideration in every Deep South state, and in the great majority of the House districts from the old Confederate states.

Since 1947, there has been no leeway for Southern members of Congress on race; they have been tied irrevocably to the views of those who sponsored and supported the Dixiecrat movement of 1948. The leadership of the Southern bloc in Congress has not been confined to the open Dixiecrats, of course, but because racial extremists established the Southern position on civil rights in the Congress, a rigid posture of opposition to any change in race relations has been forced upon members from the region. Congressmen from border areas were not as completely under its domination, but they also felt its influence.

Most of the Southern members are personally opposed to civil rights legislation, in one degree or another. A few are rabid racists; most would be middle of the road if they could. But as white racists organized in the South under the impetus of the 1954 school-desegregation decision, it became politically impossible for any Southern member of Congress to be identified as a moderate. The troubles of those who refused to sign the so-called "Southern Manifesto" made this clear, and each new election further emphasized the point. Many of the men, moderate in conscience, retained their seats only at the price of conducting racist campaigns.

Thus for twenty years the Southern legislator has had to accept the fact that both his constituents and his colleagues considered that his chief responsibility in the Congress was unceasing opposition to any advance in Negro civil rights through federal legislation. Occasionally Southern members privately raised the view that civil rights legislation with a gradualist approach, written with Southern cooperation toward the goal of acceptance and compliance by the white South, would help to end the divisive abrasions within the Democratic Party, to say nothing of meeting the legislative responsibility of the Congress. The one open Southern effort in this direction was the constitutional amendment to repeal the poll tax, and it was turned down by civil rights proponents as a violation of their concept of legislative remedy. (The amendment was not passed until President Kennedy supported it in 1962.) Proposals for any other type of gradualist rights legislation met violent opposition from the controlling Southerners, and none were made, even privately, after 1950.

Civil rights legislation has been passed by the House of Representatives without any crippling amendment whenever it came to a vote. The strategy of the Southern leadership has been to prefer strong bills, thereby insuring that Southerners in the Senate would prevent passage. For the proponents of civil rights legislation, the problem was primarily to draft bills that were not too strong for the sometimes reluctant support of Republicans, or Northern Democrats officially on the line for civil rights but privately not very aggressive about it. Working on this combination, the Southern Senators were able to block any civil rights measures prior to 1957. When Lyndon Johnson promoted the strategy that changed the 1957 bill to a voting-rights measure, the Southern Senators did not resist to the point of cloture because they realized that the right to vote was the one issue on which not enough Northern and Western Senators would help them. The same consideration prevailed in 1960. In the House Southern members were denied any practical voice in shaping the bills, but Southerners had an important role in the Senate, as was evidenced subsequently by some of the difficulties encountered in trying to use the federal courts to implement Negro voter-registration drives in the South.

The 1964 civil rights bill was a different story in the Senate. It went through the usual process in the House, where the bill was revised to gain the full support of Republican leaders, but the Southern Senators gambled that they could prevent cloture. If they had any doubts about their strategy, Governor Wal-

Bryson; Harpers.

lace's forays into the North completely boxed them in, since it gave their constituents illusions of success in the fight against the whole bill and made it almost impossible for the Senators to retreat anywhere along the line. One result of their intransigence was the adoption of some amendments that lessened the impact of the bill on the North without reducing its severity for the South. The fabled legislative acumen of Southern Congressmen has been consistently thwarted in the field of shaping civil rights legislation, largely because they are unable to undertake any compromise. Their canniness in preventing legislation other than the 1957, 1960 and 1964 civil rights bills has probably been overrated, for the minority dedicated to complete opposition to civil rights has rarely been matched by a majority with any real dedication to passing the legislation. The Kennedy-Johnson effort of 1963-64 was the first occasion when the full resources of a national administration were thrown into the fight.

The 1964 Civil Rights Act probably marks the last time that major opposition to such legislation will be built entirely around Southerners. There will be no overnight change of attitude, but the pressures for rigid conformity will be less and less. With voting restrictions against Negroes confined to fewer and fewer states, Southern Senators from states with no restrictions are going to be in a poor position to take up the burden for two or three Deep South states.

Undoubtedly, there will be moves in the next few years to simplify the procedures under which the federal government can intervene to establish and protect the voting rights of Negro citizens in the South. Congressional resistance to such legislation will probably stem from the Southerners, but beyond that civil rights will not be a regional political issue. The resulting freedom from the strait jacket of politics dominated by race will bring about a vastly different pattern of Southern Congressional representation as we move into the next decade. The changes may not be discernible from one Congress to the next, but they will be readily apparent over a broader span of time. The court decisions requiring equal sizes of Congressional districts will have important effect, but the greatest changes will come from the combination of Negro voting and, if it withstands present attack, the court decision requiring reapportionment of state legislatures.

Racial demagogy will carry less of a political premium, and there will be continued acceleration of the growth of a two-party system. Democrats from the cities and the poorer small towns and rural areas are likely to resemble more and more their Northern liberal counterparts. The Republicans who gain office are likely to inherit the philosophical support of those who have been taught that all federal power is evil.

For the South as a whole, racism as a political force has probably reached its peak and begun the long decline. It will be felt, however, in subsidiary issues like foreign affairs for years to come. Too many voters have developed their entire concept of these issues in the light of their alleged influence on Negroes in the South. Long after all legal discrimination is ended, even in Mississippi, Southerners will look askance at a world subject to African influences. Racists have defined every form of international cooperation as a device to establish "African" or "Mongolian" control over the United States, and this has been a major factor in the widespread growth of the isolationist philosophy now apparent in the South. Dr. Charles O. Lerche, Jr., defines the new Southern attitude as "unilateralism"—the denial of any community of American interests with the world outside. In the past decade many more Southern Congressmen have become unilateralists in their voting, despite long traditions of Southern internationalism. A thin majority of Southerners has continued to vote for foreign aid, but only with the full knowledge that it is a highly unpopular issue with their constituents.

Despite these handicaps, Southern politics will be more and more free in the years to come. There are challenges in the next decade to produce great governors who can carry forward state programs to eliminate educational and economic inequalities, with Negroes participating as full partners in both the planning and realization of the programs. There are opportunities in this same period for young men to build national careers in the Congress without the millstone of racism to preclude their full participation in national decisions. The obstacles may still be formidable, but there is before the rising generation of Southerners a challenge to greatness that has not been equaled since the time of Jefferson.

Afghanistan: The Canny Neutral . . . Louis Dupree

Contrary to popular belief, Soviet aid to Afghanistan did not begin in the 1950s, but closely followed the 1927 visit of Afghan King Amanullah (1901-29) to Moscow. However, the success of the Marshall Plan in Europe greatly impressed the Russians, and post-World War II Soviet economic doctrine has emphasized that mass economic aid, coupled with a massive influx of technicians, will affect all institutions in a society, and gradually lead the recipient nation to a point of total economic dependence, followed automatically by political domination. In line with this doctrine, Afghanistan, after 1955, became the fourth most expensive guinea pig in the Russian economic penetration experiment; only India, the United Arab Republic and Indonesia receiving more money from the Soviet bloc.

The Americans have attempted to counter, and Afghanistan of late years has become a kind of "economic Korea," with the Afghans themselves banking on their traditionally famous powers of bargaining to come out on top — still devel-

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oping, still neutral and still independent.

The Afghans almost made a mistake, because fundamentally the Soviets are right. A nation does not accept technology without ideology. A machine or a dam is a product of a culture, and even the method of manufacture (union shop, sweat shop, Socialist shop) becomes important. The way a nation markets its machines, the way people learn to operate the machines, and the way machines are used (private farms, collective farms, state farms) cannot be ignored as the machines enter the second country. Machines and technology do not exist in separate vacuums. People serve as the action component, and the way they teach other people to use these tools becomes a part of the recipient culture's way of life. In a major sense, the American programs in Afghanistan have been effective; just by *being there*, they helped prevent the success of the pat, eminently feasible Soviet scheme. Probably the most important American programs in Afghanistan relate to education, and so nine-tenths of the American-aid iceberg sits below the surface, invisible to the journalistic eye. English has become the major non-Afghan language, and language is a most essential cultural tool. It spreads ideology as well as technology simply by the *way* it expresses ideas, both concrete and abstract. The depth of the penetration of English can be gauged by the fact that all embassies in Kabul must, by Afghan regulations, publish their daily news bulletins in their *own* languages or in English, because the Afghans realize that such bulletins published in Persian or Pashto (the two major languages in Afghanistan) would be excellent propaganda vehicles. So the Russians and Chinese and most other embassies publish their bulletins in English. (Naturally, the French still use French.)

The Big Gamble sailed along on a relatively even keel until March, 1963, when Prime Minister Daoud (first cousin of King Mohammad Zahir) voluntarily—though hesitantly—stepped down at the peak of his power, and the king appointed a commoner, Dr. Mohammad Yusuf, talented Minister of Mines and Industries, as Prime Minister. Other cabinet changes further liberalized the power at the top. For example, no member of the royal family today holds a cabinet post.

The Middle East seldom witnesses such a peaceful transference of power, and the change caught many Westerners by surprise. But the most surprised group appeared to be the Soviets, who had wrongly (along with some Westerners) considered Prime Minister Daoud to be pro-Soviet. Soviet embassy officials left for Moscow immediately for agonizing reappraisals. For about a week after the change, Americans and other Westerners with Soviet friends found themselves rebuffed. Russians failed to show up at private parties, which they had previously attended freely and with evident pleasure.

Very quickly, however, it became apparent that the shift in prime ministers related directly to Afghan-Pakistani relations, and indicated no change in Afghan foreign policy in the cold war. In August, 1961, Afghanistan had closed the border in a fit of national pride, when Pakistan closed consulates and trade offices in Jalalabad and Qandahar, and the Pakistan Government ordered Afghanistan to shut its offices in Peshawar, Quetta and Parachinar. All legitimate trade across the border ceased, and the Soviet transit route and Afghan-Soviet trade assumed increased importance. Most observers agreed that either President Ayub of Pakistan or Prime Minister Daoud (both Pathans, and few Pathans of different tribal origin trust one another) had to go, and President Ayub was not about to do so. King Mohammad Zahir and his advisers realized that the border with Pakistan had to reopen if Afghanistan was to maintain its economic — and political —flexibility vis-à-vis East and West. So Prime Minister Daoud stepped down, a new government came in and, with the Shah of Iran as mediator, Pakistan and Afghanistan agreed to restore diplomatic and economic relations. The border reopened in the early fall of 1963.

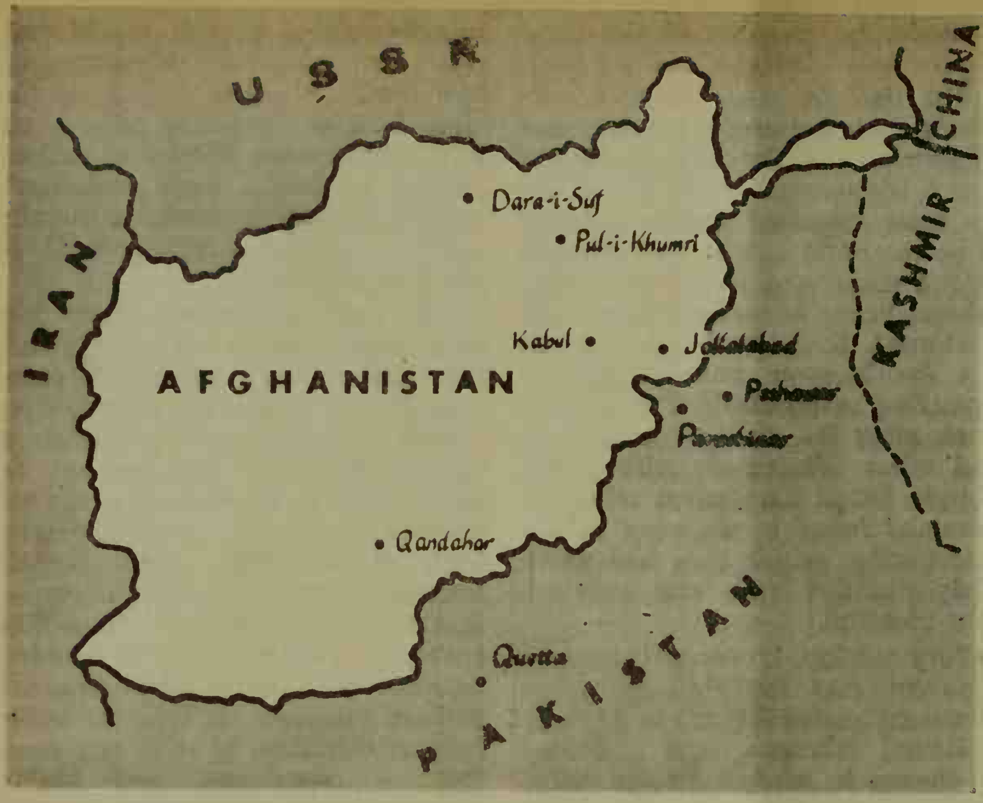
When it became obvious that Afghanistan planned to maintain its neutral policy, Soviet friends once again began to have normal intercourse with Western friends. Subtle changes did occur, however. Official Afghan sources indicated that the military build-up had reached a plateau, and that the government planned a leveling-off process. The Afghan military also broadly hinted that it would welcome the opportunity of more pilot and staff officer training in the United States. Hundreds of iron-curtain scholarships offered to various Afghan ministries were unclaimed, and many Afghan students literally threw tantrums when ordered to study in the USSR.

The Soviets appear to have lost their gamble: massive aid (including military aid), thousands (estimates vary, some up to 5,000 to 7,000) of iron-curtain technicians made no appreciable impact in either the political or ideological spheres. In the process, however, both the Afghans and Soviets learned a lot about each other — and themselves. The Afghans discovered, as have many developing nations, that the Soviets are not perfect automatons. They do make human mistakes. If it is any comfort to Americans, one highly placed Afghan exclaimed: "Why, we found the Russians are just as stupid as Americans." Several Soviet projects have fallen behind schedule because of inadequate surveys.

Many Afghans condemn Americans for living too well, with many servants, high living allowances, and a commissary which often stocks instant rice in a country with some of the world's finest rice, and canned fruits and nuts in a country which, according to many connoisseurs, has the best fresh fruit and nuts in Asia. But the same Afghans also condemn the Soviets for living too poorly, and look on in amazement as Soviet technicians and their wives scramble with the Afghans to buy second-hand American clothing in the Kabul bazaar. In addition, few Russian technicians speak fluent Persian or Pashto (another folklore of Soviet infallibility) and many genuinely feel disturbed on being ordered home. Like most of their American counterparts, they have never had it so good.

But — and this is an important but—Soviet bloc (including Czechs and Poles), American and West German technicians (the Germans in Afghanistan make money while making friends, something which seems beyond most other nationalities) have contributed mightily to Afghanistan's decade of development.

Over the years, U.S.-USSR com-



petition has evolved into *de facto* cooperation, although neither the Americans nor the Russians express it in this manner. In fact, both appear to be exceedingly uncomfortable when anyone mentions the possibility. The Soviets assist the Afghans in building roads from the north, the U.S. from the south. These roads must join together at some point, and Afghan-Soviet-American technicians must cooperate at the juncture points. The USSR aerially photographed and mapped the northern one-third of Afghanistan; the Americans (under a Fairchild contract), the southern two-thirds. The aero survey-mapping projects overlapped and American-Soviet teams established mutually recognizable bench marks and check points on the ground. The Soviets helped construct the landing strip and buildings for the new Kabul Airport; the Americans installed the communications equipment. Many conferences between the two nations' technicians meshed the construction details. At the Ministry of Planning, Afghan planners, United Nations planners, Soviet planners and U.S. planners (from Robert Nathan Associates, an international development consulting firm in Washington, D.C.) sit in on conferences at the ministry and spend one another's money in overall projects. Czech engineers advise the Afghans on coal-mining operations near Pul-i-Khumri. North of Pul-i-Khumri, in the Dara-i-Suf area, near where the Russians drill for oil, American mining engineers advise the Afghans on another coal-mining operation. Finally, American pumps fill the tanks of Soviet bloc and American trucks with Russian gasoline. None of these joint endeavors came about voluntarily, and most of them occasioned bitter arguments between the participants, but the result has been American-Russian cooperation in Afghanistan.

In addition, Afghanistan has become one of the few areas in the world where Americans and Soviets can mingle socially outside the official party circuit. The central point for social meetings among the international set is the International Club (formed in the mid-1950s), with its swimming pool, tennis courts, play area for children, dining room and bar. Members must be approved by a membership committee, but only the physical size of the club limits the membership, which includes representatives of all the foreign communities except the Communist Chinese. The Afghan Government limits the percentage of Afghan members, but a member may bring in any number of guests, and this adds to the cosmopolitan atmosphere.

The club holds a dance almost every Thursday night, often using tapes, but sometimes with a live band made up from members of the foreign colony. Friday (*Juma*) is the Muslim sabbath or weekly holiday. Dancers occasionally wander on the podium between sets and play the musical instruments. The Russians particularly enjoy playing popular American and European songs of the thirties and forties in an archaic ragtime style. Much alcohol flows, but trouble seldom occurs. Rarely, a former Nazi will harangue the younger West Germans now working in Afghanistan with tales of his glorious past as a soldier of the Third Reich. The young Germans themselves bodily remove the ranter from the scene, apologizing to all.

Not too many Russians or Americans belong to the club. The Russian technicians remain a clannish group of blue-collar workers with a maximum of technical, a minimum of liberal, education, much like their American counterparts and, on the whole, both groups prefer private in-group parties which make them feel more comfortable than the relatively sophisticated air of the International Club.

Russian and American technicians who do break out of their own circles find how surprisingly alike their opposites are in temperament and outlook, when common means of communication can be found. The similarity between Russian and American personality types has not escaped psychologists, sociologists and historians, who point to parallels in Russian and American development, such as the Russian and American drives to the Pacific, our frontier societies, and the treatment of native peoples within our national boundaries.

Some lasting friendships have begun over Pilsener beer, vodka or Scotch at the International Club. Perhaps Russians and Americans can be socially more friendly on neutral ground. Americans in Russia and Russians in America must constantly be on the defensive or offensive as the situation demands.

Both the United States and the USSR began overseas programs of economic and military aid to gain friends and to counter each other's moves. Neither succeeded in Afghanistan, so both should realistically look at their accomplishments and failures. When someone asks me, "Who's winning in Afghanistan? The Americans or the Russians?," I must in all honesty answer, "Neither — the Afghans are winning." Perhaps this is as it should be.

Possibly American and Russian aid to the developing nations of the world will continue to create feelings of independence and neutrality, not of dependence and cold-war alliance. Possibly meaningful economic and geographic units will form loose confederations of a Common Market sort, and become regional, viable economic zones with internal political stability.

I think this represents the key to the whole situation. As long as the United States actively and intelligently participates along with the Soviets in underdeveloped countries, and as long as both take advantage of whatever spheres of activity are open to them, and to which they feel they can make a contribution, the recipient countries will not "go Communist." If the United States pulls out for whatever reasons, the Soviets obviously have an open field, as in Cuba.

In my mind, then, a neutral country *is* a Western country, for in the classic Soviet theory of world domination, a neutral nation exists only as a transitional phase leading toward eventual Soviet domination. It may be hoped that the USSR under Khrushchev is moving away from the classic idea and genuinely believes coexistence to be possible and desirable. If so, Afghanistan has been a successful experiment in foreign aid from both Russian and American viewpoints. Lessons learned here might possibly be applied elsewhere, modified, of course, to peculiar regional requirements.

The possibility that the Soviet Union will ever make an overt military move into Afghanistan appears remote. A military move on the part of a frustrated USSR would destroy the already tenuous pose of aid without strings so carefully nurtured by the Khrushchev regime; and if coexistence is to be the way of life, what better place to prove it than remote *but* easily accessible Afghanistan? The past decade of American-Russian experience in Afghanistan may indicate that economic aid does not necessarily mean political domination, or even preference. Soviet and American moves since the March, 1963, change of governments have been mild and cautious, but a bold new Afghan Government moves toward broad constitutional, political and social reforms.

Why Youth Riots

The Adolescent Ghetto . . . . Frank Musgrove

The modern "problem of youth" is part of the wider population problem that confronts the world today. In advanced, industrial nations, and now increasingly in underdeveloped countries, the older generations are employing ingenious stratagems to stem the tide of adolescents which threatens to swamp their entrenched positions. After 30, we all assume the stance of a latter-day Canute.

The mature can no longer assume with any confidence that a half of all who are born will die before puberty, that the remainder of the males will be decimated by major wars before they are 25, and that many of the more enterprising among the residue will have scattered to far-flung frontiers of opportunity before they are 30. Today the social, sexual and economic threat of the uprising generation must be faced head-on.

While there are thus unique aspects to the contemporary confrontation of the generations, "the problem of youth" is not new. It is simply more desperate. In the early days of the classical industrial revolution, when youthful skills and quickness of mind and limb were at a premium, the young entered early into adult earnings, responsibilities and positions of seniority. Their elders, handicapped by obsolete knowledge and skills, were often appendages to their children. Nevertheless, devices for regulating and softening the entry of the young into the world of adults were often ingenious and even ruthless. We no longer take the drastic measures which medieval and renaissance society adopted with a proportion of their young males (often those destined for long training and eventual high responsibility); but we still behave as if a large proportion of the young were eunuchs. The protracted education and theoretical continence required of our most gifted and favored young men would be tolerable only to a generation of geldings.

One of the most effective means of disabling the young and at least postponing their head-on competition with their seniors is protracted formal education. The evidence that such provision is often damaging to the personality and irrelevant to the economy is unlikely to halt the vast expansion of formal education for young people into their middle and late 20s. Our colleges are increasingly depositories for superabundant youth, agencies for neutralizing the threat of an insurgent generation.

Many of our problems today are a product of the very progress we have made. The young survive to manhood on an unprecedented scale; and they are lusty survivors, better fed, more physically fit, and probably more advanced in brain maturity than at any time in human history. But their elders also survive to an unprecendented degree; and modern welfare economics and systems of taxation make it difficult for them to drop voluntarily into early retirement. At a time when the young were never so well equipped with formal job qualifications, there were never so few voluntary or involuntary dropouts from the ranks ahead of them. Economic expansion can sometimes generate additional opportunity, so that the problem of succession is masked, but in many fields these gains are offset by automation. The extension of formal education and training for ever more adolescents and young adults may be a sign,

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not that society is desperately in need of their enhanced skills, but that it is suffering from a surfeit.

The Western countries have made prodigious steps over the past century in their protection of the young. This protection may have curious and often unfortunate side effects. It usually results in keeping the young off the labor market and out of adult concerns for as long as possible. If they go to work we "protect" them increasingly with (underpaid) apprenticeships, which again underline their less-than-adult standing and are often quite unnecessarily long. Apprenticeship and training institutions can be used for the protection of the mature rather than the young. As our institutions for the advanced or specialized training of the young proliferate, I believe it is time we asked: are these measures for their protection or for ours?

The result of our increasingly elaborate "protection" schemes is that young people are extruded from adult society. They constitute a segregated, zoo-like population, belittled by the very measures intended for their advantage, humiliated, self-disparaging, by turns apathetic and hostile. It is often assumed that the young have withdrawn themselves from the world of their seniors, in protest against its values and authority. The evidence is not that they have withdrawn but that they have been kicked out: that in their teens their most ardent desire is to qualify as adults and engage in adult affairs. This becomes ever more difficult for them as the legal age for entry into many pursuits and occupations becomes ever higher, and as the statutory and conventional age of school leaving rises everywhere.

We are fortunate if this segregated, largely futile world—futile because, "in their own interests," its denizens can make no direct contribution to the vital and central concerns of society—is invaded by nothing worse than "beatlemania," marginal delinquency and sexual experimentation. After all, at the height of their physical and perhaps intellectual powers, the young have to do *something.*

Before the age of 20, marriage is the major avenue of advance from the teen-age zoo into the world of adults, and this perhaps accounts for the unprecedented popularity of early marriages. (The desire for marriage is not, of course, simply the desire for sex. At a time when sex was never so accessible to the young outside marriage—at least uncommercially—marriage itself was never so popular.) This remaining avenue to adulthood is vigorously though often unavailingly obstructed by parents. In England there are twice as many divorces in marriages which have lasted twenty years or more as in those which have lasted four years or less; but the myth that young marriages are particularly prone to disaster persists as one of the most useful weapons in the parental armory. In view of the grudging attitude to youthful marriage, the hostility and disparagement which surround it, and the often precarious finances of underpaid professional workers in their youth, the remarkable thing is not that some of these marriages fail but that so many survive.

The segregated world of youth is created and furnished by (adult) writers and tailors; the mass media define and perpetuate a socio-cultural ghetto for sub-adults. Special institutions are created solely for the young. In England the famous Albermarle Report on youth of 1960 fostered the youth club movement (ages 14 to 20) and recommended specially trained and paid representatives of the adult world to supervise and oversee it. Adult institutions (political, social and cultural) have their youth departments with only the sketchiest liaison to the parent bodies.

It is probably true that the mature are not to be trusted; that they cannot be expected voluntarily to behave with decency and humanity toward the young; that youth must be preserved from the contamination of close contact with them. This would certainly seem to be the lesson of history. But it is one of the oddities of our day that we approve close social contact only between people of almost exactly equal age; that we regard as potentially dangerous, even immoral, any association between the young and adults except kinsmen and certified neuters such as priests, schoolteachers and youth leaders. The sociologists then make the great discovery that the young are to be found in "peer groups." At least one reason for the rejection of the young and their exile into a self-contained and if possible antiseptic limbo is our distrust *of ourselves.*

The population explosion which we have seen throughout the world since the end of World War II is aggravating the problem of transition from adolescence to adult life in countries at quite different levels of social and industrial progress. Unemployment in America and the depressed areas of Britain (like the Northeast, Merseyside and South Wales) is disproportionate among the younger age groups. America's "war on poverty" has been particularly concerned with the plight of people aged 16 to 21. In five years' time, if present trends persist, a million and a half in this age range may be unemployed. Unemployment among men of 18 to 25 is already running at approximately twice the rate which obtains in the labor force as a whole.

In America and Westen Europe (notably, perhaps, in southern Italy) the young men who have had least education are most often unemployed. But that is not necessarily because they are "unemployable"; it may be because we use our educational systems as gigantic grading devices which, in times of labor abundance, automatically debar the least educated from serious consideration. In the developing countries of tropical Africa young people who have enjoyed a Western-style education are often the most difficult to absorb into the economy. With some 40 per cent of their people under the age of 15, the developing countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America recoil before a rising tide of youth. Accelerated programs of education on the Westen school model have made a difficult position highly dangerous. In Ghana the Workers' Brigade was established in 1957 as an emergency measure to mop up educated young men: to place them in a segregated, controlled situation on the margins of society. As an agricultural army they could be held under a discipline which reduced their danger to the social order.

Although adolescents are willfully and skillfully excluded from adult status at least partly because they are a threat to the security of the elders, their segregated and semi-autonomous status is elaborately justified in psychological and educational terms (which often bear a striking resemblance to the terms once used to justify the exclusion, subordination and inferiority of adult women). A special "psychology of adolescence" has been developed, and it helps to create what it describes.

Many vocations in the past have called for a long and difficult preparation in youth. The knight was unlikely to master the range of military, social and administrative skills required of him before the age of 21. What is relatively new is the notion that *all* the young must pass through a long period of dependency and social probation. However inappropriate or even grotesque, we have now assimilated all young people, whatever their social level or future employment, to the condition of knighthood.

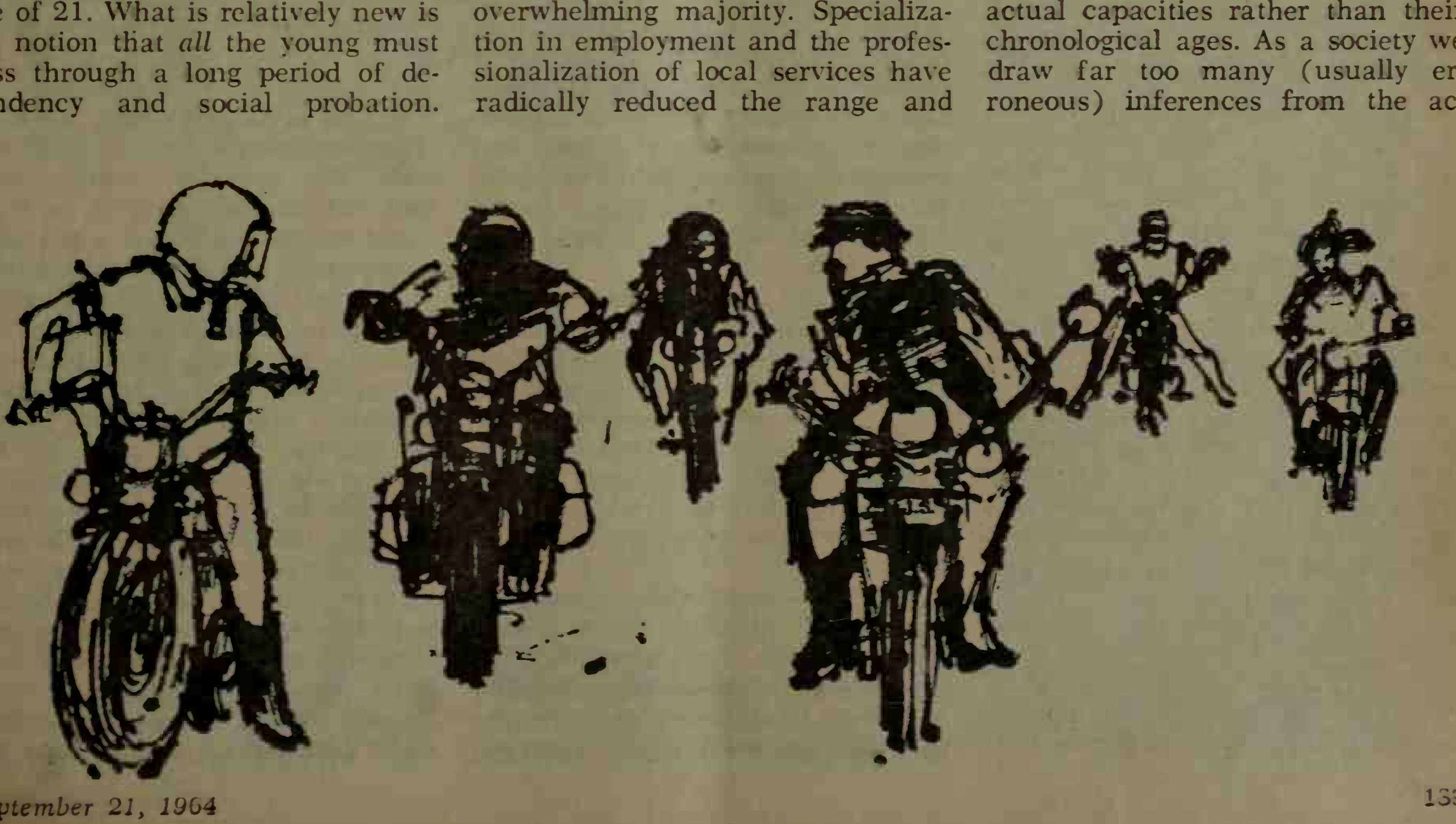
The adolescent is a Franco-American invention. Rousseau drew the original blueprint in the eighteenth century; Stanley Hall added the superstructure more than a century later. But even as he wrote, Hall was acutely aware that American adolescents were refusing to conform to the theoretical specifications, that they were far more adult than in theory they could be. For the past two centuries, whenever two or three adults—particularly of the middle classes—were gathered together, they have lamented the "precociousness" of the young, the discrepancy between the theory and the facts of adolescent behavior.

The young are older than we think. And as they become ever older (a girl today menstruates ten months before her mother did), we attempt to make them ever younger. We certainly succeed in making them more irresponsible. The advanced industrial nations have been remarkably successful in ignoring biology.

The second major justification of an ever more protracted period of dependency and social probation for all is the alleged "complexity of modern society." In fact, for all their technological advance and administrative sophistication, industrial societies are ever simpler for their average members, and that is the overwhelming majority. Specialization in employment and the professionalization of local services have radically reduced the range and complexity of skills required by the average citizen. As jurors, tax assessors, men-at-arms, experts in animal and child psychology and physiology, our forebears perhaps needed a longer preparation for adult status than they commonly enjoyed. Today the individual can survive not only adequately but well with a remarkable paucity of skills and knowledge. That is not to say that his level of competence over a wide range of activities could not be raised; but it is nonsense to claim that the complexity of the modern world makes this imperative. Complexity is a subterfuge—at best a rationalization—for keeping in prolonged dependence a great and rapidly growing army of modern youth.

We have created a largely unreal division between adolescents and adults; we have propounded solutions for "the problem of youth" which only exacerbate the problems they should solve. Two things above all are urgent—a more realistic, or simply a more accurate, "psychology of adolescence" which recognizes the real competence and maturity of most young people at 16, 17 and 18; and a generous reordering of our social institutions to recognize and reward their talents and abilities.

For the psychological health of individual adolescents, and for the greater social health of society, the young need to come into adult institutions as and when they are able, and on terms that accord with their actual capacities rather than their chronological ages. As a society we draw far too many (usually erroneous) inferences from the ac-



cumulation, or lack of accumulation, of years.

Extended higher education needs close scrutiny of its real purpose and effects. If it genuinely enhances the power of the young, it should be expanded; if it is really a device for prolonging their dependence and inducing immaturity, it should be scaled down. Too many of our educational and quasi-educational institutions are mechanisms for manufacturing adolescents where none naturally exist. And—to add disaster to disaster—academic success is thought to indicate promise in spheres where it is wholly irrelevant. An advanced education, in which success goes commonly to the somewhat neurotic and the more than somewhat introverted, should not be a prime requisite for a man whose subsequent career will involve solving the actual predicaments of real people, face to face, rather than handling ideas about people and formulas which embrace an abstracted aspect of a faceless multitude.

The young will cease to be a nuisance and a danger to their elders when they are no longer seen and treated as an outsider population, threatening and hostile. Their advance into the adult world should not be unnecessarily delayed. Many educational programs should be drastically pruned (although a minority of students destined for the learned professions and higher scientific work must endure an ever longer training. These are the future underprivileged—the men without the leisure which automation has brought to everyone else). The young should no longer be subjected to an extensive "protection" which is in fact an insult. More men in their 50s, 40s and even their 30s should be able to retire on adequate pensions to make way for young people to offer their best before they have grown too old, frustrated and dispirited to give it.

Postal Savings

America's Poorest Buy . . . .

Ralph Lee Smith

Few people can doubt the importance and magnitude of the problem that President Johnson's anti-poverty program is designed to meet. There is some question, however, as to whether the government has given much thought to the relation of certain existing programs and activities to the recently discovered problem of poverty. The Postal Savings System is a good example.

Congress created the Postal Savings System in 1910. It was a humane and progressive program, often overlooked in the catalogue of significant modern social legislation. The heart of the law was simply that local post offices would serve as savings depositories, *safe* savings depositories, backed and guaranteed by the government. It was not envisioned that Morgans and Vanderbilts would line up at the post-office window. One dollar would open an account, and the maximum allowed in any one account was $2,500. Interest was established at 2% per annum, a decent return on savings in 1910.

It was for the poor and the disadvantaged that the program was principally designed. The farmer who did not live near a bank could save at the rural post office. In the cities thousands of immigrants, not understanding the mysteries of commercial banks—or, perhaps, understanding them too well—feared to deposit money in them. The Postal Savings System, it was hoped, would bring these people's savings out of mattresses and books and get them into a safe savings system that would earn interest for the individuals and, at the same time, bring the hoarded money into circulation.

The program fulfilled and surpassed the greatest hopes of its creators. No Morgan or Vanderbilt is known to have opened an account. But sharecroppers in Alabama and sweatshop laborers in Brooklyn did. Literally millions of dollars came out of mattresses and books and were passed across the till at an institution that ordinary people trusted—the United States Post Office.

Although many people do not realize it, the Postal Savings System is still going strong. Two things about it have not changed since 1910. Most of the depositors are poor people—well within the criteria established for poverty by the President's advisers. And the interest is the same today as it was in 1910—2%.

Needless to say, these days a sophisticated investor won't touch Postal Savings. The interest is too low. He can get equivalent safety and twice the interest by depositing in a savings bank whose accounts are insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The customers of the Postal Savings System, to put it as gently as possible, are people who don't know any better. This means the undereducated, the disadvantaged, the poor. The very people that the system was designed to help—and did help—in 1910, are victimized by it in 1964.

The money involved is far from negligible, either for the individual investor or in its aggregate sum. The 1962 Annual Report (latest available) of Operations of the Postal Savings System gives the total number of depositors as 1,271,858. These people have, in their accounts, a total of $646 million. The average account, therefore, contains about $508, in many cases accumulated over a period of many years, a few dollars at a time.

The distribution of depositors and the amount of their deposits by states is revealing. Massachusetts, for example, has a population of 5,234,000 and a per capita income of $2,519. The number of Bay Staters who hold Postal Savings deposits is 13,969, and their deposits total $10,080,131. Alabama's population, 3,302,000, and its per capita income, $1,642, are both substantialy less than those of Massachusetts. But Alabama has many more Postal Savings depositors—18,170. Despite their superior numbers, their deposits add up to only $6,-

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Ralph Lee Smith is the author of several books, among them The Bargain Hucksters *(Crowell).*

514,413, much less than the Massachusetts total. Georgia shows a similar picture: with a population of 3,987,000 and a per capita income of $1,608, it has 17,437 Postal Savings depositors whose deposits total $7,890,227.

Florida, the state where many not very well-to-do people retire, has an immense number of small Postal Savings depositors. With a population of 5,222,000 and a per capita income of $1,988, Florida has no fewer than 99,738 depositors, whose holdings total only $19,771,122. California, with three times Florida's population and a per capita income of $2,741, has fewer depositors — 75,810 — whose holdings nevertheless easily surpass those of Florida—$32,137,575.

The point need hardly be labored. The uneducated and the poor have trustingly stuck with a system that has forgotten them, just as nearly everyone else has forgotten them. The natural history of reform has run its full cycle. The program that was launched with intelligence and zeal ends in archaism and neglect, pointlessly continuing through bureaucratic inertia, and finally exacerbating the problems it was intended to solve.

What does the U. S. Government do with the $646 million that more than a million Postal Savings depositors have put into its hands? The law provides that the government can lend it to commercial banks at a rate of interest not less than 2¼%. In the old days, when the 2% that the system paid to its depositors was a good rate of interest, banks weren't interested in borrowing money at a rate as high as 2¼%. They could get it more cheaply elsewhere. As a result, until recently, most of the system's money was sunk into government bonds.

What is the present picture? When it has any money to offer to commercial banks, the Postal Savings System requires a minimum interest of 3½%. Banks are now delighted to get the money at that rate and practically line up to receive it. But the Postal Savings System doesn't have much to lend them. Most of its assets are still in government bonds.

What do the government bonds pay? Figures from the daily report on government bonds in a current copy of *The New York Times* show various Treasury issues paying interest ranging from 3.08% to 4.17%. All right. The system continues to pay 2%, but gets at least 3% and sometimes more than 4% on the money. This is a far greater "spread" than was envisioned by the framers of the legislation who pegged the depositors' interest at 2% and specified a rate of 2¼% for lending the system's money to banks. Uncle Sam now takes the investor's hard-earned pennies, transfers them from one hand to another, and quietly pockets as much as half the interest gained in the process.

Let us suppose, now, that interest on Postal Savings was raised from 2% to 3%, an absolute minimum increase to bring the system even within shouting distance of the reality of our times. This would mean an immediate annual increase of $6,460,000 that Uncle Sam would be paying to Postal Savings depositors. An account with the maximum deposit of $2,500—and there are many thousands of such full accounts held by low-income people who have built them up over three or four decades—would receive additional interest of $25 per year. Even the average $508 account would pick up about $5 more a year—and anyone who thinks that $5 is "nothing" has never been in the income bracket of many Postal Savings depositors.

As part of its war against poverty the Administration might well undertake a full review of the impact on the poor of its existing programs and activities. It might also step up its programs of consumer and investor education for lower-income families. On both counts, Postal Savings is a good place to start.

POSTAL
SAVINGS.
BARNELL.

The Radical Innocent

Nelson Algren

Although *Time* magazine described Bruce Jay Friedman's *Stern* (Simon & Schuster, 1962) as a novel "in the tradition of the Jewish *schlemiel* story and the Charlie Chaplin movie," and its author as a Jewish protagonist, *Stern* was a satire too angry, a farce too anguished, ever to reach the American screen; Stern himself has precisely nothing to do with the legendary ghetto chump; and Friedman is not a Jewish protagonist.

In placing Friedman in the "The Whole World Looks Jewish When You're In Love" school of Norman Podhoretz and Gertrude Berg, *Time's* appraisers missed by a margin as wide as if they had identified LeRoi Jones with Uncle Remus. *Stern* is not about Jewishness; it is about un-Jewishness.

> *When the Seder began, Uncle Sweets would take long difficult passages to himself, which gave him an opportunity to hit high notes galore, but soon Uncle Mackie would break in with great clamor, doing a series of heroic-sounding but clashing chants that seemed to have been developed outdoors in Arizona. Uncle Sweets would stop and say to him, "What the hell do you know? You shit in your hat in Phoenix." And Uncle Mackie would fly at him, saying, "I'll kick your two-bit ass through the window.". . . And thus the curtain would come down on another religious holiday.*

The time when the East 10th Street kitchen was a sanctuary that returned, by evening, the dignity lost in the day's humiliations, is past: and all the greenery of suburbia cannot bring it back. Indeed, a task force of caterpillars ravage Stern's suburban greenery as if they had been sent, while his neighbors' gardens bloom unblighted. Who sends caterpillars?

In his own country, Stern lives in a far-off land. Of his ancestral heritage nothing remains but an ancient shame. Neither his wife nor his father nor a friend speak to him as though he were related to them. Masterless dogs arrest him.

> *On the second night of the estate-crossing, it was not quite so dark as it was to be later on, and Stern was able to see two thin, huge dogs vault a fence and make for him with a whistling sound. They skimmed through the night and came to an abrupt halt at his feet, their gums drawn back, teeth white, both high above his waist. One took Stern's wrist between his teeth and the two animals, hugging close to his side, walked with him between them, as though they were guards taking a man to prison. He tried not to perspire, having heard you showed your fear that way. They walked him until the dog released his wrist, which was soaking wet; then both turned and went back, trotting swiftly through the night.*

Friedman has nothing of the cleverness of Roth; he lacks Bellow's intellectualism altogether. Unlike Malamud, his people don't even have connections to a life of the past. Their severance is demonstrated by Stern's own hallucinatory progress. For he embodies not tradition but disorder, the disorder of the great city. And Stern's way marks the end of a time, for American multitudes, when each man belonged to the company of men. "Plunged in torment plunged in fire"—Friedman's sources, if he must be categorized, are nearer to those of Beckett than to his New York colleagues. His people were weak in the head when they came into the world. It is Stern who drags along at the end of Pozzo's rope. And when Stern enters the Grove Rest Home for the cure of an ulcer ("a hairy coarse-tufted little animal that squawked for nourishment) we are truly among those whose birth was astride a grave.

"A guy has to have freedom," a tall youth with flaring pimples assures Stern at Grove Rest, "the whole trouble with everything is there's always somebody stepping on your head when you're eating a bowl of kraut. You live, you live. You die, you die. Only thing I care about is old guys not pushing me around."

The difference between Friedman and Beckett is that while Beckett assigns a separate ash can to each of his characters, Friedman uses no props: his people simply live ash-can lives. Grove Rest itself is such a can, electrified and provided with cots, through which time alternates not between day and night but between Pill-and-Bandage Time and Milk-and-Cookie Time.

> *The darkness was dropping swiftly; off in the distance were the blinking lights of a building that seemed to be set off by itself, deliberately isolated. Crowd sounds were coming from it, as though from a bleachers group that had remained long after the ball game . . . on the top step the half-man was waiting for him, a bandage around his neck. As Stern approached, he flung open his bathrobe and said, "Look what they did to me."*

Stern has nothing to do with *The Rise of David Levinsky* and everything to do with the fall of Jack Ruby. His history puts the reader between Dostoevsky and Goldwater: between the Underground Man's warning that "We don't even know what living is now" and a summons "to come to the defense of Western Civilisation, that noblest creation of the mind and heart of man."

The devastation of human values, adumbrated by Dostoevsky, is embodied at Grove Rest. When it's Pill-and-Bandage Time among the Porch People, we realize what the mind and heart of man has created. And this is accomplished in a comedy of such depth, in a farce of such savagery, that dramatization of Grove Rest would require the services of Bert Lahr and Dorothy Loudon. Yet Friedman employs the findings of modern analysis without making the reader feel he is in Group Therapy.

The satire is sustained in Friedman's second volume, *Far from the City of Class* (Faronner-Posmentier, 1963). In one of these stories, "A Foot in the Door," the author has adapted the Faustian legend to the burlesque stage, in a take-off of the values that propel The Young Man on the Way Up. Here the ambitious *petit-bourgeois*, Gordon, is seduced by his insurance man, Merz, into giving up his hair in return for Merz's word that Gordon's rival, in a race for office promotion, will be put out of the running. Gordon's hair falls out within a month, and the rival is shipped to Dubuque. As Gordon's gains in money and prestige increase, his emotional life is diminished until he has no love left in his life. Here Friedman has put the Biblical wisdom, that he who gains

---

Nelson Algren is presently writing a study of Hemingway to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

his life must lose it, into fresh phrasing: "Beware of what you ask for—you may get it."

The same sense of loss, and of longing to belong, invests his current novel, *A Mother's Kisses* (Simon & Schuster). "Wait till you have to say hello to life," the 17-year-old Joseph's mother warns him, "have you got surprises coming. Take a look over your shoulder and see what's really coming."

Meg herself provides most of the surprises; and Joseph's greatest hope is to look over her shoulder and not see *her* coming. When she gets him accepted as a freshman at something called Kansas Land U., the boy thinks he's going to get away from her. But Meg puts colleges in the same category as sold-out musicals and jammed restaurants. She had gotten him into hit shows by having the management set up a kitchen chair in the aisle. She had broken lines waiting at restaurants by saying to the headwaiter, "I've got a hungry kid. Do you think you could do a little something, doll?" And, magically, a table would appear and Joseph would have to eat under the indignant view of standees. Now, when she starts packing perfumes into a valise, he asks, "Why are you packing? You're not going anywhere."

> *"I knew you'd start. If you make a fuss I'll kill you."*
>
> *"But I don't want to go out there with a mother—I don't even know if you're allowed to have one out there."*

Once arrived on campus and not another mother in sight, Joseph reminds her: "You said the place would be packed with mothers."

> *"Don't you think these kids would give their eyeteeth to have their mothers with them?"*

Meg demands to know.

> *"I have to register tomorrow and school starts the next day. When are you going to leave?"*
>
> *"I just want to get you set. I can't leave knowing you're in an excited condition like this."*

She can't leave him at all. And the boy himself lacks the strength to cut the cord. Under his need to gain his manhood runs a current of fear of living without Meg near. Friedman's craft is in provoking laughter at the same time that the air grows murderous. Meg is simply a mother of such personal force that she is an affliction.

In his desperation to rid himself of her hold, Joseph reminds her of the uses to which she put him as a child. He brings up all the times she had snatched him from deep midnight sleeps to sing *Prisoner of Love* for living room company.

"Who were those people that they were so important?" he wants to know now. "How do you think I felt singing at those hours, a little boy?"

And of how, the winter he had had chicken pox, she had whisked him along on her St. Petersburg vacation, hiding him in lower berths and telling conductors all he had was hives.

"I'll kill myself," is Meg's answer to that now, "and the son of a bitch remembered. Who knew it would develop such a mouth?"

"Was that guy downstairs up here tonight?" he finally presses her. "Did he get you on the bed and get your boobs out?"

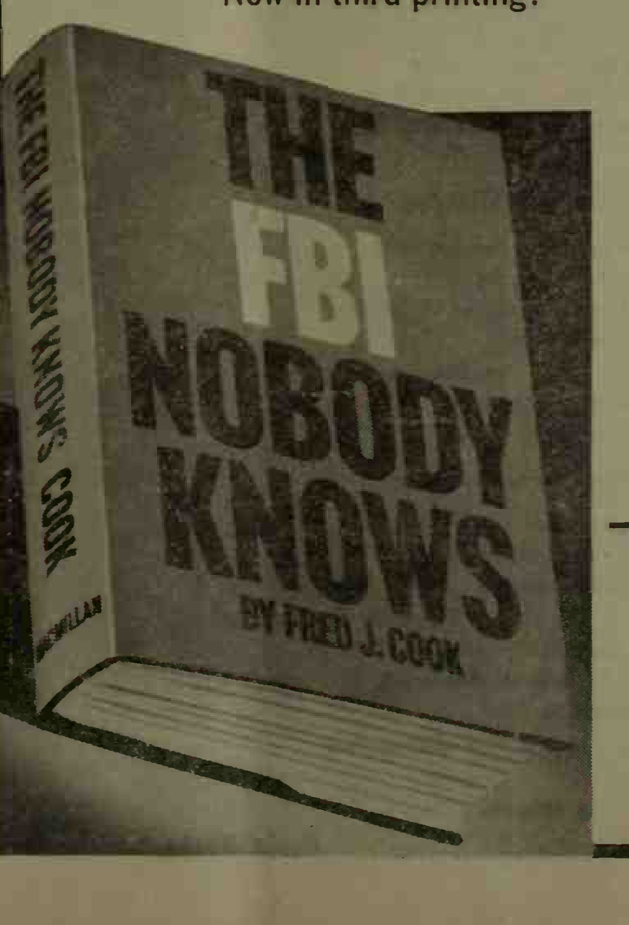
"All right, now,"— Meg's patience is exhausted—"I let you recite, you had fun, now come over here fast, because if I don't get a kiss I'll tear your face off from your cuteness. Get down here with your lips or there'll be all-out war."

Yet, when he finally gets her on a train, he weakens and says, "Stay another few days"— then kisses her hair and walks back to the platform.

> . . . *when the train began to move he trotted alongside it until he came to the end of the platform. Stopping there, he began to holler things at his mother, first softly, then at the top of his lungs, anything he wanted to: "What was the rush?" and "You're not great at all. I never enjoyed one second with you" . . . and kept on until the shriek of the engine no longer covered his words.*

What makes Friedman more interesting than most of Malamud, Roth and Bellow is the sense he affords of possibilitites larger than the doings and undoings of the Jewish urban bourgeois, which, after all, comprises but an infinitesimal aspect of American life. What makes him more important is that he writes out of the viscera instead of the cerebrum. What makes him more dangerous is that while they distribute prose designed by careful planning for careful living, Friedman really doesn't know what he's doing. "I can remember being inside Mommy," Stern's infant son tells him, "I knew about the Three Stooges in there."

Bruce Jay Friedman is that rarity, a compulsive writer whose innocence makes his flaws of greater value, ultimately, than the perfections of skilled mechanics.



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A Difficult Birth

THE LONG WALK HOME. By Leonard Kriegel. Appleton-Century. 213 pp. $4.50.

Mel Rosenthal

Baldwin told us that we are all Negroes, Malamud that we are Jews. Kriegel's book about the mutilation he suffered from polio offers another metaphor for our condition: "What I discovered was that each mind held its own personal virus, as vicious and intemperate as the carrier of my polio." The metaphoric significance is earned, yet the power of this book stands by itself, in the brutal account it presents of a sensitive human being's battle against self-hate and self-pity. Kriegel takes us with him on his long walk back to humanity, the long march toward creating a self. In the process, he proves that he is an extremely talented writer. His style and the quality of his introspection make this book a literary experience, one that transcends the usual reminiscences of sickness and survival. The particular way in which Kriegel mythifies himself and his experience places him in the center of a recent American artistic tradition.

The walk begins at a hospital he calls "The Rock," the New York State Reconstruction Home outside of West Point. He entered the Rock at the age of 11, with his legs dead and frozen into a 45-degree angle, a victim of a dread disease beyond his understanding. He was, too, a victim of the fear and guilt that is inculcated in an afflicted child by parents who see misfortune as punishment for unrecognized, unremembered sins. His proud impoverished Jewish parents too easily recognized the traditional visitation of punishment for the sins of the fathers, but were unable to atone for their sins either to their young son or their God. The ambivalence of their attitude could not help but establish in the mind of a bewildered boy a connection between his disease and a failure in the sight of a God who was too stern to love and too ambiguous to hate.

A hint of psychic recovery came with the mobility a wheel chair gave him. The first day in the chair he went out of the hospital onto the road.

> *A squirrel ran across the road and I stopped, amazed at the clean rush of life. And, as suddenly as the final slant of sun on a winter afternoon, I knew that I was free and alive and I loved myself once again.*

Wheels also offered a taste of that special liberation which comes from the exercise of power. Kriegel organized a cavalry charge of ten boys in wheel chairs into a nearby town. Sneaking out of the hospital at dusk, they wheeled a mile or so, coming at last to the top of a hill and dividing into two rows of five:

> *We lined the chairs up, making sure that there was enough room between each one. Then I wheeled to the front of my wave. Just before I raised my hand in the air to signal the charge, I noticed that the front yards of the houses facing the road contained chickens and I dropped my hand, hearing Willie's rather hoarse imitation of a bugle as I began down the hill.*
>
> *Bent low in the chair, my hands loosely fingering the wheel rims, I felt as if I were falling into something deep. And I wanted so much to fall because falling struck me then as the most beautiful of all possibilities. The wind seemed to fold against my body, as if space were opening for me alone. As I went rapidly past one of the houses, I caught a glimpse of an old woman standing on the porch, her face vapid with terror and disbelief. When I hit the bottom of the hill, I took the turn fast and clean, spinning rapidly around to come to a sudden halt after I had gone around twenty feet into the street. Then I saw Willie take the turn, leaning over to his left, just enough to tilt the chair slightly and take it on two wheels. I envied Willie his style, but I was much too happy with myself to feel that for more than a second.*

Townspeople, the awed Enemy, stood in suspicious huddles across the street. Disdainfully, he led his

---

After a Tale from Hoffman

:a last look where you are sleeping

surely sleeping and such a stern
unspeaking mouth
a mouth of shell
a cave of syllable made heart
a voice speaking low
in rooms of night
surely sleeping in
your image of singular creatures,
ourselves, silhouettes navigating
balconies, describing the surface of
craters, dangling a musical nothing
in a glass

:there where you are sleeping

sleeping beloved inside the burned
opal walls, there where we saw
the sacred wedding, suspended before
a reverent congregation
smiling as sorrow-
lines became notation merely
drawn from outmoded times

:there where you are sleeping

with your opaque eyes as if drugged
beneath the discs of windows
too high from the ground
beneath the fringe
of leaves like eyelids
hiding what I do not understand,
where all is facsimile
a lost dimension
a place
of waiting stones.

Paula Hocks

We've been running "pieces of the action" like these in issues of The Nation.

"Mop Tops"

"Beatlemania has been pegged, by the sociologically inclined, as a protest against the adult world, but the grownups have it backward: the Beatle appeal is positive, not negative. They give kids a chance to let off steam and adults a chance to let off disapproval."

From a recent Newsweek Music column.

"...a therapeutic rape..."

"This part of the entertainment is bathed in a slurping sentimentality which gives way to outlandish violence when the nurse counterattacks. In fast order, one of her victimized patients cuts his throat, ol' Mac tries to treat her to a therapeutic rape, is condemned to a prefrontal lobotomy, then smothered to death by a friend to save him from a vegetable existence. Only the audience is worse served."

From a recent Newsweek Theater column.

"Play it Cool"

"Throughout his five years in office, de Gaulle has ruled like a benevolent despot. He is the twentieth century's greatest, and perhaps only true, disciple of Machiavelli—telling one thing to one visitor, the opposite to another, and playing the first off against the second."

From a recent Newsweek story.

"The Good Non-Life"

"For breakfast he has non-caffeine coffee, meatless sausage, and the day's first nicotine-free cigarette. At the office he sits behind a non-working desk—a drawerless, paper-free form intended to look like a coffee table. At home his wife has her wig, her false eyelashes, and her suntan from a bottle. His children are in school echoing the latest homilies of the teacherless teaching machine. After class his daughter practices the current non-dance, an over-all tremor requiring no movement of the feet. This is today's surrogate world, where a man can have his cake substitute (made without butter) and eat it too."

From a recent Newsweek column.

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men to a candy store to claim the spoils of war. Negotiating with the owner (who was afraid to let them in because they had "germs") Kriegel "decided to appeal to his 'We're just a group of poor unfortunates' side." With the help of the police, they got their candy, and Kriegel began to evaluate himself on the basis of new-found abilities, including an ambiguous talent for manipulation.

"At the Rock I matched myself with my fate and met the time of my trial." But at the New York State Reconstruction Home, to be crippled was to be normal. When he left, he had to use crutches if he was to move around. All they provided for his soft fat body was pain and a sense of shame. The real test was beginning. He put it off, hiding his hate and guilt in his room in the Bronx, where in the recesses of his mind he built up a network of myths and dreams as a bulwark against experience. The bulwark crumbled one day with the meeting of a Spaulding and a broomstick. Watching his brother play stickball, the brutal fact came home: ". . . the myths dropped away forever, to die permanently in a sudden burst of anguish and despair. *Because I was a cripple.* Not a ball player, not a hero, not a lover, not even an adolescent. But a cripple. Nothing but a cripple. . . . I began to shiver, my body seized by a paroxysm of self-pity." The self-pity turned to hate and a hard, dry rage. The world that he thought had forced him to live in myth and guilt became the enemy, a giant nebulous "*they*" that could only be beaten with muscle and will. So he began to exercise hour after hour, building the upper half of his body into an instrument of revenge. But that instrument became instead another means toward selfhood.

"All I wanted was to act, to feel *my* body, *my* arms, responding to the demands I made. . . . I had to protect the growing self within me, to nurture the awakening power of my body, to break through all the old possibilities my imagination had offered into the promise of real selfhood. To be! That was it. I had to be." What? The crippled hero! He began to read Hemingway and his bible was *The Sun Also Rises*. He, too, was broken but good, virile in his impotence, loyal only to a meretricious myth of self, aloof and alone in a corrupt world. Just as it did for a generation before him, the Hemingway hero provided Kriegel with a viable life style. It led to living a lie. "It . . . denied me the right or ability to love. . . . For the world as enemy is an even greater lie than the world as lover."

Harriet, his wife, crippled the myth of his cripple forever by forcing him "to admit to the reality of feeling, feeling that had nothing to do with being crippled or walking on crutches, feeling that went far beyond the self-consciously stoic 'screw it' that I paraded for my peers and myself." Perhaps this is where the book becomes weakest; the material might have lent itself more effectively to the techniques of fiction. The book ends with Kriegel in his senior year at college, the hate gone, standing on the verge of an existence he had won. "At the cost of legs," he tells us, "I had won a self" and a style that is in many ways the mirror of a generation.

The New Money

Metapontum
coin
with the blade
of barley
in thanks
to that prosperity
which is its own
power
of exchange

Nearby
on a weighed-down
leaf
a mouse is
looking at it.

Robert Kelly

If Hemingway's fiction was a paradigm for the lost generation, Kriegel is characteristic of a new generation that takes its wounds seriously, with no glamour and little pride. The prose is tough and muscular, but it is also heavily dependent on metaphor: each experience must be carefully analyzed, and its implications carefully considered, before it is recorded in the diary of self. Each object, its color and texture, is put in a moral order. "For yellow was the color of the sky of late-summer twilights and the color of the bone chips they took from the osteoed right hip of Burp Burp." Everything that reflects or can be made to reflect self is morally significant, and the final value of an object or an experience depends on whether or not it nourishes self.

To be isolated is to atrophy. Like Henderson and Cass Kinsolving, his spiritual prototypes in recent Amerimam fiction, Leonard Kriegel makes it home alone. But the hard-won sense of self must be fused with a sense of community. How this can be done, given the nature of modern society, is the question of our time. Mr. Kriegel does not answer the question, but then neither has Bellow or Styron.

Mel Rosenthal is a free-lance writer currently working on a study of liberal magazines since the thirties.

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A Critic's Credo (II)

Harold Clurman

Recently I was introduced to a gentleman as a person about to stage a new play. "What do you think of it?" I was asked. "It's a good play," I answered. "Ah, I notice you are careful not to say it's *great*," he remarked.

I then explained that in the history of the theatre from Aeschylus to Axelrod there were probably less than a hundred plays I would call indisputably great. Not all of Euripides, Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen or Chekhov is great. Shaw, Pirandello, O'Neill, Brecht, Beckett, Genet are important but I hesitate to call them great.

The use of the designation, needless to say, depends on one's frame of reference. If one believes a play may retain its efficacy for, let us say, fifty years, one may reasonably call it great—though that is not the yardstick by which I measure. In contemporary American theatre criticism the word has come to signify gushing enthusiasm, as similarly indicated by such a phrase as "the best play of several seasons." With us, the superlative is largely an implement of first aid to the box office.

Our theatre and its status among us are in such a sorry plight that when a reviewer labels a play "good" or "interesting," we take it to mean mediocre—hardly worth the expense of seeing it. Only a "money notice" is considered a favorable review—something having at least the force of a full-page newspaper ad. Criticism in such an atmosphere is perilously difficult. Theatre managers who complain about the reviewers do not want criticism; they want praise verging on hysterics. This generally holds true for playwrights and actors as well.

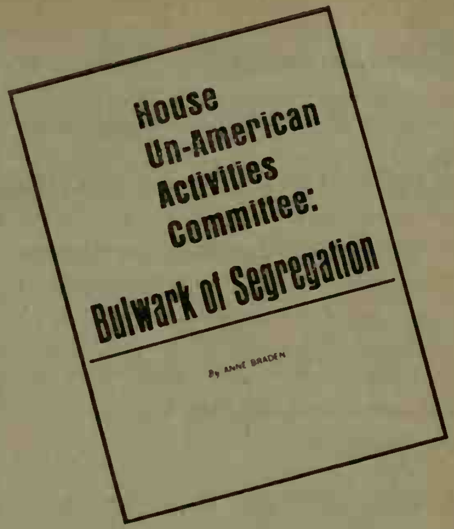
The reaction on the part of some critics to this journalistic inflation is to reverse the process: to preserve their critical chastity they assume an attitude of absolute severity. They will have nothing but the "best"; they insist on "the highest standards." One cannot be too extreme, they feel, in defense of Excellence.

Such a posture strikes me as no less false than the promiscuity of those addicted to raving about any presentation that can decently be commended at all. For while some absolute standard must be latent in the critic's mind if he is to give any play its proper place, it is not at all necessary or desirable to judge every new play on the basis of that ideal. There is even something inimical to art in such a practice.

"Masterpieces," says Auden, "should be kept for High Holidays of the Spirit." That is certainly not to deny that we need organizations to keep masterpieces perennially in view. But what we must demand above all in plays is that they *speak* to us, stir us in ways which most intimately and powerfully stir our senses and our souls, penetrate to the core what is most truly alive in us. To do so plays do not have to have the stamp of universality on them, of impeccable inspiration, or signs of top-flight genius. They have to be the consistent and persuasive expression of genuine perception, individual in origin, social in application. If Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Molière are prototypes of dramatic greatness, it must be evident that many second, third, fourth and fifth-rate plays may also fulfill the function of usable art.

It is no special feat to determine greatness retrospectively. The critic who implies that nothing less than the absolutely first-rate will do is usually more pedant than artist. Immortality awards are best conferred by our descendants. "A 'high standard,'" said Henry James, "is an excellent thing, but we fancy it sometimes takes away more than it gives." We live more fully on what we create now than on what was created for us in the past. That is as true for audiences as for the makers and doers.

Since we are speaking of the total phenomenon of the theatre, rather than of drama alone, we must remind ourselves that masterpieces badly produced or produced at the wrong time and place cease to occupy their exalted position; in fact they no longer serve the purposes of art. Under the proper circumstances, on the stage and in the auditorium, plays of more modest literary pretensions may excel them. I am often given to understand that Sophocles was a greater dramatist than O'Neill. I need no such instruction. It is none the less true that most productions of Sophocles (and of other Greek masters) have struck me as singularly empty, while certain O'Neill staged plays have impressed me deeply. To make this crushingly clear, on a recent radio program I informed the manager who sponsored both the 1964 Broadway *Hamlet* and *Beyond*



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the Fringe that I believed the latter contained the greater artistic value.

We have also learned that some dramatists of unquestioned stature—Goethe, Kleist, Racine, Strindberg—do not have the same impact in one country as in another, or make the impression they presumably should, even upon their own people at all times.

Talent of every kind, even small talent, must always be credited. That is particularly so of talent close to us in time and place. I do not suggest that we follow Herman Melville's injunction: "Let America first praise mediocrity in her children before she praises . . . the best excellence in children of other lands." I submit, however, that a sense of the present and of presence are factors which it is unwise to overlook or underestimate. But the critical faculty does not consist only in recognizing talent; there must be also an ability to evaluate it. The American theatre is richly supplied (I almost said lousy) with talent, but too often talent not worthy enough or put to the best uses.

This raises an aspect of theatre criticism in which we are decidedly at fault. Our praise is usually the response to an effect, a register of stimulation. We applaud the person who produces the effect in an acclaim which ranges from a compliment to cleverness to the proclamation of genius. But what counts in talent is its specific gravity, its meaning, how and in what way it affects us, the human nourishment it offers us. Cyanide of potassium is tremendously effective, but it is not food.

Everything—even the damnable—must be expressed in the theatre. I cannot hold anything to be true unless tested by its opposite. I need Beckett's negations if for no other reason than that they fortify me in my affirmations. I need Genet's "decadence" to sustain my health. I embrace the madness in certain modern dramatists to find my balance. To be sure, there is authentic "far out" writing and there is its fashionable simulacrum; it is the critic's task to distinguish between them. He must sift the stuff which composes each particular talent, assess its value for and in itself, and in relation to himself as a person representative of a certain public. "Entertainment," "good theatre," "beauty" are not enough. We must know what these virtues actually do, how they work. The critic's main job, I repeat, is not to speak of his likes or dislikes as pleasure or distaste alone, but to define as exactly as possible the nature of what he examines. It were best to do this without the use of tags intended for quotes to be read on the run.

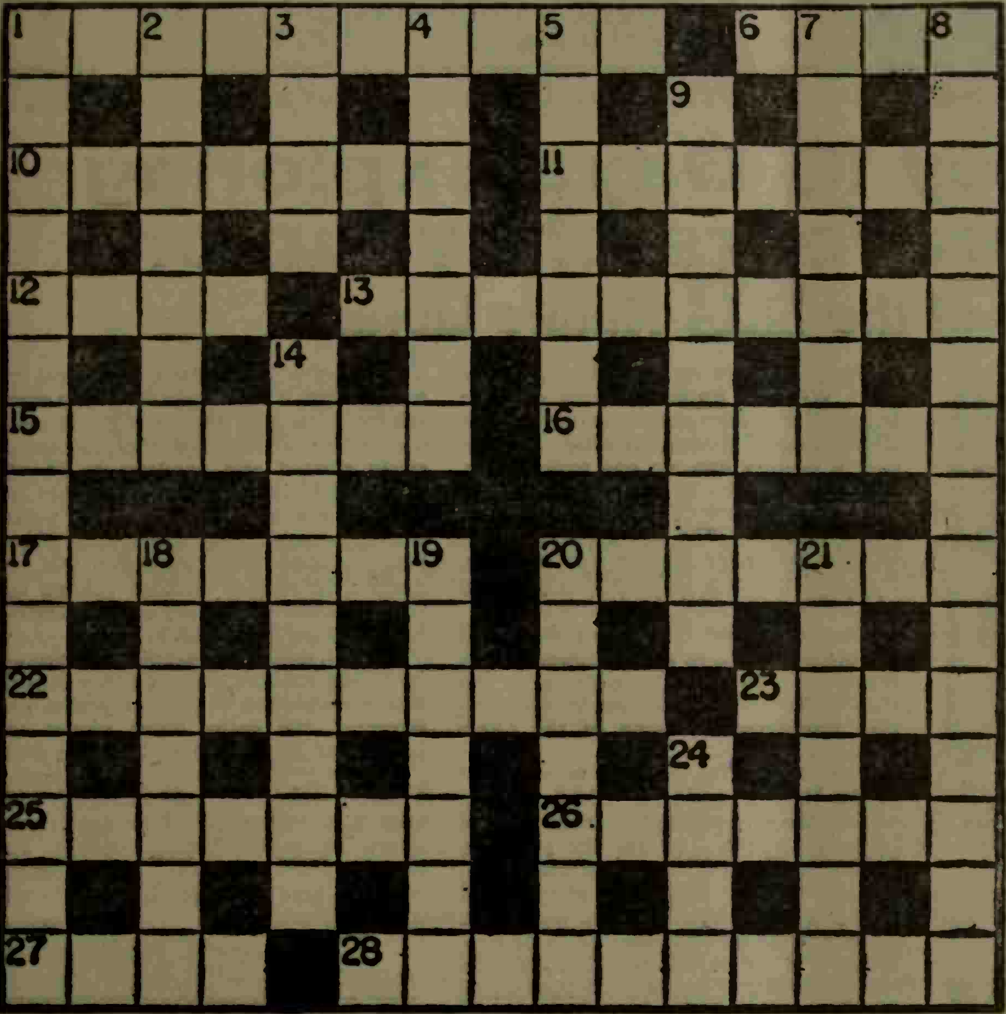
What I have said about the judgment of texts applies equally to acting and to those other ingredients which go into the making of a play in the theatre. ("To see sad sights," Shakespeare tells us, "moves more than to hear them told / For the eye interprets to the ear. . . .") Most criticism nowadays is even more meager in regard to acting, direction and design than in evaluation of the texts themselves. Merit in acting is weighed chiefly by the degree of personal appeal it exercises. The actor is rarely judged for his relevance to the play as a whole since the play's meaning to begin with is frequently unspecified. To speak to the point about acting, the critic must judge the texture and composition of the role as the player shapes it through his natural endowment and through the authority of his craft.

Perhaps critics should not be held to too-strict account for neglect or oversight in the matter of acting, direction, etc., since most acting and direction on our stage today, for reasons we must refrain from entering into in the present context, is rarely better than competent. In such cases a consideration "in depth" becomes supererogatory when it is not pretentious. Still, even with actors as eminent as Laurence Olivier, Alfred Lunt, Paul Scofield, Jean-Louis Barrault, or with directors as accomplished as Tyrone Guthrie, Peter Brook, Orson Welles, what our critics have to say usually comes down to little more than catch phrases, a bleat of unreserved enthusiasm or regretted disapproval. In this connection I must cite a fact first called to my attention by Jacques Copeau, the actor-director who strongly influenced Louis Jouvet, Charles Dullin and a whole generation of European theatre folk from 1913 to 1941: there have been fewer *great* actors in the history of the theatre than great dramatists.

The new season begins; and no doubt I shall often make hash in my columns of many of my own prescriptions. In extenuation I can only urge that while I am not sure I agree with an admirable literary critic I heard lecture many years ago in Paris who said, "The artist has every right; a critic only obligations," I always bear it in mind.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1072

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Certainly not the main way that some people travel. (4, 6)
6 Business is obviously sound at this time. (4)
10 Hold a pistol on Mr. Eliot? The game started from such places, perhaps. (7)
11 How to prevent rust? It might have made money for someone. (3, 4)
12 The number of sides on a diamond? (4)
13 An uncertain income isn't right for one who knows all about everything. (10)
15 How automobile men got started? Their holdings are usually framed.
16 and 19 down Assume authority? (4, 3, 7)
17 What one sometimes does with iron ingot without having to, on return. (7)
20 Chief product of the sea, cool but not unruffled. (7)
22 One certainly wouldn't speak for faulty record tape. (10)
23 So-called generation of disturbed 24. (4)
25 In part, one might be too expansive to do so. (7)
26 He calls possibly for a coat to put on. (7)
27 Does wrong, but may be taken to improve one. (4)
28 It might be bobbed occasionally, but shouldn't be the one originally connected with sin. (5, 5)

DOWN:

1 It offers little time, Junior, to take cover! (Only adults can enter it.) (6, 9)
2 A person who might have a good jack-knife about in one might find you well. (7)
3 The kind to arrange? (4)
4 One who looks up and around to put two and two together? One goes on so! (7)
5 One is likely to be very self-conscious. (7)
7 Favorite subject of 5. (7)
8 Not an army hanger-on—he's more diplomatic. (8, 7)
9 Register a complaint, perhaps—it should be worth a few points. (5, 4)
14 Gilbert implied he had a lot that made him unhappy. (9)
18 There's little work to what one has to do to the 17, to hold down the answer. (7)
20 Animal ring I can put on, as Caesar saw it. (7)
21 What clapboard does in place of the napkin. (7)
24 Wager a star might make. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1071

ACROSS: 1 Cross sections; 10 Incas; 11 Past tense; 12 Sinecures; 13 and 24 Watertight; 14 Green peppers; 19 Disaster area; 22 Thong; 24 Take after; 25 Onslaught; 26 Omens; 27 Adventuresome. DOWN: 2 Racine; 3 Sashcords; 4 Supersede; 5 Casts; 6 In tow; 7 Nineteen; 8 and 17 down First edition; 9 Bearish; 15 Prankster; 16 Predators; 18 Espoused; 20 Stream; 21 Press; 23 Grave.

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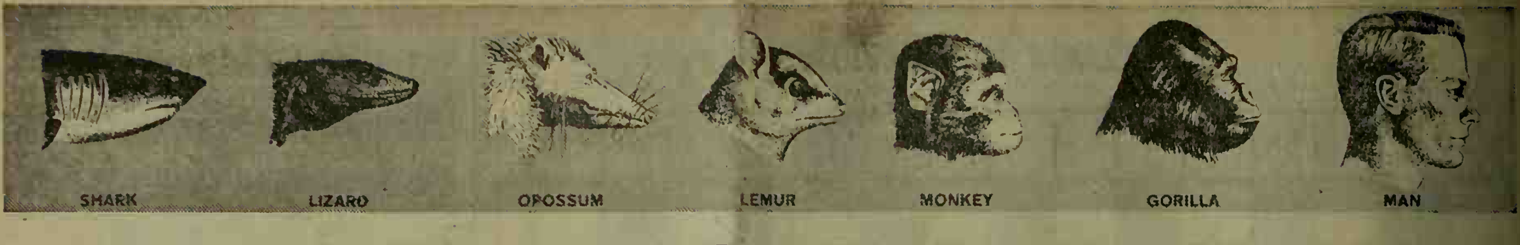

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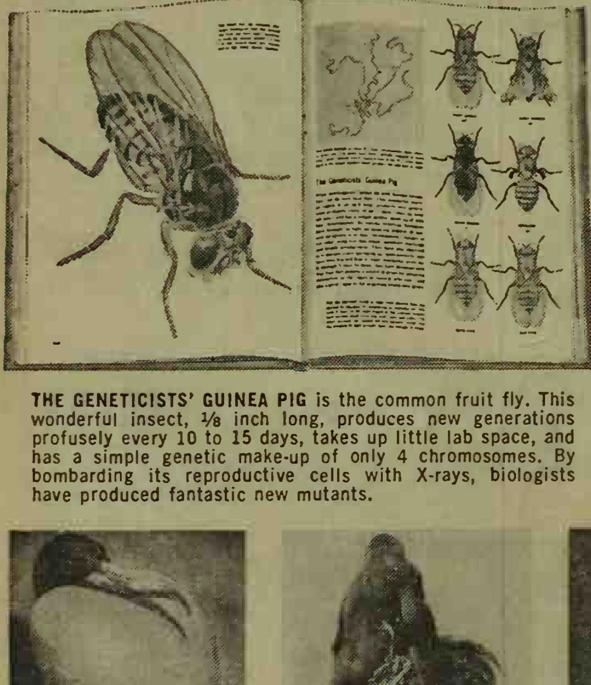

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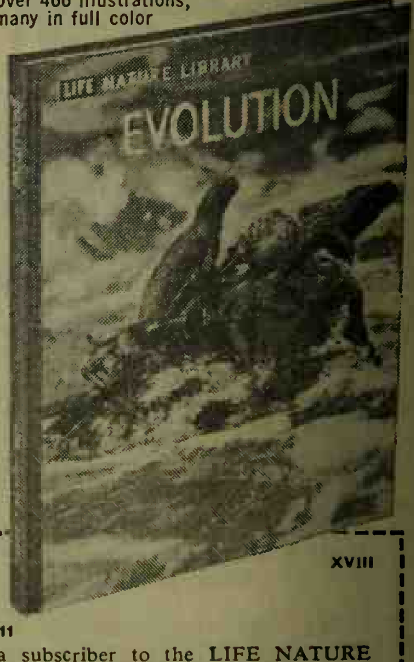
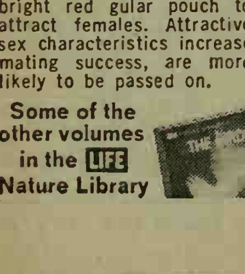
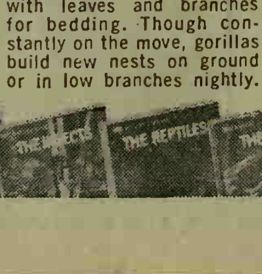




MALE FRIGATE BIRD displays bright red gular pouch to attract females. Attractive sex characteristics increase mating success, are more likely to be passed on.



OFF TO BED goes the gorilla with leaves and branches for bedding. Though constantly on the move, gorillas build new nests on ground or in low branches nightly.

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Stanley Meisler

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3 Reviews

'The Real Voice': Elinor Langer

Hayden Carruth on **Roethke**

Tawney's England: Norman Fruchter

LETTERS

New York voters

New York City

Dear Sirs: I find it difficult to comprehend the rationale behind your unseemly haste in supporting Senator Keating's bid for re-election ("Keating for Senator," Sept. 14). . . .

Your chief complaint against Kennedy is your fear that he seeks to use the Senate seat "to further his grandiose ambitions." Surely it is no novelty on the political scene for a Senatorial candidate to have higher ambitions, and do we have the right to prejudge Kennedy by assuming that his ambitions will prevent him from serving the people of New York?

Senator Keating is certainly entitled to respect for refusing to ally himself with Goldwater, but a mere disavowal doesn't entitle him to re-election. . . . Let me hasten to add that I am prepared to vote for either candidate for they are both able men. I would prefer, however, to choose between them not on the basis of personality or speculative motives, but rather on their position on such crucial issues as Cuba, Southeast Asia, strengthening the UN and the cold war generally. In the hope that they may yet accommodate me, I must accordingly reserve my decision.

Hyman Weber

New York City

Dear Sirs: I agree heartily with your support of Senator Keating. During and after the Republican Convention Senator Keating has been adamant in his stand against Goldwaterism. If Johnson carries the state and Keating is re-elected this would be the greatest repudiation of the frightful course that the Republican Party is now embarked on.

Henry H. Abrams

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your reason for approving Keating rather than Kennedy, that the latter is seeking the Senate seat to promote his own welfare rather than that of the people, is not an important distinction. Most people run for office to benefit themselves, directly or indirectly. More basic is the question of the candidate's fitness for the office and the stand taken by a candidate on issues of importance.

On the question of fitness, I refer you to your editorial of Sept. 7 in which you indicated that Kennedy, as Attorney General issued press releases designed to prejudice the trials of Hoffa and enlisted *Life* and perhaps *Look* for the publication of stories having the same purpose. An Attorney General of the United States with so little regard for the constitutional rights of a defendant is hardly the man who should be selected to make our laws. . . . Perhaps a little aging outside of government office will breed in Mr. Kennedy more humility and respect for the rights of the individual vis-à-vis the government.

Samuel B. Waterman

Where was Kennedy?

Lakeville, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I have just read Jerry DeMuth's "Freedom Moves In To Stay" (*The Nation*, Sept. 14). With every paragraph, my mind wandered to this question: "Where was the Department of Justice?" It was my understanding that Robert Kennedy was not going to rest until each and every case of violation of the recent Supreme Court ruling was investigated and prosecuted. . . .

This article is stand-up reporting. May I say as a new subscriber that I am thoroughly enjoying reading independent thinking for a change.

Mrs. Luke Leonard

Thanks to Clurman

Laconia, N.H.

Dear Sirs: Hosannas to Harold Clurman for his "A Critic's Credo" (*The Nation*, Sept 14). Myself a critic of theatre, motion pictures and books—especially books—I have tried since I reached my doubtful maturity to "be kind" as Clurman puts it and have often been accused of being cowardly. Clurman gives me a heavy cudgel with which to smite my detractors.

Cowardly indeed! Is it cowardly to respect the bleeding of the honest artist provided the blood is real and not catsup?

And the Clurman phrase, "meat or candy." Marvelous.

I would add a little to the Clurman credo. . . . Not original with me but with Goethe via *The New Humanists*. Paraphrased: (1) What was the author and/or artist attempting? (2) Did he/they succeed? (3) Was it worth doing in the first place? Sometimes the answers are no to numbers 2 and 3, sometimes yes to one, no to the other. In all cases the effort, even unsuccessful, may be more worthwhile than if the answers are both yes. Failure by one artist is often the forerunner of a successor's success; failure can be amusing, fun, "candy. . . ." *Alfred D. Rosenblatt*

CORRECTION

Our editorial, "Trial by Press Release" (Sept. 7), mentions certain press releases placed by Senator Wayne Morse in the *Congressional Record*. The page and issue references were incorrect: Senator Morse's material appeared in the *Record* for June 27, pp. 11245 *et seq.*

THE
NATION

Monday, September 28, 1964
Volume 199, No. 8

In this issue

EDITORIALS
149

ARTICLES
151 Utility Stock Options: Executive "Incentive" v. Public Interest
Lee Metcalf
154 The British Elections
Raymond Williams
157 The Olympics: Myth of the Amateur
David Cort
159 Lie Detectors: Trial by Gadget
Stanley Meisler
163 Poverty's Second Generation
Fred W. Lindecke

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
166 Crusade and After
Elinor Langer
168 Requiem for God's Gardener
Hayden Carruth
169 Echoes of An Evolutionary
Norman Fruchter
171 Letter from Prague
Robert Littell
172 A Feast of Astonishments
Faubion Bowers
174 The Sky is Blue (poem)
David Ignatow
174 Figures of the Human (poem)
David Ignatow
175 Films
Robert Hatch
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 176)
Frank W. Lewis

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The Nation, Sept. 28, 1964. Vol. 199, No. 8

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EDITORIALS

Breakthrough in Dixie

The important news of this year's back-to-school ritual is not the misguided school boycott in New York but the relative ease with which token integration has taken place at several points in the South. Negro children trooped to school in Prince Edward County, Virginia—one of the notorious pockets of resistance. Negro children were also enrolled in non-segregated schools in Gadsden, Montgomery, Biloxi, Jackson and other communities, including two Negro students at the University of Mississippi. A Negro girl entered the previously all-white school in Carthage, in rural Leake County, former Governor Ross Barnett's boyhood home. In none of these and other instances that might be cited was any physical resistance offered. In Montgomery, Governor Wallace said not a word; "never" has suddenly become "not all at once." Yet as late as midsummer there were no intimations that any tactical change was in the offing. While it would be a mistake to conclude that Southern resistance has ceased—it has not—it would also be a mistake to dimiss these breakthroughs as trivial. In the view of Constance Baker Motley of the NAACP's Legal Defense Fund this is "the turning point for the Deep South."

A brief retrospect points up the significance of what has happened. When *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was decided in May, 1954, the initial reaction in the South, as *The Nation* reported, was much more favorable than might have been anticipated, but the court delayed the desegregation process for a year and when it finally began it proceeded very slowly. Early in 1956 the Dixiecrats saw a chance to turn the initial reaction to the first demonstrations—the Montgomery bus boycott began on December 1, 1955—to their personal political advantage and also to block civil rights planks and proposals at the conventions of both parties. The Dixiecrat Manifesto, it will be recalled, was issued on March 12, 1956—the day Miss Autherine Lucy was expelled from the University of Alabama. Signed by all the Dixiecrats, and including Senator Fulbright, the manifesto was designed to set in motion region-wide resistance to school desegregation. Doris Fleeson reported at the time that Senator Byrd was the "powerhouse" behind the manifesto. There was no doubt then, nor later, that "a nod from Senator Byrd" would have brought about desegregation of the public schools in Virginia (see "Byrd's 'Massive Resistance'" by Benjamin Muse, *The Nation*, September 20, 1958). If Virginia had desegregated, most of the other Southern states would have adopted the same policy. But Byrd decided to shake his head and massive resistance began.

Much has happened since then. Federal troops have been used twice to enforce court decisions, the FBI has finally been goaded into action, "freedom riders" have invaded the South, television cameras have given Alabama and Mississippi a bad image, a serious rift has developed in many communities between the business leaders and the more rabid politicians. In Mississippi, resort owners on the Gulf Coast are in active competition with Florida resorts, and "demonstrations" tend to empty motels and other resort facilities. So the word has gone out that massive resistance to school desegregation will no longer receive top-level support. This significant shift was precipitated by the nomination of Goldwater and by the President's adroit handling of the Dixiecrats. Kissing the hand of Harry Byrd, even at so tragic an occasion as his wife's funeral, is a rite that few would care to perform, but if the symbolism of the South required this humiliating obeisance on the part of the President, it was worth it.

The Gut Fighter

Electors will decide which of two men will be the next President of the United States; but they will also be deciding which of two other men will be next in line. This is not a remote supposition. In the last twenty years two men have succeeded to the Presidency through the death of the incumbent.

President Johnson gave conscientious consideration to this aspect of the election. It hardly seems possible that Senator Goldwater did likewise. He is on record as saying that one of the reasons he wanted Miller is that "he drives Johnson nuts." This would not seem to be an outstanding qualification for the Presidency. Among other reasons presumably the fact that Miller is a Catholic and an Easterner played a part, but these also have no bearing on possible developments.

For campaigning objectives, Miller has one other attribute that may have influenced Goldwater. He has been billed as a "gut fighter." That he is. A gut fighter, and a gutter fighter. He opened his campaign with a gutter attack on Humphrey, practically identifying Americans for Democratic Action as a Communist front. He impugned Mr. Johnson's integrity, his patriotism and his war record. Asked about Goldwater's record on social security on the September 13 *Meet the Press* program, Miller denied everything. The panelist read him a direct quote from *The New York Times;* Miller still denied that Goldwater had ever said he was for a voluntary social security program.

This behavior, which by itself should condemn Miller, is of a piece with his whole record. His service in Congress was wholly undistinguished and was about to come to an end—apparently Miller had concluded that he could not be re-elected. His only distinction was as a political huckster in the post of Republican National Chairman. It is the one role in which he is proficient.

Contrast this man with Humphrey. Decent, idealistic, hard-working, honest, experienced; put him alongside Miller and it hardly seems possible that the two are running for the same office. On foreign and domestic policy alike Humphrey is as well informed as any man in government, past or present. He has been mayor of a great city, a Senator for three terms, a stalwart on civil rights all that time, the pioneer and leading spokesman on disarmament, an authority on farm policy and labor. Even the Goldwater supporters, if they will think for a moment and visualize the two second men in the highest office, might have qualms about their choice.

Hands Across the Sea

The UN-sponsored third international conference on atomic energy has just ended in Geneva. The consensus was that the atom as a power source has arrived. It is claimed that in about 60 per cent of the United States and almost all of Britain, atomic plants can produce electric power cheaper than oil- or coal-fired plants. Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg declared that this was "the conference of fulfillment." Ah, happy day! One would expect that amid the popping of champagne corks the delegates would be looking forward to the next conference. Unfortunately the opposite is the case. Since the atom is a success, money can be made; where there is money, there are salesmen, where there are salesmen there is selling—and underselling. "The entry of commercial competition," said Dr. Seaborg, "is a strong sign of commercial arrival and I should like to think that it has not intruded too heavily on the conference." Only so heavily that this conference is probably the last.

The principal infighting was between Great Britain and the United States. Britain, of course, has committed itself more fully to atomic power than any other country; the Suez crisis of 1956 sounded the alarm on its oil supplies. But the U.S. has been making progress too, and the corridors of the Palais des Nations resounded to the appeals of the sales engineers of General Electric, Westinghouse, General Dynamics, etc. General Electric's men could, and did, point to the 515 megawatt (515,000 kilowatt) Oyster Creek plant which they have contracted to build for the Jersey Central Power & Light Co. at a cost of about $113 per kilowatt and which, it is hoped, will produce power at 4 mills per kilowatt hour.

Oyster Creek might possibly be a loss leader; equally possible, the engineers will push costs down still further. GE has in fact already offered to install in England at $100 a kilowatt. This is the capital cost of large British mine-mouth coal stations, and portends trouble for domestic vendors.

Can Britain compete? When Sir William Penny, head of the British Atomic Energy Authority, cast some doubt on the Oyster Creek figures, a representative of the United States Atomic Energy Commission took him right up on it. "If you want to test the pudding," he told Sir William, "ask for bids." The U.S. Government, eager to make the atom serve mankind, was openly backing U.S. industry against British industry, and U.S. engineering against British engineering, which has concentrated on gas-cooled reactors while the Americans use water.

It must not be thought, however, that this is purely an Anglo-American controversy. An Asian correspondent complained that the conference was not interested in bringing the blessings of the atom to the underdeveloped nations. "What is good for Westinghouse is not necessarily good for India," he argued. Maybe success has spoiled atoms for peace, but it has also spread Charles Wilson's celebrated saying around the world, albeit in slightly altered form.

The Next War

This war could be really lovely from the standpoint of those who are happy only when the world is set by the ears. So far it is confined, but the makings of a major conflict are all there. It is Sukarno's war against Malaysia, and therefore against Great Britain. If that war is extended, the United States will almost certainly be involved, and South Vietnam, in retrospect, will look like a tempest in a teapot.

In the Senate (*Congressional Record,* September 14) Wayne Morse remarked that he was one member who has taken the position that not a single dollar of the American taxpayer's money should go to Sukarno, whom he referred to as "that international rat." From a survival standpoint, however, the rat is not to be underestimated. At the outset it is to be noted that Sukarno is not easily abashed. When the Malaysians complained at the UN Security Council about the Indonesian paratroopers who had been dropping on Malaysian soil, the Indonesian deputy foreign minister did not resort to the usual pleas of innocence. In an echo of Barry Goldwater's remarks on extremism, the minister declared that "acts pursued by volunteers for the cause of freedom . . . can certainly not be termed aggression." Then he added, "Why all the fuss?"

Sukarno must have a foreign war for the classical reason: he has made a mess of things at home. The people are hungry, official graft and corruption is nowhere more flagrant, and a 200,000-man army is maintained to suppress possible insurrection. An eye must be kept on the overseas Chinese, who were partially expropriated by Sukarno a while ago. His domestic Communists are another problem. They are working with Sukarno now, but their aims and his are not apt to coincide indefinitely.

Sukarno is well armed and the initiative in this foreseeable war is all his. Sumatra is just across the Strait of Malacca from the Malay Peninsula—a matter of forty or fifty miles—and Indonesian planes can come in low, under the radar screen. To strike at Sabah and Sarawak he has merely to send his guerrillas across the border from Borneo. In short, this adventurer is not to be regarded as a mere nuisance. One commentator suggests that the U.S. Seventh Fleet would be needed to contain him if things get serious.

The stakes are large. Britain, whether under a Labour or Tory government, will defend its base at Singapore at all costs. It is allied with Australia and New Zealand in the Commonwealth. In terms of strategic and material considerations, the area has everything—seaways, vital passages, tin, rubber, oil, spices, almost everything grows there. Even more splendid, in a manner of speaking, is the weapons-testing potential: seapower, airpower, jungle warfare, guerrillas, infiltrators, fifth columns; again, it has everything.

Yet it might be possible for the UN to forestall such a war. One of Sukarno's most likely objectives is to control the seaways and islands as part of a strategy of confining his Chinese partners to the mainland. All Southeast Asia—including North Vietnam—fears China. This would seem to be another incentive for ending the stupid U.S. venture in South Vietnam and, when opportunity offers, inviting Communist China into the UN. If our statesmen are not totally lacking in imagination, these are facts they should be considering now, not after the fat is in the fire.

Know Your Rights

Sen. John Tower is distressed. It seems that some of his constituents and supporters have been upset by an article which appeared in *The Nation* of last May 25—"Hate Clubs of the Air," by Fred J. Cook. Mr. Cook called public attention to the fact that any number of organizations, many of them tax-exempt, are propagandizing the American people on an enormous scale, largely at public expense, and in an intensely partisan manner, but always under the shelter of religion, patriotism and other impeccable cloaks. Thus, H. L. Hunt's Life Line Foundation sponsors 15-minute programs heard by 5 million listeners *per day* in forty-seven states. Twice—in 1962 and 1963—revocation of tax-exemption has been recommended on the ground that Life Line's activities are political rather than educational, but the Internal Revenue Service finds the distinction hard to draw. Another example is the Rev. Carl McIntire's *20th Century Reformation Hour*, heard daily over 600 stations. Its income in 1962 was $1,163,000; with this nice piece of change it carries on an unremitting campaign against the National Council of Churches, the nuclear test ban, the income tax, civil rights movements, etc., and every now and then sideswipes some individual—all under the head of religion.

It is a new solicitude for the good name of the individual that seems especially to exercise Mr. Tower (*Congressional Record*, Sept. 9). Some managers of radio stations have read the Cook article and given some thought to possible consequences of the material they broadcast. A number have taken to following extreme right-wing programs with some such formula as: THIS STATION VOLUNTARILY SOLICITS RESPONSIBLE DISSENTING VIEWPOINTS TO CONTROVERSIAL MATTERS DISCUSSED IN THE PRECEDING PROGRAM.

Voluntary it may be, but it may also be prudent. In an order of July 26, 1963, the Federal Communications Commission called attention to its "fairness" doctrine of June 1, 1949. Our readers will want to make a mental note of the FCC's follow-up statement:

WHEN A CONTROVERSIAL PROGRAM INVOLVES A PERSONAL ATTACK UPON AN INDIVIDUAL OR AN ORGANIZATION, THE LICENSEE MUST TRANSMIT THE TEXT OF THE BROADCAST TO THE PERSON OR GROUP ATTACKED, WHEREVER LOCATED, EITHER PRIOR TO OR AT THE TIME OF THE BROADCAST, WITH A SPECIFIC OFFER OF HIS STATION'S FACILITIES FOR AN ADEQUATE RESPONSE.

Clearly, many stations do not comply with this directive. As far as they are concerned, it is all a dead letter. Still, the FCC has set it down in rather plain English. It is good to know that if one is slandered over the air, or one's conduct or views are impugned, one has this recourse. If more citizens invoked it, Senator Tower might be even more perturbed.

Utility Stock Options

Executive 'Incentive' v. Public Interest

Lee Metcalf

On October 5, 1959, the president of a private utility company supplemented his $75,000-a-year salary in a one-day transaction which netted him $370,000 — or more than the average American will make in his lifetime.

More important, however, are the facts that this one-day windfall will come out of the pocket of the average American, and that the utility executive may pay less federal income tax on it than the average American will pay on his much-lower lifetime earnings.

Illegal? Not a bit. The utility president's profit and tax advantage are part of a perfectly legitimate modern business "incentive" — the restricted stock option device—which is supposed to help highly competitive businesses attract and hold competent executives.

Under this deceptively simple scheme, a certain amount of stock is set aside for sale to company insiders (mostly top executives) at some later date when, it is hoped, the market value of the stock will have risen. When the time comes for the executive to exercise his option, he does not buy the stock at its current price, but at the price as of the day his option was granted. Thus he makes an automatic profit — and without risking a hair, since he has no obligation to buy the stock. If its value rises, he buys; if it doesn't, he doesn't.

There are those who contend that the stock option is perhaps a superfluous incentive for people making

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$75,000 a year, and I tend to agree with them. However, my concern here is not with the option in general but with its use in one of the most stable, least competitive, most profitable enterprises in America—the electric light and power industry.

In spite of the enormous sums they spend to advertise themselves as such, the privately owned companies that provide 75 per cent of the nation's electricity are not "just another business." There is a significant difference between an electric light and power company (or any private utility, for that matter) and an electronics, plastics or space-age company or any non-utility businesses for that matter. The latter compete, more or less, with other firms in the same field and run the risk of being forced to close up shop if they fail to offer a desirable product at a competitive price.

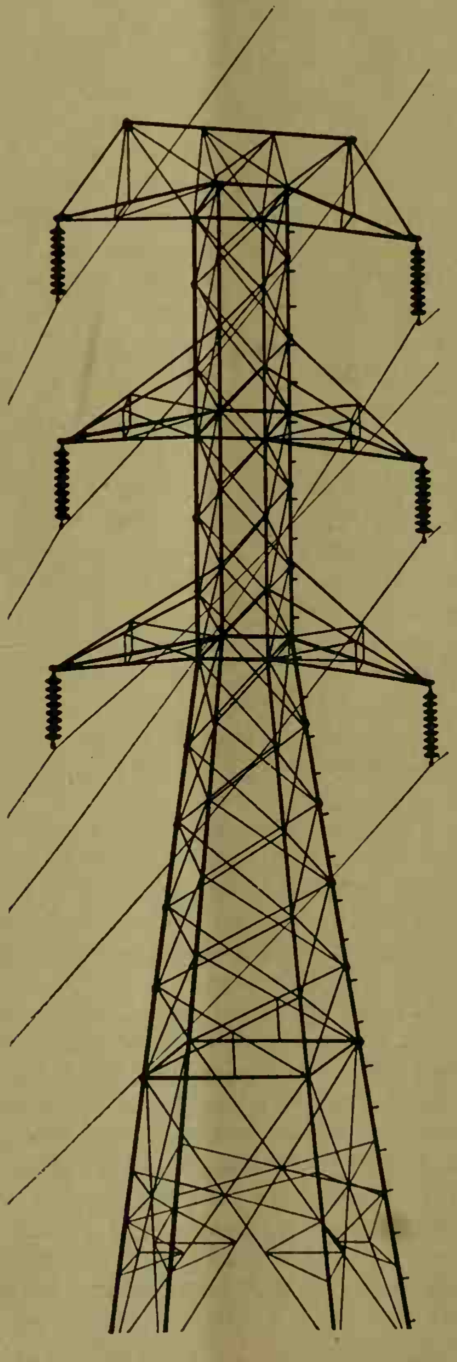
The electric light and power companies — the nation's largest industry, with about 12 per cent of the capital invested in *all* American business — have little normal competition. As "public service" companies, they operate under government franchises and enjoy the power of eminent domain and other special privileges. But most of all, they are monopolies in their communities, and therefore above the everyday fight for economic survival. Each year some 15,000 businesses go on the rocks; not a single private power company has failed in more than a generation.

Instead, the industry annually chalks up record profits — partly because of technological advances, but mainly because it is a monopoly selling a necessity for which demand is constantly increasing.

Since the industry is not competitive, and since the consumer is forced to foot the bill for company operating costs and profit, the question should be asked whether the investor-owned utilities (as they like to call themselves) or IOUs (as I prefer to call them) should be allowed to use the restricted stock option.

Option plans are increasing in the utilities. They began spreading quietly through the industry during the complacent fifties, and at last count some twenty-nine private electric companies had option plans for executives. Even had it wanted to — which it didn't during the Eisenhower administration — the Federal Power Commission could neither herald nor halt this invasion. FPC jurisdiction over security issues is severely limited to the few independent operating companies that are organized outside the states in which they operate, or that are organized and operating in states which lack a state agency authorized to police issuance of securities.

As a result, only one of the twenty-nine plans was approved by the FPC. Of the remainder, ten are part of holding-company option plans approved by the Securities and Exchange Commission, and eighteen were presumably approved by state regulatory agencies which are even more susceptible to "taming" than federal agencies and which, in some states, are little more than industry lap dogs. Only three state regulatory agencies (Maryland, Georgia and New York) have taken stands against the stock option for public utilities.



On the federal level, the SEC has considered three cases involving utility use of stock options and the FPC has considered two. Both agencies have consistently held that option plans for utilities are not prohibited by law. But although both are also specifically authorized to reject such plans on the ground that they are detrimental to the interests of stockholders and consumers, only the FPC has found any merit in this position.

The first option plan to come before the SEC was opposed by the SEC staff on this basis, among others. However, the Eisenhower-appointed commission rejected the staff position and the two subsequent plans were approved without hearings.

The precedent set by the Eisenhower commission was also followed by the New Frontier commission (four Kennedy appointees and one Eisenhower holdover) which approved the third holding-company plan.

Kennedy appointments did make a difference at the FPC, however, as was demonstrated in the Black Hills Power and Light Company case early this summer. By a 3-2 vote, the present commission rejected the company's application to set up an option plan for top executives on the ground that the plan "is not compatible with the public interest." (One hopes this decision will encourage the SEC to re-examine its position when next it considers a utility application for stock options.)

The Black Hills decision reversed the position taken by the FPC under the Eisenhower administration, which, after it had shed even the pretense of regulating electric utilities, approved—with neither hearing nor dissent—the application of Montana Power Company to issue options on 100,000 shares of stock.

That was in 1956, when the company was a New Jersey corporation operating in Montana. The authority for that issuance was to expire in June, 1959, but on May 27, 1959, the cooperative Eisenhower commission authorized the company to issue 5,693,382 additional shares to cover a three-for-one split of all the firm's stock. Neither the company's application nor the commission's approval mentioned anything about stock under option or the June expiration date, so the 100,000 shares under option were also multiplied by three.

In addition, the company boosted the total number of shares subject to option to 750,000, or 10 per cent of its total common stock issuance — without official approval insofar as can now be determined. When the honeymoon ended with the advent of the Kennedy administration in 1961, the company escaped FPC jurisdiction over security issues by moving "home" to Montana.

The FPC now estimates that the 750,000 shares the company has under option will eventually cost $9 million in capital foregone—$9 million which will come out of the pockets of the ordinary stockholders and the company's customers.

It comes out of the ordinary stockholder's pocket because issuance of cut-rate stock to company insiders dilutes the equity of ordinary stockholders and thereby reduces their earnings per share. And it comes out of the consumer's pocket because the capital loss resulting from the sale of stock at prices far under market value tends to discourage rate reductions and encourage rate increases.

But for the favored few, the stock option is a virtual guarantee of additional riches to pile atop their already fat incomes.

Let's return, for example, to the $75,000-a-year utility executive I cited earlier. His name is J. E. Corette, president of the Montana Power Co. Montana Power stock was selling for $23.75 per share on that October day in 1959 when he exercised his insider's option to purchase 30,000 shares. Mr. Corette, however, paid less than $11.50 per share (what the stock was selling for a few years earlier when his option was granted) or a total of $342,230 for stock worth $712,500 at the time he purchased it.

Nor is this all. Montana Power stock is now selling for about $38 per share; thus Mr. Corette paid $342,230 for stock now worth $1,140,000. And to top it off, another 35,000 shares has been set aside for him to purchase at similar bargain-basement prices later on.

Mr. Corette's case is neither isolated nor extreme. For example, G. L. MacGregor, president of Texas Utilities, who has an annual salary of $92,150, and who will receive more than $33,000 a year when he retires, has also realized a windfall profit of $350,000 under the stock-option gimmick as of this writing.

Other examples could be cited, but I single out Montana and Texas because the IOUs in these states are the top contenders for the "light overcharge" championship of the United States. The rates of return for major power companies in both states is about 9 per cent — or 50 per cent more than the 6 per cent rate considered reasonable by most regulatory commissions and utility experts. Remember the Dixon-Yates controversy of ten years ago? One of the main reasons for Congressional concern at that time was the provision for a 9 per cent rate of return for that utility combine.

The absence of risk is not the only advantage in this guaranteed-profit scheme. Our tax laws contain special preferential provisions for such unearned riches. Thus, should he sell his stock bonanza, the option-rich executive would not have to pay the higher progressive rate which doctors, lawyers and other high-income Americans must pay. Instead, he would pay the much lower 25 per cent or less capital-gains rate. Or he may give some of the stock to a tax-exempt organization, in which case he is allowed to deduct, not what he paid for it, but its higher current market value.

The IOUs have based their case for the stock option on two main pillars — that the option is needed to attract and hold competent executives, and that the device provides an incentive for better management, thereby benefiting the consumer as well as the company and its shareholders.

Neither argument made much impression on the FPC majority in the Black Hills case. The first pillar was toppled with the tart observation that it "can hardly be accepted since the record shows that without stock options the company has lost no employees with a salary in excess of $7,000 per year except by death or retirement." And in answer to the argument that options stimulate better management, the FPC commented that such plans permit "executive compensation which is often irrational, erratic and unrelated to the performance of the executive," and that there is "no basis for concluding that such plans either lead to or have evolved from distinguished performance in the public interest."

As for benefiting the consumer, the industry is apparently referring to something other than the cost of electricity. For example, since 1956, when Montana Power Co. established a stock option plan "to stimulate better management," the cost of electricity for Montana home owners and businesses has increased.

The same is true for the industry as a whole. During the four-year period from 1958 through 1962, the net earnings of electric utilities increased by $543 million. Yet the net result of all rate changes during this same period was an increase of $85 million.

The industry's guideline to success, it would seem, is to pass all cost increases on to the consumer, but pocket all cost reductions. For example, as a result of technological advances, the industry can now produce twice as much electricity from a ton of coal as it could twenty years ago. You would never know it to look at your electric bill.

And nine times since World War II, Congress has granted the IOUs a tax reduction. Yet seldom have these savings been passed on to the consumer, whose light bill is set at a rate high enough to insure a profit after payment of all taxes and operating costs, including fat executive salaries, plush fringe benefits and, in some instances, well-publicized charitable contributions and unpublicized country-club memberships for executives.

The fact is that little evidence can be advanced to show that the stock option has provided any sort of incentive which benefits the consumer, but plenty can be offered to suggest that it provides an incentive to keep rates and profits so high that the market value of stock is almost certain to rise.

The FPC noted the "conflict-of-interest" danger in the Black Hills case with the comment that "the incentives under stock option plans . . . tend naturally to divert management from their responsibilities to the public and to focus their attention on maximizing prices and earnings in order to push stock quotations ever higher. . . ."

There are several other arguments against recourse to the stock options, not only by public utilities but by any business. For example, they fail to achieve their stated purpose insofar as the biggest option grants go to already established, fat-salaried senior executives such as Messrs. Corette and MacGregor.

Also, there is the surprising fact that stock options are far more costly to a corporation than straight salary bonuses because, unlike bonuses and salaries, option costs are not tax-deductible. For example, if Montana Power Company had given its president a $370,000 bonus instead of an option to buy 30,000 shares at half price, the company could have deducted 52 per cent, or about $192,000, from its taxes.

Why then do the IOUs cling to the stock option? First of all, why worry about taxes when they are simply passed on to the consumer? Beyond that, high salaries and bonuses stick out like sore thumbs in front of stockholders and regulatory commissions. The costs of stock options are less apparent and therefore less embarrassing.

FPC noted in the Black Hills case that not only are the actual costs "hidden from shareholders and consumers," but stock options "distort the real cost of electric utility service" because there is no practical way of including their cost in the rate formula.

Furthermore, the secrecy surrounding utility use of restricted stock options, the lack of adequate reporting on option windfalls by utility executives, and the shortage of staff in most regulatory agencies, both state and federal, cripple any attempt to determine the precise use and consequences of restricted stock-option plans.

The staff shortage is especially significant in the federal regulatory commissions. For example, during the Eisenhower years the staff of the SEC Ownership Reports Section was slashed from fourteen to seven. This section reviews ownership reports of many companies, including the power utilities.

The staff has since been upped to nine, but because of the increased number of businesses the section now has twice as many ownership reports to review as when there were fourteen on its staff. Yet this section is one of the few places where prospective investors, stockholders and rate payers can get some idea of the extent to which company insiders have utilized restricted stock options.

Similarly, the staff of the FPC is still suffering from its reduction to skeleton force during the 1950s and the Eisenhower de-emphasis of electric utility regulation. Consider, for example, the comments of the present chairman, Joseph C. Swidler, a Kennedy appointee:

> *There is small wonder that knowledge of the FPC's rate jurisdiction has not been widespread. When I became a member of the Commission it took me some time to find the Commission's electric rate staff. It turned out that it was hidden away in the Bureau of Natural Gas.*

Expansion of the FPC staff, to provide a degree of protection and information for investors and consumers, is now imperative in view of this year's Supreme Court decision in the Colton (California) case, which gives the FPC jurisdiction over wholesale power rates.

Fifty-year licenses for hydroelectric projects, granted to private power companies under the Water Power Act of 1920, will begin expiring in 1970, and Congress must have, well in advance, information to determine whether these licenses should be renewed.

The industry will do all it can to prevent appointment of consumer-oriented commissioners or additional staff at either agency. And the industry will continue to cry that it is the body and soul of competitive American free enterprise, and that all businesses pass taxes and operating costs on to the consumer. However, it must be repeated that competition limits what other businesses can pass on.

No one denies that the electric light and power industry faces competition of a sort. For example, it faces limited competition from the gas utilities (also monopolies, and in many instances incorporated in the same firm as the electric monopoly) which offer a product that is just as good as electricity for some purposes, such as cooking. But there is little danger that gas will replace electricity as the means of lighting the nation's homes and streets or powering its industry.

Further, the few public-owned municipal power systems, the rural cooperatives and the federal power program also might be considered competitors in that they serve as yardsticks against which private power operations and rates can be measured.

But even such remote competition as this is obnoxious to the private-power industry. It has mounted a multimillion-dollar propaganda campaign—paid for in part by electric consumers—against these other suppliers of electric power, and it regularly contributes money and executive leadership to a host of right-wing organizations which attack public power—as well as the income tax, aid to education, civil rights and the United Nations—as part of the Communist conspiracy.

Yet despite these quasi-competitors, the fact remains that the electric light and power industry is delightfully different as it perches on a luxurious tax shelter far above the battle for economic survival in which ordinary businesses engage.

The British Elections . . . . Raymond Williams

London

The question in the October 15th British elections is not only who is going to win (though that, in my opinion, is still a real question), but which road Labour will take if it gets its expected victory.

The strength and weakness of the British Labour Party is that it is based, ultimately, on a traditional way of life, with ties and values that are almost prepolitical. It is always expected to disintegrate in defeat, but it is not of that kind; its whole structure of feeling has been shaped by the persistent separatism and self-sufficiency of English working-class and nonconformist

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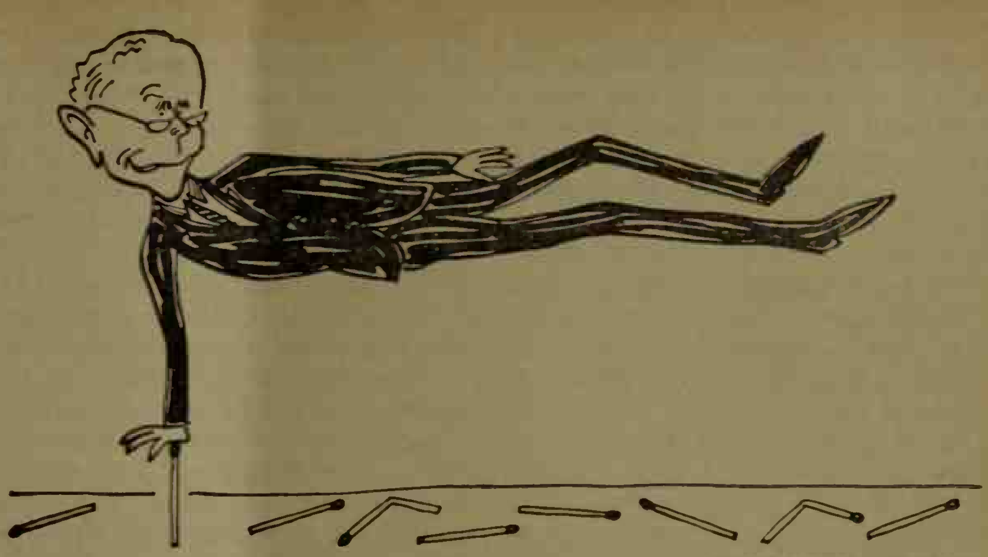
traditions. Its rare occasions of victory are always the sharpest test, for it has only intermittently conceived, in any depth, the diffusion of its own values through a whole society. We who have grown up in this world of persistence and continuity want Labour to win at its public tests in the way we want our home town or county to win in a game. These are our people, and the victory is in a sense its own reward, just as defeat may cause us regret but could not even possibly change our allegiance. When a particular test approaches, we get ready to help and to cheer, and what would be recognized elsewhere as political issues are overlaid by a social demonstration.



The Observer (London)

"The Economy Has Never Been Stronger"

The extraordinary success of Harold Wilson as Labour's leader is in part due to his tactical skill, but is much more due, in my opinion, to his understanding of this characteristic of the Labour movement. In his life and background he is so much a part of it that his leadership has come through as natural and unforced. It was not only Hugh Gaitskell's opinions that made the Left angry; it was also his style. When I hear my friends at Cambridge reject Wilson as a man (this is very widespread among middle-class intellectuals of generally Left sympathies), I have only to remember how deeply they also reject the ordinary ways and values of English working and lower-middle-class people.

It is just because I know and feel the strength of all this, however, that I am politically disturbed. The pre-political values will have to become political over a vast range of issues, and while of course the Labour Party can produce its policies and its pamphlets on demand, the level of consciousness with which it stands on the edge of power seems dangerously low.

The most significant example is the common slogan of "modernizing" Britain (see "British Elections: Gentlemen vs. Experts" by Robert Presthus, *The Nation*, May 11, 1964). In the past few years a spate of books has diagnosed the evident crisis of British society as primarily a case of being insular and behind the times. There is indeed plenty of evidence of this kind, but its interpretation is usually naive. Talk of modernization makes sense only in the context of a genuine analysis of the structure of the society. We could have a program of modernization which would break down old trade-union and Socialist attitudes, the time wasting inherent in democratic procedures, and the traditional subjection of economic policies to a moral test.

Just such a program has been widely urged by the Right in England: especially often, perhaps, by American and American-influenced observers whose definition of what is old-fashioned in Britain is what is not like the United States. The recent tone of the Conservative government has been wholly modernizing in this sense. We have not for some years seen the Conservatism of the empire, the gentleman and the Christian and classical pieties. Effective Conservatism, in theory and practice, has idolized the super-administrator, the salesman, the speculator; the institutions it will leave as a legacy are the supermarket, the betting shop, commercial television and the motorway beside the closed railway.

Classically, the whole modernization program is the bourgeois attack on all institutions and habits of mind that limit or hinder the aggressive and expanding operations of the market which is seen as the only important social process. It is true that Britain has suffered economically because many of its institutions and habits of mind have worked against an efficient market economy. However, the crucial fact about Britain is that, while some of these habits and institutions are pre-bourgeois (the vestiges and illusions of a rural gentry, which new classes have adopted as their own superficial life style), at least as many are post-bourgeois, are the politicial and moral criticisms of a market society, and the necessary bases of a more rational and more humane society of the future.

An indiscriminate rejection of these traditional bearings is now the mark of a particular stage of European capitalism, and it is this operation—perfectly embodied in contemporary Conservatism—which is or ought to be the Labour Party's principal enemy. When, in the rhetoric of the period, Labour itself adopts "modernization" as a sufficient social policy, it becomes not the party of the working class but the party of the latest wave of middle-class reorganization.

The essential argument is not about modernization at all. The Labour and Conservative Parties both recommend such policies. The argument is not even about planning, which again to a considerable extent has been accepted by both parties. The argument really is about power, about the places and ways in which decisions are made. Here, undoubtedly, Labour's emphasis is marginally different.

Effective power in Britain is now shared between the machinery of state (ministers and civil servants and public authorities rather than Parliament) and the very similar machinery of large private corporations. There can be little doubt that a Labour government would alter the proportions within this balance of power: state initiative, direction and control, already quite powerful, would become marginally and perhaps significantly more dominant. But just as the current political choice is not (as Conservative propaganda would have it) between state control and free enterprise, which are already in harness, so it is not (as Labour propaganda would have it) between the whims of speculators and an overriding social purpose.

Labour proposes important controls on land use and on regional development; these would be the areas in which the balance of power would shift. The renationalization of steel and of road haulage, to which Labour is committed, would make a further important difference. But the effective area of power in Britain would still be that of the combination of state and corporation machinery. It is probable that, revised in the ways Labour proposes, this combination would become more efficient, and the economy would gradually be strengthened. But when this is represented as "making a new Britain," one can only comment that the new will work essentially like the old: a change of body work, but not a change of motive power.

Over the last seven or eight years, it has been the principal business of the New Left in Britain to criticize this kind of society, but the part of its critique that has been most widely taken up is that on culture and education. Thus criticism of advertising is now a political commonplace, and if Labour wins, some measures of control and, better, some alternatives (such as local public advisory centers on commodities and services) may well be put into practice. Yet as long as this is seen as a marginal question, the point of disillusion will soon be reached. If a predominantly market economy is retained (as all signs indicate), advertising will have to be retained on very much its present scale, and the "moral" controls on it may well become the next target for "modernization." The capitalist control of communications may also be marginally acted upon: a second commercial television network may be rejected in favor of a public educational network (this will be an early test case); there may well be an increase in public patronage of the arts. But, again, the predominantly commercial character of communications, arts and entertainment is unlikely to be challenged. The whole cultural critique, that is to say, has been accepted as marginal when in fact, because it is inextricably connected with the general structure of the society, it is central. A marginal response to it may well bring about a cultural style in government, without altering the main facts to any important degree.

The case of education is equally crucial. Labour's arguments have emphasized a reconversion of the educational system to fit the new economy. It is true that we need a greatly improved technical education, and facilities for technical training and retraining. But what we have most needed, for generations, is a democratic educational system, in which training for work is only a part of the wider education needed by men and women who are to participate in governing their society.

The educational reforms, that is to say, could be no more than a phase of the market reconversion of received institutions. In this, as in so many other spheres of its policy, the Labour Party seems in one light not the party of the working majority, but the party of the latest wave of the rising commercial and technical middle class. Whether in fact there will be any final identity of interest between this wave and the organized workers will be the crucial social question.

It is precisely here that the real issue of power will be answered. For it is not only a matter of abstract social analysis; the resolution will begin, almost immediately, over a whole range of specific questions. The trade unions will be required to enter the political field if a Labour policy is to be carried out; on wages and prices, on regional planning, on automation and retraining. It is possible that on such matters Labour will try to set a spurious "national" interest above the interests of the unions. There can be no such separation. The unions can no longer defend their members, in a period of technological and regional reorganization, by piecemeal measures. If they are forced into this merely delaying action, it will be the Labour government's fault. The question is whether Labour will bring in the unions at the earliest possible stage of planning, and as much more than the representatives of a "sectional" interest. The demand for redistribution of the industrial product and for industrial democracy, from the board room to the shop floor, is not a sectional demand; it is an expression of principles and objectives for the whole society.

Since 1926, the unions have tended to withdraw from these general and absolute demands, in favor of a defensive particularism. But they are bound to do so, if the power in state and industry is always on the other side. Their position will not be changed by consultation; it can be changed only by their inclusion in the original decision making, as the organs of majority economic power. There they can take part in reshaping the economy, rather than merely reacting to it.

On every issue, a crucial and common choice reveals itself. Even to do as much as it proposes, Labour will have to fight hard against existing interests, and it has been characteristic of all previous Labour governments that they have done enough to mobilize these interests against them and yet not enough to win. A decisive time will come, again, when the choice between going on and "consolidating" will have to be made: a choice really of which side Labour is on. I think there is a real chance, this time, that the choice will be to go on, but to put it as higher than a chance would be merely utopian.

In domestic policy, the attitude of the unions will almost certainly be crucial, but the most decisive element will probably not be a matter of domestic policy at all. Britain's foreign and military policy, over the last eighteen years, has been at once economically crippling and politically stultifying. Labour's plans for new initiatives in disarmament negotiations, especially its proposals on disengagement, could be the means of a decisive political change. Yet whether there will be either the strength or the courage to press them remains to be seen. Labour's attitude to the United Nations is a clear advance on all recent Conservative history, but on the other side of the coin too many Labour leaders still accept the "Western" version of social conflicts in the colonial and ex-colonial countries. And the way the decisions go in the international field is certain to affect decisively the whole substance of Labour policy in this crowded, exposed and still imperially nostalgic island.

I expect the New Left to continue its criticism if Labour wins, and in the decisive matter of foreign and military policy, the Left is still active and powerful (the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, despite an obviously concerted publicity operation against it, is still very much alive). Our first active work will be not only to try to get Labour elected in what will probably be a very rough campaign, but to go on sustaining it against a very heavy counterattack. And then, while one is engaged in this struggle (which the intellectuals of the forties simply abandoned), there is the deeply urgent work of trying to keep active all those forces in the Labour movement which are capable of putting through real and important social change.

The Labour Party has often been ideologically captured by the strains of utilitarianism and corporate bureaucracy which the English middle classes have made dominant in Britain. The New Left seeks to express and articulate, in contemporary terms, an alternate consciousness of society which the institutions of the Labour movement at once embody and, under the pressures of so hostile a society, often temporarily forget or betray. The experience, the writing and the thinking of the last ten years have made some difference. How much we shall find out only in practice.

The Olympics: Myth of the Amateur

.. David Cort

The dialectics of amateurism, which still dominate the 1964 Olympics almost seventy years after the first modern Olympics in 1896, are almost certain to be doomed before the 1968 Olympics roll around, although the International Olympic Committee does not know it.

The Russians have broken the enchantment. Their athletes, and many others of the ninety-some nations taking part in this year's contests, which open in Tokyo on October 10, are in effect well-paid state officials. Is this bad? Well, the Olympic athletes of the ancient Greek city-states were also state-supported and had official status. The impossibility of explaining Western amateurism to the Communists—or indeed to most of the new nations—can be easily demonstrated.

In 1896, "amateur" meant "gentleman," i.e., the athletic son of a well-to-do father. This was a fairly new idea for America, brought uneasily from England for the benefit of the new rich. Behind it was the belief that a man in a top hat with a cane could intimidate a number of muscle-bound "toughs," and such successes did actually occur. Popular fiction, and even more substantial fiction, agreed that the gentleman was the better man.

Along with the gentleman, the gentleman's sports also had to be imported from England, and the date was as late as 1890. The 2,500-year-old game of polo, supposed ancestor of hockey, hurling, golf, cricket and perhaps baseball, arrived with golf around that year. Lawn tennis had preceded them by fifteen years, though the various indoor forms of tennis and racquets had long been played by a few rich men. The new American gentry hastily mastered the unfamiliar games and were beating the English by 1910. The gentleman was in command, though the whisper ran that the best British polo teams in India were regularly beaten by teams of Indian grooms, and ex-caddies began winning the golf tournaments.

The swank of the gentleman athletes was truly awesome; a ten-goal polo player had the status of a J. P. Morgan at such clubs as the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Hunting. In October, 1895, a track meet between Yale and Cambridge (won by the Americans 8-3) was followed by a dinner at Sherry's in Manhattan attended by such as the Duke of Marlborough, Chauncey Depew, John Jacob Astor and W. C. Whitney. The athletes' performance on the field does not seem impressive today. For one thing the English had been sick, nobody knew why. Still, everybody was a gentleman, and treated like one.

The most valid objection to restricting sports to the sons of rich fathers is that very few of them are any good. A Foxhall Keene was the rare exception. His father could put up a $100,000 wager, in ten parts, that his son could beat any amateur in the world at ten sports, without getting a taker. Foxy himself looks in his polo pictures to be a recessive, quiet-seeming young man among the bucks of the period. Another real athlete was Devereux Milburn, who had more of a flair for the expected arrogance. But such men were pitifully few in that period and class.

Everybody knows what happened to the myth, but the amateurism in which the Olympics began has continued to support on empty air the vast reality of the Olympics. Largely responsible for it is Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee for the past twelve years, a man strictly not Ivy League (Illinois, '09) and with a bourgeois' typical awe of the old pseudo-aristocratic optimacy, growing more rigid as his own athletic career recedes in time.

In contrast to the obsolete gentleman-amateur, the true champion is the man who, as the sports writers love to say, has "class." The fact is that sports writers, not to speak of the general spectator public, do not know what "class" is, for the knowledge would humiliate the average man. Kings Richard I and Henry VIII of England, and Henri II of France, had in their day the identical reputation of Willie Mays or Y. A. Tittle, and may even have deserved it.

In this area it is nice to begin with the natural equipment suitable to the chosen sport—eyesight, reflexes, size, etc.—but it is not necessary and it is not enough. The true athlete has a vision, carnally comparable to the poet's or the ascetic's, of the impossible absolute which (e.g., the four-minute mile) he turns into a relative possibility. This impossible absolute must be torn out of his own mortal, imperfect, hurting body. When the pain becomes really acute, he knows he

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The Louvre; Paris

is getting close to possibility. Even so common a performance as scooping up a ground ball and throwing to first base is not "routine." The players who make routine plays make the inexcusable errors; the ones who try for the impossible make the heroic errors.

The years of training, self-denial and repetition of a few simple movements put the impossible far beyond the reach of anyone who gets bored easily, or gets bored at all. The true athlete accepts the pain and monotony, not because he is a masochist but because he sees the vision of a performance some way above his natural abilities, or the abilities of any previous performer. A little later, perhaps, he breaks a world record. Such are the men and women who set the records. Once they have committed themselves to the impossible, they are professionals. They have, so to speak, professed.

The officials who police amateurism, at least in the West, do not live in the same world as the athletes they police. A monumental expression of the official position is Avery Brundage's statement: "Sport must be amateur or it is not sport. Sports played professionally are entertainment."

In other words, if there is an entertained audience, it is not sport. Since the Tokyo Olympics will entertain an audience of a billion (a TV satellite is over the Pacific), this cannot be what Brundage means. Brundage himself must be entertained, or he would not have hung around this long, I hope.

Brundage must have meant something else: that an athlete becomes an actor and no gentleman if people pay to see him perform. In some sports that is true: wrestling, and some individuals in boxing, basketball, hockey, tennis. But Brundage fails to understand that the champion so-called professional has exactly the same vision as the champion so-called amateur, and that it is what chiefly motivates him. The differences in income, security, fame, etc., are strictly secondary. Both give the last full measure of devotion, from an instinct which is incomprehensible to the rest of us.

Actually a slight breeze is beginning to stir the veils of the gentleman-amateur illusion. The director-general of UNESCO, René Maheu, told the International Council of Sport and Physical Education in Paris, October 28, 1963: "It is no longer true . . . that the champion can emerge, train, establish himself and give the full measure of his potentialities—which is properly not only his individual vocation but also his role in society—in that state of independence of, and indifference to, the economic contingencies—or rather necessities—of ordinary life which confers what is called amateur status. . . . To try to make amateur status obligatory for the elite of the sports world means . . . imposing falsehood on that elite. . . . Why should we be so reluctant to admit that [the champion athlete] is a professional? . . . We deny the obvious fact that the champion is obliged to live the life of a professional athlete."

Well, not quite. For one example, the sordid winter jobs of the great athlete, Althea Gibson, will suffice to make a cruel comedian of Avery Brundage. The same pattern, inconceivable to Foxhall Keene and Devereux Milburn, is perennial. The smell of a classic evil must arise from Avery Brundage's shepherding of these sacrificial innocents while peeking in their purses. For "the elite of the sports world" referred to by the director-general is not the champion athlete; it is in fact Brundage. The reasoning is simple: Brundage eats better, and he has tenure.

Some of the mystique of the champion athlete was given, at this same International Council, by Roger Bannister of the first four-minute mile. One can somehow evade, he said, the challenges of ordinary life but not those of sport. In consequence, "sport leads to the most remarkable self-discovery, of limitations as well as of abilities. This discovery is partly physical—one learns, for example, that feeling tired does not mean that one is reaching the limit of exhaustion. But mainly the discovery is mental. . . ." One's limitations, one's abilities, the capacity to take the pain, the courage, the elements of the body, the warning of exhaustion: to know these is to have a very respectable philosophy which will not disappear at the first questioning. Such a philosophy has the added virtue that one need never mention having it.

It is significant that the athletes of competing nations, far from hating one another, tend to become firm friends, and sometimes intermarry. Bannister says that these friendships have "a curious permanence." And of course. For they are all members of a secret society, open to anybody, but in fact irrevocably closed to the sluggish mass of people who will never make the effort, the dead weight of the world, including myself.

The separation of this noble society into amateurs and professionals — according to their business life — is an irrelevancy inherited from a past it is difficult even to remember. The rich-man's-son theory of amateurism was an aberration; it has long been obsolete; and even in its best years it did not work. Today it moves into the farther reaches of satire as it is applied to the social systems of the ninety-some nations in the Tokyo Olympics. Where are the Communist gentlemen of Byelorussia or of Uzbekistan, the gentlemen of Upper Volta, the gentlemen of Malaysia, or Trinidad and Tobago? Not to speak of the ladies.

Whatever their social or financial status, their dedication to their sport is not changed if they appear in circuses or work for athletic clubs or join the army or take a college scholarship or sell their gold medals or accept expense allowances or sign ghosted articles or make paid TV appearances or take Chamber of Commerce or Kiwanis sinecures or, even, play professional hockey or football or baseball. Whatever Devereux Milburn might have thought of them, or Avery Brundage does, they are athletes.

A true amateur appearing today would have to be a dilettante practicing in his back yard or, as some of the girl swimmers actually are, a child. But even these latter soon know that they are professionals.

Lie Detectors

TRIAL BY GADGET . . . . Stanley Meisler

The first lie detector, employed centuries ago, was a handful of rice dropped into the mouth of a suspect. If the rice stayed dry while he answered questions, he clearly was a liar — exposed under the questionable theory that a liar's salivary glands would dry up when gripped by fear. The lie detector used most commonly today is far more sophisticated. Developed by the psychologist and criminologist Leonard Keeler almost forty years ago, it comprises a pneumatic tube that fits across a subject's chest to measure breathing, an inflatable rubber cuff that wraps around the arm to measure blood pressure and a pair of electrodes that touch the fingers and, by the flow of current, measure the dampness of the palm. These instuments activate pens that draw wiggles and waves on a rolling sheet of paper — a process that gives the lie detector its modern name, polygraph, Greek for "many writings." In theory, an examiner can look at the chart, note any unusual wiggles and waves, and nab his man. This polygraph, obviously more complicated than a few grains of rice, is also touted as more accurate. In truth, it is not.

In America, the polygraph has become big business and a fixed part of the national consciousness. Local police officers, tired of more disagreeable and fatiguing methods of questioning, use lie detectors on the husband who glibly announces that he was upstairs snoozing when someone downstairs whacked his wife's head with a bat. Politicians deny they are scalawags and scoundrels and then offer to take a lie-detector test to prove it. Big stores use lie detectors to discover whether prospective employees are, ever have been or ever will be pilferers, perverts or pinkos.

The federal government is devoted to polygraphs. A recent survey by the House Subcommittee on Government Operations, headed by Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.) revealed that nineteen federal agencies use them. Two of these — the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency — characteristically classify their use of polygraphs. The other seventeen, according to the report, gave 19,122 lie-detector tests in fiscal 1963. The federal government in that same year owned 512 lie detectors worth $428,066, and had 639 employees, paid $4.3 million a year, who were trained, in some fashion, to operate them. In addition, federal agencies employed private investigators to conduct 322 tests during the year. The government uses the polygraph for many reasons: to investigate leaks of information and other security cases; to question Vietcong guerrillas captured in Vietnam; to investigate crimes at military bases, post offices and other federal jurisdictions; and to screen applicants for federal jobs. A year ago, the Federal Aviation Agency hoped to adopt some simple device to detect bomb-carrying passengers. Under the plan, a passenger would check his baggage at the airline counter, put his hand on a lie detector, and swear he had no bomb. The FAA, however, dropped the plan when no manufacturer could meet the specifications. There have been more extreme proposals for government use of the polygraph. A Rand Corporation study several years ago suggested that they might be used to police an arms-control agreement with the Russians. The U.S. would periodically examine high Russian officials with lie detectors to make certain that they were living up to the agreement.

No thorough survey has been made on the prevalence of lie detectors in state and local government and in private business, but it must greatly exceed the use within the federal government. There are now 500 lie-detector firms, employing 1,000 to 1,500 polygraph examiners, who question subjects at a cost of about $35 a test. *Business Week* says that 80 per cent of their income comes from business firms that want to know if their employees or prospective employees are honest. The income of one of the major security firms, John E.

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Reid & Associates, increased 26 per cent in 1960. Other figures give some hint of the money in lie detection: the two chief manufacturers, the Stoelting Company and Associated Research, both of Chicago, charge from $900 to $1,800 for a polygraph. At least three private schools train operators. A typical one, Cleve Backster's School of Lie Detection in New York, charges $500 for its six-week course.

The polygraph industry has developed a scientific veneer and a jargon. The operators belong to the American Academy of Polygraph Examiners, the Academy for Scientific Interrogation and the National Board of Polygraph Examiners; in a handful of states they are licensed. They talk about "peak of tension" tests and "control type" questions and "preventive security," and they boast, as George Lindberg of John E. Reid & Associates did in testimony before the Moss subcommittee, "we can make decisions in better than 90 per cent of the cases tested . . . [with] an accuracy capability of less than 1 per cent error. . . ."

The obsession of lie detectives with scientific language emerges in an exchange during the Moss subcommittee hearings — hearings, incidentally, that revealed more about the practice of lie detection in America than had ever been put on the public record:

> MOSS: Those questions are developed by the operator?
>
> CLEVE BACKSTER: By the examiner, sir.
>
> MOSS: The examiner. Is he different than the operator?
>
> BACKSTER: He certainly is.
>
> MOSS: Always?
>
> BACKSTER: Yes, in our language he is.
>
> MOSS: . . . In your own personal experience in the type of schooling that you provide and that you recommended here today, is there a difference?
>
> BACKSTER: Yes, sir; because when a person says operator it costs him 10 cents each time at our school.
>
> MOSS: Are we in a matter of personal pride or are we in a matter of semantics?
>
> BACKSTER: We are in a matter of standard phraseology used in a highly refined field.

The lie-detector experts have developed a complex system of questioning designed to exclude the possibility that the wiggles and waves on a chart could come from honest jitters instead of guilt. The examiner includes a control question designed to elicit some guilt feelings from a person who is telling the truth on the really important question. If a person's emotions produce physiological excitement on the control question but not on the hot question, he is normal and innocent. If, on the other hand, his emotions spark on the hot question but not on the control question, he must be lying. This theory was discussed at length with Backster at the subcommittee hearings:

> BACKSTER: That [the control question] would be such as "during the first 18 years of your life, do you remember ever doing something to hurt somebody who trusted you?"
>
> REP. HENRY S. REUSS (D., Wis.): . . . Then you get a little upward squiggle of the needle at that point, and you are thus inferring that the fellow must be leveling with you because he gets a little perturbation because, as you know, he must have done something to hurt somebody who loved him?
>
> BACKSTER: Sir, we expected him to respond to that particular question if he were not wrong on the relevant question. His psychological perception set if he were wrong on the target issue [*i.e., a liar*] . . . would be aimed toward that which could hurt him most and he would go right by the [control question] . . . showing no significant response. This is a verified principle and validated.
>
> REUSS: Where did you get this great truth from?
>
> BACKSTER: Mr. John Reid [the Chicago polygraph expert] is the one who got the initial great truth regarding this, and I am very happy for it because it was the first breakthrough in lie detection for years.

Fred E. Inbau of the Northwestern University School of Law, co-author with Reid of the standard text in the polygraph field, defended this "great truth" and others like it by analogy. He reminded the subcommittee: "At one time it was said that the bumblebee according to the laws of aerodynamics should not be able to fly, but the bumblebee hadn't heard about this and went ahead flying anyway."

But logic like this has not impressed Congress. "I have yet to see any convincing evidence," said Representative Reuss, "that the so-called lie detector is of any legitimate use at all other than in its psychological effects on the subject, and this could be done with a box and some whirring noises and lights quite as well. . . ." Reuss examined the Inbau and Reid statistics closely and discovered that, although the two polygraph experts claimed an error of only 1 per cent, they could verify only 18.9 per cent of their cases.

The fact is that no experimental research has been done to prove that lie detectors work or that they don't. Dr. John I. Lacey, a psychophysiologist at Antioch College, told the subcommittee that "the field of lie detection has . . . developed outside of the confines of any of the recognized scientific disciplines." After an exhaustive study for the Department of Defense two years ago, Dr. Jesse Orlansky of the Institute for Defense Analyses wrote: "Although the polygraph enjoys wide usage, we are not able to estimate its value. It is possible that the regard in which it is held is due largely to the ability of the examiners to conduct effective interviews and only slightly to the polygraph instrument itself; or the reverse. We do not know." Ironically, the Department of Defense, one of the federal government's most prolific users of lie detectors, received the report, classified it and then ignored it. Moss subcommittee investigators later uncovered it.

Some doubt has also fallen upon the instrument itself. It may not be as technically sophisticated as some polygraph experts pretend. Dr. Lacey, for example, described it as "a fairly crude piece of instrumentation." He said the manufacturers have made "no attempt to take advantage of the many, many things we have learned in the past two decades about the recording of physiological responses . . . the nature of the examiner-examinee interaction . . . new methods of display, new methods of computation." And a recent article in the *Harvard Business Review* concluded that the polygraph can be unreliable unless the operator takes into account room temperature, humidity, time of day, air content and the recent activities of the subject.

While the polygraph industry's claims to high science have been shattered by the available psychiatric and physiological evidence, the instrument does seem to have a limited value. The scientists who testified before the subcommittee agreed that polygraphs work better than chance—perhaps with 70 per cent accuracy — and, in the hands of trained and competent operators, could turn up useful clues for further investigation.

But very few polygraph operators have the competence and training. "There are a number of individuals," Dr. Joseph F. Kubis, a Fordham University psychologist, told the subcommittee, "who buy these instruments, do not take any training, set up, as it were, a shingle, and operate with this instrument. . . . There are more of them than we can see and identify." Even Professor Inbau admitted that 80 per cent of the operators are insufficiently trained.

In a field so unsupervised, the Moss subcommittee had difficulty finding out just how much training a polygraph examiner required. "The more training the better, obviously," said Dr. Martin L. Orne, Harvard psychiatrist. "But there would be no point in saying that you should have only Ph.D. psychologists. They are not available." But in general the scientists who testified tended to see a need for far more training than did the representatives of the polygraph industry. Dr. Kubis thought that operators should have a minimum of six months' training in use of the machine and then a year of further experience interpreting the results. Dr. Lacey said he could discuss standards only by describing the background of those who read the physiological machines in his laboratories. Nurses, X-ray technicians and college graduates, he testified, were allowed to operate the machines in his lab after at least six months' training. But he went on, "I am not comfortable leaving them alone . . . for the complete interpretation of a set of data . . . in three years."

Within the industry, Inbau, Reid and Reid's associate, George Lindberg, prepared a paper for the Moss subcommittee setting their proposed minimum requirements as a college degree, six months' training in use of the polygraph, and then six months' personal supervision of the student as he conducts examinations. These standards, however, did not please Backster, who runs a six-week school. "I don't understand," he said, "by virtue of these standards that are so stipulated how with less than perhaps fifty people who have acquired their training by this method, the other 2,000-some examiners have managed to get along."

At the moment, Backster's standards prevail, particularly in the federal government. A former employee of the CIA, Backster set up its lie-detector program and, as he testified, "on one occasion or another I have been a consultant to most every government agency that is using the polygraph today." Almost half the federal agencies require no further background of a trainee than a high school diploma, and the extent of federal training ranges from the maximum of a seven-week course in the Army to the five- to eight-day course given by the Navy. This sorry record prompted Moss to conclude, "I have a real concern, in fact, a firm conviction, of the complete inadequacy of the training."

An imperfect instrument in the hands of an ill-trained man who believes that both he and the instrument are infallible can lead in only one direction—to the entrapment of the innocent. While polygraph experts like John Reid maintain that they err only in occasionally freeing a guilty man, never in ensnaring an innocent one, the evidence proves otherwise. Even Professor Inbau acknowledged it. "If you get an examiner," he testified, "who will browbeat everybody who takes the test hoping he will get a confession from the guilty ones and be able to report these people are lying, these things can happen."

A year ago, in an article written for the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Dr. H. B. Dearman, a psychiatrist, and Dr. B. M. Smith, a psychologist, reported a case in which the polygraph had hurt an innocent subject. A young bank vice president, submitting to his firm's semi-annual routine lie-detector examination, failed the question, "Have you ever stolen any money from the bank or its customers?" He was given a test four times, and he failed the question each time. Convinced of the machine's infallibility, thoroughly confused, knowing that he had padded some expense accounts a bit, the young man finally broke down and confessed to the crime. He had stolen $1,000—a figure arrived at through some other questions on the polygraph tests. The bank books were audited. No money was missing. The bank president sent the young man to Dr. Dearman. The psychiatrist discovered that he was disturbed about his feelings toward his wife and mother, both of whom were customers of the bank, and that he felt guilty about some financial transactions with them amounting to approximately $1,000. Dr. Dearman decided that the young man's physiological changes, as recorded by the polygraph, reflected these emotional problems at home.

It is in personnel screening, however, not crime detection, that the

SEE
TRUTH
Moss

polygraph can do the most damage. There is absolutely no recourse for a man who has failed a lie-detector test while applying for a job. He has no way of proving that the lie detector—which allegedly measured his future truthfulness and honesty—is wrong. He could do that only by staying truthful and honest on the job. But he has no job. Moreover, his failure on the lie-detector test may be noted in his personnel file and in government dossiers and scar him forever. Representatives of the polygraph industry estimate that lie detectors reject from 25 to 30 per cent of the job applicants who take the examinations. These figures grow starker when the polygraph experts boast that these rejectees probably would have been hired if management had been dumb enough to screen them by the usual technique of interviews and reference checks.

"I would judge or estimate," Cleve Backster testified, "that about one out of every four that would undergo and have gone on the job by virtue of the conventional forms of screening would have disqualified themselves by their own assertions during the polygraph examination."

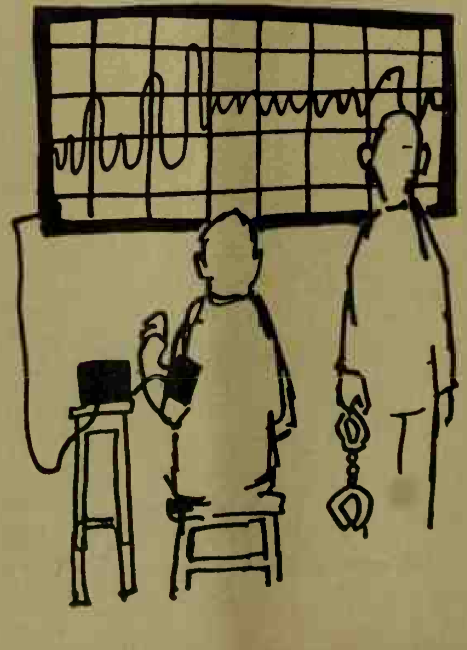
"Does this strike you as a high figure?" asked Rep. Ogden Reid (R., N.Y.).

"I would say initially it struck me as a high figure; yes, sir," Backster replied. "I am not shocked by it any more."

Since personnel screening is not designed to uncover a specific act, but only a tendency to act, polygraph operators can accomplish less and boast more in this field than in any other. The work can be sloppier than usual, the machine can take down less information—no one need know. A trade magazine, *Bus Transportation,* published an article in 1956 entitled, "Electronic Marvel Weeds Out Dishonest and Unfit Applicants," which described a new invention of Cleve Backster's. "With a special machine known as the Backster electronic evaluator it's now possible for a personnel executive to find out, in two hours if necessary, just about everything of importance in the background of a prospective employee," the article said. In its description of the "electronic marvel," the article said it comprised no more than the electrodes that measure the electric currents across the palm of the hand. Even Backster, in his testimony before the Moss subcommittee, acknowledged that this kind of measurement by a galvanometer alone would tell an examiner next to nothing about a subject. In fact, he told the subcommittee, an examiner would have to be at least "partially without sound reasoning" to depend on a galvanometer. Confronted with the *Bus Transportation* article, which he had reprinted and distributed for promotion, Backster said the writer had omitted the fact that his "marvel" measured breathing as well as palm sweating.

"You get these articles," Moss said at the hearings, "that say the scientific wonder, and with it all you have to do is set an employee down and ask him a series of questions and when you are finished you know if he has problems, you know if he is truthful, you know if he is honest, all of these things, you know. The fact is you know nothing. You may have many suspicions, but no more knowledge than when you started. . . . I suspect . . . that this little device has robbed many a person of an opportunity for employment or promotion."

Even harsher criticism of the use of the polygraph in personnel work came from Dr. Kubis, the Fordham psychologist who has spent much of his career experimenting with lie detectors. "The growing use of lie detectors in many vital aspects of our life is unwarranted, dangerous and degrading," Dr. Kubis testified. He condemned the lie detector, when used by inexperienced and unscrupulous men to check employees and prospective employees, as "a blindly probing instrument that can severely damage the inner life and reputation of the person tested."



Certain practices which have nothing to do with the machine itself, but which nevertheless have grown into the polygraph tradition, are distasteful to anyone concerned with the rights of American citizens. Most examination rooms, for example, have two-way mirrors behind which other investigators can watch the proceedings. Many rooms have hidden microphones.

Until very recently, the armed services never told a subject about the mirror and the microphone. One subcommittee witness, Maj. Gen. Ralph J. Roberts, the Army Provost Marshal General, didn't think it was necessary to tell a soldier anything. "It is my experience in thirty-six years in the Army that all of the soldiers that go into CID [Criminal Investigations Detachment] know that they are monitored and Big Brother is watching," he said. Similar testimony came from J. M. Barron of the Office of Naval Intelligence, who told the subcommittee that the Navy doesn't volunteer information about the rights of a citizen to a polygraph subject because "he is an American citizen. He should know." This brought a bristling reply from Congressman Reuss: "I would comment that I think the day will never come when the American citizens, as an incident of their citizenship, have to be aware of the fact that the room is bugged and the mirror is a device to enable Big Brother to see them. . . ." The anger from the Moss subcommittee persuaded Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance to issue a new directive that ordered Pentagon polygraph examiners to tell their subjects of any mirrors and microphones. However, mirrors and mikes would stay.

But even without mirrors and microphones, there is serious question about the constitutionality of any polygraph test. The polygraph industry defends the use of the machine by pointing out that polygraph examinations are not admissible in most courts as evidence and that no one has to take the test if he does not want to. In this way, the industry maintains, the Fifth Amendment is not violated. But Rep. Cornelius E. Gallagher (D., N.J.) questions whether the examination violates the Fourth Amend-

(Continued on page 176)

Poverty's Second Generation . . Fred W. Lindecke

Now that President Johnson's "War against Poverty" has been passed by Congress, one of the nation's poverty pockets which is waiting to see if the war ever reaches it is the Bootheel of Missouri.

If and when it does come, Mr. Johnson's program will find the southwest tip of Missouri a rugged test of its depth and perserverance. Appalachia got most of the publicity in the campaign to pass the President's bill. The Bootheel promises to be just as tough a nut to crack.

All the present talk about poverty comes many years after the fact, so far as the Bootheel is concerned. The type of people who are poor there now were poor before and during the depression, and have stayed poor through the war-economy boom up to the present. While politicians and economists debate over the proper level of unemployment, farm income or the cost of living, the Bootheel's poor remain unchanged.

The reason is that Missouri's Bootheel is cotton country, and until just a few years ago it was a simple economic fact that a lot of cheap labor—or in other words, poor people—was needed to grow and harvest cotton. Although Bootheel field laborers never made more than a meager living at it, chopping weeds and picking cotton has been their major source of employment. But now up to 80 per cent of the cotton is harvested by mechanical cotton pickers, and farmers are using chemicals and new plowing techniques to control the weeds in the fields. Even flocks of geese, that eat the weeds but not the cotton plants, are used to reduce the need for hand labor. While in many areas automation and technological change have produced "new" poverty, in the Bootheel they come as a final blow on top of "old" poverty.

One point should be made perfectly clear, however. The Bootheel is not an economically depressed area. It contains the richest agricultural counties in Missouri. The state ranks eleventh in cotton production nationally, and the Bootheel grows all of it. Soybeans, wheat, corn and alfalfa also are grown in its deep Mississippi River bottomland soil.

The strong agricultural economy supports active towns with shops, businesses and small manufacturing plants that provide a stable source of nonfarm jobs. But beneath the area's healthy economy is a thick poverty stratum composed of thousands of farm laborers—both black and white—who know nothing but "choppin' and pickin'" cotton or joining migratory crews to harvest fruit and vegetables in other states.

Six counties make up most of the Bootheel — Dunklin, Mississippi, New Madrid, Pemiscot, Scott and Stoddard. The 1960 census showed that all of them have a median family income below the $4,000 set by the Conference on Economic Progress as the minimum required to maintain an adequate standard of living. Five of the six have a median income below the $3,000 set by President Johnson. The census books show that in New Madrid County, 64 per cent of the families have an annual income of less than $3,000. The number of families living on less than $3,000, among the other counties, ranges down to 38 per cent in Scott County. Median family income for farm laborers in the six counties was between a high of $818 in Scott County, down to $693 in Pemiscot County.

State Welfare Department figures show that the Bootheel has more persons picking up federal surplus food than St. Louis and Kansas City combined. Total welfare payments in the six counties were second in the state only to St. Louis in fiscal 1962-63. Summed up, these statistics describe an area where welfare is the largest industry after agriculture. They describe an area where to get on the welfare roles is for many people the highest goal in life.

The poor in the Bootheel are divided into two classes—those who can qualify for welfare benefits and those who struggle along without them. Under Missouri law, only those who are blind, disabled, over 65 or who are dependents of an absent or disabled head of the family can qualify for welfare payments.

Those who can meet these requirements are considered well off among the poor in the Bootheel. "When they decide around here who should get food baskets at Christmas, if someone is on welfare the attitude is to give the food to somebody else because they don't need it as bad," Mrs. David Ragan, assistant director of Delmo Housing Corp., said. Mrs. Ragan and her husband administer Delmo, a Bootheel organization born out of sharecroppers' protests against their treatment during the depression. The church-supported charity organization now looks after about 2,000 low-income persons and welfare recipients.

It is easy to see why the poor of the Bootheel tend to look upon welfare as the answer to all their troubles. Under the Missouri schedule of welfare payments, if a mother with seven children can qualify for aid to dependent children, she can receive $200 a month. This amount coming in every month is more than she could ever hope for if her husband were home and the whole family worked in the fields. Pay for chopping cotton is $5 to $6 a day. Wages for picking cotton are $3 a hundred pounds. Depending on how strong a cotton picker's back is, he can pick up to 300 pounds a day. As an example, if a laborer were to get six weeks' work chopping cotton at $6 a day, and six weeks' work picking cotton at 300 pounds a day, he would make a total of $630. And a cotton picker would try to put his wife and as many of his children who are able in the fields in an effort to multiply this amount by as many times as possible.

But in today's decreasing market for hand labor, that amount of work and pay would be optimum conditions. It used to be that field workers could expect cotton-chopping jobs to be available throughout May and June. When the cotton harvest started in September, there used to be work for them that lasted into December and January. The huge mechanical cotton-picking machines that cost $19,000 each reduce the cotton harvest to six weeks or less. The field laborers are left to glean after the machines, or to work on the few remaining farms which do not use machines. The new weed-control methods are having the same effect on hand labor.

It would be a distortion to picture the field laborers as totally innocent victims of economic oppression. The fact is that they must

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Fred W. Lindecke is a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

share part of the responsibility for their plight. Community leaders and public officials who have tried to help them are unanimous in stating that many of them don't want to be helped. Witness some of their statements:

Rev. Ivan Lee LaTurno, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Kennett: "Any person who really wants to work and shows any kind of industrious attitude at all can usually find some kind of steady employment. Some of these people decide that the poorer they get, the more help they are going to get, and they maintain their condition. Unless the help you offer them is an outright gift, they aren't interested."

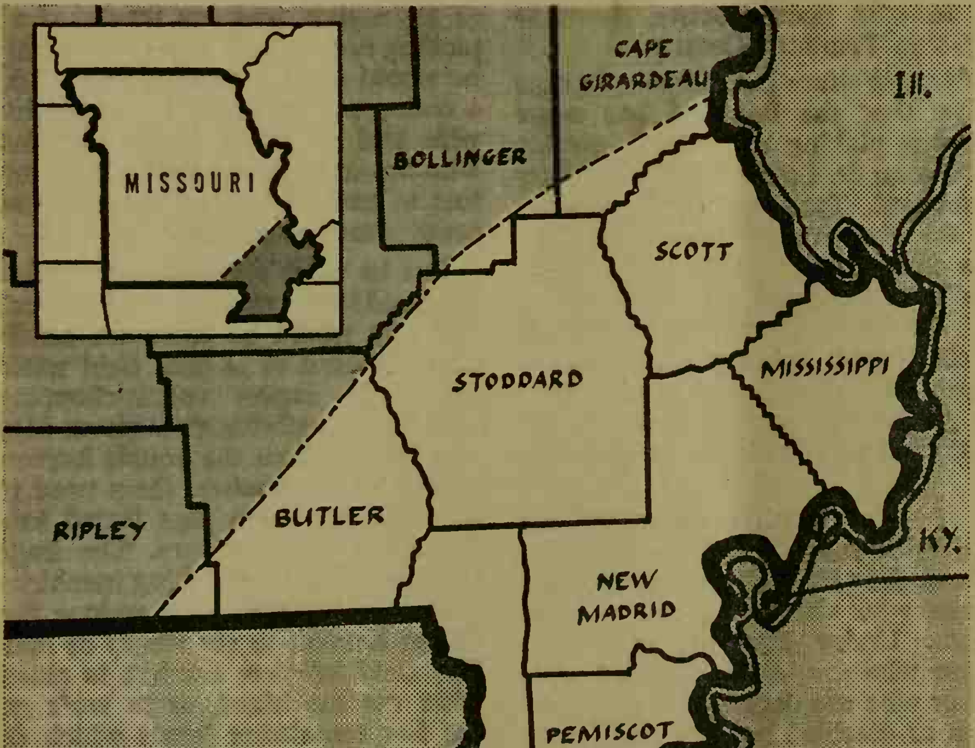
Alva Davault, Superintendent of Schools at Malden: "A big problem is to convince them that they need help. Nothing can be done for them until you encourage them to want to do things for themselves. Even in good times, with high employment over the nation, the Bootheel has had poverty. The fathers of these farm workers were hungry every winter and now they are hungry every winter too."

Jack Schell, of the Kennett state employment office: "I've got jobs to go pick berries for $175 to $200 a month going begging. They don't want to change their pattern of staying here, picking up a few jobs and just trying to get by. They breed this attitude into their children. They feel that if they can't take care of themselves, welfare will help them."

The fact that poverty is so longstanding tends to obstruct action against it from both sides of the fence. The poor show little initiative to break out of it because for generations they have known no other way of life; the nonpoor have become so accustomed to the "Grapes of Wrath" existence of the farm laborers that they accept it as commonplace.

David Ragan, at the Delmo headquarters at Lilbourn, commented on this. There is, he said, "a lack of public arousal" over poverty in the Bootheel. "Some of the people have been seeing poverty so long they don't think they have a problem here. People who have made a success of themselves feel they made it the hard way and the others should too."

The Bootheel has always been a place of economic extremes, with a few very rich, many very poor, and a small group in between. Only recently has a middle class of nonfarm workers begun to develop.



The Bootheel was primarily swampland until the early 1900s, when the Little River Drainage District was started. A network of canals on which improvement continues today drained the delta soil, and residents call the 1 million reclaimed acres the largest land-reclamation project in the United States. The bulk of the work was done in the 1920s, and cotton farmers began moving into the area. At first, the tenant rented land from the owner, and the sharecropper helped the tenant work the land. Each took a third of the crop. Forty acres and a mule used to be the chief production unit in Bootheel cotton farming. But then came the tractor and the small plots were combined into larger and larger farms. Tenant farmers who kept pace by renting more land and investing in more equipment were able to survive. Today the tenant is the principal agricultural production manager in the Bootheel.

The sharecropper was shunted aside. With the end of the 40-acre plots, he was degraded to a farm hand who was paid by the day—when he worked. Most farmers built houses on their land where the laborers lived. The farmers maintained the laborers when they were not working and charged the cost against what they would earn next growing season.

Movement of the workers off the farms took place under a variety of influences. The prospect of higher paying jobs in cities, starting in World War II, induced many to leave the area altogether. With the war economy producing labor shortage, and mechanical equipment reducing the need for year-round hand labor, the workers' houses on the farms emptied and were torn down, and the space they occupied put to cultivation. Some farm workers remained in the area, but moved into cheap, frame housing thrown up on the outskirts of Bootheel towns. Examples of these today are the shack towns outside Hayti and Portageville. Here the workers would join crews which moved from farm to farm wherever there was work.

Through it all, the sharecropper-turned-day-laborer became and has remained the kind of man who is likely to spend whatever he makes as soon as he gets it. He was used to having the farmer look out for him in the lean months, and now may depend on federal surplus food or his credit with local merchants to get through the winter.

The answers given most often in the Bootheel to the question of what is needed to reduce poverty are jobs and education. The most sustained effort so far along such lines has been the attempt to bring nonfarm jobs to small Bootheel towns. Each one of them has a local development corporation which has set aside areas for industrial parks and which will build a new factory for a manufacturer. Besides new plant facilities, the Bootheel towns offer to provide nonunion workers at low wages.

Vocational education to train a labor force to man such factories is just getting started. For years the only type of vocational training in Bootheel schools was vocational agriculture—that is, learning how to raise crops and livestock. But under the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, vocational courses in Malden, Sikeston, Cape Girardeau and Poplar Bluff offer welding, electrical-appliance repair, farm equipment and automobile mechanics, cooking, practical nursing and stenography.

In addition, school superintendent Davault has helped organize the Tri-County Trade School at Malden, which was started three years ago without waiting for the federal government program. The building trades, electrical work, auto mechanics and body and fender work are included in this school. The impetus to start this school came, Davault said, when Malden businessmen tried to attract new industry and the prospects told them: "You don't have anything but cotton choppers down there."

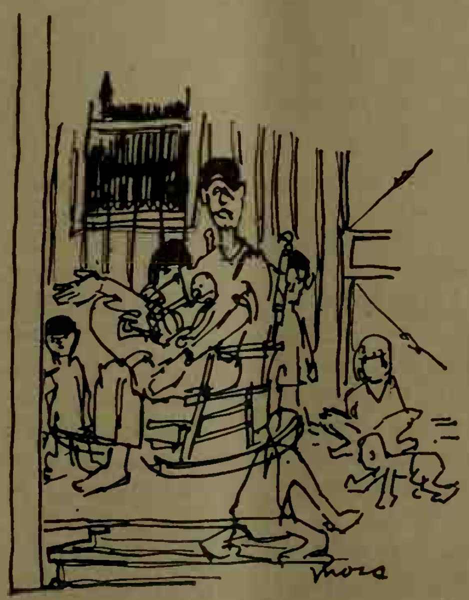
There have also been attempts at combating illiteracy. The Kennett Opportunities Foundation, Inc., started literacy classes last year, and Delmo has sponsored early morning literacy classes over a Cape Girardeau television station.

State welfare offices in the Bootheel have been so overloaded with cases that they have been able to do little more than certify eligibility and send out the checks. But under increased federal allowances for welfare workers, the Dunklin County office at Kennett has started a pilot project to provide enough case workers so that some counseling aimed at solving individual family problems can be undertaken. Other Bootheel welfare offices hope to be included in this program.

But all these programs deal in terms of a few hundred persons, when the real problem is in the thousands. There are built-in barriers in the Bootheel which offer resistance to such efforts at every turn. In the literacy courses, the students hid their books and would not admit they were taking the classes or that they were watching the television classes without participating in the formal instruction. Davault reported that some of those taking the manpower retraining seemed motivated more by the government living allowances attached to the courses than by the instruction. Most of the Bootheel schools still put agriculture ahead of education in that they break up the term for "cotton vacations." This means that they are out of session in May and June and again in September and October. Davault, whose schools are now on an uninterrupted September-to-June term, said the split term is one obstacle in coordinating school districts in vocational education programs.

Vocational education requires a large district from which to draw students and financial support, Davault explained. Most of the Bootheel schools are still segregated, and this also works against combining segregated and nonsegregated districts into vocational education programs. Another factor hindering cooperative efforts, Davault said, is the rivalry among Bootheel towns which have been competing for business and government offices for years.

But the deepest-rooted obstacle to fighting poverty in the Bootheel is the inbred resignation of the day laborers to the hand-to-mouth existence they have known for generations. Reaching these people will tax the ingenuity and resources of the President's "War against Poverty."



A family that welfare director Russell Launius of Dexter went to visit provides a case in point. Sixteen children have been born to the parents, both of whom came from large, farm-laborer families and did not finish grade school. Fourteen children are still alive and ten of them are living with their parents in a broken-down house at Pascola. The father knows nothing but picking cotton, and at the time of Launius' visit he had not worked in five months. He had a job several years ago connecting bottle gas units to homes, but lost it because he couldn't learn to do the work.

The father had been on and off the welfare roles as a disability case, but at present Launius was unable to help the family because the father had been recertified as employable and he had not deserted his wife and children. During the winter the family had lived off federal surplus food, ran up a grocery bill, and was behind in house payments. There was also a mounting bill for the children's school lunches, and there were shoes for only five of the children who were in school. The little ones ran barefoot in the dust of the yard. Only one of the children had gone as far as the eighth grade. The oldest child living at home quit at the seventh grade because he said he had to "help Daddy work."

But there is little or no work for Daddy. Launius said the parents come from a period when there used to be a real need for cotton pickers and when a large family was an asset. But now a large family is just a liability. They will have to struggle along until the father gets old enough or sick enough to qualify for welfare again. Then, with the number of kids they have, the welfare payments will give the family the first security they have ever known.

The only real hope for this family, Launius said, is somehow to reach the children and show them that there is a better way of life. But he added that unless the children can be kept in school, "they're going to wind up just like their father."

Crusade and After

THE REAL VOICE. By Richard Harris. Macmillan & Co. 245 pp. $4.95.

Elinor Langer

The relationship between the federal government and the pharmaceutical industry is something like that of the indifferent giants on early TV wrestling shows—cries of pain, tortured grimaces, twistings and writhings, but very little hard contact of a sort that punishes either side. The noise was loudest in recent years during the fight for the passage of a new law extending government responsibility for the safety and effectiveness of drugs: the events described in Harris' extraordinary book. This law has added realistic effects, but after Kefauver's bill had been picked over by industry lobbyists and their political allies, what was left was more an accumulation of bureaucratic safeguards than the fundamental alteration in the economic structure of the drug industry which Kefauver had initially hoped to achieve. There was only a minor shift in the balance of power between industry and government.

Still, the importance of the Kefauver investigation cannot be overrated, for he accomplished three very remarkable things. The first was intellectual: he provided leadership for a massive study of something both politicians and academicians had ignored. Much of the iceberg is still submerged, but the twenty-six volumes accumulated during the three-year investigation—almost 13,000 pages of primary evidence about drug prices and drug practices—constitute a virtual encyclopedia of information about the postwar revolution in the drug industry. His second contribution was political: he not only produced some desperately needed changes, but also succeeded in arousing interest in drug problems on Capitol Hill where continuing political pressure has played a key role in forcing implementation of his reforms. Third, Kefauver selected Richard Harris, a *New Yorker* staff writer, to be a kind of royal scribe to the proceedings, and he let him in on secrets perhaps more intimate than any politician has ever shared with a journalist. Harris' subsequent hard work has left us with a book that tells us a great deal, not just about the drug bill, but about the mechanisms and machinations of Congress, and about the uses of power in contemporary America.

Harris divides his story into three parts—the origin of the investigation, the substance of its discoveries, and the hard and dirty fight to make the bill law. The first part is the most romantic: who but a *New Yorker* writer would begin this book with "One rainy, cold morning early in February of 1951, Walton Hamilton, a Washington attorney, awoke in his home in Arlington, Virginia, with a severely inflamed throat," and go on to tell the personal story of the chain of interest in prices of antibiotics that led to the investigation? The second part extracts from the lengthy hearings some of the excesses of the drug industry uncovered by Kefauver's staff. Here the virtues of the *New Yorker* style are limited. Skillful characterizations and passionate exposition of details, however revealing, leave one hungry for the generalization and explanation that the author fails to supply. It is in the third part, about the bill itself, that Harris' talents and his opportunities fuse most strikingly. We always knew that Kefauver was disliked in Washington in general and that he was fought with particular intensity on the drug bill. But it was not known that the opposition was so unscrupulous or that the drug lobby was so closely linked with a quiet anti-Kefauver coalition that included not only Senate colleagues like Eastland and Dirksen, but high representatives of the White House and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The linen was dirtier than almost anyone imagined, and Harris has hung it neatly out.

The pattern of the fight was familiar. In the 30s a bill to strengthen the provisions of the old 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act lay around Congress for four years. Though supported by FDR, the bill was opposed by drug and cosmetic manufacturers who had allies in Congress. In the fall of 1937, 107 people died from a mixture called "Elixir Sulfanilamide," a liquid form of an early wonder drug. A company chemist, urged by the salesman that a liquid form would promote sales, prepared a solvent using diethylene glycol. He tested it for flavor, odor and appearance—but not for safety. When the deaths were traced to the solvent, the chemist committed suicide and Congress passed the bill.

The 1938 law was soon inadequate. The antibiotics discovered during and after the war were followed by the hormone drugs, tranquilizers, antidiabetics and a host of other new therapeutic agents. By the 1950s, drugs were entering the market at the rate of 400 to 500 a year; only 10 per cent of the drugs in use today were available fifteen years ago. There were sensational discoveries, but as many as three out of every four of the new drugs have been estimated to be either superfluous or ineffective; and the effective and the worthless, the miraculous and the sham, were promoted with equal zeal.

While the industry was gaining strength, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), was getting weaker. The agency was inclined to take a passive view of its responsibilities for, like most regulatory bodies, it had developed an affection for the industry it was intended to supervise. A variety of dangerous and venal practices came to be accepted as a matter of course—some merely unnoticed by the agency, some tacitly approved. Federal regulation was a mirage.

This was the situation when Kefauver's staff began to investigate. In 1962, drugs could still be marketed without proof of effectiveness, on the basis of relatively little clinical experience. They could also be advertised and promoted without warnings of anticipated side effects. Furthermore, although drugs to be sold commercially required FDA approval, if FDA did not get around to reviewing an application in a certain number of days, a drug could be marketed by default; other loopholes guaranteed that certain classes of drugs would not be scrutinized at all. If a company wanted to distribute a drug for experimentation on human beings on a precommercial basis, all it had to do was label the product "experimental," and drop FDA a note saying that it had done so. Doctor testimonials could then be used

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Elinor Langer writes on politics for Science *magazine.*

to bring pressure on the FDA to release the drug for sale.

This situation became the source of some extremely lucrative quackery. If I mixed together mustard and chili sauce and claimed it was worth testing as an arthritis cure, I could ship it to friends across the country who in turn could use it on patients. We could not legally "sell" it until it was approved; but we could, for example, set up phony clinics, claim to be supplying the drug to test it out, and be paid for our services, though not for the drug. Since my product would probably not be dangerous, it might eventually have won FDA approval. What was dangerous about the proliferation of crank cures, as has been pointed out many times before and since the Kefauver investigation, is simply that any phony remedy is dangerous if it diverts people's attention and money from legitimate cures.

Not only the quacks profited; many of the mixtures sold by the big drug houses were little better than the concoctions of cranks. But for the big houses the lax system had other profitable angles. The best example was the promotion of thalidomide by the William S. Merrell Company while it was awaiting government approval. The company had in Harris' words "distributed 2,528,412 thalidomide tablets . . . to twelve hundred and sixty-seven doctors who had given them to some twenty thousand patients in containers that bore nothing more than directions for use." Faced with the attendant publicity, Congressional opposition to Kefauver's safety measures ceased. The price cutting provisions had all been gutted before the bill came to the floor. The lesson in American politics is all too clear.

Kefauver's safety provisions included requirements that the companies report their plans for human tests of experimental drugs in advance, and that they permit only qualified experts to conduct the tests. The new law required that the industry supply FDA with proof of the efficacy not only of new drugs, but of drugs placed on the market even before the law was passed. It also contained a number of other provisions strengthening the government's authority over advertising claims and over certain manufacturing practices.

The law continues to be denounced by most of the industry as unnecessary, bureaucratic and costly. A number of its provisions are being contested in court. Physicians, the companies have repeated, would not agree to keeping the mountain of records allegedly required by the law, and many valuable drug testers would be lost to humanity. The expense of the paper work and of the extra animal tests would be astronomical. Profits would be driven down and research would be the first to be sacrificed. In the end, the people would suffer most.

What of their grim predictions? The other day a cartoon by Lichty in *The Washington Post* showed a group of industrialists sitting around a boardroom table listening to their leader declaim: "Hampered by bureaucratic meddling, strangled by government controls, and union wage demands, our net earnings have soared to a new high peak." The drug industry recently announced that its sales had risen to $3.5 billion in 1963. That was a 7 per cent increase over 1962, the last year before the Kefauver terror.

Passage of the bill did not mark a great divide in the practices of the drug industry, but it seems to have emboldened the FDA, and accelerated the rate at which some of the industry's worst abuses are being exposed. But our medicine chests are still far from safe.

The rush to get drugs to the market is responsible for many unsavory routines. Preliminary drug trials frequently fail to uncover toxic or other properties of a drug that later cause anguish to customer and company alike. Sometimes, even when the facts are uncovered, they are quickly suppressed. The most conspicuous villain continues to be the William S. Merrell Company, indicted last winter for making false statements to the FDA about an anti-cholesterol drug called Mer/29 which it promoted for heart disease (despite medical uncertainty about the cholesterol-heart disease link) and which later had to be taken off the market. In filing reports with the FDA, Merrell failed to mention those experiments in which a significant range of changes, from eye difficulties to reduced fertility, had been recorded in rats and monkeys. Merrell pleaded no contest to the charges, and is presently paying an $80,000 fine, in addition to fighting a large number of civil suits resulting from damages caused by the drug—including a number of cataracts. Lest Merrell be thought uniquely deplorable, it should be noted that Wallace & Tiernan, Inc., was indicted recently for failing to report adverse effects (including three deaths) associated with the use of a tranquilizer.

Not only are the results of clinical tests suppressed, they are occasionally even invented. The most prolific inventor in recent years was the young Maryland physician recently convicted for submitting false clinical test reports on several new drugs even though he conducted no such tests. (The fees for his labors are thought to have totaled around $13,000.) It is hardly comforting to note that this man's reports were supposedly reviewed by the scientific chiefs of five major drug companies and by a variety of FDA officials before anyone noticed that his results were consistently improbable. Such truly rigged research appears to be more common among the little fry of the medical establishment than the bigger fry, but top academic specialists are by no means immune. Senator Humphrey, who became Kefauver's unofficial successor, has turned up several examples; and last spring, in talks with doctors from several of the top Eastern medical schools, I was astonished at the number who said, "take my colleague over there, Doctor X. He is not corrupt. But if he can pick up a few thousand dollars by making a few check marks on a sheet of paper supplied by a company and not work very hard, why not? Espe-

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cially if the drug is of a class that is generally considered safe. . . ." Some physicians have gone even further. A drug called Orabilex, used as an X-ray medium in gall bladder disorders, was recently withdrawn from the market after being linked with eleven deaths in the Washington area alone. A case study of Orabilex assembled by a House committee indicates that the manufacturing house itself prepared papers which then appeared in medical journals over the doctor's signature. Such reports can then be cited both in the company's presentation to FDA and in its advertisements for the drug. Presumably such papers are a boon to the academic reputation of the physician whose burgeoning list of professional credits is a kind of intellectual payola.

The top levels of industry and the A.M.A. have grown closer in recent years, a cooperation which affects the entire structure of medicine. Harris reports that during the hearings Kefauver pointed out that:

> *in the early fifties the A.M.A. had begun giving up a number of activities that it had been engaged in for some years. Among them were support of a microbiological laboratory to test new drugs, a seal-of-acceptance program (drug advertising in A.M.A. periodicals was limited to products that had been granted the seal), the inspection of drug plants. . . . In 1953, Kefauver pointed out, the A.M.A. had had a survey made by a private outfit to determine why its advertising revenue had gone up only three per cent in the past seven years, while that of some other journals had increased by nearly half. According to the survey, seventy-one percent of the doctors interviewed felt that the seal of acceptance, for instance, was of great value...but members of the industry had no use for it. Over the next seven years, the A.M.A. had gradually relinquished the policing powers that Kefauver had listed, and in that period its . . . advertising income had risen from three and a half million dollars to eight—more than half the Association's annual earnings from all sources—and the number of advertising pages in the Journal had jumped from 470 to 1,402.*

At lower levels, individual physicians are intensively courted by company "detail men" (there is one detail man for every ten practicing physicians), and rely on them for much of their knowledge about drugs. A handful of companies are entirely ethical in their promotion (some even gave Kefauver covert support), just as a handful of thoughtful physicians have been willing to speak out and provide some leadership for the safari through the drug jungle. But in general the amount of independent guidance available to physicians about drugs has been drastically curtailed in recent years. For this reason, doctors are susceptible to irrational attitudes where drugs are concerned, and most companies appear to have few scruples about arousing their partisanship. For a long time, for example, prominent medical researchers have been warning against the overuse of antibiotics. One practice that came in for particular criticism was placing antibiotics in compounds used to treat colds. Last summer an expert panel convoked by FDA to settle the matter reported that antibiotics had been found totally ineffective against colds, and recommended that the preparations be taken off the market. The uproar was about the same as if housewives had suddenly been denied the use of frozen foods. Practicing doctors, abetted by indignant manufacturers and the A.M.A., claimed that they knew what was best for their patients and the preparations are still on the market.

A more serious case is that of the potent antibiotic, Chloromycetin. No Congressional hearing since Kefauver's has failed to dredge up the inane observation which has become the joint motto of industry and the FDA—that all modern drugs are dangerous to some degree, and that if all drugs with serious side effects were taken off the market it would constitute a mammoth raid on the arsenal of medicine. With this proposition no man can reasonably disagree. But the question is whether doctors are subtly being encouraged to prescribe a dangerous drug when such chances need not be taken.

The case of Chloromycetin is a clear example that they are. The drug is thought to be uniquely valuable in treating typhoid and a few other serious diseases. But it has also long been known to produce aplastic anemia, frequently fatal, in a small percentage of its recipients. The wiser voices of medicine have long said that Chloromycetin ought to be restricted to cases where the risk of its use is outweighed by the risk to the patient if no treatment were given. But the manufacturer (Parke-Davis) has made no effort to pass this news on to the doctors, and the drug is still widely prescribed. Right in front of me is an attractive advertisement from a May issue of one of the country's top medical journals. In the foreground a doctor leans on a desk counter in a hospital corridor. Down the hall a small group of interns and nurses appear to be relaxing. The scene is swathed in dusky blue light. It is the end of a long day and a hard fight. The patient will live. Everyone is tired but satisfied. The caption:

CHLOROMYCETIN
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Requiem for God's Gardener

THE FAR FIELD. By Theodore Roethke. Doubleday & Co. 95 pp. $3.50.

Hayden Carruth

During the past year the fashion has been to praise Theodore Roethke to the skies. But what possible good can it do the poor guy now that he's dead and in the ground? He was a marvelous poet and apparently, in some of his moods, a charming, likable person. But he was not a Yeats or a Keats—he was too unsure of himself, technically and emotionally, to write the handful of absolute poems that one needs to enter the first rank—and we do an injustice to his memory and to our own worthiness as memorialists if we say otherwise. It will be better all around if we try instead to see exactly what he was.

This book of his last work helps a good deal. Some of the poems, perhaps fifteen of the whole forty-eight, seem to be unfinished work. At least they contain errors of composition that Roethke almost certainly would have corrected, though since we aren't told how or by whom the book was assembled, conjecture is useless. It is best to disregard these poems. Ten or twelve of the rest are very good Roethke indeed, the equal, or nearly, of anything in his previous work. On every page one finds, as expected, something quite brilliant, even if only a line or a word. The poems are divided about equally among Roethke's three chief modes: the song; the longer poem in loose meters devoted to themes from nature, including human nature; and the denser poem in end-stopped pentameters, usually rhymed and usually philosophical in substance.

All the poems are about death. This was true of his earlier poems too, of course, the whole body of his work being a repeated failing defense against the fear of dying. But in these last poems the failures come more quickly, more insistently, and the fear deepens into a terrible malady.

Perhaps this is why the failures are so beautiful. In his last years he concentrated every ounce of his lyrical strength on the task of escaping, submerging the self in the universe, silencing the individual voice in the voice of nature. "I long for the imperishable quiet at the heart of form," he wrote, and again: "Being, not doing, is my first joy." "I would be a stream . . . a leaf." "On one side [our side] of silence there is no smile;/But when I breathe with the birds,/The spirit of wrath becomes the spirit of blessing,/And the dead begin from their dark to sing in my sleep." The intention is unmistakable and quite conventional, call it what you will: a Platonism of suburbia, the bird-watcher's transcendentalism; it is easy, too easy, to mock. The fact is that in his best poems about nature Roethke almost brought it off, partly through his verbal and imaginative power, partly through his individual synthesis of disparate pantheistic strains. He took his sources where he found them, Taoism, Amerindian poetry, Mother Goose; mostly he invented them.

A third factor was Roethke's skill as an amateur naturalist. He really was a birdwatcher, an excellent one, and his professional knowledge of flowers began in his father's greenhouses. (Who else would know that tulips "creak"?—yet they do.) In such a poem as "All Morning" he brings together in one catalogue the minute felicities of songbirds, even their cutenesses, the things we deprecate on greeting cards, and does it so unaffectedly that suddenly we realize he has touched the elemental force of the universe. When he writes of nature's larger aspects, such as the movements of waters and mountains, he evokes a sense of the cosmic resistlessness more compelling than that in any other recent poetry I can think of.

Yet these poems fail. They fail in their very brilliance and beauty. They do not do what Roethke wistfully hopes they do. When he says, "I lose and find myself in the long water," or "What does what it should do needs nothing more," these are statements only; highly poetic statements, often successful as such, but they were intended to transcend poetry. They do not. And since their intention is not only their meaning but their function—their place in the poem's completion—they destroy themselves. The individual voice is not silenced, the single consciousness still asserts its claims and fears, its tremulous and eternal devastation. Roethke's voice and consciousness; and ours. In weariness, vexation, and a kind of merriment, he sighs: "Running from God's the longest race of all." Then did he, at the end, return to God, as some reviewers have suggested? Of course he could not. Instead we see him, a huge melancholy man, laughing in shyness, stopping, peering around, continuing again, stumbling, quivering, dancing, crying, singing, up to the cemetery gate. This is his poem. It is the poem par excellence of his generation. And if he did not quite succeed in containing it within any of the individual forms that he titled his poems, it reveals itself clearly enough in the whole. It moves us deeply because Roethke was one of us, and it will continue to do so for a long time because Roethke had the ability to write lines that can be remembered; for example, several that I have quoted in this review, though I did not choose them with this in mind. Memorability isn't the only proof of fine poetry, nor the most important, but it is still rare enough to be distinguished, I think, and pleasing enough to be cherished.

Hayden Carruth is the author of a novel Appendix A *(Macmillan) and several collections of poems, the most recent of which are* The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

Echoes of An Evolutionary

THE RADICAL TRADITION. Twelve Essays on Politics, Education, and Literature. By R. H. Tawney. Edited by Rita Hinden. Pantheon Books. 214 pp. $4.95.

Norman Fruchter

Tawney was more Christian than Socialist. He could use a phrase like "the dignity of man" with sincerity and even with passion. His basic theme, set forth historically in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, and ethically in *Equality* and *The Acquisitive Society*, was the loss of the ideals of community, solidarity and purpose under an expanding bourgeoisie's demand for freedom as economic and social individuals. Tawney consistently attacked that new individualism's failure to achieve the freedom it promised. He never romanticized the medieval world order, and he documented, in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, the exhilarating liberation produced by theories of individual rights (which were, basically, property rights) in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But he was consistently critical of the materialist civilizations which vulgarized that individualist protest into bourgeois dogma and capitalist apologia.

Tawney used that partially articulated, superseded ideal of the Christian community to indict the commercial societies for the damage they inflict on human personality and potential. His concern was to analyze the supposedly inviolable individual *rights* as definitions of *privilege* which only some people, possessors of wealth, power or talent, can exercise; to define liberty within capitalist societies as license granted to power; and to insist that freedom, in the non-Socialist West, still means the individual's freedom from government rather than the individual's freedom to realize his full potential. Though Tawney never uses the word, the *alienation* of man's basic nature by his enforced reduction to a tool of production was for him the ultimate moral evil of capitalist society. "Men are not things," could stand as his motto.

The Radical Tradition, a collection and a commemorative volume, offers only a taste of Tawney: the twelve essays vary in subject, length and quality. The first three are brief, very slight evaluations of William Lovett, Robert Owen and John Ruskin. The middle section gathers together four essays on education. One is a short polemic against the predominant middle-class English attitude—quality education for most middle-class children plus a sprinkling of "deserving" lower-class children, and vocational education, busy-work and early leaving for all the rest. Then there is a longer, detailed analysis of the history, social inequity and educational deficiencies of the English public school system. Here Tawney is at his best; he begins by arguing that "educational policy is social policy," and marshals history, economy data and social-psychological studies into a precise and indignant analysis of the warped social policy which the public schools define and carry out. The last two essays in this section explain and celebrate the Workers' Educational Association, the experimental, cooperative, adult education society founded in 1903, which has developed flexible, high-quality adult education to a degree unimaginable in the United States. (Though, having taught several WEA classes in England, I wonder if Tawney should not have considered whether the courses had become both a means to acquire the cultural references useful for social mobility, and the techniques necessary for job advancement, rather than an opportunity for exploration and knowledge.)

The third, and longest, section of *The Radical Tradition* is titled "Politics." In both the first essay, "The Conditions of Economic Liberty," and the concluding one, "British Socialism Today," Tawney argues that effective liberty and active democratic control can only be achieved by workers' control through a decentralized, local management of workers, managers and perhaps an occasional owner-manager. (Somehow most of the Labour Party's leadership managed to revere Tawney while withdrawing this central insistence from the party's policy.) The second essay in the "Politics" section is from a Labour Party pamphlet written in 1919, arguing for the nationalization of the coal industry. Tawney separates the irrelevant issue of nationalization (used as a red herring by the Tories in every election) from the basic issue of the structure and quality of public administration. He argues that only if an industry is run as a public service, and organized by the men whose skills are utilized on every level of production and distribution, will public control result in democratic control and a qualitatively richer life for the nation. The longest essay in the book, "Social Democracy in Britain," written as an explication for American readers of English socialism and the institutional changes carried out by the Labour Party up to 1949, is as interesting for its implied comments about American values and institutions as it is for its summary of Labour's program. The latter part of the essay attacks the conservative response to public planning, public control and the extension of communal services—the response which defines a "welfare state" and then mythicizes that state into a totalitarian monster, destructive of individual rights, liberties, singularity and passion. The attack becomes a deft demolition, still applicable to the current arguments of our own Don Quixotes of the Right; the examination and dismissal of F. A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, in mildly piqued and chiding tones, is still enjoyable and pertinent.

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The final section, a long essay on "Social History and Literature," exhibits the scholarly, synthesizing, enthusiastic dimensions of Tawney's work. He is lecturing, to the National Book League, on the services and rewards which an adequate preparation in the history of a particular period can bring to that period's literature, and as an example he examines the background of Elizabethan literature. The loving recitation of detail and pattern seems almost an innate quality of a whole school of English social historians, but Tawney's range, sympathy and intelligence place him among the finest.

In spite of such a welcome reminder of Tawney's work (he died in 1962), a few perhaps ungracious reservations seem necessary. First, some minor carping. Tawney never balances his praise of the Labour Party's program and performance with any strictures about its participation in the founding of NATO which cemented the rigidities of the cold war. Surely, from Tawney's position, the inhumanities of the Communist regimes do not excuse collaboration with an institutionally dissimilar but equally damaging liberal totalitarianism. Similarly, Tawney's analysis of the Labour Party's performance tends to gloss over the persistent attempts of the leadership to palliate the financial establishment, as demonstrated by the hopelessly overweighted compensation arrangements with the expropriated railway companies.

And finally, major problems. Tawney's serene faith, both in the inevitable triumph of man's basically decent nature and the institutionalizing of those ideals of community, solidarity and purpose which order his vision, seem irrelevant to contemporary England. Though the editor titles one section "Politics," and Tawney repeatedly offers definitions of politics, there is no real politics, no confrontation of power, and no consideration of the agency of change anywhere in *The Radical Tradition*. Tawney was a social democrat who believed that change in England is evolutionary. He defined revolution as any significant institutional change. Tawney seems not sufficiently to have considered that social institutions change man's "basic nature," that ideals are time-limited, and that the organization and values of an acquisitive, commercial society can erode, perhaps permanently erase, those older Christian ideals that he felt define our highest human possibilities. This volume gives no sense of the sharp conflicts of tradition and generation which seethe in contemporary England, and I wonder what Tawney would make of the current debates over qualitative educational changes, land use, minority culture and the activities of the first teen-age generations that have known only affluence. Despite the extensions of public ownership, and an enlightened policy of communal service, private capital has stayed firmly in control, and a revitalized middle class continues England's rankling class divisions. To these paradoxes, Tawney remained unresponsive. The center of his work was a moral and ethical passion which set a rare, and inspiring, valuation on human life. The transformation of English society, with the goal of achieving that valuation, was for him an act of faith rather than an activity.

Norman Fruchter, author of the novel Coat Upon a Stick *(Simon & Schuster), is an editor of* Studies on the Left.

LETTER from PRAGUE

Robert Littell

Vinarna Viola, on a good night, is pure Greenwich Village. A year ago this café was pure People's Prague: a combo made up of three middle-aged musicians playing *Tea for Two* on livelier nights. The great change took place on July 22, 1963.

That night, the young people—acting with official permission—took over. They trotted out some reportedly excellent Czech translations of Ferlinghetti, Corso, Yevtushenko, Voznesenski, Langston Hughes, plus the work of several young Czech poets; put some jazz music in the background; and started reading poetry. Since then they have had about 300 poetry nights ("Poezie Allena Ginsberga" ran more than sixty times). Whenever one of the American Beat poets is being read, the house has standing room only.

A recent attraction at Viola has been Ferlinghetti's "Startuji ze San Francisca"—Starting from San Francisco. Two young men (one wearing dark glasses to shade his eyes from a small spotlight) and a girl sit at a table against one wall and read. A tape recording of Ferlinghetti reading Ferlinghetti in English cuts in now and then. The Czechs—young and old but mostly young, wearing tight blue jeans with Levi labels and tight sweaters, sit quietly in the dark room. During the reading, which lasts about an hour, there is no talking, no clinking of the wine glasses which are scattered around the tables. Poetry at the Viola is a very serious business.

The young Czechs have liked the so-called Beats ever since their work first came into the country when the Stalin era was officially ended in 1956. Officially, the Beats are okayed as progressive in the Socialist sense of the word. Privately, "They talk to us," as one of the girls at the Viola said. "In some ways, I think they talk to us more than they do to Americans."

It is difficult to know just how much the Beats talk to the young Czechs. For example, during this particular performance Ferlinghetti read—on tape—one of his dirtier, funnier passages. The American audience responded—again on the tape—warmly and you could hear them laugh after each phrase. But when the Viola reader did the same passage in Czech, there was no laughter. One of the readers explained the silence this way: "Czechs take their poetry very seriously. It's not that they don't understand it. They think that poetry is a very serious business and they think they should sit here with solemn faces. They're just afraid to laugh—afraid it is the wrong thing to do with poetry." This sense of formality lingers elsewhere in Prague, a city of handsome architecture and impersonal spires. At the bottom of one of the hotel menus, there is a small notice in neat type: "Your meal was prepared by Mr. Stefl and his staff."

Don't Ask Me About Classic Philosophy!

My city's ringing in the deep
like a broken guitar —

Statements in newspapers, speeches
at meetings
condemn the oppression of Negroes
and the chairman of our street-committee
declines
to live in the same house
with a gypsy family.

In the magazine Young World
they're laughing at Dior's fashions from Paris
and my friends sneered at me
when I married a truck-driver
for love.

Tell me
why the old women are always gobbling up
left-overs from the plates in snack-bars,
why, still, somewhere, warnings are posted

Do not touch these broken strings . . .

Inka Machulkova

Besides poetry and jazz, the Viola offers small portions of American folk music. A deep-voiced Czech girl, who doesn't understand much English but sings in English anyway, strums a guitar and belts out a few New England specials. A bearded American troubadour invokes the name of Pete Seeger or Woodie Guthrie, then sings a half dozen folk songs. Rock 'n 'roll records fill the gaps between jazz, folk music and poetry.

The Unfinished Event

They caught the fox in irons, its howl
rang
through the night, through the
country —

They caught the fox, and now it is
singing,
it laughs at me,
disguised as the image of love:
domesticated sleeplessness
strolls over the vineyards of Lord . . .

To trespassers the fox sings its
song: "No human thing
is strange to me —

except conscience . . .

this chained necessity
to respect the cage —"

Inka Machulkova

A few young Prague poets, an abstract artist or two, an occasional movie director, can all be seen at the Viola on a night when the rain doesn't keep everyone home. They do what people like that usually do in a café at night—they talk shop. The poets, of course, trade poems and translations of poems. Several were given to me by Inka Machulkova, a 30-year-old girl who had a letter from Gregory Corso in her pocket. She published her first volume last December; of the two poems included here, the one at left has been published in Czechoslovakia.

Another landmark in the loosening up of Czechoslovakia's cultural situation was the official "rehabilitation" of Kafka last June, when a large exhibition of documents and photographs pertaining to the author opened in Prague. But there has been cultural backlash too. At a conference last summer, some of Prague's literary people took their predecessors to task for supporting the Communist Party during the Stalin period. The next day, *Rudé Právo*, the country's leading newspaper, came down hard on those people. It accused them of a "non-historical, subjectivist spirit,"

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and maintained that they had raised the issue of the Stalin period in order to talk, however obliquely, about the cultural policy of the Communist Party today. "It" (meaning the criticism) "is in fact aimed at the present," said the editors of *Rudé Právo.*

And yet many of the young people I've met here believe firmly in socialism. On any one of the Vltava River swimming barges, for example, you can find dozens of teen-agers who don't like President Novotny. "He is stupid," one young girl said. "What they tell him to do in Moscow, he does," another said. The youngsters complain about the police with a phrase that sounds familiar to American ears ("club happy") and dismiss propaganda with a wave of their hand. But all these problems, they say, are just the "growing pains" of socialism.

One young boy, whose father died in a political prison during the Stalin era, put it this way: "If Marx could see socialism now, he would turn over in his grave." He believes that socialism had it all over capitalism as an economic system, and that the bad experience of the Eastern European countries did not discredit socialism per se. But he hadn't made up his mind whether or not to become a member of the Communist Party when he reached the joining age. "If it is the way it is now, I won't join." "The trouble," one girl said, "is that our rulers are all old—too old."

Robert Littell is a young writer formerly on the staff of Newsweek; *he is now abroad collecting material for a book about European youth.*

A Feast of Astonishments

Faubion Bowers

Avant-garde music has been sputtering its way into general notice for several years now, but beginning on August 30, a quiet, off-guard Sunday evening in summer-deserted New York, and continuing through September 13, there was assembled the mightiest gathering to date of the arcane and outrageous clan. At the respectable, though miniature (280 seat) Judson Hall facing the feet of Carnegie Hall on 57th Street—a concert room normally devoted to modest debuts or intimate lieder and chamber-type music—noise and music, chord and discord, sanity and insanity were unhitched from their posts of decorum. The occasion was titled "second annual new york festival of the avant garde," promoted by the indefatigably progressive concert manager mr. norman seaman.

For those who have not been so apprised, *avant-garde* music is more than new instruments, new sounds, new musical vocabularies and resources. Let me say, better, what it is *not.* It is not the natural emergence rising foamily from the waves of music's past, nor has it the new wave's thicker harmonies, finer rhythms or more microtonic melodies. It is, to borrow an inevitable term from wrestling—and certainly its audiences are forced to grapple as never before—a no-holds-barred, free-for-all break with the past. Put another way, it is, like it or not, a plunge into the future. If you scoff at such a thought, perhaps the fact that on opening night you *could* buy a seat at the door, and for the rest of the fortnight, could *not,* may give you pause. Further, hundreds were turned away on the night when the veteran master Edgar Varèse had a program given over to him alone. Right now it also seems safe to say that for approximately every twenty opponents of the new music you run into, there'll be one proponent—like me.

The hard core of the audience during the festival was serious but happy. There was a preponderance of fellow musicians, who came to hear themselves and/or keep an ear on what their friends and enemies were doing. It was pleasant to observe old-timer Lukas Foss applauding newcomer Morton Feldman's *King of Denmark.* This, a masterpiece of pianissimo, performed by super-cussionist Max Neuhaus, demanded finger-tip glissandi on a xylophone, thumb strokes of dulcet, barely tinkling bells, and fluttering, flat hand swipes on a variety of known and unknown, recognizable and obscure instruments of percussion. So inaudible and yet, incredibly, charming was this bit of rococo affectation that the slightest noise from the audience was a cruelty. Generous too was composer and

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Faubion Bowers, a free-lance critic of music, dance and drama, is completing a biography of Scriabin.

sound engineer Malcolm Goldstein. When an exasperated critic exclaimed in the back row against John Cage's *26'1.1499* for lasting 41'2.0001, and being tediously impeded by the cellist's chores of putting down the bow to reach for a razzer, or blank pistol, or balloon pricker, Mr. Goldstein gently justified that "each sound has a life of its own . . . let it live it," or words to that effect.

Composers were not the whole of the audience. On nights when "ensemble concerts" required their on-stage presence in tens and twenties, there was still scarcely an empty seat. A miscellany of gilded youth also formed part of the audience of steadies, and became familiar faces night after night. These came for kicks, and got them, as well as an occasional slap in the face. Many of the audience were youngsters carrying Ovid or Kafka's *Trial*, and looked in on the wing—catching up with the latest doings in New York, before going back to variously distant universities.

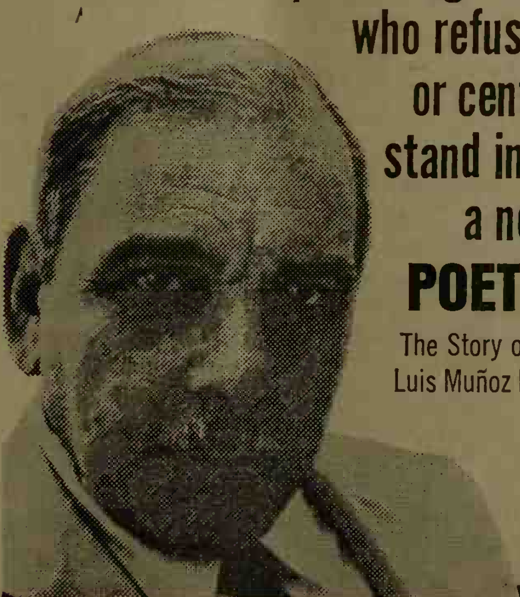
Two "numbers" were selected as indispensable for every concert. First was the *Entrance/Exit Music* by George Brecht, playable forwards or backwards on electronic tape, and "realized" by the pianist James Tenney. It set the mood of the concert by beginning as faint applause, then the sound, amplified by two speakers, turned into a faint roar of the sea, and these gray tones blurred into a repetitive staccato like a traffic continuum. Gradually the lights dimmed as the sound got louder, and became as nerve-racking as a stuck siren.

The second "regular" of each program was dubbed "Robot Opera," a life-size contraption of wires, light bulbs, rear-view mirror, toy fan (for bellybutton), erector set head and broil-a-foil cap, flailing arms and twirling breast cups. Actually, "she" is a robot, although periodically the voice of the late President Kennedy issued from her inner record player. Friends of the creator, Nam June Paik, a life-blood member of the *avant-garde* festival as manipulator, composer, performer and presence, would ask how "she" was. "Is she well again?" one said in reference to a breakdown the night before during which Mr. Paik had bemoaned, "She's all right at home . . ." and friends had suggested stage fright as the reason for her balking in public. Mr. Paik, the concert throwaways disclosed, aims to play the *Moonlight Sonata* on the moon in 1970, and earns his livelihood by making robots and automatons—"Your Barry, Your Malcolm X, quasi-real, life-size, and less terrible. . . ."

With the two opening numbers safe to one side each night, programs proper began. Of the total number of a half hundred pieces presented, written or fabricated by the same number of composers, only part of *avant-garde* work was represented. Certain omissions were noteworthy—Nono, Boulez, Wuorinen (are they already too old-fashioned?)—but still there were Ichiyanagi of Japan, Xenakis of Greece, Pousseur of France, Berio of Italy; America and Americans were all over the place. From here you may choose what you like.

Following are some examples of the really outlandish. The program one night promised some "Maneuvers for Small Hands" by Robert Ashley, but Mr. Ashley, a most harmless-looking man of average height, average face, and average dark glasses, substituted his *magnum opus*, "Wolfman," instead. He stood solidly motionless for twenty stolid minutes whistling, shouting, screaming, humming, blowing and blasting away at a microphone which, naturally, veered off into its own realm of harmonics, squeaks and piercing rasps. This virtuoso solo was accompanied, appropriately, by an over-amplified tape recording of a boiler factory at peak work pitch (or was it an iron foundry?). The audience really feared its eardrums would burst. Howard Klein of *The New York Times*, one of few sturdy enough to remain through the excruciation, passed the time by counting exiters—seventeen in all. Most of the rest of the audience covered their ears or crouched as if waiting for the bomb to hit. A few nonchalantly made conversation with one another and pretended that all was normal. When the performance ended, one wise man in the front row shouted *"assassino."* Others also, flabbergasted by the horror, cried out humorously, "Encore!" Not even Mr. Ashley could have survived a repetition.

Another piece on another occasion, called ironically, *Per Arco*, composed by Guisseppe Chiari, was performed by the pretty, capable co-sponsor of the festival, cellist Charlotte Moorman. Political overtones are never long absent from the *avant-garde*. This piece began with an actual tape of a bombing by Germans of Italian soil. The lovely cellist, bare-shouldered and evening-frocked, sat motionless, her long and slender white arms wrapped gracefully around the cello, her head lowered as if prayerfully committed to the horror of war and in memoriam to the dead. The tape ceases; her performance begins. The bridge of the cello has a mike attached to it, so when she, bowless, squeezes the strings at the neck, a shriek of grating noise assails the ears. She runs her hands over the wood of the cello's body and rubs the varnish. It crackles noisily. The sound scrapes and scratches the air. During the applause at the end, one of Miss Moorman's fans, sitting behind me, said, "She makes it so sensual. . . . Last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year at Palermo they made it sound like plants growing up out of the ravaged earth. . . ." More political, you see. After the bombing, renewal. Miss Moorman, apparently, made it apolitical, you see? After the bombing, soldiers and sex.

The astonishments continued. In one of Mr. Paik's "realizations"—this time of a Karlheinz Stockhausen piece called "Plus-Minus"—he stomps a bunch of bananas, and burns the edge of the grand piano. But a lot was memorable for more than shock. For instance, one piece (by Joe Jones) was a mechanism of little toys running around the auditorium on a wire in the darkness. Sporadic clicks and cicadalike sounds filled the air, delicately, and quickly were over and gone, leaving a wraith of charm. Gordon Mumma showed that he can make a French horn do anything—trill, quiver, blast, pop, sputter and splutter, simulate a gas leak or an ambulance siren, and even the rich bell tones of a French horn in master hands. Christian Wolff, a teacher of Greek and Latin at Harvard, distinguished himself with two pieces, one for French horn, and the other a *Septet* of utterly disparate, dissociated instruments whose spurts of sonorities cohered in such unlikely directions and clusters that a unique sweetness developed.

The festival's climax, was the first American performance of a play, *Originale*, the latest work of Karlheinz Stockhausen, the *avant-garde homme terrible* of music. His friends in the audience pronounce his name like "K'heinz" and, judging from gossip overheard, he has a bad disposition. One person quoted him as saying not long ago to Mr. Paik who was realizing his *Plus-Minus*, "Oh, I make good music . . . not important if I understand it. . . ." On second thoughts, such a remark could be taken as supreme modesty.

The Sky Is Blue

Put things in their place,
my mother shouts. I am looking
out the window, my plastic soldier
at my feet. The sky is blue
and empty. In it floats
the roof across the street.
What place, I ask her.

David Ignatow

The opening of Stockhausen's play on September 8 was picketed, as was his appearance last April to perform his *Refrain* for the Composer's Showcase at Town Hall. One group against Stockhausen is the AACI or "Action Against Cultural Imperialism." They are also against "the rich U.S. cretins Bernstein and Goodman." Their aim is to promote jazz ("black music") and not to produce more art ("there is too much already"). They also gun for Stockhausen's "white music." Their antipathy is shared, perhaps for political or geographical reasons, by a number of American intellectuals who have volunteered a kind of "spurn K'heinz movement." After *Originale* they may think they have extra ammunition, but they don't. It's a knockout of a score, and a whopperoo of *blague* to boot. He rises in the estimation, for courage if nothing else.

Here are how some of the seven structures and eighteen scenes of *Originale* go. First, as you walk into the hall, you notice that the stage is chaired and the auditorium partly cleared. The seats in the acting arena are back to back. The décor consists of suspended goldfish bowls, a chicken coop, bird cages, white Easter lilies in a grand piano, and an enormously high, pipe scaffolding striped with tin foil, an empty beer bottle, and a closed TV circuit which constantly monitors the audience. A movie screen stands off to one corner wall.

The score, *Kontakte*, is Stockhausen's percussive best. It is loud and brassy, intricate and involuted and its "contact" communicates instantly the brass gong sounds. Max Neuhaus, who performs with zeal and passion, bangs cymbals, wooden logs, clappers, temple bells and drums (magnified up to, but not beyond, the distortion or discomfort point) against an electronic tape. A little child begins building a block house. Two models change clothes, stripping down to scant panties and half-moon bras. Max Neuhaus, himself, strips in slow motion, handing his discarded clothes to a waiting lady motorcyclist (garbed chastely in leather), down to his briefs. Then, pause, he puts on a pair of red tights and performs the rest of the score, hairy, bare-chested. Miss Moorman, the cellist, strips off-stage, and returns wrapped in white gauze but startlingly nude. The sound technicians duel with radio antennae. A German war helmet is conspicuous on top of the lighting apparatus. The pianist streaks his face with heavy make-up and dons a bearskin, bunny-eared cap. Somebody reads Greek. Others read translations of Cato and Catullus. Everything goes on at once. Meanwhile, newspapers quoting Goldwater on Johnson and Johnson on himself filter through the din. An "actor" introduces a theological question while climbing the scaffolding: "Of the four evangelists who were there at the crucifixion, only one said he was saved?" A boy with an ax tries to kill the chickens. Conductor Alvin Lucier, *avant-garde* musician from Brandeis University, leads a group in laughs, syllables, murmurs and shouts. Miss Moorman plays a passage of music (Bach?), legs suspended over the balcony. Mr. Paik, apparently a friend of Stockhausen and, for whom this part was written, smears himself with whipped cream from a spray can, douses himself with rice, and after reading syllables and weeping, plunges himself, fully clothed, into a waiting tub of water. He then gargles water from his shoe. For all these pains, Mr. Paik is applauded resoundingly. Why? Because they are indeed pains, and he performs with an amazing sincerity—as if it mattered that it, his will, be done. The music here is radio static.

Figures of the Human

My love, pills in her purse,
runs, now staggering, now flushed,
her speech racing near the world:
whisper talk to it, dangling,
"Let creatures ride her, soften hard bumps
for them." Who warns her from self,
racing, singing, lightfooted?
Birds, dogs, cats screech, bark, mew,
conversant with air.

Raise her from swooning,
the childhood spirit. Catch her
skittering, mewing with joy, barking delirium.
Then are we loved, hand drawing swiftly
figures of the human struggling awake.

David Ignatow

In all this ninety-four-minute, eighteen-actor, hundred-propertied performance, so unstructured and disruptive to human reason, the climax comes when a chimpanzee is allowed to play percussion, while two German shepherd dogs (politics, you see?) wander up and down, and apples are thrown to, at, by, with, from and between the audience and performers. The end of *Orignale* comes with a surrealist (pardon the old-fashioned word) movie of cartoons and the Royal Family photographed upside down. The performers fall asleep, are sprinkled with shredded newspapers, and the performance closes, strangely quiet. There is no doubt about it, pleasant or unpleasant, it is a startling evening in the theatre (?!); and the meaning is a photostatic X ray of Mr. Stockhausen's subconscious.

Like many another predecessor-composer, whose personality was abominable and whose music intolerable to contemporaries, K'heinz, if one may call him so, is a powerful force. All the picketing in town cannot impale him. He is astonishing, and through his sometimes crazy nonsense rides a sobriety of purpose and seriousness of sound effects that is not only advanced but advancing. Due to the festival of *avant-garde* music we now know the latest goings on, and how far. A jolly good time was had by some.

FILMS

SECOND FESTIVAL

The Second New York Film Festival, which again occupies Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, is rousing comment and raising eyebrows. The burden of the criticism seems to be that this is not a cultural event, but the opening whistle for a new commercial season. I'm sure that's so, but I'm not sure it is so bad a thing. Commercially motivated or not, the festival sets a level and the level is surprisingly high. (Imagine what a compressed preview of the coming Broadway season would look like.) Further, it is at least probable that the establishment tone of the New York Festival (did anyone expect aesthetic subversion at the Rockefeller fairgrounds?) will call forth a rival program from the *refusées*.

The Festival opened with Grigori Kozintsev's *Hamlet*, billed as being "from" the play by William Shakespeare. That signals hanky-panky with the text, but in fact Mr. Kozintsev has not trifled much more than did Olivier and not as much as Orson Welles. The tone, however, may unsettle viewers raised on the play. Mr. Kozintsev goes at *Hamlet* in much the way that Cecil B. De Mille used to go at the Old Testament. Waves crash and gulls scream among the rocks that hold up the ancient castle (a real castle somewhere in the Crimea); desperate horsemen, capes flying, hurtle across the drawbridge; Hamlet lays violent hands on Ophelia, the troops of Fortinbras—artillery, cavalry, pikemen in their hundreds—are spread for miles in tortuous progress along the bleak Danish shore. Clearly, this director sees the play as costume melodrama, and clearly he makes his point.

Of course, he pays a price. Young Hamlet as the focus of a murderous game of double cross (and how this production revels in spying and eavesdropping and hiding behind arrases!) is not the multivalent character that has worked on our imaginations for 300 years. The film omits the scene wherein Hamlet comes upon Claudius at his prayers; in the present context, it would be hard to justify his passing up so apt a chance at regicide.

The picture would have been even more disconcerting a decade ago, when brooding Hamlets were still in vogue. Contemporary productions have made more evident the mortal struggle between king and prince that begins in the first passage between them. But it is a duel of wits and scruples as well as stratagems and Mr. Kozintsev reduces it to cat and mouse in a Cossack redoubt. Most distressingly, he deprives Hamlet of his levity; this is a slow boy, and a Hamlet whose sword flashes but whose tongue does not is short of the role.

One can learn, though, from any responsible production of *Hamlet* and this film is instructive. In the first place, it reminds us that the events of the tragedy take place in a royal court, a place alive with courtiers and men-at-arms, ladies in waiting, stable boys, fishwives and mountebanks. Too often our productions give the impression that Hamlet, Claudius, Ophelia and the rest are rattling around in a large and empty palace. It gives the play an unintended modern neuroticism, something out of Cocteau.

More important, Mr. Kozintsev has cast his play deep. I have seen better Hamlets; Innokenti Smoktunovski has a used-up actor's face and an idolence that seems countered by the jerk of directorial strings. But I have never seen as good an Osric—a fop, indeed, but a malevolent, dangerous one. Similarly, Claudius is a man capable of seizing his moment and Gertrude is a woman of quality, but fatally open to being mastered. From these two I learned more than I had known before about the character of the old Hamlet. The other actors are all encouraged to express the individuality that lies in Shakespeare's text, but is too often overlooked in a fixation on the problems of the title role.

There is no excuse for allowing Laertes to break down the door of the king's chamber with a length of timber (it is pure sensation), and there is no excuse for having Hamlet die, alone except for Horatio, on a

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cliff overlooking the sea (it is pure sentimentality, and it hopelessly confuses Fortinbras' closing ministrations). But the picture shakes *Hamlet* loose from practices that have almost inevitably blurred the text in 300 years of adulation.

The Japanese director, Hiroshi Teshigahara, whose *Woman in the Dunes* was the second film of the festival that I saw, is an up-to-date man: he knows that the pendulum of our contemporary psyche swings icily between absurdity and horror, and he knows the uses of allegory to lend dignity to our brief crawl (though in this case the allegory is a little too pat to have much dignity in itself).

What makes his picture absorbing is the ingenuity with which, having chosen an adamantly uncinematic story, he contrives to keep it photographically alive. A young entomologist, bug collecting in an area of dunes that roll back endlessly from the sea, is benighted and offered lodging by some natives of the place. They coax him to descend a rope ladder to a house deep in a sand pit, they raise the ladder and he is trapped. The owner of the house is a widow (called "old woman" by the others, but she is certainly not that) who must spend her nights shoveling sand to prevent her home from being inundated and so that the men on top will throw her the provisions for sustaining life. They sell the sand, and why they should collect it in this bizarre manner, when it lies for miles around them, is a puzzle; but no matter, we are dealing only with the manner of reality, not with its content.

Her trapped "helper" (there are frequent shots of bugs impaled on pins) struggles and schemes, throws himself desperately against the crumbling walls, turns violent, turns crafty, turns docile. But twist how he may, he is caught in the relentless tedium of shoveling sand for other men to cart away. Then comes the day when escape is suddenly possible—he decides to stay a while longer. It seems that he has made an interesting discovery about the habits of water precipitation, and he is loath to abandon so attractive a hobby.

Well and good—man is an ant in the desert. His destiny is to fall into a pit with an ant of opposite sex, there to bluster and struggle, hit out and copulate, cry that he is no insect but a human being properly registered with the omniscient authorities. Nevertheless, he will do the digging and come in the end to kiss the spade.

In our day this is philosophic doggerel, but the miracle is that Mr. Teshigahara almost gets away with it by the wiliness of his camera. He is helped, of course, by the Japanese architectural genius for wood. The ramshackle, slowly collapsing house is a magic box of startling angles, intriguing textures and stimulating frames for action. And the sand, which he uses with small regard for its natural behavior, creeps and floods, rages and insinuates, peels and crumples. It is sand with volition—a substance of authentic horror.

Mr. Teshigahara mixes styles with the same insouciance that he manipulates sand. The basic manner is hyper-realism, as much respect being shown to the patina on an old tea kettle as to the expression of the hero's face in agony. But into this the director injects a crowd of villagers who dress and behave like figures out of Commedia dell'Arte, and he stages one cliff-side Saturnalia, complete with drums, grotesque masks, flaring lights and leering obscenity. The man and woman are to couple in full view of this audience, and in return he will be permitted ten minutes out of his sand dungeon. I don't know what the scene is intended to add to the action or the message; cinematically, however, it is a rouser.

In sum, Mr. Teshigahara has made a camera tour de force. If you throw away all that man-is-an-insect chic pessimism, there remains a duel between house and sand. It is throwing away too much, but the duel itself is a memorable performance. That house, crouched in the pit like a crippled spider, is the stuff of nightmare: the story is the trappings.

ROBERT HATCH

(Continued from page 162)

ment protection against unreasonable search and seizure: "Is not the Fourth Amendment violated if a condition precedent to employment is the subjection of a polygraph test, a test that seeks in some instances . . . to determine not only the veracity but to probe the very thought process of an individual?"

Dr. Dearman, the psychiatrist who handled the case of the harassed bank vice president, agrees with Representative Gallagher that the Fourth Amendment is violated, but adds that the Fifth Amendment is violated as well. "I am aware," he said in a letter to Congressman Moss, "that proponents of the use of the polygraph fall back on the statement that no one is forced to take a polygraph test. . . . However, this is of little or no avail because the examinee does not realize that not only will his conscious thoughts and his autonomic responses to them be recorded but his unconscious thoughts will also be delved into and consequently he will give autonomic responses to . . . thoughts of which he is totally unaware. . . . It is my opinion that the polygraph is used mainly as a mental blackjack to obtain a confession."

Whether unconstitutional or not, the polygraph is certainly unjust, imperfect and dangerous. It may have some value in the hands of a highly trained and competent criminal investigator who is seeking leads, but that is the limit of its usefulness. Even there, its scientific validity is so far from perfect and its potential for harm so great that any citizen—no matter how secure in his innocence—is well advised to refuse the test. As a personnel screening device, it can produce nothing but harm (and profits for polygraphists) and Congress should demand the end of its use in federal government personnel offices immediately and should exert all its pressure to persuade private firms to discontinue it. If necessary, it should pass legislation to that end.

The polygraph is a pernicious instrument that has been seized upon by a society obsessed with gadgetry. It should be relegated to a Smithsonian Institution exhibit case as a monument to an American craze.

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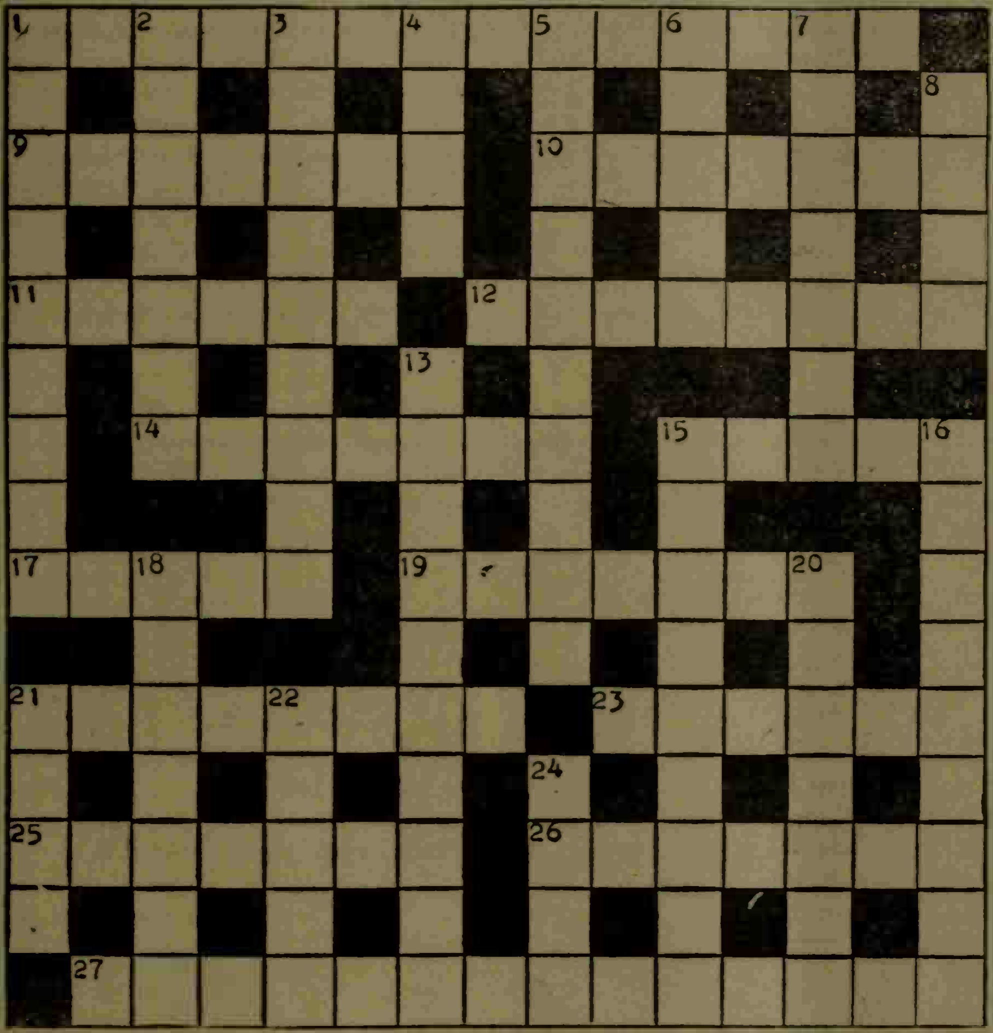
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Perhaps bloomers, when a pair is being hitched up. (6, 8)
9 To get at it in a difficult position, you have to have the proper spirit.
10 One who's learning how to hang a peg around the shower. (7)
11 Down in the middle of something, it should be. (6)
12 To applaud the catcher would be pretentious. (8)
14 and 21 down It caused a certain amount of literary accusation. (7, 4)
19 Gambit that theater folk might take notice of. (7)
21 One is probably not looking forward to 1 across. (8)
23 How many men are supposed to be good and true? (6)
25 Gray, at least, considered it fair.
26 They're associated with one of our southern states, though they might be closer around the European capital. (7)
27 Speech is not recognized, evidently, but we don't like to see a letter so stamped. (7, 7)

DOWN:

1 How pets might be made to show the wrong foot in front? (3, 2, 4)
2 It would be surprising if one did!
3 How to bend the joints with the feet clung awkwardly together.
4 Stand like an animal? (4)
5 Surpasses lost causes, possibly.
6 In short, 25 has a current relation with a worthless one. (5)
7 and 15 across Coal tars, for example? They dissolve in water. (7, 5)
8 and 17 across Designate again, as one might gather the salient feature. (9)
13 Set for self arrangement, making it easy. (10)
15 It might imply a certain loss of craft. (9)
16 Author of "The Last Evensong."
18 It's not well to sound one's horn, being something other than a traditional do-gooder. (3, 4)
20 He makes one's goal lie in a different direction, though he made us more far-seeing. (7)
22 The mistake of one who might prepare chicken for canning? (5)
24 Hardly a sure cure, if you get sort of tan. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1072

ACROSS: 1 Side street; 6 Boom; 10 Coverts; 11 Oil well; 12 Nine; 13 Omniscient; 15 Carboys; 16 and 19 Take for granted; 17 Ironing; 20 Osceola; 22 Deprecator; 23 Beat; 25 Overact; 26 Shellac; 27 Dose; 28 Adam's apple. DOWN: 1 Second childhood; 2 Diviner; 3 Sort; 4 Resumes; 5 Egotist; 7 Oneself; 8 Military attache; 9 Place kick; 14 Policeman; 18 Oppress; 20 Opossum; 21 Overlap; 24 Beta.

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The Temper of Its People, Its Domestic Problems, Its Changing Outlook, Its View of America.

REPORT ON A TWO-MONTH VISIT

Alexander Werth

World's Fair: The Golden Grin

Robert Hughes

CALIFORNIA ON TRIAL: **Donovan Bess** • THE CHURCH AND THE PILL: **Robert E. Hall, M.D.**

Reviews & Essays

McLuhan 'Understanding Media'
D. Holmes & G. Zabriskie

Shakespeare in Bed: **Warren Miller**

The Visible Anthropologist: **George Elliott**

LETTERS

Aid before guns

Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: We must first win the *loyalty* of the South Vietnamese people by convincing them we can do more to raise their living standards than can the Communists. . . . Aid for social and economic improvement should be drastically increased, using U.S. military strength only as a holding action to give time for social-economic reforms to get moving.

The best American personnel, in enough quantity to get results, should administer the aid. Stringent care must be taken to see that the aid gets to the people who need it most. South Vietnamese in influential positions must be made to understand that graft, favoritism or inefficiency will not be tolerated. Easy? Nothing worth while is easy! . . .

Risking expansion of the war to grave proportions, we could throw in strong American military forces aimed at winning a military decision. But without the loyalty of the South Vietnamese people, the "victory" would be illusory. *W. L. Husband*

Bullyboy with claws

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: With reference to the editorial: "Negotiate Now!" (*The Nation*, Sept. 7), you omitted to mention that possibly the only people who are getting any benefit from U. S. military occupation of South Vietnam are the owners of the bars and brothels, and the innkeepers, landlords and shopkeepers of Saigon. . . . We are acquiring the international image of a bullyboy monster with its claws digging in all over the world. . . . To whom was Congress listening when it voted billions more for war procurement than the Administration asked for? . . . If one firm like Boeing can grab off $12 billion of our money in Air Force contracts since 1951, then one may well ask: What will we do if the Mighty Mice succeed in getting their man, Air Force General Goldwater, into the White House?

Mrs. P. J. Walters

Truth or certainty?

New York City

Dear Sirs: Considering that the substance of the Warren Commission inquiry has been conducted in camera, Maurice Rosenberg makes a surprising number of conjectures and assumptions regarding its motives and methods in his article, "The Warren Commission" (*The Nation*, Sept. 14). The difficulty is that most of the assumptions he makes regarding the commission's objectivity are contradicted in the provocative and anticipatory statements continually made to the press by the commission members themselves, and in their publicized methods of investigation. . . .

Every few days now, for the past several months, "reliable sources" in Washington have been publicly proclaiming that the commission report will "undoubtedly" say that Lee Harvey Oswald "acted alone" when he shot the President, and that Jack Ruby "acted alone" when he shot Lee Oswald. No wonder *The New York Times* could declare with impunity and irrefutable logic on June 1: "The Warren Commission is aware of and concerned about the foreign skepticism. It considers that its job is to dispel uncertainty and suspicions about the assassination as far as possible."

Nothing about the truth in that, whatever President Johnson may have said in his charge to the commission last winter. . . . *Jack Diether*

Retirement no cure

New York City

Dear Sirs: "The Adolescent Ghetto" by Frank Musgrove [*The Nation*, Sept. 21] is brilliant, but it is spoiled by the last sentence. I quote:

> *More men in their 50s, 40s and even their 30s should be able to retire on adequate pensions to make way for young people to offer their best before they have grown too old, frustrated and dispirited to give it.*

Retirement in the 30s, 40s and 50s is no solution or part solution for helping make adolescents people. The procedure suggested, I feel, would certainly cause more and greater, problems.

Anne Steinmann, Ph.D

Bang!

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: To implement Goldwaterism, proceed to the following:

1) Instead of encouraging the forces interested in truly democratizing our nation, undermine the people's confidence in every aspect of government, except the military.

2) Exploit civil rights and communism in ways that will further confuse and frighten the uninformed.

3) With deceptive phrases like "individual liberty" and "individual freedom," encourage dog-eat-dog, every-man-for-himself, anarchic individualism.

4) Ultimately—with a highly disciplined minority including the military—assume a winner-take-all, totalitarian-type control of the country.

5) With all the above be charming and sincere, since such qualities have always been the hallmark of successful demagogues.

6) At length, order the Communists to surrender unconditionally, or else.

7) Bang!

If this letter strikes you as being rather absurd, can it be any more absurd than the meaning of Senator Goldwater's nomination for the highest office in the U.S.—indeed, in the world? *Edward F. Nash*

THE
NATION
Monday, October 5, 1964
Volume 199, No. 9

In this issue

EDITORIALS

177

ARTICLES

179 California on Trial: The Racist Proposition
Donovan Bess
183 Russia in 1964: Report on a Two-Month Visit
Alexander Werth
189 The Golden Grin
Robert Hughes
191 The Church and the Pill
Robert E. Hall, M.D.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

194 The Cybernetic Caveman
Deborah A. Holmes and *George Zabriskie*
196 Enter Will, Dressed in Prose
Warren Miller
198 Sean O'Casey
Denis Johnston
199 Key to the Villas Miserias
David Gurin
201 Men With Their Faces On
George P. Elliott
202 Theatre
Harold Clurman
203 Art
Max Kozloff
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 204)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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DEC 9

EDITORIALS

Tonkin Gulf: Round II

The tradition of American naval heroism, borne proudly through six major wars and numerous minor clashes, is not being enhanced in the waters off Southeast Asia. It is not the fault of American seamen, but rather the result of electronized warfare and an inglorious mission. Principally, it is the fault of the latter. Radar was already a factor in such battles as Leyte Gulf, yet the men who fought there were worthy descendants of the heroes of 1812, who literally looked into the cannon's mouth and fell on decks slippery with blood. But what has happened in that other gulf —Tonkin—and why is it such a mystery?

One difficulty is that American sea power in the Pacific is so overwhelming that no worthy opponent can be found. Capt. James Lawrence sailed out of Boston in the *Chesapeake* and engaged the British frigate *Shannon*, well aware of the odds, but committed to do or die. In the Tonkin Gulf there was no question of giving up the ship, and very little chance of its being sunk. Even more against the grain of Navy tradition, the battle (if there was one) was fought from the Pentagon, and on the hustings, almost as much as from the gun turrets and rocket launchers of the vessels engaged.

Yet when allowance is made for all these depressing factors, it looks as if we are making ourselves more ludicrous than the occasion requires. The patriots at home are not even allowed to know what ship of the U.S. Navy meted out condign punishment to the dirty North Vietnamese. In previous engagements the destroyers and aircraft carrier were publicized around the world, but all we are told this time is that a radar operator on *U.S.S. Anonymous* saw four blips which he interpreted as those of unidentified ships closing in under cover of night and cloud. Warning shots were fired and when the ships pressed the attack (if it was an attack) they were fired on by radar-aimed guns. Presto! *all* the blips disappeared. That is almost miraculous, showing not only the accuracy of radar gun laying, but the capacity of metal-hull ships to disintegrate almost instantly. It seems they remained intact just long enough to interrupt a McNamara press conference in Washington. Equally strange, in the morning, although *U.S.S. Anonymous* remained around long enough to look, no debris was seen; the mystery only deepened. Some baffled commentators have been rude enough to suggest that the Navy was firing at radar "ghosts," a supposition indignantly denied as a slur on our technological competence.

Senator Goldwater, asked to comment, did not assert that the incident had been rigged to bring about his defeat, but suggested that the Johnson Administration had suffered a communications breakdown, which presumably would be remedied by a new man in the White House. After all the headlines, the Pentagon was silent. Then, twenty-eight hours later, a tight-lipped McNamara appeared before the reporters and in effect took the Fifth. The only additional information he gave was that *two U.S.S. Anonymous* had been involved. At this point the Russians got into the act and announced, along with the usual charges of warmongering, that the U.S. Navy had sunk some North Vietnamese patrol boats. The North Vietnamese denied that any of their vessels had been in action. All they knew, they asserted, was that two U.S. destroyers came inshore, explosions were heard, light flashes were seen, and aircraft circled about. Another provocation, as far as they were concerned, but they did not rise to the bait.

Neither did President Johnson. Advised by close associates (who?) to give the North Vietnamese shore installations another retaliatory pasting, he declined. A former naval officer himself, he evidently felt that the traditions of the Navy had been sufficiently upheld. So the patrols were discontinued—for the time being.

The Giant Stirs

The United States has often been likened to a sick giant, a sleeping giant, or some other kind of behemoth incapable of exerting its power. This election campaign will show how much truth there is in the similes. It is a good augury that a long-delayed reaction against the radical Right seems to be under way. This possibility was one reason that *The Nation* viewed the nomination of Senator Goldwater complacently. The showdown had to come eventually, and 1964 seemed as good a time as any.

Talking with people in most parts of the country, one gets the impression that preponderantly they are level-headed and kindly, but not especially well informed. Raymond Clapper, that fine commentator who died in World War II, used to say that one should never underestimate the intelligence of the American public, nor overestimate its information. If the giant is sick, that is part of the reason. The underinformed section of the public—and there is no question that it is large—is the natural prey of the treason hunters, racists, ultra-nationalists, Fascists and neighborhood troublemakers who constitute the radical Right. If only a small percentage of Americans were thus vulnerable, there would be no cause for concern. But the segment is large enough to weigh in the scales of national decisions. If reiterations of treason and subversion are dinned into its ears often enough, it will not only believe but act on its belief.

A local movement of considerable interest in this connection is the Education Forum of California, whose present board of directors is recruited from faculty members of the 16,000-student San Francisco

State College. The forum president, Dr. Raymond J. Simpson, declares that many persons of liberal inclination are being inundated by a wave of conservative thinking. He wants to make it respectable again to hold liberal views, where they are now in effect outlawed.

On a national scale, two moves against the radical Right are under way. One is the current study by the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League, *Danger on the Right*, which reveals that the "assault on democratic progress" is financed in an amount that may be as high as $25 million a year. Part of these funds, the study shows, comes from foundations like Sloan, Donner, Relm, the William Volker Fund; from corporations like Armco Steel, Allen-Bradley, Republic Steel, U.S. Steel, Gulf Oil, Humble Oil and Refining, Sun Oil (J. Howard Pew).

The mentality which inspires such donations is well illustrated by William J. Whiteford, the chairman of the board of Gulf Oil. Answering charges that Gulf Oil had contributed to Harding College of Searcy, Ark., Mr. Whiteford replied that it was no more relevant that some people connected with this institution have been "vociferously anti-Communist" than that "some notorious Communists have been graduated by Harvard University, to which Gulf also contributes, and indeed, in larger amounts than it gives to Harding." The equating of Harvard and Harding is revealing. Vociferous anti-Communists have also graduated from Harvard, and so have liberals: but the liberals who have graduated from Harding could be counted without a computer.

Most encouraging of all, in the current wave of loud-mouthed bigotry, is the new association of 100 civic, educational, religious and business leaders to tell "the truth about the John Birch Society and related radical reactionary groups." Among those participating, Dore Schary, the national chairman of the ADL, is an avowed liberal, but Arthur Larson, chairman of the National Council for Civic Responsibility, is an Eisenhower Republican, and the roster of his organization reads like *Who's Who*.

One of the first projects of the Council has been a detailed, page-by-page refutation of the charges made in *None Dare Call It Treason* by John A. Stormer, an author whose curious method is to quote the wildest utterances printed in the *Congressional Record* as though they were official findings and to cite, as supporting authority for his own views, passages from other books which, on being looked up, frequently say precisely the opposite of what is attributed to them (see "Goldwaterism: the New Ideology" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, August 24).

The Council is also sponsoring a radio program which, twice a week, will expose reactionary distortions. This series will cost $500,000—not much compared with what the radical Right spends, but as the truth spreads, the funds of the rightists may begin to dwindle. An even greater service is the demonstration that there exists a rational conservatism opposed to the reactionary organizations that fill the air and the mails with their clamor.

Dusty Answer

In a national ethos shaped largely by advertising, it is perhaps inevitable that even a notable achievement like the flight of Ranger 7 to the moon should be marred by exaggerated claims and unfounded inferences. Almost before the prints were dry, President Johnson announced that Ranger's pictures indicated that though the lunar surface was rough, there was a large area suitable for a manned landing. The President may be forgiven a layman's enthusiasm, but the same tolerance should not extend to the technically trained officials who put him up to publicizing this nonsense. After a dozen failures by NASA and the services, they were entitled to a certain amount of euphoria, but not that much.

The photographs are indeed excellent and show a great deal that could only be surmised heretofore; they furnish some evidence—considerably short of certainty—that the terrain in the marias or dry seas is not so rough that the vehicle would be likely to upset on landing. They reveal nothing, however, on the crucial point of the bearing strength of the lunar surface. If anything, the indications are adverse. The shadows in the craters in Ranger 7's landing area show that many of these depressions are no more than 18 inches deep, but no one can say what lies beneath.

Yet one scientist was quoted as saying, "I am willing to bet that if you walked on the moon it would be like crunchy snow." Another suggested that the lunar surface is covered by a fine layer of dust perhaps 1½ to 2 inches deep—he was estimating to half an inch! Such statements are silly, not scientific, and when they are coupled with suggestions that the landing requirements for the Apollo vehicle may even be relaxed because of what the Ranger 7 photographs show, they are irresponsible.

In the September 4 *Science* Thomas Gold, the Cornell University astronomer, presents a detailed analysis of the pictures. He finds no indication of a solid surface and concludes, rather, that the pictures, confirming radar-based observations, "have greatly strengthened the case for dust being the main constituent of the lunar lowlands by not showing any rock formations. . . . What structural strength can be attributed to dust sedimentation at various depths cannot be judged very well until impact probe experiments have been carried out; but without any sign of firm rock the pictures must lead to more concern about sinkage on impact or dust blowing in rocket exhausts in future operations on the lunar surface."

Earlier, Harold C. Urey, who has been in favor of the moon project from the beginning, likewise expressed the opinion that the Ranger photographs revealed nothing of what lay beneath the surface. On the basis of available data, the only sensible course is to enlarge the exploratory program before committing men to a moon landing. The Ranger program calls for two more spacecraft to photograph areas on the moon before destroying themselves on impact. The estimated cost on completion is $270 million. The Ranger flights will be followed by Surveyor, in which equipment will be soft-landed to sample the lunar soil and test its bearing strength. Seven such shots are planned at a cost of about $230 million. There is now talk of doubling the number, and that course seems advisable. The lives of the astronauts now in training are the stake, and cost should not be a factor—nor time. All thought of racing the Russians to the moon should be abandoned. The longer that idea is harbored, the more harebrained it appears.

The Trading Stamp Mystique

Every month the Department of Labor releases statistics on the retail price level, and if there is one-tenth of 1 per cent increase in the cost of living it is dolefully reported by all the news media. But if it is shown that trading stamps increase the cost of groceries by, say, 2 per cent, the news media take no interest, and consumers keep on pasting up book after book. They are perfectly aware that the only way to get something for nothing is to stick a gun in somebody's stomach, but they do not apply this ancient maxim to the trading-stamp racket. Eight out of ten American families now collect trading stamps, and in Hartford, Conn., heart of the New England thrift belt, 98 per cent of all families are so addicted.

However, when a deception gets too big, it invites scrutiny, official and otherwise, and the trading-stamp mythos is now entering that phase. According to their promoters, stamps are a beneficent institution which increases sales, does not cut into the merchant's profits, and never, never causes an increase in prices. In the October 26, 1963, *Nation* Desmond Smith ("Trading Stamps—The Welcome Hoax") exploded all these claims without noticeable effect on the housewives; but now both the Federal Trade Commission and a couple of inquiring professors are on the trail. The professors are James D. Bromley and William H. Wallace of the University of Rhode Island, and their specialty is agricultural economics. They studied 185 dry grocery items before and after stamps were issued by a national grocery chain. Careful corrections were made for increases in prices from other causes. The premiums received were evaluated on the basis of mail-order and discount-house prices—not list prices, which have become almost meaningless in many fields. Contrary to the claims of the trading-stamp industry, Bromley and Wallace found that the stamps increased prices by 2.02 per cent. A family of four, spending $1,000 a year on food and related items, would be paying $20 for stamps—even if they redeemed them, which many buyers do not. If anything, this figure is low.

The claim that stamps increase retail volume is absurd on its face. What actually happened as the hoax gained momentum was that the merchant who offered stamps took customers away from the merchant who held out. When the hold-out succumbed, the first retailer had to resort to some other gimmick. Once the practice has become widespread, it is difficult for the unaided retailer to curb it.

The FTC, which gave trading stamps a clean bill of health in 1957, is now taking another look—in the interest of both buyers and sellers. For one thing, more than 8 per cent of all electric toasters and 12 per cent of all heating pads are now acquired through redemption of trading stamps, and local retailers in these lines are howling. Consumer choice may be restricted, together with competition; and tie-ins of the sort considered illegal by the FTC may be involved. But the principal question is whether the consumer is being deceived by the representation that he is not paying more for the food, gasoline, etc., that he buys. The redemption merchandise is not actually "free," and someone must be paying for the stamp companies' operations and profits. Some supermarket chains have dropped trading stamps on an experimental basis, reduced prices accordingly, and appear to be doing well. All of us — and especially the government — should encourage this trend.

The Racist Proposition

CALIFORNIA on TRIAL . . . . Donovan Bess

San Francisco

The airways and public halls of California this fall will be filled with the thesis, "Extremism in the defense of property is no vice." Nobody will say it in those words, but that is what they will say as they invoke the Bible, anti-communism and racial prejudice to try to frighten the voters of California into amending their constitution by passing Proposition 14 in November. California has been made a testing ground for the Deep South's invasion of the Northern morals system. Cold civil war has been declared. White-supremacist officials from Jackson, Miss., have during the past two months established battle headquarters in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland.

Proposition 14 will be on the ballot because of a campaign financed by the state and national realtors' associations and the state's major apartment-house owners, aided by various right-wing groups and individuals who effected Barry Goldwater's take-over of the California Republican Party machinery. The proposition, if passed, would nullify most of a law that inhibits

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Donovan Bess, a frequent Nation *contributor, is on the staff of the* San Francisco Chronicle.

discrimination against home buyers and apartment hunters. But the guts of the proposition lie in its giving racial bigots a constitutional immunity from prosecution for discriminating in real property sales or rentals. The state constitution, as amended, would allow these bigots to play "king of the mountain" in perpetuity, would allow their wives to have all-white *Kaffeeklatsches* forever. California would take first place in the nation for legalized racism: not even Mississippi has tried to write housing discrimination into its constitution.

Last year, James H. Scheurer of the New York Commission Against Discrimination, warned that passage of the California amendment "would open the state to a flood of two-bit crackpots, demagogues and agitators, and would beck every half-baked George Lincoln Rockwell in the country." Already California has an adequate supply of such citizens, home grown, and the music of Proposition 14 has brought them dancing out.

The strategy of amending the state's constitution in order to tie the hands of its legislature and its courts was developed by officials of the California Real Estate Association and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards (which recently has been dominated by the South). To conceal the extremist nature of this proposition, the Realtors have plugged the slogan that the purpose was to "repeal the Rumford Act"—a mild measure that leans on persuasion more than on force to discourage unfair housing practices.

In this maneuver, the Realtors outsmarted the state's newspaper, television and radio industries, as well as the state-wide opposition to Proposition 14: the administration in Sacramento, and the major business, labor and church leaders. Everybody has cooperated in the deception by labeling this the "anti-Rumford" initiative. It is anti-Rumford Act, all right, but only incidentally. That statute is especially spineless in the area of discrimination in the sale of single-family homes. There are 3,779,000 such homes in California, but only about a fourth of them are covered by the Rumford Act. The law sets up a state Fair Employment Practices Commission as a resource and conciliation agency for house-hunting Negroes. But in the first year of the law's operation, only two cases were filed against owners of single-family homes. The California Real Estate Association is not annoyed by the Rumford Act, and it proved this last year by refusing to support a petition-signing drive to repeal it. "Repeal the Rumford Act" is a slogan to get the "ain't nobody going to push me around" vote, which is crucial in a nation the leading citizens of which fancy themselves to be red-blooded pioneers whose split-level homes really are, as symbols, log cabins to be defended from Indians, Russians, outer spacemen, federal tax men and CORE pickets.

The Realtor-White Citizens' Council axis was wise to situate its showdown in California. There are no physical landmarks in the far West to remind a man of how well his ancestors were sheltered by the Bill of Rights as they traveled the long road into the era of space-age prosperity. Freedom, out here, is something you just make up as you go along. "Your rights will be eroded!," the Realtors tell these home owners. That stirs the heart: erosion is an awful thing to have in the house. The Realtors' ballot proposition was so well argued that it received 200,000 more petition signatures than the 468,259 needed.

The proposition contains the genuinely radical notion of giving each property owner *absolute discretion* in transactions. It declares: "Neither the State nor any subdivision or agency thereof shall deny, limit or abridge, directly or indirectly, the right of any person, who is willing or desires to sell, lease or rent any part or all of his real property, to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to such person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses."

This is an attempt to introduce the "despotic theory" of private ownership as a fundamental American practice. It is contrary to the Declaration of Independence to consider property rights as absolute, rather than relative to the general welfare. If this amendment were enacted, the legislature would have no power to limit housing discrimination—nor would the superior courts. "It would," said Howard Lewis, Jr., of Palo Alto, a fair-housing Realtor, "stand as a symbol to the Negro that for him there is no hope for justice in California's courts or from California's whites." It would also probably violate the 14th Amendment; and the state supreme court already has warned that it holds "grave" doubts about the constitutionality of the measure.

There are more than 40,000 real estate brokers in California. They are not, as a whole, much developed as social thinkers. As long ago as 1948, the *California Real Estate Magazine* showed there was concern in the trade about Negro "pushiness." An article under the headline, "Fight Socialized Housing," announced a "nationwide campaign to amend the United States Constitution to guarantee enforcement of property restrictions." The article said CREA had warned every realty board in the nation that if Negroes kept trying to move into exclusive neighborhoods there would follow "racial tensions and antagonisms" and the invaders would "harm our national social structure." This direct approach is now out of date. In the present campaign, the CREA shows it has learned to wrap the arguments in words like "patriotism" and sentences like "A man's home is his castle." (Stanley Mosk, California's Attorney General last year, is an old-fashioned name-caller. He said "Realtor" is now "a dirty word.")

The brokers' concept of property rights is that once you own a piece of land it is sanctified and becomes part of your personality; so it would be *dangerous* to let it fall into the hands of anybody who didn't look pretty much like you. The opponents of Proposition 14 feel that to bar a man from the land is as unfair as to refuse to sell him a wrist watch or a can of salmon. They have some court rulings on their side. The Massachusetts high court has ruled that "neither property rights nor contract rights are absolute. . . ." A Pittsburgh court upheld that city's fair-housing ordinance, saying "our commitment to liberty is even deeper than our commitment to property. . . ."

Elton Brombacher, a member of the state FEPC, feels the Realtors are not sincere in arguing that Proposition 14 protects property rights. "What they really want," he said, "is to continue block-busting." (This is a technique under which a broker moves Negroes into a lily-white area in order to compel the retreat of some biased home owners. Commissions on resales of the vacated houses are the object.)

A classic argument against integrating a neighborhood is that non-white or off-white occupants depress property values. An article in the *Review of the Society of Residential Appraisers* reported two decades ago that "the axiom that colored infiltration collapses the market is no longer true." Edward Howden, executive director of the California FEPC, says the National Association of Real Estate Boards has never produced "a single piece of evidence" to support this argument.

The liberal-moderate opposition to Proposition 14 ranges from men like Joseph Martin, Jr., who was ousted by the Goldwater movement as California's Republican National Committeeman, to Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike, who was one of the first persons to wear a "Would You Want Your Daughter to Marry a Realtor?" button. The right wingers who want the amendment are not so much in a phalanx; some of the ultraconservatives treat the measure as indifferently as though it were a utility-bond issue to be voted on by the people of the Netherlands. For example, Max Rafferty, California's voluble superintendent of public instruction, held his tongue when asked about Proposition 14. It was, he said, "not specifically educational in nature."

All political leaders in the state feel that Goldwater's Presidential campaign in California will be entwined with Proposition 14. Last spring, Nelson Rockefeller criticized the initiative—while Goldwater portrayed himself as scrupulous not to advise the state on internal problems. However, when he was asked about civil rights sit-in demonstrations in San Francisco—demonstrations that had sought to end hotel discrimination in employment — Goldwater was not so sensitive about local feelings. He said "resentment at this law breaking is running high." In recent speeches, he has offered the Realtors' argument that "You can't legislate morality."

"I think," said California's venerable Republican Secretary of State, Frank M. Jordan, "this grass-roots movement that nominated Goldwater resulted from the undercurrent of feeling in people against having civil rights crowded down their throats. . . ."

The national signal for the showdown in California came in Washington in 1961, when the National Association of Real Estate Boards, in a policy statement, pledged "aggressive resistance to any trend which would vest in government, at any level, control over private transactions. . . ." Eugene P. Conser, NAREB's executive vice president, early last year warned that "successive destruction of property rights is the objective of the Communist conspiracy in this country." The California association's 1963 president, L. H. (Spike) Wilson, brushed aside FEPC evidence that fair-housing laws have worked out smoothly in New York and seven other states. In California, he suggested, to continue such laws would "lay the foundation for a police state." This atmosphere of threatened violence lingers about the Realtors' movement. Last February in Sacramento, signature getters transported their petitions for Proposition 14 in an armored car staffed with armed guards. "A rather frightening thing," said Governor Edmund G. Brown.

Public appeals have been repeatedly made to the directors of the CREA to repent and save any further tarnishing of their expensive, copyrighted word, "Realtor." The foes of housing discrimination hoped that when the directors met in the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego last March they might overthrow the Realtor establishment. There was no sign of a revolt.

The convention keynote speaker was Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, a former Methodist Circuit minister, a former Navy chaplain who in 1962 was San Diego director of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. He was cheered by the 600 directors when he declared: "The Bible contains strong declarations in support of property rights. The commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' is such a pronouncement."

The directors' executive committee heard a twenty-minute address from Rev. C. Fain Kyle, a Negro Baptist from Tennessee, who told them that segregation is "God's will." He was given a standing ovation. He has made a number of speeches for the Realtors' position. This summer, in an address before 200 delegates to the American Institute of Building Design convention in San Francisco, he won prolonged applause when he said: "Rights do not belong just to the Negro and minority groups—seldom does anyone hear anything today about majority group rights." (The Reverend Kyle has carried a gun, and sometimes displayed it, in his campaigning. "I'm doing a dangerous job," he explained.)

During the CREA directors' convention, Howard Lewis finally got the floor to move for a reversal of the policy on Proposition 14. He was howled down.

Outside the El Cortez Hotel,

CORE pickets paraded—and so did three uniformed men who identified themselves as Nazi "storm troopers." One of them carried a sign that said, "CREA, We Support You." The San Diego *Union and Tribune* carried no news of this.

The opposition to Proposition 14 is civic and massive and militant, but it is underfinanced. It really is that almost legendary condition, a "grass-roots" movement. Volunteers are knocking on doors all over the state, but they have nothing to offer investors except the dignity of man. How much is that worth in dollars?

The Realtors, too, are looking for more money. NAREB recently pledged them a $40,000 loan, a "line of credit" and a blitz TV and radio campaign to peak three weeks before the voting begins. "Vote Yes" billboards are beginning to appear in expensive locations.

The words and slogans the Realtors will use in their campaign finale will aim at the viscera of the voter, by-passing whatever of moral and logical arguments has been stored up in the brain. Every cliché of racism and paranoidal anti-communism will be vigorously exercised. We can expect the air waves to be filled with material similar to a broadside issued last November by a Los Angeles County rental office. It asked its tenants, "Are you particular who your neighbors are?" It asserted, "The Rumford Forced Housing Law forces us to rent to *anyone*, and any dirty, uncouth, unkempt, loud-mouthed, abusive person can haul us into court if we refuse to rent to him. . . ." Or will the TV-radio writers borrow from a leaflet distributed from a Berkeley center maintained by a Realtor-front organization? It said:

> *We know that a small minority coalition of pressure groups (California Democratic Clubs, American Civil Liberties Union, Communist Party, Americans for Democratic Action, CORE, NAACP and the Socialist Party) control the State Legislature. . . . This army worked and elected and legally seized control of the Democratic State Legislature, Governor's seat and many congressional seats.*

On June 25, the White Citizens Council convened an organizing meeting in Los Angeles. This was the first general evidence of the invasion of racists from the Deep South. On July 13, when the Republicans opened their national convention in San Francisco, the Citizens Councils of America—the field organization — presented Abraham Lincoln as a segregationist by quoting him out of context in a full-page advertisement in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Three weeks later, the Greater Los Angeles Citizens Council held a meeting at the Breakfast Club in Los Angeles; its president, an insurance broker, Clyde Reynolds, announced that its objective was to pass Proposition 14. Early in August it was confirmed in Jackson, Miss., that locals of the Council would be established in Oakland and San Francisco under the direction of Kent H. Steffgen, who formerly was Birch Society organizer for Northern California.

The Councils' national administrator, W. J. Simmons, said the organization was going West for the purpose of "opposing transgression of the Government on the rights of white citizens. . . ." This language nearly parallels that used by both the national and state Realtor organizations in California. (Although the Realtors do not use the word "white"; they just say "citizens.")

The junction of racism, Dixie style, and racism, California style, has been visible for months on the tables of the American Opinion (Bircher) Libraries. During the Proposition 14 drive, copies of the petition nuzzled booklets like *The Invasion of Mississippi* by Early Lively, Jr., and bumper strips such as "Communism Killed Our President."

Another Southern colonial movement in California has been organized by the National States' Rights Party whose state chairman, Robert L. Lewton, Sr., says his group supports Proposition 14 under the slogan, "White Men Unite."

The CREA has developed a powerful link with the Southerners by its alliance with William K. Shearer of San Diego, who is the publisher of *The California Statesman*. He is on the payroll of the Committee for Home Protection, an *ad hoc* organization sponsored jointly by the CREA and the California Apartment House Owners Association. He works for this Proposition 14 committee as a "public relations consultant" and speech maker.

Shearer is a contributor to *The Citizen*, the magazine of the Citizens Councils of America. In one issue he strongly defended the John Birch Society and complained that the U.S. Supreme Court "has done more to . . . cause racial disturbance and unrest than any other organization in our history." In February, last year, he wrote an article in *The Citizen* in which he pinpointed the strategy now apparent in the new Republican Party:

> *What Republicans must consider nationally is this question: "To whom can we make the most effective appeal — to big-city negroes* [Shearer does not capitalize "Negro"] *accustomed to the welfare dole, or to Southern conservative segregationists whose views on economic questions are generally in line with the Republican economic philosophy?"*
>
> *The answer is obvious! Conservative Republicans have no chance to win the negro vote, but they* do *have a chance to win the Southern white vote, if the GOP will kick free from the ball and chain of integration.*

After labor leaders complained about Shearer's role in the campaign, the CREA executive vice president, H. Jackson Pontius, declared: "He knows quite a bit about politics and public relations and is a good writer and a good speaker." He said he felt "it is only natural that conservative and ultraconservative groups should align themselves with this campaign."

The only likely chance of defeating Proposition 14 is in the huge church vote. Some Catholics and a few Protestants may be influenced by the fact that Pope John XXIII said "every human being has the right to freedom of movement and of residence. . . ." California's eight Catholic bishops in August condemned racial discrimination as immoral. (Even Los Angeles' right-wing James Francis Cardinal McIntyre was drawn into this joint venture.) The Protestant and Jewish leaders are even more specific in their opposition. But the question is: Are the Judeo-Christian ethics husky enough, in 1964, to crack the color bar in California? A survey taken by the California Research Foundation among the voters of Berkeley who rejected a fair-housing ordinance showed that 98 per cent of those who voted against the proposal were Caucasians, 92 per cent of them were enrolled in Christian churches, and 69 per cent of them were fairly regular churchgoers. (And their average income was $9,500 a year.) If Proposition 14 passes, it will be by the grace of California's professed Christians.

REPORT ON A TWO-MONTH VISIT

RUSSIA in 1964. . . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

I have just spent two months in the Soviet Union. It might have been easier to write of the visit if I had been there only a week or two: impressions would no doubt have been clearer, my assessment of the situation more emphatic. For the more you see of Russia in 1964, and the more you talk to its people, the more sharply you recognize the extreme complexity at present of both the internal and international situation, and the great diversity of thought and feeling existing between, and within, population and age groups.

After returning from Russia I read in the London *Sunday Times* an article by Lord Thomson, the British press magnate, who had just visited the virgin lands of Kazakhstan in the company of Mr. Khrushchev. Lord Thomson wrote:

> *I came away from my visit to the Soviet Union convinced that the Russians are making a more rapid industrial advance than is generally realized in the West and . . . I am disturbed by this progress. There is no question of a communist war with the West . . . but Russian productivity makes them a formidable competitor for future world markets.*

He commented on the “incredible speed” with which blocks of flats, often prefabricated, are springing up in Moscow and other cities, and on the shops which, only eighteen months ago, “used to have bare windows” and “now display a wide range of goods.”

Lord Thomson was also impressed by Khrushchev:

> *What a salesman! I think one of the world's greatest. He projects his views to his people so forcefully that it is little wonder that his leadership is so accepted. The ordinary people's attitude to Khrushchev is unique. They admire and respect, and yet are in no way awed by him. Rather it is the pride and affection of a perhaps humble family towards a member who has made good in a big way.*

All this, though correct up to a point, is rather an oversimplification. My last prolonged visit to Russia was in 1959-60, soon after Khrushchev's visit to the United States. My impression then was that Russia was sitting on top of the world; that prosperity was steadily growing, that everybody was highly optimistic about coexistence with the West, and that Khrushchev was immensely popular for both international and domestic reasons. Not only were material conditions rapidly improving, but people were also grateful for the newly enforced “Socialist legality,” and for the freedom of discussion that seemed so remarkable after the then still recent Stalin era. Today, most Russians would probably agree with this striking passage from Togliatti's “political testament,” written only a few days before his death:

> *It is wrong to speak of the socialist countries (and even of the Soviet Union) as if everything were always right in these countries. It was one of the mistakes of the 1960 resolution* [*of the Communist parties*] *to speak of the socialist countries in such terms. Difficulties, contradictions, new problems keep emerging all the time. . . . Nothing is worse than to create the impression that all is well and then, suddenly, to have to start explaining new difficulties as they arise . . . and which are not necessarily just isolated phenomena. . . .*

It may be argued that the disastrous Russian harvest of 1963 was an isolated phenomenon, but it continues to affect the Russian standard of living and the general mood of the country. Generally speaking, the Soviet Union is a well-going concern (though whether it is to become a “formidable competitor” is still to be demonstrated); but conditions today, I reckon, are more difficult than they were in 1959. Many aspects of everyday life are certainly admirable. When I spent three weeks in Leningrad in August, I noticed that there were practically no children in that great city of now 3.6 million people. They were in holiday camps or “children's summer colonies.” I visited some of these, and everywhere I sensed the children to be happy, well-fed, full of a good spirit of comradeship and well disciplined by groups of benevolent teachers. Medical services in Russia are completely free to everybody, and there are more doctors — most of them women — per capita than in any other country. There are no pharmaceutical rackets: if, without consulting a doctor, you buy medicine in a drugstore, you pay a few cents for what would cost you a few dollars in the West.

Rents are very low; a friend of mine, a Leningrad writer, pays only $16 a month for a four-room apartment with central heating. Smaller apartments in the vast newly built areas of Leningrad can be had for between $5 and $10 a month. Since 1959, more than 250,000 apartments have been built in Leningrad alone, 42,000 of them in the current year. Moreover, many thousands of apartments in the older parts of Leningrad, which had fallen into a lamentable state as a result of the German blockade, are now undergoing a process of “capital repairs.” Building on a similar scale is going on in practically every city in the Soviet Union. All cultural activity is cheap enough to be available to everybody — whether theatres, cinemas, books or phonograph records; the finest large classical LP records cost $1 apiece.

I remember Leningrad in 1943, when it was still under shellfire, and when the German lines were a couple of miles to the south. There were then only half a million people in Leningrad, about a million having died in the famine, and the rest having been evacuated. What a difference now! Where the German lines ran, there are thousands of new houses with parks and handsome avenues. A profusion of trams,

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Alexander Werth, who during the war years of 1941-46 was Moscow correspondent for the Sunday Times, *London, and the B.B.C., has been back to Russia several times since then. However, the two-month trip this summer was his longest visit to the country of his birth in almost twenty years. Mr. Werth is the author, among other books, of* Moscow War Diary *and* The Year of Stalingrad *(both Knopf) and of* Russia at War, *to be published by Dutton in November.*

buses and trolley buses, and a sumptuous new subway, besides thousands of taxis, assure excellent transport. Admirable facilities are also provided for suburban transport and for fast steamer excursions to Lake Ladoga and beyond (passenger steamers now ply the rivers and canals all the way to Moscow). New summer resorts with enormous rest homes have sprung up along the Karelian Isthmus (annexed from Finland), and they are efficiently connected with the city by fast electric trains and buses. The school- and higher-education population is proportionately larger in Leningrad than anywhere else in Russia. The capital outlay on all this reconstruction has been astronomical, and one gets the surface impression of a buoyant, exuberant and very happy city.

Yet Leningrad today is a city with a grievance, and it is crowded with ghosts. Those older people who survived the blockade still tell harrowing stories of the famine of 1941-42; and the old Leningrader irrationally resents the presence of the 2 million newcomers who have taken the place of those who died in the war. There is also resentment against Moscow — against the "provincialization" of Leningrad, a city of great industrial, literary and historical traditions and, more recently, an unequaled record of mass heroism. Although it is still an important commercial and shipbuilding center, many of Leningrad's industries have, for strategic and other reasons, been moved to Siberia and Central Asia. If in the past it represented 20 to 25 per cent of the Soviet Union's industrial output, it now accounts for only some 5 per cent. With the near extinction of the old Leningrader, the city has lost much of its former individuality; its local press has become parochial (the *Leningradskaya Pravda* prints only 350,000 copies), and is being squeezed out by the Moscow papers. Whenever an outstanding actor or singer emerges in the Leningrad theatres, he is soon lured away to Moscow; and most Leningrad writers — the exception is a small, brilliant group including Olga Bergholz (a heroine of the blockade), Vera Ketlinskaya, Vera Panova, Anna Akhmatova and Yuri Gherman — have also moved to the capital.

Leningrad has other grievances, but those it voices in common with the rest of the country. Economic conditions, and particularly food conditions, are not good. The revaluation of the ruble (10 old rubles equal 1 new ruble) two years ago has tended, in all sorts of subtle ways, to increase the cost of living. There are signs of inflation. The new ruble is nominally worth more than a dollar, but it represents nothing like that in purchasing power. Shoes and clothes are expensive, the simplest cotton shirt costing $4 or $5. And most kinds of food are very dear: butter is about $2 a pound, meat and sausage and cheese approximately the same, and fruit and vegetables are scarce and three times as expensive as in Western Europe. Wages vary considerably: highly skilled workers, earning overtime, may receive up to $300 a month, but the average is nearer $100 (or 100 rubles). Until recently, many doctors and teachers earned only 70 or 80 rubles a month, so the 25 per cent increase given them in July by the Supreme Soviet —with a great display of generosity —was, in fact, scandalously overdue.

There are real compensations for these hardships; but even with the low rents and free services food remains burdensomely expensive (what is served in restaurants, moreover, is usually tasteless and sloppy). The system of distribution is defective; there are not enough food shops and queuing is still common. The people are forced to waste a great deal of time, and conditions favor under-the-counter rackets.

It may be a sign of greater freedom, but there is certainly a good deal of angry grumbling, not least among the working class. It is directed even at Khrushchev himself, whose optimistic forecasts of only a few years ago are now quoted against him. Some of the more irresponsible young people go as far as to claim that "things were better under Stalin"—he allegedly favored the urban population at the expense of the rural population, but now the tables are turned.

One reason for this popular view is that the actual income of the peasantry is considerably higher— "ten times higher" is the official claim—than it was a decade ago. As Maurice Hindus noted a few years ago in *A House Without a Roof,* the flight from the land has been stopped by the higher pay to the peasants and the appearance of consumer goods in the village stores. An important change in many parts of Russia, particularly in the Leningrad-Pskov-Novgorod provinces through which I traveled on this last trip, has been the gradual elimination since 1958 of the *trudodni* (labor-day) payments, mostly in kind, and their replacement by cash remuneration. Rates, however, vary greatly from kolkhoz to kolkhoz, and in the same kolkhoz workers may earn (according to their job and their performance) anywhere from $40 to $150 a month. Under the new wage system, their private plots are no longer the peasants' chief concern; indeed, the more highly paid members of the collective often prefer not to be bothered with small private plots at all, particularly since the taxes on them can run as high as $100 or $150 a year. Out of their cash earnings the peasants can now buy food from the kolkhoz at cost price. With the introduction of cash, the difference between kolkhozes and sovkhozes (state farms) has largely disappeared. The chief difference now is only that the "inventory" and other assets belong in one case to the collective and in the other to the state. Another recent concession to the peasants has been the introduction of old-age pensions—though not at a flat rate but depending on each person's "labor record."

For all that, it is still difficult to generalize about the state of Soviet agriculture. I saw in Byelorussia in July some backward kolkhozes which fully bear out the view often put forward in the Western press that, in the absence of efficient management and sufficient financial incentives, the collective farmers concentrate their energies on their private plots and hopelessly neglect the collective land. On the other hand, near Leningrad I saw some highly mechanized and specialized dairy farms and large truck gardens that come close to the highest "Danish" standards set by Mr. Khrushchev. (It has not passed unnoticed that Khrushchev, in his recent speeches, has repeatedly invoked Denmark and Iowa as examples to follow—with the prudent qualification that in both these places climatic conditions, plus the intensive use of fertilizers, are "unfortunately" much more favorable than almost anywhere in Russia.

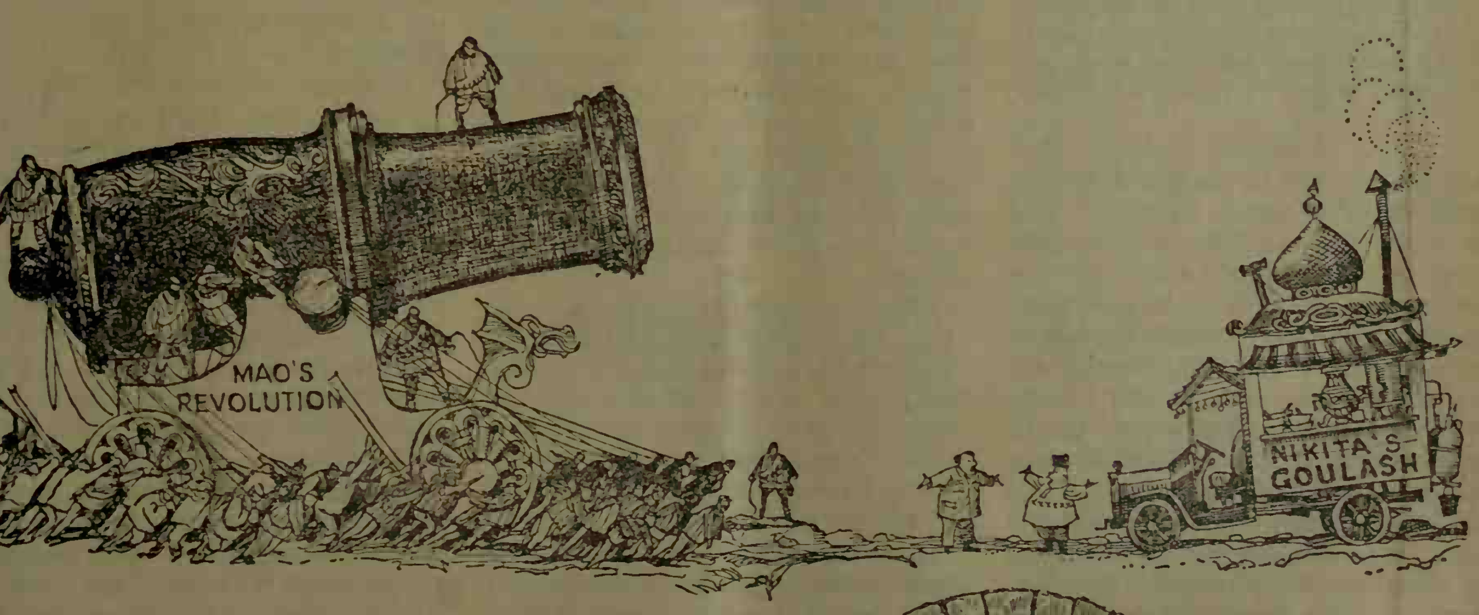
Few Russians I talked to would forecast the future of Soviet agriculture. There is still some skepticism about Khrushchev's panacea—fertilizers and still more fertilizers. As one Byelorussian kolkhoz chairman put it: "Fertilizers are O.K., but there was so little rain this year that the stuff was simply not absorbed in the soil." In the cities people still wonder whether there will be a major improvement in the food situation during the coming year. The 1964 harvest has been very uneven. If Khrushchev has effectively demonstrated that the virgin lands, far from being the "dust bowl" they are supposed by the Western press to have become, remain one of the very largest — Khrushchev said *the* largest — sources of grain, the fact remains that Northwest and Central Russia, Byelorussia and large parts of the Ukraine have again suffered severely from drought. At best, 1964 will be an average agricultural year.

For these reasons, perhaps, Khrushchev appears to be less popular with the industrial working class than with some sections of the peasantry, who compare their present condition with the ruthless exploitation they knew under Stalin. On the other hand, he is well regarded by the intellectuals. Engineers and technicians of every kind consider themselves a privileged elite; they live fairly well and regard themselves as the backbone of Russia's remarkable technical progress. Numerous young technicians with whom I spoke dwelt on the very much higher educational and scientific standards set today for filling any responsible job in industry. Scientists are also pro-Khrushchev, largely because he allows them considerable freedom of discussion. In biology, for example, the most controversial arguments can now take place without anybody "on top" declaring the Michurin-Lysenko school of thought to be sacrosanct, and "orthodox" Mendelian biology "counterrevolutionary."

The artistic and literary world also appreciates its greater freedom (though it may not show much respect for Khrushchev as a critic). Thus, I was present at several meetings of the Art Committee of *Lenfilm* (the Leningrad Film Studios), when the discussion was open and even violent, with no firm line being laid down from above. The artists and film makers no doubt realize that some ex-Stalinist hatchet men are still keeping a vigilant eye on them, but the feeling prevalent among these people—even among some of the most unorthodox—is: "For God's sake, let Khrushchev stay; anyone else might be *much* worse." This sentiment is uttered with reference to artistic freedom, and even more fervently with regard to personal freedom. As Olga Bergholz put it to me: "Khrushchev may not be a great literary critic but, hell, so long as he's there I know at least that I shall never go to jail as I did in 1938 under Stalin." And the novelist, Yuri Gherman, who had me to dinner several times in his apartment overlooking the Summer Garden in Leningrad, would always drink his first glass of vodka "to the health of Nikita." "Thanks to him," he would add, "we can sleep peacefully, without fearing that 3 A.M. knock on the door." The abolition of fear is certainly the greatest thing that has happened in Russia in the last ten years, and the intelligentsia appreciates it more keenly than anyone else.

But the new freedom is only one part of the story. If nobody is worried any more about his personal security "so long as Nikita is there," everybody in Russia is sharply worried about the way the world is going. And everywhere—whether on collective farms, among writers, in editorial offices in Leningrad and Moscow, or simply in casual conversations with taxi drivers and with people on buses — I had the same question fired at me: "That guy Goldwater—will the Americans be crazy enough to elect him?" For Goldwater means to all these people not only a possible war, but a *probable* war. At one extreme stands Goldwater; at the other stands China. And both of them deeply affect, Russians believe, the very future of their country. I remember that one newspaper man remarked to me as he looked dismally at two pages of *Pravda* filled with Khrushchev's jovial speeches in Kazakhstan about fertilizers and tractors and this kind of wheat being better than that kind of wheat: "Good God, the guy is whistling in the dark. Why pretend he is interested in all this rubbish when he knows he may soon have to face the biggest crisis of his life?"

Not to play into the hands of Goldwater propaganda, the Soviet press has been relatively discreet



Macpherson, Toronto Star

about "backing" Johnson. But in Russia I listened to countless round-table radio discussions by foreign-policy experts on such unexpected topics as the struggle "between Wall Street and Eastern capitalism on the one hand, and the Californian and Western capitalism on the other." The gist of that particular discussion was that, while "Eastern" American capitalism was content to make vast profits out of cold-war rearmament, "Western" capitalism advocated a policy of adventure that could lead only to world disaster.

In other words, a Goldwater victory would mean the end of the policy symbolized by the test-ban treaty, which is also looked upon as the real cornerstone of Khrushchev's foreign policy. The test-ban treaty is primarily associated with the name of Kennedy (now almost a saint and martyr in Russian eyes), but it is not dissociated from Johnson, whose message to Khrushchev on the anniversary of the treaty was noted with satisfaction. At the same time, there are suspicions in Russia that Goldwater pressure has already brought about in America a rightist drift and a more aggressive policy. What Togliatti said in his testament is, roughly, what many Russians also told me:

> *A Goldwater victory—that is, the victory of a man who has included war in his program and who talks like a fascist—is not to be excluded by any means. But what is worse, the Goldwater offensive is pushing the whole American political front to the right, and strengthens the tendency to find an answer to America's internal contradictions in a more aggressive foreign policy and in an agreement with the most reactionary groups of Western Europe.*

The Russians believe that such groups will be sought first and foremost in Western Germany, but not in France or Britain. The hostility to Goldwater, even in the ultraconservative French and British press, has led Russian commentators to say that a Goldwater victory would at least have the advantage of breaking up the free world and NATO, since neither Britain nor France would associate itself with Goldwater's foreign policy. It is not said entirely in jest; among the more curious recent developments have been the friendly talks with Foreign Secretary Butler in Moscow this summer, the extraordinarily cordial exchange of messages between Khrushchev and de Gaulle on the twentieth anniversary of the liberation of Paris (de Gaulle going so far as to say that France and Russia would work jointly for the preservation of a lasting peace in Europe and the world), and, strangest of all, the earnest Russian attempt to improve relations with Western Germany. In July, *Izvestia* ran a series called "We Saw Western Germany" by a group of correspondents headed by Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adjubei, who had had long talks with Erhard and other German leaders, and who concluded:

> *We believe that in the German Federal Republic a more reasonable attitude is developing, or is beginning to develop, among people in the most different social, political and economic positions.*

This generalization was applied even to a die-hard like Franz-Josef Strauss, who not so long ago had advocated the atomic destruction of the Soviet Union. He now told these Soviet visitors: "We realize that if there's another war, Western Germany will be biologically destroyed, though the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. may partly survive." The reporters said they were treated everywhere "in a friendly way" and that "West Germany was very worried about Goldwater." But, most astonishing of all, they quoted an important Ruhr industrialist as saying to them: "What about getting back to Rapallo?" The Russian writers hastened to point out that the Rapallo agreement of 1922, under which the Weimar Republic broke out of its isolation and started playing off the East against the West, was ancient history; nor did they say anything about Rapallo having been, as it were, a forerunner of the Soviet-German Pact of 1939. Nevertheless, they thought that this mention of Rapallo by a Ruhr magnate was significant.

> *This German did not think of a literal repetition of Rapallo, which would have been unrealistic, but he must have thought of the spirit of Rapallo, of that spirit of realism which should in future dominate the relations between the* Bundesrepublik *and the Soviet Union.*

And they had other talks with West German industrialists, including a Krupp director. They made no mention of the Russian slave labor employed by Krupp during the war, saying instead that Krupp was now concentrating on "peaceful steel products," and that its director had urged on them a vast expansion of Soviet-West German trade. Later, the Russians also noted with much satisfaction that Chancellor Erhard put the blame explicitly on Hitler for the outbreak of World War II. Since then, Khrushchev's visit to Bonn early next year has been officially announced.

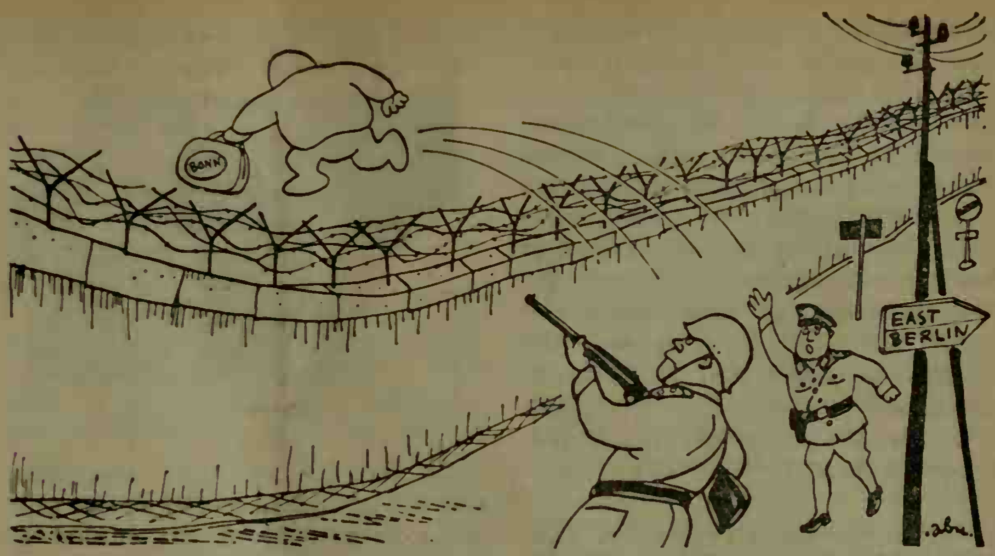
This flirtation with West Germany no doubt worried the Poles, Czechs and East Germans. Their misgivings may account for Khrushchev's recent assurances about the sanctity of Poland and Czechoslovakia's western frontiers and for the fact that the Khrushchev-Novotny communiqué at the end of the Prague talks denounced West German militarism with particular vigor. All the same, Khrushchev's attempts to develop closer political and economic relations with West Germany will continue. *Izvestia* quoted Erhard as saying that "No one represented the great Soviet Union as well as Mr. Khrushchev."

There are, obviously, two motives behind this surprising development. A minor one is the discreet warning to Poland, Czechoslovakia and the other East European countries not to become too independent in dealing with the Soviet Union; the major one is to encourage West Germany to withstand any temptations coming from the American Right, with the suggestion that a "realistic" Soviet-German settlement can be reached without anyone's resorting to methods which would lead only to the "biological destruction" of the Germans.

In short, the threat of Goldwater himself or the "Goldwaterization" of American foreign policy has already initiated a *rapprochement* between Russia and Western Europe. The response of de Gaulle (frustrated in his now seemingly defunct Paris-Bonn Axis plans) has been particularly striking. De Gaulle is not only totally anti-Goldwater, but has also been viewing with particular distaste and alarm the pursuit by the United States of its "insane" war in Vietnam. In de Gaulle's perhaps oversimplified view, Russian communism exists today only on paper; in the flesh it is dead. He now sees in these latest developments the beginning of the fulfillment of his prophecy that "Europe" will stretch from the Atlantic to the Urals. Russia being essentially a "national" state, not so very different from, say, France or Britain.

Oddly enough, if one talks to "ordinary" Russians, as I have done, one feels that this is not so very far from the truth; these Russians want to live in peace with everybody. They are intensely patriotic and even nationalistic, but are singularly free—freer than in 1959—from any missionary spirit with world pretensions. And, if one skims off the official Marxist-Leninist verbiage, this very widespread public sentiment is largely reflected in Khrushchev's increasingly cautious foreign policy. Although, as it were, honor bound to defend Cuba in the event of an American invasion, Russia is clearly eager to avoid any other major entanglements abroad. There has been remarkably little excitement in Moscow over Vietnam (less, if anything, than in Paris), and perhaps the most significant remark made by the Russians about Cyprus was that they could not remain indifferent to the conflict there "in view of Cyprus' proximity to the southern frontiers of the Soviet Union." On the other hand, the growing indifference to Africa is very marked. Africa is not near the Soviet borders; most African rulers are considered corrupt, or at best unreliable, and the political advantages of giving large-scale aid to Africa—which Russia can ill afford, anyway—are highly uncertain. Soviet protests against the American and Belgian armed support given to Tshombe in the Congo have been purely platonic, and in curious contrast with the intense interest in the Congo in 1960. The Russians see no great danger in America's becoming entangled in Africa; they even see some possible advantages, such as the growing rivalry that is already developing there among the capitalist powers, and notably between France and the United States.

Another factor has played some part in Russia's growing lack of interest in Africa. A high proportion of the African students in the Soviet Union have not made themselves popular; many are ill behaved and arrogant and, when called to order, never fail to scream about "racial discrimination." I found the dislike of Africans to be very widespread. Russia is rather more sympathetic to the Arab world, and Nasser and especially Ben Bella are held in reasonably high esteem, at least for the present. But in their cases, too, there are many mental reservations and a widespread public reluctance to seeing much money go abroad.



The Observer (London); Ben Roth Agency

"Hold It! It's Nikita!"

The Russians cannot in all fairness be called racialists; on the other hand, they do have a very strong streak of "Europeanism." I spent one evening with a group of young Russian technicians in Moscow, people belonging to the younger elite of the Khrushchev regime. They talked most freely about the pros and cons of the Chinese issue, and of the famous Suslov Report, which indicted Chinese "racialism." I was particularly struck by one remark with which everyone present seemed more or less to agree: "In the last few years we have seen a great many Chinese and Japanese. The two are very different people, but with both of them we had the same feeling: they have a *mentality that's different from ours*. When we meet Englishmen, or Poles, or Frenchmen, or even Americans and Germans, we seem to have a common language; we seem to think along the same lines. But with the Chinese (or the Japanese, for that matter) we just don't seem to have a common language."

This deep-seated Russian Europeanism, opposed to the Chinese anti-Europeanism, has perhaps more to do with the Soviet-Chinese quarrel than appears on the surface. The ideological differences between China and Russia have been intensified by Chinese claims on Soviet territory, and the Soviet press, perhaps aware of the Russian public's insufficient interest in ideology, has tried to stir up a strong national sentiment against the Chinese by making a great song and dance over Mao Tse-tung's "territorial claims," even though these are surrounded as yet by all kinds of *ifs* and *whens*.

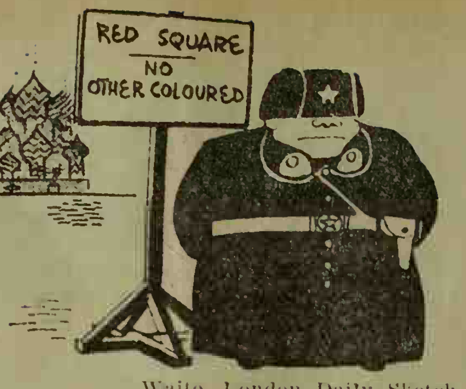
Khrushchev has had bad luck with the Chinese. Under Stalin, the Chinese fully accepted Soviet leadership of the Socialist bloc. The first serious disagreements occurred at the time of Russia's difficulties with Hungary and Poland in 1956; in 1957, Sputnik raised Russian prestige to a new high, and China again accepted its leadership. But then Khrushchev suffered a number of setbacks—first in Berlin, later in Cuba—and Chinese arrogance grew. At least until recently Khrushchev could see only two ways of saving the situation: either, under the pressure of the great majority of the world's Communist parties, China would be made to toe the line; or, failing that, China would be "condemned," and Russia would at least save from the wreck herself and her loyal allies, the East European Communist parties, the French and Italians and a few (mostly "white") little parties here and there.

But things have not turned out as Khrushchev hoped. His proposal for a "preparatory" conference in Moscow on December 15, to pave the way for a world conference of all the Communist parties, was rejected at once by the Chinese as an arbitrary and unilateral decision. "If, in the circumstances," the Chinese declared, "the preparatory conference still meets, it will mark the great schism in the world's working-class movement."

Khrushchev seems to have blundered in calling this meeting without first making sure of the support he would get. The considerable independence which the East European People's Democracies now show toward the Soviet Union, and their resistance to the "monolith" concept of the Stalin days, showed strongly on this occasion. After more than a month, only ten of the twenty-six Communist parties invited to Moscow had agreed to attend, the most important of these being the French and the Czechs. But the Rumanians, Poles and Hungarians were in no hurry to accept; and then, on September 4, came the publication, some two weeks after his death, of Togliatti's "political testament." It proved to be explosive. The Italian Communist leader had died in the Crimea on August 21, after only a few days' illness. Expecting to see Khrushchev, he had prepared a memorandum on the proposed meeting and on other issues relevant to the future of the Communist movement; but by the time Khrushchev arrived, Togliatti was dead.

On the following day, the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party published a statement that exalted Togliatti as a friend of the Soviet Union, as a remarkable theorist, as a supporter of proletarian internationalism and of the complete unity of the Communist movement of the world, and as an uncompromising enemy of all deviationists and sectarians. Meanwhile, Khrushchev must have received a copy of Togliatti's memorandum, for in the highly emotional oration he delivered the same day over Togliatti's coffin, he used scarcely any of the committee's phrases, and confined himself chiefly to recalling Togliatti's activities as a member of the Comintern before the war.

But whether Khrushchev liked it or not, the Togliatti testament was published in Rome on September 3. It contained a new defense of that very "polycentrism" of the world Communist movement which Russia has severely attacked in the past; a sharp criticism of both the clumsiness and the superficiality of the "de-Stalinization" process in Russia; disagreement with the Russians in matters of artistic freedom, and strong objections to the Russian form of anti-religious propaganda; and, most important perhaps, a grave warning to Khrushchev, in view of growing rightist trends in American foreign policy, against splitting the Communist bloc through an ill-considered condemnation of China at the December meeting.



Waite, London Daily Sketch
Ben Roth Agency

So far, the Togliatti "testament" has not appeared in the Soviet press and, judging from the highly expurgated version published in the entirely pro-Moscow *L'Humanité*, the French Communist paper, it must have caused Khrushchev the greatest embarrassment. But he wants to go ahead with the December 15 meeting, even if he does not receive full support from the Poles, Italians and many others. On my last day in Leningrad — before the Togliatti document had been published — I had an illuminating talk with a top-ranking party member. His position, in summary, was as follows:

(1) We are not worried that Poles, Hungarians and others should follow their own lines, each Communist party responding to concrete national problems of its country—provided, of course, that the Warsaw Pact remains in place so long as NATO continues.

(2) We do not mind that East European countries should have business dealings with the West — we are more eager than ever to do business with the West ourselves. We put forward proposals for Comecon, but these are not forced on anybody, as they were in the Stalin days. Those who say (and some do) that we should have preserved a "monolithic" Stalin empire by force are unrealistic.

(3) The Chinese have gone much too far in their abuse of us, and their territorial claims have aroused violent anti-Chinese sentiment in our country. A breach with the Chinese will merely acknowledge something that already exists and may strengthen the bloc around the Soviet Union (there was some wishful thinking here in the suggestion that all Russia's friends would readily "condemn" China).

(4) China is no immediate danger to us. What we want is to improve our relations with the United States—that is the essence of the Khrushchev policy. And that is why we are worried about Goldwater, and hope that Johnson wins a major victory in the election. It seems the only hope of saving peace for many years to come.

When I asked whether there was not some opposition inside the Soviet Communist Party to this policy, he reluctantly admitted that there was a group he called "the pro-Chinese Stalinites." In reply to my suggestion that a complete (or even partial) Goldwater victory would mean the end of Khrushchev, he replied: "Not necessarily. For remember that the preparatory meeting has been fixed for December 15, when the results of the American election will be known. If Goldwater is successful, Khrushchev will have time to reassess the whole Chinese problem; but, for the present, he is absolutely right to pursue his so-called 'pro-American' policy. You have been here long enough to know that that is precisely what our people want."

It is not at all certain that Khrushchev could successfully make that quick shift. A reconciliation between Russia and China seems possible only if Khrushchev, Mao's enemy No. 1, is eliminated. A story widely put about in Russia is that the Chinese *want* Goldwater—as a means of consolidating the Communist bloc in their own way and, incidentally, of unseating Khrushchev.

But, as against this, there is Western Europe, where a Goldwater victory might help Khrushchev if, as seems only too likely, Europe were to loosen, even break, its bonds with America.

Nor is that all. Some Russians discreetly hint that even more dangerous than a Goldwater victory would be a small and "Goldwaterized" Johnson victory. This would not break up the Western alliance, but it might well reopen the cold war. (This argument is to be found in a slightly different form in the Togliatti testament.) In that case, increased armaments expenditures would weigh more and more heavily on the Soviet economy and on the standard of living. One of the remarks I heard most frequently in Russia was: "Life is improving in lots of ways, but not as fast as we had hoped. We cannot avoid arms expenditure, and we are a tough people and are used to privations. The Chinese like to talk about our *embourgeoisement*, our 'affluent society.' Unfortunately, arms expenditure stands between us and affluence, and we worry that it may get still worse. That's why we are all watching America."

The GOLDEN GRIN . . . . Robert Hughes

On October 18, the World's Fair will close for six months and the sense of desolation common to all empty circuses will fall on Flushing Meadow. Millions of visitors, including me, will have been fed through its turnstiles and will have emerged with wildly different impressions. My reaction was amazement, of the kind one always feels at superstitious rituals. For the World's Fair was a vast exercise in icon-kissing.

We all have our superstitions. A friend of mine, a painter, once lived for two years in the house of the Ogoga of Ikerre, a West African king. That was thirty years ago, and the Ogoga was a cultivated man. He had done away with the ritual of eating his predecessor's heart on taking the throne, and he had a car in which he would drive, when state occasion demanded, from one end of his city to the other—some 800 yards. Jungle tracks and tropical rains had sapped its mechanism, but the Ogoga had a cure for that. When his car broke down, the priests would dismantle it in front of his mud palace. Off came the hub caps, the mirrors, the headlights, and all shiny parts of the coach work; the spark plugs were removed and burnished, the tool kit also; these were all laid out in a ritual pattern. The priests would then cover them with sacrificial blood and eggs, to appease the balky god of the machine.

The Ogoga is dead now. His spirit, apparently, has moved to New York and reincarnated itself in Robert Moses.

Photographed from below, arms akimbo, looming like Atlas with the Unisphere perched on his back by U.S. Steel; there is Moses, on page 10 of the World's Fair Guide, belting out his message to visitors:

> *What is it you want? Vast forces dormant in nuggets of imprisoned sunlight? Machines that fly, think, transport, fashion and do men's work? Dead Sea Scrolls? Painted lilies and refined gold? The products of philosophy, which is the guide of life, and knowledge, which is power? We have them all. Study the fair. Come often . . . save your arches, spare your muscles, use your head; patronize buses, rolling stock, rides, ramps and escalators; spot the oases and cultivate repose in the midst of multifarious activities. . . .*

Only the Ogoga of Flushing Meadow could have devised such prose. Inspired by it—I hadn't been in New York for five years—I patronized a train to Flushing. Now the World's Fair isn't something you just visit. You must plunge in; the plastic heaven of Moses demands baptism by total immersion. The effect isn't tonic: it debilitates; it causes the initiate to doubt his own existence.

You are submerged in slogans and displays, dioramas and neon. Muzak blares and wheedles from a thousand speakers. Even the little Escorter taxiettes, jinking along at 3 miles an hour, play a promotional tune for Greyhound buses instead of hooting at the pedestrians. From the moment you enter Flushing Meadow, you become a fetus in the bulging womb of commerce, suspended in an amniotic fluid of ballyhoo and gimmickry. You are disoriented and cushioned, and thus made porous to the seepage of advertising copy which is the sole reason for the fair. Every sharp edge is padded, every horizon blurred. Each sign of identity, national or personal, is reduced to a cliché.

And so to visit any country's pavilion is to emerge laden with its most overworked tourist images. Here is the Taj Mahal; you eat a curry, so mild as to be unrecognizable, served by picturesque Sikhs with their beards in hair nets. So much for India. Do the rubes want Japan? Play down the difference between East and West, but remember that a whiff of the exotic never hurts. So give them a Good Design Medal stone fortress, crammed to the loopholes with rockets, cameras, computors, transistor TV sets and a planetarium projector; add a mural showing how, since Commodore Perry, Japan has been able to develop a real civilization; flavor the lot with sake, geishas and an ikebana arrangement of plastic flowers set next to a Coke machine.

Because China doesn't exist, an elaborate temple of gold leaf and vermilion lacquer was set up and filled with displays of democracy at work in Taiwan. But the top floor carried a show of old porcelain and scrolls, whose point as a manifestation of the glories of Chiang Kai-shek was a little reduced by the fact that they all came from mainland China. Art transcends politics; no doubt if Robert Moses had given Guatemala a booth at the fair, it would have celebrated nothing but United Fruit and the CIA.

The Polynesian exhibit was a restaurant with fireproof grass umbrellas, and a village where Noble Savages dived for oysters "transported from Pacific pearl beds," perhaps on the same barges which floated the life-size tyrannosaurs and dinosaurs from the East Side to Dinoland: pre-history is as cosy as today. Nor is Robert Moses' awareness of the heroic figures of our time less accurate than his sense of place. Walker's International Wax Museum offers full-sized figures molded in wax to represent personalities out of the past (Napoleon, Frederic Chopin, Lady Godiva) and the present (Dr. Kildare, Robert Moses, the cast of the Folies Bergère).

Can a general theme be decoded from the sprawl of the fair? It seems there are two: (1) I caricature myself, therefore I am; (2) Come buy. The fair is only nominally a gathering of nations. In fact it is a promotional orgy for American business. It is also a tourist catcher, but that kind of promotion *can* be done on a decent level of sensibility: witness the Spanish Pavilion, whose beautiful, austere design, refreshed with just the right touch of informality and mercifully avoiding the banal Spain of flamenco, wine skins and Brave Bulls, was the best thing anywhere on Flushing. Sometimes the self-parody is redeemed by its own ironical sharpness, which may or may not be intentional. A case in point is the "money tree" outside the American Express Pavilion. One million dollars in cash hangs from its branches. But touch it, and you get a violent electric shock. There is always a knot of people around its trunk, staring upwards with the glazed, runny, helpless desire of Pavlov's dogs.

But as a rule, the self-parody does not work. Two of the fair's grosser examples are the Vatican and the Illinois Pavilion.

The Vatican's effort was unique;

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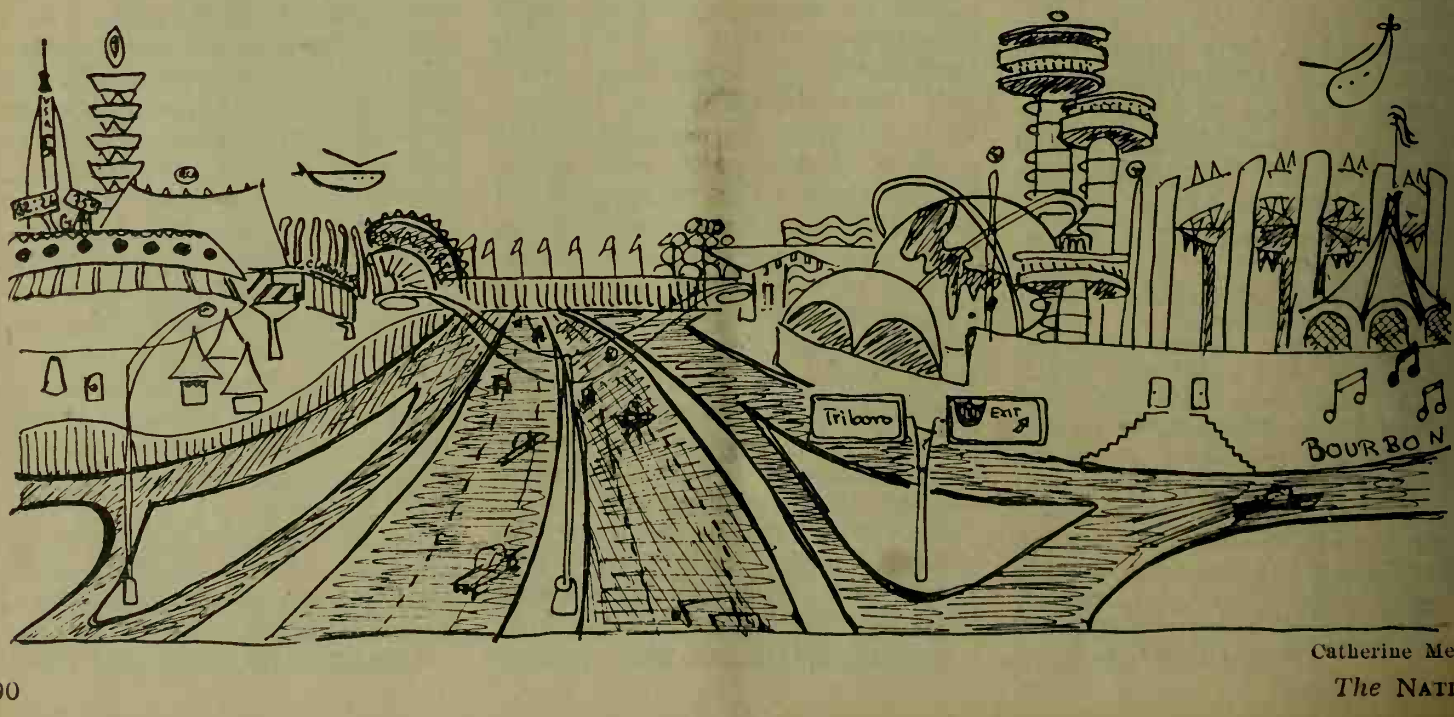
whatever objections you may have to the design and contents of the other religious pavilions at the fair, their faults were at least appropriate—the earnest Mormon waxworks, the glitter of Billy Graham's spiritual hot-dog stand. But the Vatican managed to imply that the Catholic Church had been specially invented for the World's Fair by an impresario from Las Vegas. Its climax was the *Pietà*. You are funneled, a molecule in the crowd, through antechambers full of ersatz stained glass, past panels covered with quotations from the New Testament and the New Frontier, to a conveyor belt. Canned Gregorian chants fill a dark auditorium. At 2 mph maximum reverence speed, the conveyor whisks you past the *Pietà*. On either side of it, blue lights are hung in vertical clusters, blinking hypnotically. Behind the statue is a large crucifix, draped in purple cloth. The warm old marble is drained by the lights to a dead fish-belly white: is it really the *Pietà*, this ghost behind its bullet-proof glass, or is it a wax effigy from Madame Tussaud's? Where else in the world would Michelangelo need the help of a Broadway stage designer, Jo Mielziner, to decorate his genius? And what is there about New York that compels a sculpture which has stood undamaged and undefaced in Rome since 1499 to be fenced about with guards and armor?

In the Illinois Pavilion is another auditorium, this time with seats. Patriotic music swells from the loudspeakers. The curtains part, revealing a colonnaded room whose porticoes are open to the sky and the dome of the Capitol. In a chair sits a dark figure. The lights go up. The figure raises its head. Seamed face with plastic bones, cosmetic skin, fiberglas beard: it is Lincoln, or rather a complicated effigy of him, put together by Walt Disney and "capable of more than 250,000 combinations of action, including smiles, frowns and gestures." In a whir of synthetic tendons, this political Golem stands and speaks. "Four score and seven years ago. . . ." The noble words spin on, the mechanical lips flap, the jaw opens and shuts, the arms wave stiffly. The Lincoln is switched off. It sits; more music plays; the lights go up on the diorama behind. The sky over the Capitol turns into the Stars and Stripes. Even Nature is American. If you want to shake hands with Lincoln, his right palm is warmed by a rheostat to body temperature.

More than any other object in Flushing Meadow, this obscene doll epitomizes what is wrong in Robert Moses' promised land. Illusion is everywhere substituted for reality. Moses' intention was to present the world as a suburb of America, and America itself as the modern version of the old myth, the Land of Cockayne, where roast pigs walk, pies fly into the mouth, and the streets are tiled with pancakes. (It is not by accident that a sign on one pavilion advertises "ALASKA — THE ICE CREAM STATE.") In the Land of Cockayne, there are no differences; everything is bland, edible, ready to the lazy hand. This is why every foreign country at the fair, from Africa to Venezuela, displays only those images of itself that are most easily reflected in the home eye, and offers only those goods that can be classified as export luxuries. The fact that Indonesia is sending paratroops armed with machine guns to Malaysia is far less important than the fact that it can send batik scarfs to American shops.

Nothing menaces in the Land of Cockayne. It is an island state. Strangers don't exist. Accordingly, Robert Moses could mount a World's Fair which omitted Russia, all Central Europe and most of Asia, while including Clairol, General Cigar, Mastro Pizza, Johnson's Wax and Seven-Up. Even within the Western bloc the fair is not a World's Fair at all. England, Italy, Holland, Australia and a dozen other countries of more political and economic importance than many of the participating nations are not represented. The Bureau Internationale des Expositions, which meets in Brussels and governs all matters relating to world's fairs, decided that the United States had had its quota with the 1962 Seattle Fair. It refused to grant Moses a charter. Consequently some of its member states abstained. Others stayed away for a more pragmatic reason: price. The fair is one of the largest investments in almost useless real estate since the construction of the Pyramids. The World's Fair Corporation itself built only seven of the 150 pavilions. The rest were paid for by governments and businesses, at huge cost —$17 million for the Federal Pavilion, more than $2 million for the Vatican. It is very doubtful that the corporations which paid so lavishly



Catherine Merrill

for their pavilions will get their money back from this kind of advertising. But, as one executive remarked to me, "We couldn't afford *not* to spend. You can't look cheap." Behind the gaudy, vulgar buildings of the fair, with their treacly fountains of advertising copy, there is a note of unease. One hint of it, which seems to have escaped the vigilant optimism of the fair's officers, was in the World's Fair Guide: "One company with a Fair concession had 200 jobs open to women. More than 4,000 applications were received."

This fixed, simple grin with gold teeth, this extravagant icon of prosperity, this Nineveh of illusion—what will overseas visitors make of it? I don't know; being one myself, I can only describe my own reactions. The fair is to wealth what Forest Lawn is to death, and Barry Goldwater is to politics. It implies the passing of "the Kennedy style," with all its attendant complexities of humanism, and heralds a return to the Philistine simplicities that Calvin Coolidge summed up: "Business is America's business." Which means, in the end, that you believe witchcraft works.

The Church and the Pill . . . .

Robert E. Hall, M.D.

The Catholic Church today is engaged in a battle—the birth-control battle—the outcome of which will shape the world's future. Whereas initially this battle seemed specifically to involve partisans of the Catholic and non-Catholic points of view, lately it has pitted individual Catholic casuists against one another. So divisive has this debate become, in fact, that Pope Paul has felt constrained to enjoin its participants from making their views public.

But it is too late to censor these men. They have already spoken; the battle lines have been drawn. The Ecumenical Council, now reconvened in Rome, is expected to consider a proposal to the effect that "family limitation may be a necessity in the modern world." If this is accepted, the means to this end may be further explored. Then the battle will really rage and the lives of half a billion Catholics and their progeny will be fundamentally affected by its outcome.

Whence does the traditional Catholic ban on birth control originate? There is nothing in the Bible about contraception. Genesis contains the words, "Be fruitful and multiply," but this phrase is commonly regarded as a blessing, not a command; either way, the words made sense in the underpopulated world of Biblical times. Genesis also contains the story of Onan, whose brother died, leaving a childless widow. According to the law of the levirate, Onan was required to impregnate his sister-in-law in order to perpetuate the family line, but in so doing "he spilled his seed upon the ground" and the Lord slew him. Most theologians believe that the Lord slew Onan because he disobeyed the law of the levirate; only the Catholic leaders believe that Onan was punished for practicing birth control.

St. Paul Preaching to the Athenians (After Raphael)

Is it not of supreme significance that the idea of marital continence originated not with Christ but with His celibate followers? The earliest Christian to touch upon this subject directly was St. Paul. He recommended complete abstinence for all; but St. Paul believed that the Second Coming of Christ would occur in his lifetime and hence that further propagation of the race was unnecessary.

Further exhortation to continence was voiced by St. Augustine, 354-430 A.D., who is regarded by many as the founder of Christian theology. After a profligate youth of which he later wrote, "I boiled over in my fornications," St. Augustine resolved in his Confessions that "It is good for a man not to touch a woman," and "Intercourse even with one's legitimate wife is unlawful and wicked where the conception of offspring is prevented." Fifteen hundred years later Pope Pius XI referred to the latter statement as part of "an uninterrupted Christian tradition."

The rationalization of this tradition was supplied in the thirteenth century by St. Thomas Aquinas, a

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well-born lad who entered a monastery at 5, became a friar before puberty, defended his virginity with vigor, and concluded that "every carnal act done in such a way that generation cannot follow is a vice against nature and a sin ranking next in gravity to homicide." Thus natural law was summarily invoked and further analysis became unthinkable.

These precepts of Augustine and Aquinas remained unchallenged among Catholics until this century. They were repeated more or less verbatim in the encyclical of Pius XI, *Casti Connubii*, published in 1930. Catholic parents who wanted to limit the number of their children in those days had to choose between absolute abstinence and contraceptive sin. Then in 1931, the scientific basis was discovered for a birth-control system based upon periodic continence. In his 1951 address to the Italian Catholic Union of Midwives, Pius XII officially endorsed this so-called rhythm system as a means of family limitation under conditions approved by the Church.

Thus the principle of birth control is accepted by the Church, but the means of achieving it has been arbitrarily limited to rhythm, the only allegedly "natural" method. The conditions under which family planning is approved vary widely from priest to priest. Some permit rhythm to limit offspring to the number that their parents can responsibly raise; others endorse its use only in cases of serious medical illness.

Echoing Augustine in modern times, Father William J. Gibbons, S.J., of Fordham University, has said: "[The Church] does not wish to see sexual expression regarded as an independent good." Others go further in describing the purpose of rhythm as not only limitation of progeny but also "limitation of sexual indulgence." Whether defined in such outspoken terms or in more conventional euphemisms, rhythm is not birth control at all, it is *sex control*.

If a woman would practice rhythm with optimal success, she must abstain from intercourse for a minimum of ten days a month; should she also elect to abstain during her four-day menstrual period she will sleep alone half of her adult life. And this minimum requirement applies only to women with predictable periods; the demands upon their many less regular sisters are correspondingly more stringent. Yet if the effectiveness of any couple's method of birth control falls below 90 per cent, as it often does with rhythm, their home will be blessed with a new life on an average of every fifteen months.

Rhythm, then, is less effective than modern contraceptive methods. No one knows this better than the devout Catholic. And since women throughout history have sought to limit their family size (Hannah in the Old Testament: "She who has many children is forlorn"), Catholic doctrine and Catholic desire have here reached an impasse. In consequence, the devout Catholic woman gives birth every fifteen months for twenty years, while the average Catholic woman gives birth every fifteen months until her conflicting views on family size and religion induce her to resort to artificial contraception or sterilization, and the liberal Catholic woman disregards her Church's mandate from the outset by choosing a more reliable method of birth control.

Aware of the fact that fully half of its followers admit to using artificial contraceptives, the Catholic hierarchy nevertheless persists in condemning the practice as a grievous sin contrary to natural law. Why? Because it theoretically thwarts "the primarily procreative purpose" of the sex act. Let us examine this premise in the light of simple secular common sense. (And here St. Thomas would smile, perhaps even in belated concurrence, for he defined natural law as "the work of . . . practical reason or what we would call common sense.")

Except for eating, drinking and sleeping, what is more natural than sexual intercourse? Do not men and women *instinctively* turn to sex for pleasure as well as for progeny? In contrast to the beasts of the field, man is endowed with an unremitting desire for sexual expression. Most mammals couple only when they can conceive; man couples whether conception is possible or not. According to the Catholic interpretation of natural law, this sustained sexuality in man must be directed toward unlimited procreation or dispelled through self-control. Might it not be as cogently argued that the very purpose of this constant libido, so nearly unique in man, is expression of the higher form of love that is also so nearly unique in him?

Surely the only purpose of sex in cases of sterility, pregnancy and the menopause is pleasure, yet sex in these situations is condoned by the Church. One of the normal, healthy purposes of sex at all times is pleasure, as the ultimate expression of marital love. If an adult man and wife decide for any reason that they do not want to have children for the time being, why should sexual pleasure be denied them?

The leaders of other great religions do not subscribe to the primacy of procreation. "It is clearly not true," according to the Lambeth Conference in 1958, "that all other duties and relationships in marriage must be subordinate to the procreative one. Neither the Bible nor human experience supports such a view. . . . Husbands and wives owe to each other and to the depth and stability of their families the duty to express, in sexual intercourse, the love which they bear (and mean to bear) to each other." To be sure, official approval of birth control was not given by the non-Catholic sects until the twentieth century, but the reasons are self-evident. Not until this century did contraceptives become an effective and socially acceptable means of preventing pregnancy. And not until this century did the world-wide need for population control become apparent. Recognizing the moral import of these new exigencies, non-Catholic theologians were able to reappraise contraception and to endorse it in good conscience.

And now the Catholic monolith is being shaken by this controversy. There is world-wide speculation as to whether, when and how the Church will alter its position. Divergent views are being expressed by Catholic spokesmen. Predictably, these views represent the three basic alternatives: reactionary, liberal and progressive. In practical terms, the Church must adhere to its centuries-old policy on continence, accept the oral contraceptives as "an adjunct to Nature" or sanction all of the modern methods of birth control.

Needless to say, there persists a sizable core of unyielding Catholic

St. Augustine Surrounded by Devils (Jean Dupré)

traditionalists who will never be dissuaded from their Augustinian credo. It will suffice to cite the words of but one vociferous representative of this group. "Contraception," writes Msgr. George A. Kelly of New York, "is another of those practices which, while it obtains a common vogue for a time, is doomed to abolition as certainly as slavery. . . . Contraceptive love makes pregnancy a tragedy and children the objects of manipulation, much as one might manipulate the laws of supply and demand in the hog industry."

The suggestion that the Church specifically endorse the contraceptive pill has been made by Dr. John Rock, Catholic co-discoverer of the pill, and seconded by Canon L. Janssens of the theological faculty of Louvain. It is the further debate over Rock's *The Time Has Come* and Janssens' *Morale Conjugale et Progestènes* that Pope Paul has felt compelled to interdict.

The main medical argument advanced by Rock (and subscribed to by Janssens) is that, aside from rhythm, the oral contraceptives provide the only natural, physiological form of birth control. The rationale here lies in the similarity between these synthetic hormones and the body's own progesterone. To be sure, this similarity exists, but the function of progesterone is to foster pregnancy, and the purpose of the pill is to prevent pregnancy. Indeed, it might be more logically argued that of all the modern birth-control methods the pill is the least physiological, the least natural, for it is the only one which interferes with a normal body function.

The main theological argument advanced by Rock is that natural law need not be immutable. Let us hope that this is true. Despite his (surprisingly mild) rebuke of Rock for having written *The Time Has Come*, Richard Cardinal Cushing has said, "We can imagine fewer illusions of more potential danger to the Church than the notion that what was successful at one moment in Church history must be, for that reason, institutionalized in a permanent, unchanging fashion."

If Rock's theological argument is valid, is not his medical argument unnecessary? And if his theological argument is valid, why should Catholic acceptance of contraception be limited to the pill?

Finally, the growing number of their parishioners committed to contraception by whatever method has inevitably led some progressive Catholic spokesmen to give tentative recognition to all forms of birth control.

As Canon Janssens and others have found religious grounds for accepting the pill, it has occurred to some of their colleagues that there is no moral distinction between oral and mechanical contraception. A review of Dutch theologian Father Van der Marck's rationalization of the pill has prompted Louis Dupré, associate professor of philosophy and theology at Georgetown University, to comment: "I fail to see why the author can say that *only* anovulants are permissible for a morally good purpose. What difference can there be between the pill and, for example, a diaphragm, if both are used with the same intention?"

While Dr. Rock rightly emphasized the importance of responsible parenthood (implicit in the words of Pius XII), Canon Janssens has, according to Dupré, "made an important contribution to the discussion by placing the marital act in its total moral context of intention, effect, and circumstances, and by showing that this act has two meanings—procreation and expression of love—both of which must be considered in deciding what is morally permissible." Professor Dupré then carries both Rock's and Janssens' thoughts one step further: "For a moral evaluation, the act must be seen in the light of the larger end of *marriage*, of which it is a partial realization." After conceding that the purpose of marriage is "(1) procreation and raising to adulthood of the offspring, and (2) mutual fulfillment of the marriage partners," he concludes that "the question of the physical integrity of the procreative mechanism remains subordinate to the more important one [of] whether the act is in conformity with the end of marriage."

Nor is Dupré alone in this view. "As I see it," writes Jesuit scholar John L. Thomas of St. Louis University, "modern man's new status relating to reproduction requires a thorough reinterpretation of the personal and social significance of sexuality."

Thus the history of the Catholic Church's attitude toward contraception can be traced from St. Paul's exhortation to chastity to St. Augustine's condemnation of sexual pleasure to St. Thomas' invocation of natural law to Pope Pius' approbation of periodic continence. And now the inexorable force of public opinion has met the obdurate body of natural law in its demands for further progress. Need natural law be unchanging? Is the dogma of 1,000 or 2,000 years ago necessarily appropriate to the modern world? Do not the recent improvements in contraceptive techniques, the universal desire for family limitation, and the imminent threat of overpopulation constitute reason to review the antiquated writs of Augustine and Aquinas?

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Cybernetic Caveman

UNDERSTANDING MEDIA: The Extensions of Man. By Marshall McLuhan. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 359 pp. $7.50.

Deborah A. Holmes
George Zabriskie

Marshall McLuhan's previous book, *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, presented the thesis that the invention of the alphabet, and later the printing press, progressively transformed an oral, tactile, tribal culture into a specialized, fragmented society characterized by visual perception, the use of logical, sequential organization and a fixed point of view. Earlier, McLuhan, who is director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, had written *The Mechanical Bride*, an elaborate spoof on the stereotyped excesses of a society dominated by mechanical technology. In *Understanding Media*, which carries history up to President Kennedy's assassination, he returns to the final theme in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*: electronic technology will take us back to oral, tactile tribalism.

The Gutenberg Galaxy, published in 1962, contained the promise of *Understanding Media* in its final section. With only two years between books, it seems that McLuhan was pressed to finish this new one and many of its disappointments (including an astonishing number of typos and the lack of a bibliography) must be charged to haste — both on his part and that of his publisher. Insights on the nature of cultural processes will keep at least another season. These flaws are some of the most obvious ones; deeper problems appear more slowly. Yet the book represents fresh and constructive thinking — insights, to use the author's own vocabulary — on the nature of media and their psychic and social consequences. In the wake of considerable controversy over his ideas, it is time to take a close look at what McLuhan is up to in *Understanding Media*.

McLuhan's concept of media includes not only the technology of communications but *any* socially affective technology. He treats media as extensions of the human personality, an approach adapted from the psychology of William MacDougall, who considered personality extension to begin with such simple things as the use of hand tools. McLuhan carries this MacDougallian theory into all things, with an inclusive view of media and the broadest possible interpretation of their effects. Clothing, housing, clocks, transportation, weapons, automation are treated along with TV, radio, comic books and other means of verbal or visual projection more commonly considered as media. Furthermore, to McLuhan, media as extensions of personality have particular analogies to parts of the human body: electric technology is an extension of the central nervous system.

From his view of media as extensions of personality, McLuhan proceeds to his second thesis: the medium is the message. He explains: "... the 'message' of any medium or technology is the change of scale or pace or pattern that it introduces into human affairs." In other words, the social effects resulting from the action of any medium of communication, and from its interaction with other media, transcend the cognitive content of the medium. Media of pure technology, such as artificial illumination, of course have a content *only* in terms of the message, i.e., the social implications.

The content of one medium is always another. The content of writing is speech; the content of speech is thought. Speech "is an actual process of thought, which is in itself nonverbal." He continues:

> *An abstract painting represents direct manifestations of creative thought processes as they might appear in computer designs. What we are considering here, however, are the psychic and social consequences of the designs or patterns as they amplify or accelerate existing processes.*

This paragraph defines McLuhan's fundamental interests and the basis of his dynamics. One need add only his particular definition of hot and cold media:

> *A hot media is one that extends one single sense in "high definition." High definition is the state of being well filled with data. A photograph is, visually, "high definition." A cartoon is "low definition" simply because very little visual information is provided. . . . Hot media are, therefore, low in participation, and cool media are high in participation or completion by the audience.*

This polarity of "hot" and "cold," which pervades the book, is McLuhan's chief methodological error. It has the superficial appearance of crispness, but lends itself to fuzziness and meaningless categorizations which have little to do with McLuhan's central ideas. Polarities can be useful intellectual tools, but they tend to inhibit the description of dynamic processes, which seems to be the function of *Understanding Media*.

Radio and television are McLuhan's main interests. Radio is a hot medium (little audience participation) while TV is cool (great audience participation). He tends to disregard the highly auditory construction of much American programing, in which the visual image actually plays a subsidiary role. His theoretical TV audience gives constant and undivided attention to the shadow land of the screen, watching programs in which the visual constructs are all-meaningful. Actually, it is possible to experience many TV programs without looking at the picture. Here again, McLuhan's hodge-podge methodology betrays him.

Television, he affirms, is "tactile" and "tribal." Tactile, because it lacks definition; tribal, because it is "preliterate." The TV image ". . . is not photo in any sense, but a ceaselessly forming contour of things limned by the scanning finger. The resulting plastic contour appears by light *through*, not light *on*, and the image so formed has the quality of sculpture and icon, rather than of picture." Hence, "tactility," in effect, is a metaphor. The ill-defined TV image, to some an eye-straining blur, charms the nonliterate because he is forced to participate in fulfilling its creation. In McLuhan's view, the intellectual tends to reject the specific experience and its quality, while the young and non-intellectual, and those of subliminal literacy, identify with the experience without understanding it. He lists the social and psychological

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changes: the dead-pan expressions of the young, the virtual abolishment of adolescence in the traditional sense, a move toward involvement and participation in *depth*—or "getting with it."

His terminology of "tactile" and "tribal," when applied to the electronic age, is used to indicate change from the visual and specialized values of the Gutenberg era. But it is used as if it might imply progression. This leads to the paradoxical proposition that as we progress (change) we regress (revert to earlier behavior).

When he discusses media, McLuhan seems unaware that he is describing the witchcraft of our time. Media, in effect, are the irrational elements which motivate part of our irrational behavior. Unfortunately, McLuhan identifies with the irrationality of the media he describes, with a result analogous to Montague Summer's literal belief in magic. The believer, as analyst, is undone by his belief. This acceptance of processes as descriptive models may account in large part for McLuhan's methodological floundering. In dealing with irrational elements one may need both logic and psychologic, but one cannot, for descriptive purposes, turn to the things themselves and become like them.

The method of presentation in *Understanding Media* is essentially that of the *Gutenberg Galaxy*. A sequence of insights, as verbal *Gestalten* intended to correspond to the field approach of behavior, are configured into the grand *Gestalt* of a book. In the earlier book, McLuhan said: "Such a mosaic image of numerous data and quotations in evidence offers the only practical means of revealing causal operations in history." This method was used more successfully in the *Galaxy* than in *Understanding Media*, which is primarily concerned with the present, rather than history. *Understanding Media* is too diverse, its content and arguments too sweeping, to stay within the orientation and limits of his mosaic framework. Methodologically, McLuhan seems to be striving for some kind of modular concept: a set of interchangeable, reusable intellectual building blocks which can be used over and over again in a variety of ways and still present bright new faces: rather like a set of alphabet blocks with a different intellectual proposition, instead of a letter, on each surface.

As one reads the book, one wonders whether McLuhan is presenting illuminations or attempting the preliminary model of a system. His letter to Frank Kermode, published by the latter in *Encounter*, shows that at one time he was seriously concerned with problems of form and possibly system construction. However, he might have gained something by treating his material as a continuum rather than in episodic disconnection. Except through artifice, life doesn't really live that way.

For any consideration of "the psychic and social consequences" of media, some psychological orientation is necessary. McLuhan's might be described as broadly eclectic, leaving some questions about its structure and organization. One is never quite certain whether the element of consistency is merely lurking or really lacking in the "mosaic image." His indebtedness to MacDougall has already been mentioned. Not only in the formal organization of the book, but in the text itself, through his insistence on "insight" and his elaboration of field theory, *Gestalt* psychology is given a good run for its money. Consciously, for reasons often obscure, he tends to reject Freudian and post-Freudian psychoanalytic theory except for a brief quotation from C. G. Jung, even though it would serve to bolster his projections more adequately than his numerous literary quotations. He is aware that somehow we have become "conscious of our unconscious," but he fails to apply that awareness where it might lead to a better understanding. In the chapter on money, he rejects the psychoanalytic view of money "since it does not correspond sufficiently to the nature and function of money in society." On the next page he unconsciously writes: "Currency is a way of letting go. . . ."

Similarly, McLuhan rejects value judgments and the idea of "content" in the usual sense. "It is wise to withhold all value judgments when studying these media matters, since their effects are not capable of being isolated." For better or worse, the man deserves to be taken at his word. Unfortunately, it is possible to find statements which seem to be implied value judgments, such as those on the small car, and it is equally possible to misconstrue some of his neutral statements as judgments of "content." McLuhan demands that others be more careful in the role of reader than he was in the role of writer.

Some of these shadowy values are adumbrated in the chapter on the photograph: ". . . Literate man is not only numb and vague in the presence of film or photo, but he intensifies his ineptness by a defensive arrogance and condescension to 'pop kulch' and 'mass entertainment.' . . . The vested interests of acquired knowledge and conventional wisdom have always been by-passed and engulfed by new media."

Nowhere does the haste with which this book was written betray the inclusive view of media more than in the chapters on "Number" and "Clocks." In the "Number" chapter his insights appear and disappear, making one wish he had been able to find time to Do A Little More Reading before meeting that McGraw-Hill deadline. In this chapter and elsewhere, he sees the use of the binary number system by computers and other data-processing apparatus as a return to tribal counting methods. This mystical view ought to have been tempered by the realization that the modern use of the binary system derived from the inherent limitation of electrical switches to the two basic positions: *on* and *off*. As a matter of fact, computers do exist which will handle decimal input-output without

Know-*how* vs. Know-*why*

Contemporary society is organized completely around the "how"—an emphasis which dooms man irrevocably to absolute de-humanization. So says Jacques Ellul, France's great creative thinker, in his brilliant, mind-jolting book, in which he "formulates a comprehensive and forceful social philosophy and requires us to examine anew the essential tragedy of a civilization increasingly dominated by technique."—from the introduction by ROBERT K. MERTON

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external conversion to the binary.

Like the chapter on "Number," the chapter called "Clocks: the Scent of Time" is little more than diffuse speculation. The time concepts enforced by the era of data processing and information handling systems necessary for space technology are strangely absent from his discussion, except that "the electronic age . . . found that instant speeds abolish time and space and return man to an integral in primitive awareness." Real time, absolute time and relative time, all of which have to do with time as a medium, and with our time relationships in our space ventures, cannot easily be ignored or dismissed as new forms of primitive awareness, if time is to be treated as a medium at all.

Neither *The Gutenberg Galaxy* nor *Understanding Media* is a literary book either in the canonical, scriptural way of the New Criticism, or in the offhand way of those volumes in which English professors give a bookish view of books and the world. Yet reviewers have tended to treat McLuhan as if he were writing literary books instead of descriptions of social and technical dynamics. Unfortunately, McLuhan himself drags in enough odd bits of literary misinterpretation to make a respectable article for the established journals of that business. As soon as one makes the noises of a literary critic or an English professor, the woods become full of literary critics and English professors who can make the same kind of noise, and louder. It is not easy for anyone else to believe that Andrew Marvell anticipated Einstein in precisely the way McLuhan would have him. At another point, misquotation and misunderstanding of Yeats join hands. To believe that *Among School Children* is concerned with movies is as difficult as it is to find the line "a spume upon a ghostly paradigm of things" in the poem.

It is reasonable at this point to advance the theory that the meaning of things, particularly art works such as poems and paintings, is relative and not absolute. McLuhan's interpretations of Shakespeare and Donne are not less or more ridiculous than other perceptions embodied in much literary criticism, but in the light of McLuhan's own approach, they serve only to fog his intended meanings. This literary appeal to authority (his own) to bolster his arguments is methodologically weak and accomplishes little more than space filling. We have stressed methodology throughout this discussion because it is McLuhan's fundamental weakness—not merely the fact that some of his separate insights are erroneous or far-fetched.

A further flaw springs from his facile acceptance of a probable good possibly inherent in electronic technology. He is, of course, sound in saying that if we do not understand the nature and effects of the new media we shall lose by default that much control over our environment. Yet his own approach suggests no realistic methods of control and his general air of hopefulness has no sounder basis than a total pessimism might.

While McLuhan relates TV to every cultural phenomenon of our time from seamless stockings to paperback books, he fails, except for passing mention of the Kennedy assassination, to relate it for better or worse to the perverse violence of our time. Long before McLuhan's book, both André Gide and Antonin Artaud, in different contexts, noted the rise of gratuitous crime—which seems to have a higher incidence in America than anywhere else. In our larger cities, no one is quite safe from acts of violence which are most frequently committed by those under thirty. These are crimes in which the gain—sexual or monetary — becomes secondary to the violence itself. To what extent television, with its underlying emotional mode of terror, is related to this phenomenon is a question McLuhan neither raises nor attempts to answer. Tracing back, through McLuhan's own statements, "the medium is the message." And, following his nesting-box concept of media, in which one medium always contains another, we get back to human thought itself. The medium may, in the case of gratuitous violence, reflect the world—but circularly, it may also be implicated in its creation. The dynamics of this area of behavior certainly deserve more consideration than the cool medium and hot issue of the small car or the qualities of a successful TV master of ceremonies.

McLuhan gives a clue when he says: "Everybody experiences far more than he understands. Yet it is experience, rather than understanding, that influences behavior, especially in collective matters of media and technology where the individual is almost inevitably unaware of their effect upon him." His statement hangs in mid-thought, leaving the reader to relate it to something. Here again is the failure, not of concept but of construct, which flaws the whole work. What might have been one of the most important books of its decade has been so poorly put together that its most realistic claim remains that of being a series of highly stimulating speculations. In reading it, one learns as much about McLuhan as about media.

Enter Will, Dressed in Prose

NOTHING LIKE THE SUN: A Story of Shakespeare's Love-Life. By Anthony Burgess. W. W. Norton Co. 234 pp. $3.95.

Warren Miller

Aye, lads, tha's doon't again: another technicolor spectacular of lusty, brawling Elizabethan England: much ale and bosoms, broken teeth, plague, lechery, stinks, sores, quarterings and the now obligatory Eating Scene. And mystery. Not, who is Shakespeare? But, to whom did Burgess lend his name for the publishing of this very disappointing novel? Was it to Tony Richardson? Or, more likely, to his father's ghost, Sir Alexander Korda? We will probably never know. Certainly it is not the work of the Anthony Burgess who wrote *A Clockwork Orange* and *Honey for the Bears;* it is most assuredly not by the author of *Time for a Tiger,* that marvelous early novel (which, another mystery, has never been published here).

In that novel, an English policeman in Malaya, nostalgic for India and the good old days, cries, "West! West! That's where the East begins!" It is the novel's first line and I quote from memory: for me, it marked Burgess as a writer whose every book one ought to read. I would like to believe that this new one (even the title is non-Burgess) was written to satirize the nonsense of W. S.'s 400th birthday celebration: the cardboard cake in front of Connecticut's Stratford Theatre and the long reviews of the latest Pole—that it was written for old ladies and certain reviewers. But I have doubts.

There is a deadly seriousness about this fictive life; and Burgess, if Burgess it be, makes a brave attempt to write it in Elizabethan, which only makes matters worse:

> *... the hold's stink and the foul water after the weeviled biscuit, men rent and filthy and reechy like their shirts of the hogo of earwax, the hap of wrack and piracy or, at best, spewing among rough and rude rascals made roaring lustful with salt beef.... Etc.*

He fails, as anyone must. It is not Elizabethan English at all but some manufactured stuff, closer, in fact, to the inflated rhetoric of Dylan Thomas than to, say, Nashe. Compare it to the opening lines of Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*:

> *Gallant Squires, have amongst you: at mumchance I mean not, for so I might chance come to short commons, but at* novus, nova, novum, *which is in English, news of the maker.*

Who would be a fifth-rate Nashe when he can be a first-rate Burgess? Writers are odd.

It leads Burgess to the awful silliness of scenes like this: W. S., sensitive boy, early Eugene Gant, at table with his parents:

> *"And there sits he," said his mother, "with idle versing and naught else in his head. What money will that ever bring in?"*
>
> *"Many a man," said his timid father, "has known preferment through timely verses."*

A hot-blooded lad (what Elizabethan was not?), Will has his will of Anne Hathaway, corrupts a young boy, runs off to London—as much to escape Anne's importunings (oh the ways and ways that Anne hath!) as to answer destiny's call. Once there he writes plays (Ah-ha!) and becomes the great good friend of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; and he meets the Dark Lady of the sonnets. Oddly, she is a Negro, but not a dark one; more gold than black, in fact. Burgess has Will declare that the ear is the organ of poetry; nevertheless, the Dark Lady talks like this: ". . . who is dis Lesvia? . . . So what den do dey do? . . . We kiss not as you do. We have what is called de *chium*. It is done wid de nose." It will be seen, then, that Burgess transports us to eras more remote than the Elizabethan: all the way back to Ronald Firbank.

There are, as well, alas, the Historical, or Name-Dropping, scenes. These remind one of George Kaufman's description of a Broadway historical drama: a newsboy enters and cries, "World War I Has Just Been Declared!" Burgess does it this way:

> *". . . Then this burly Ben man comes in and says he will write the other three, where is paper and a pen?"*
>
> *"What name?" asked WS.*
>
> *"He is called Ben. Ben Jonson."*

Keith Waterhouse has writ in Vain. In *Billy Liar* he warned his fellow countrymen about this sort of thing and, I thought, had finished Olde Englande once and for all with his fake Yorkshire dialect:

> *"Ah'm just about thraiped," said Arthur. . . .*
>
> *"Tha's getten more bracken ivvery day, lad," I said.*
>
> *"Aye, an' fair scritten anall," said Arthur.*
>
> *"Tha mun laik wi't' gangling-iron."*

But Burgess would not have it so; he has produced a novel which is, in Billy's words, neither muckling nor mickling.

Warren Miller is the author of The Cool World *and* Ninety Miles from Home *(both Little, Brown). His newest novel,* The Siege of Harlem, *has just been published by McGraw-Hill.*

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SEAN O'CASEY

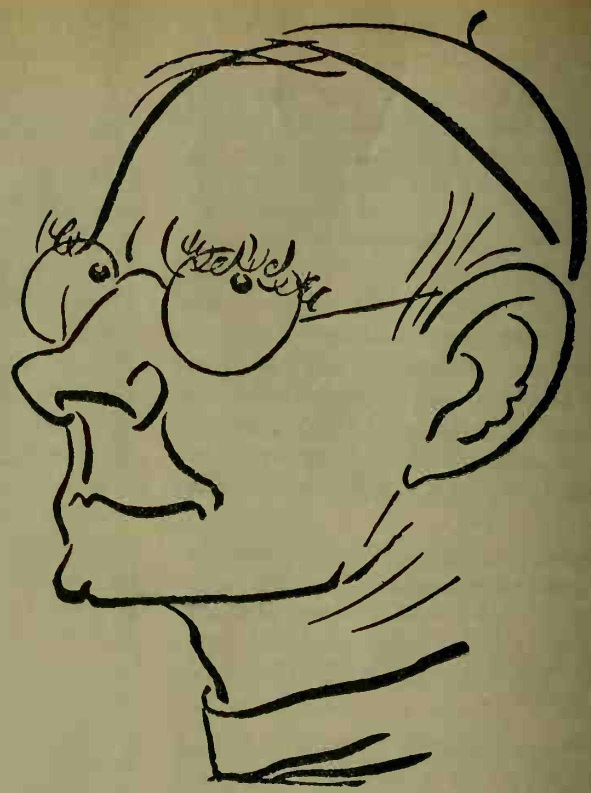
Denis Johnston

A self-educated genius, half-blind, with a sick mother and hardly a crust to eat, who makes good in spite of having had none of the advantages of any diploma—it is a play in itself. But in recent years, since he has had a belated biographer or two, it must have become reasonably clear that Sean O'Casey deserves better of us than the sentimental patronage inherent in such a picture, and that his work merits more attention than the unlikely fact that he was ever in danger of starving to death.

As a man O'Casey could be kind, but he was not kindly. He was admirable rather than lovable. And as a source of information about his own or the world's history, or even about his bibliography, he was not wholly reliable. That he was literate and widely read is without question. Apart from the eye affliction from which he suffered all his life, he had precisely the same opportunities for education that came the way of most other contemporary Irish writers—O'Connor, O'Flaherty, Colum and O'Donnell, just to mention a few. The national schools and the public libraries were open to him, and he made use of them. He was not sent to any of the private establishments where Yeats and Shaw spent an unprofitable adolescence. If, unlike Beckett, O'Casey did not play cricket at Earlsfort House—a spectacle that it is hard even to envisage—he had all the less to grow out of.

Actually, the greatest peril that, for a time, handicapped his career did not come in the lean years at home, where he was never really the wielder of a pick and shovel but a respectable union official and a pillar of the Gaelic League. It came when he was the toast of the London hostesses, and was being followed around, as I remember, by an elderly Scot who wrote down his every remark in a notebook, for all the world like Synge's Old Mahon: "with seven doctors writing out my sayings in a printed book." What reasonable *émigré* from the North Circular Road could be expected to come through such handling unscathed?

The practice of comparing him to Synge is somewhat misleading, for while Synge was a stranger in Aran, transmuting the language of the noble peasants into music, O'Casey was a metropolitan, making his own sunlight out of the argot of his buddies. His enormous merit lies in his natural vitality and lust for words, equaled only by Behan and by Mrs. Amanda M'Kittric Ros to whose volcanic style some of O'Casey's literary traits have at times been compared. As for the yardstick of Behan, the latter was a cistern of considerable capacity that could store up and dispense at appropriate moments every anecdote and wisecrack that has ever circulated between the slob lands of Ringsend and the Hell Fire Club. But there is little of the quality of anthology about O'Casey's work. He is no cistern, but a fountain in his own right—if not indeed a waterspout.



Drawing by Berger

1880 — 1964

If some of his outpourings were rubbish, it was his gusto that made the nonsense noticeable: and it can never be forgotten that he was responsible for one of the most brilliant pieces of dramatic counterpoint that can be seen on the stage today—the second act of *The Plough and the Stars.* If he sometimes preferred his opinions to his art, as Yeats complained, the same may be said of Yeats himself, although in a more sophisticated mode. If he called Orwell a dishwasher and a tramp, and attempted to denigrate Yeats by a particularly silly pun on one of the poet's finest lines—"A terrible beauty is Borneo"—this was for the simple, understandable reason that both men had criticized O'Casey, a thing not to be allowed.

Some people were surprised by O'Casey's anticlericalism, which is unusual in Irish Protestants outside Ulster. But it must be remembered that what makes the Irish Republic so comfortable a place for Protestants is that the Church is preserving it as a haven for the well-off, the landlord and the gombeen man, and as one of the few places left in Europe where servants can still be had. None of this would have appealed to O'Casey, to whom the Church, on the other hand, gave the rare opportunity of instituting quite a new thing—the Literary Strike. O'Casey always loved a strike, and lived to see his invention being applied by other authors to the Union of South Africa.

He was essentially a fortunate and, I am sure, a happy man—lucky in his early mentors, in his actors, and in his home and family. No man who lives to be 84 and dies still roaring can be looked on with anything other than respectful envy.

Denis Johnston is a playwright and biographer whose collected plays (Little, Brown) include among others The Old Lady Says "No!" *and* The Moon in the Yellow River. *He is the author of* In Search of Swift *(Barnes and Noble).*

Key to the Villas Miserias

MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SHELTER IN AN URBANIZING WORLD. By Charles Abrams. The M.I.T. Press. 307 pp. $7.95.

David Gurin

Last January there were riots in the slums of Calcutta and rent strikes made front-page news in Manhattan. *The New York Times* reported that slum landlords were behind some of the Calcutta mobs—"they want to clear their land of shanty dwellers and find more lucrative tenants." Nonviolent but highly vocal groups appearing weekly at city halls across the United States have been protesting essentially the same thing: the "renewal" of their urban turf, meaning the replacement of low-rent apartments with high-rise, high-rent buildings. In Cali, Colombia, the pattern appeared with less protest: the Colombian army burned down every shack on land owned by speculators, as the evicted squatters sang the national anthem or wept.

Mr. Abrams' book is about nations with urban housing problems like those of Calcutta and Cali. He does not deal with Harlem, the lower East Side, rent-struck sections of Stamford, Conn., and other home-grown slums, although one of his soundest verdicts is that "there is nothing that Europe and North America can offer the industrializing nations as a quick specific for housing ills." Abrams has his eye upon those areas where people from the countryside have moved and are still moving into the cities at such staggering rates that between 1960 and 1970, 200 million people are expected to shift to the cities of Asia, Africa and Latin America. He gives a clear picture of the problems created by such catastrophic migration and other factors, and suggests what should be done about them.

The list of ills is long and depressing; squalid urbanization is the shape the earth has taken today, haunted as it is by the twin specters of population expansion and economic stagnation. The economist and demographer, working with statistics and maps, can possibly extrapolate a hopeful prognosis from all this. But Abrams' book could hardly be an optimistic travelogue, for the author is an expert in housing and city planning, formerly New York State Rent Administrator, and author of several previous books in his field. For him, the glib statistics of economists and demographers must be translated into *villas miserias* or *favelas* in Rio, into harbors packed with sampans in Hong Kong, street sleepers in Karachi, dwellers in Spanish ruins in Manila, and squatters in practically every country.

Abrams describes the system of precarious tenure which has developed around squatters' rights and around rent-control laws in the world's cities. Illegal occupation may be permitted by tradition or by political pressure; and there is a delicate balance, occasionally upset, of threatened violence between owner and squatter or tenant. In the Philippines, squatters elect Congressmen to guard their interests; in Singapore and in La Paz, Bolivia, tenants of rent-controlled premises sublease at high profits. Politicians seeking election in Barbados and Jamaica encourage public-housing tenants *not* to pay their rents.

To replace these gerry-built solutions, Abrams stresses the need for underdeveloped countries to rationalize their land-ownership patterns before receiving foreign-aid loans, in order to minimize the land-purchase share of the cost of a house. Since mortgages are almost completely unavailable, the development of savings and loan institutions is highly important. Abrams notes the orthodox economic argument against the use of scarce investment capital for housing—that such capital is needed for basic industrial development—but he counters with the beneficial effects of good housing on workers' productivity. (The United States found it wise to step up housing programs during World War II: "Americans will die for their country, but they balk at doubling up with their in-laws.") Housing construction also lessens unemployment, and an investment in new houses is likely to curb the violence which may destroy "basic industrial development" or the state itself.

Local building industries based on native workmanship and material are also imperative, Abrams believes. He deplores the expensive failure of European prefabricated homes imported by Ghana. He admires and recommends the adaptation of Ghana's roof-loan scheme for use elsewhere. This scheme enables communities to finance roofs with loans,

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thus providing the most important part of their shelters and the part most Africans are least able to build themselves. A call for the "internationalization of roofs" is one of the author's surprisingly simple but dramatic schemes.

While *Man's Struggle for Shelter* is no global version of Jacob Riis's 19th-century description of the New York slums in *How the Other Half Lives*, Abrams has actually described a new phenomenon—the world-slum. (Another city planner, Constantine Doxiadis of Greece, is more optimistic about mergings of the world's cities —the Megalopolis of the U.S. eastern seaboard or the possibility of a Calcutta metropolitan area with sixty millions—and he looks forward to Ecumenopolis, the one-city world of the future.) Abrams also has less of Riis's passion for political reform. While constantly aware of the corruption and vested interests which stand in the way of better housing and urban-planning practices, he still apparently believes that professional education and expert consultation can do the job. He calls "for the development of a comparative science of urbanization" to "explore the nature of the rhythms and the cross-fertilizing influences that affect institutions in the process of growth."

Abrams advocates sound urban planning as a major need. But planning is a neutral process; it can be used to preserve the *status quo* or to change it. Slum clearance and housing loans and subsidies can be constructive planning tools; they can also be cruelly destructive. There is a stark similarity between the removal of low-income residents from shantytowns in the center of Lagos, Nigeria, which Abrams describes, and the elimination by urban renewal of low-rent housing in Manhattan. Public assistance for housing construction in New York now goes mostly to middle-income families, and Alliance for Progress houses in Latin America are also beyond the budgets of the lowest-income groups.

The political-economic system in each country determines the shape of its cities. Politics sets the general goals as well as most of the more specific objectives and yearly targets; politics generally leaves only the narrowest leftover objectives to the planner. City plans are sculptured representations in asphalt and concrete or dirt and bamboo of the system. New York was platted with strictly commercial intent (for ease of marketing lots); Mumford's "standardized chaos" of Manhattan's skyline (or of Sao Paulo's or Mexico City's) are further monuments to untrammeled commerce. To accommodate the autos of its new middle class, the government of Venezuela destroyed the social organization of the old neighborhoods of Caracas with the permanent barriers created by overhead highways and open-cut traffic arteries. "The planning firm of Maurice Rotival," according to architectural critic Sybil Moholy-Nagy, "dismembered the old town as if it were a corpse." Soviet cities reveal bureaucratic domination, but they also represent the quashing of the land speculation market.

The confidence Abrams places in his housing and planning colleagues is too generous. Few have his capabilities; most of their plans are little more than page after page in the pseudo-scientific jargon of public administration. And their occult planning terminology is often used in unwitting guardianship of the *status quo*. An Alliance for Progress pamphlet written in Puerto Rico by a Cuban *émigré* planner, Eduardo Montoulicu, discusses Cuba's urban plans and criticizes their "lack of coordination, comprehensiveness, integration, reorganization and broader utilization." In the twilight days of Batista, when the same Montoulieu was chief of the "National Master Plan" of Cuba, he congratulated the regime in the magazine *Arquitectura* for the "compatibility of planning and Cuban democracy."

Again, in a typical Latin American city, the director of *Urbanismo* introduces a *Planificación Urbana* by stating how difficult it is to explain the techniques of planning, "as it would be difficult for a doctor to explain medicine, or a lawyer the law." The planner then apparently feels free to present a plan without any kind of social or architectural justification. In a recent plan for Managua, Nicaragua, three drawings are provided: (1) *condicion presente*, a typical Spanish-style street corner; (2) *condicion intermedia*, a few buildings replaced with two-story concrete structures; (3) *condicion projectada*, all-concrete buildings several stories high, in which the heavy traffic of (1) has magically lightened to produce a Central American vision of anycorner, U.S.A.

Abrams urges the East to adopt the land policies of the West—zoning, ad valorem taxation, benefit assessment —but they seem like weak palliatives. Rent strikes in New York and Rachmanism in London force me to doubt Abrams' belief that "in the two great citadels of private property—England and the United States—old restraints upon the state have fallen away as the demands of health and decency have asserted themselves regarding real property." In 1949, our Congress passed a Housing Act with a declaration of national policy; it set "the goals of a decent home and a suitable living environment for every American family." But little was done, and fifteen years later, in a few particularly unsuitable living environments, families who had never heard the benign statement of policy began to agitate for decent homes in several cities. The courts fined some landlords and evicted some rent strikers. The 1964 New York State Legislature rejected every rent-strike bill submitted, while the city of New York spent a pittance to fix up a few tenements. Perhaps cities were saving their money for the summer so they could pay the police to quell the violence which was to erupt, in part because of the housing conditions which went unrepaired during the winter.

Significantly, Abrams' analysis implies a warning to underdeveloped countries and to the dispersers of U.S. foreign aid that improvements in mass housing conditions are vital if they want to forestall violent political change. He acknowledges several times the direct relationship between the rise of Fidel Castro and the rate of U.S. aid for housing in Latin America. However, it would have been interesting to have Abrams' comments on the Cuban Government's building program and its pragmatic solutions to the problem of housing finances. These include Castro's "revolutionary reform of gambling" which converts lost lottery money into savings bonds for home purchases, plus a variety of mortgage schemes designed ultimately to give every Cuban family either cooperative or simple ownership of its own dwelling. In Cuba, of course, where planning as such has become paramount, the Latin American practice of relegating city planning and housing to obscure and powerless government bureaus has been abandoned. Similarly, it would be as inconceivable for the Cuban Government today to follow the old sham of hiring outside consultants (to produce expensive well-illustrated and irrelevant plans) as to hire an outsider to be President of the republic.

In the city planning faculties of Harvard and M.I.T., where the self-conscious spinning of abstract theories of urban development is fashionable, Abrams stands out refreshingly as the "practical" man, a professor who happens to own successful parcels of Greenwich Village real estate. On the other hand, appearing with big real estate operators at a forum at the New School for Social Research or as New York State Commissioner Against Discrimination, he is an important advocate of more public housing and some rent control. And as a UN expert, an experience which provided the backbone of this book, Abrams could not overlook the primacy of practical politics over ideal planning goals all over the world. That narrow professionalization and expertise should emerge so strongly among his solutions is therefore disappointing. Charles Abrams and the crews of planners he wants to see trained would undoubtedly wish to see the inhabitants of the globe well housed, but it is a rare political climate that will invite them to ply their trade today.

David Gurin, a city planner, has worked with the Boston Redevelopment authority and is now on the staff of Mobilization for Youth.

Men With Their Faces On

George P. Elliott

My hostess was an animated woman with a face of her own, and she worked with disturbed children in a psychiatric institute. I came in on the end of her anecdote. "So they've got to get another control," she was saying. "I've been wrecking the experiment because all the babies keep looking at me." There was a little burst of sympathetic laughter. "Control?" I asked, "did you mean *you* were supposed to be a *control* in a scientific experiment?" "And I'm terrible," she bemoaned, "because we're trying to find out when babies can distinguish their mothers from strange ladies and they all look at me." Poor woman: her faith in Science was so deep that she believed in psychology as a behavioral Science, and here she was letting Science down because she couldn't take her face off even when she tried.

When anthropologists sit down to write about other people's gods and ways, the usual behavioral-science commandment appears above their desks: Take Off Your Face. They obey. And, obeying, what marvelous tales they botch in the telling. They are for the most part men and women with no gods of their own; and from the way they write they give the impression that their ideal is to become, like an astronomer or a microbiologist, an eye behind a pane of invisibility. "Go ahead, esteemed preliterates, behave. I am not here, only O." (O is sometimes used by behavioral scientists for Observer.) "In the field," they "gather material" on primitive pantheons, analyze it, and organize it until the metamorphoses and relations of these gods are far clearer to us sophisticated aliens than they ever were to the people who were worshiping them. But literarily, and more than literarily, gods who come alive in the reader's imagination have human blood in their veins.

Perhaps better days are coming. Recently I have read two books whose excellence demonstrates that the literary dullness of anthropological writing is not inherent in the subject. One is by an eminent professional, Claude Levi-Strauss *(Tristes Tropiques*, Criterion, 1961), the other by an obscure amateur, Hamilton A. Tyler (*Pueblo Gods and Myths*, University of Oklahoma, 1964). The two books and their authors have little enough in common but one may discover, in the way they deal with a literary problem, part of the secret of their success. This has to do with the relation between the author and his subject—partly between the anthropologist and the object of his study, but also between the man writing and the subject of his concern, which must include himself.

In the 1930s, Levi-Strauss, a Frenchman, went about in Brazil visiting primitive tribes in what would ordinarily have been called a field trip which would ordinarily have yielded a book of great dryness. Instead, he wrote the best anthropology book I, at least, have ever read or heard of. The first sentence prepares the reader. "Travel and travellers are two things I loathe—and yet here I am, all set to tell the story of my expeditions." He himself is in his book. The last sentence of the introductory chapters gives another vital clue. "Twenty years' forgetfulness has enabled me to elucidate an old experience: one that I had pursued to the ends of the earth without managing either to decipher its meaning or to remain on intimate terms with it." He has not asked questions to which he has found pat answers.

Tyler, a Californian, says he likes to think of himself as being "in the tradition of the English scholarly amateurs." Chance brought him with his family to the country of the Pueblo Indians. He saw their ruins, the villages they were living in, their dancing. "What is all this dancing about?" he asked. No commentator could give him satisfactory answers to this question or to the others he asked about the Pueblo religion and way of living. "I want to leave the ranks of the observers and join those of the believers, at least until I comprehend what they mean." He wants to know them, not everything about them. Then, a few paragraphs from the end of the book, he says: "At this point the reader may anticipate some sort of synthesis, but there will be none."

Both writers represent themselves as engaged in a quest for something that matters to them personally, not just professionally. They do not represent themselves as making "a contribution to knowledge," but as looking for what they as men badly need, even though they know they can find at most only part of it. Meanwhile, what each of them offers is not just a book full of fascinating facts logically ordered. The answers each seeks never come clear, not in the writer himself or in the strange brothers about whom he is writing, or in the reader, his unknown brother, who also gets caught up in the quest. What both writers give are visions of social order, one comic, the other tragic.

The books are not of equal magnitude. The advantage is on the side of the writer who was *there.* Tyler has vividly imagined Hard Beings Woman and Spider Grandmother; Levi-Strauss saw naked, hungry people eating spiders. Also, there is a difference not in the quality but in the depth of their visions. Tyler shows us possibilities realized, a coherent, harmonious society shaped and given body by people not unlike us. We rejoice. Levi-Strauss, by showing us certain people who have arranged their social lives perhaps even worse than we, makes us see what we fear we are. He turns up fleshless fragments of the skeleton of the social order itself. Looking at these bones which he obliges us to hold, we shudder, for with them in the hands of our minds we cannot help listening to the unanswerable voice from the abyss: *What is man? Why live?*

But neither of these visions was granted to a man with his face off, a specialist. Vision is granted, if at all, only to a man looking.

George P. Elliott is the author of Parktilden Village *and* Among the Dangs. *His most recent book,* A Piece of Lettuce *(Random House), is a collection of reminiscences and literary criticism.*

THEATRE

TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE
THE COMMITTEE

Since Jean Anouilh's *Traveller Without Luggage* has suffered, as have many other French plays in the past, in being transferred from the boulevards to Broadway, I shall not dwell on its production at the Anta Theatre. The cast includes several talented actors—Ben Gazzara, Mildred Dunnock, Rae Allen, to name only three—and there are some well-played passages, notably in the second scene, but the right tone is never found. This is largely due to the very real difficulty that confronts American actors and directors who try to realize the exact nature of French behavior. They are removed from the cultural environment of such plays, and even their earnest efforts to suggest it therefore seem like affectation in moments of comedy, and the ungainly "emotionalism" in more dramatic exchanges.

The text itself is interesting in several respects. Written in 1937 when its author was 27, it was his first success. Though by no means his best play, *Traveller Without Luggage* shows some of the salient features of Anouilh's personality and an attitude which were to place him in the front rank of French playwrights between the late thirties and the fifties.

Anouilh despises the world that bred him—the "wondrous time" before the First World War (1900-14), the last period of bourgeois security in France. The war was to explode many of the myths about the proverbial worth and refinement of its civilization. If there was truth in any of these myths, it could be substantiated after the war only by an acknowledgment of the moral and spiritual bankruptcy of the old bourgeoisie. And that class became the particular object of Anouilh's hatred.

The war-injured amnesiac of *Traveller Without Luggage*, attempting to recall the conditions of life from which the shock of his wound cut him off, slowly discovers the rottenness of a life that contributed in no small measure to his own wretched character. He sees himself the product of a world that was mean, egotistic, snobbish, frivolous, cruel, sex-obsessed and loveless. Venomous scorn for the wealthy French middle class (as well as for the still lingering remnants of a well-heeled aristocracy) permeates most of Anouilh's work like an acid. The only redemption for a man born of that world is to reject it utterly. In *Traveller Without Luggage*, anathematizing his past, Anouilh became a typical voice of a whole generation in a similar state of revulsion.

Anouilh—fortunately and unfortunately—has been unable to discard the luggage of the past. There is a good deal of a particular kind of French sentimentality in Anouilh's disillusionment; it has the taste of a rancid romanticism. There are also traces of a nobility whose antecedents are in an older (seventeenth-century) tradition mixed with a certain stored national experience. This produces a striking canniness (healthy in a Montaigne), which in Anouilh sometimes expresses itself as worldly wisdom and a peppery humor, and sometimes as a rather petty cynicism. All this is significant because the dramatist shares these traits with a very large segment of his compatriots.

Among the still serviceable things that Anouilh has inherited from the past is a sure sense of the stage. He is a consummate craftsman. Part of Anouilh's superb theatrical equipment is his ability to borrow and make new use of the staples of classic comedy—the oldest devices from Plautus through Molière to vaudeville. The surprise ending of *Traveller Without Luggage*—in which the man who in horror wishes to escape his newly recovered family, and seizes upon a new family found by "poetic" license in a little boy—is a case in point. This is in itself a telling image and it turns an acrid and not very plausible tale into something beguiling.

The most genuine facet of Anouilh is his gift for artifice. All his plays are basically fables, contrivances of brilliantly imaginative showmanship, full of surprises and fascinating sleight-of-hand. Whatever his intentions, they often serve fundamentally serious ends.

The critical pendulum has swung from revering Anouilh as one of the "great" dramatists of our day to dismissing him as a highly skilled cheap-Jack (Anouilh has recently taken to disclaiming any exalted artistic aim). I myself veer from admiration to distrust. There is something meretricious in Anouilh's soulfulness and aching idealism. But, aside from his unmistakable adroitness, his adult shrewdness, independence, rebelliousness and corruption, mixed with the rich humanistic substance bequeathed by his country and which he seems to love with considerable resentment, make him representative of his time and place and give him an individual *face*. All this will finally be found to have value and will surely count when the overestimation of his excellence becomes as obsolete as are the too drastic denunciations of his defects.

I wish *The Committee*, the intimate new assemblage of jokes and sketches which comes to us from San Francisco, had been presented in a less formal framework. The Henry Miller Theatre where the show is being given is a small and quite pleasant house, but it lacks the unbuttoned atmosphere of what the columnists call a "niterie" where alcohol and tobacco spread their benevolent haze over the proceedings.

This is not to say that *The Committee* cannot be enjoyed where it is. I liked (most of) it fine—almost as much as I did *From the Second City* when it was first presented to its disadvantage at the Royale Theatre. Several of the sketches have real point—for example, the caricature of the frequently peculiar white self-consciousness in personal relations with Negroes—often nearly as bad as the former condescension. There is a bit in which Goldwater gets a good going over; also a nice spoof on book censorship, a savage scenic "epigram" on capital punishment—more violent than is customary in such entertainments and on that account most welcome—occasional dashes of comic surrealism, which in one case I found hilarious without really understanding what particular typical target was being assaulted. Two pseudo-musical numbers are disarmingly convivial.

The whole evening strikes an engagingly friendly note. Still one feels an intention actually more political and specifically critical than is common in some of this show's Greenwich Village counterparts. The eight youngish people of *The Committee* do their stuff with a straightforward familiarity that eschews "polish" and thereby strikes with an immediacy that might be blunted by a slicker professionalism.

Harold Clurman

ART

AUTUMN AT THE GUGGENHEIM

Steaked across the peaks of modern art, various cracks of defeatism and doubt can be observed, and when declivities suddenly open out, one finds real failures of nerve. In France, there is a recurring kind of artist especially prone to these occupational hazards. He takes refuge in psychological or cosmological systems, and feels a desperate need to discover a one-to-one correspondence between pictorial effect and spectator response. Painters such as Denis, Serusier, Cross or, in current polemics, Vasarely, come to mind, each distinguished by early talent, a weakness for self-justification, and an intelligence sufficient to realize, but not to surmount, the incompatibility of art in the 20th century with science or religion. Of their number, Albert Gleizes, now being shown in a large retrospective at the Guggenheim, was the important Cubist.

Along with Robert Delaunay, who was to influence him greatly, Gleizes invoked a kind of social and technological panorama of the World War I epoch. That it was couched typically in allegorical terms insulated him more from enthusiasm than from nostalgia, and it is characteristic of Gleizes, as of the late Leger, that he was haunted by ambivalence between urban and rural experience, and by the claims of a classicizing past contrasted with the dynamics of a restless present. Exponent of a wishful community of artists, he was also something of an anarchist-pacifist, and later turned into an apologist for a Catholic Church that didn't understand him. Essentially, Gleizes was a synthesizer, working out pictorial solutions from the perspective, and under the burdens, of an apparently vast culture.

Yet his program was ambitious and perceptive, if one may judge by statements such as the following from *Du Cubisme*, the book he wrote in collaboration with Metzinger: "Composing, constructing, designing, all come back to this: regulating through our own activity the dynamism of form. Shapes are only nuances of the notion of plenitude, which plenitude is form." Or: "All inflection of form is heightened by a modification of color; all modification of color engenders a form." Here, succinctly put, are two of the critical tenets of 20th-century art—the simultaneity of evoked sensations, and the reciprocity of all pictorial elements.

The particular tragedy of Gleizes was to implement these observations too literally, as if they did not have to be filtered through a wrestling with tangible experiences. His manipulation of forms, worked out time and again in sparkling epigrammatic pen drawings, left him little to explore beyond certain echoing value changes in his paintings. Whenever it was a question of thickening various of the ideas he had sketched transparently in line, Gleizes responded in paint with managerial explicitness, but with minimal excitation from paint's sensuous and chromatic challenges. He had, it would seem, a sophisticated touch for spatial groupings, but, despite some tactile emphases, a kind of tone deafness to variations in matter and density. As a result, the Cubist vocabulary is in his works standardized and put through its paces with perfect clarity, but it lacks the special effervescence of discovery. "Around 1910-12 in Cubism's highest flights," wrote Robert Motherwell, "what is striking is not the material structure that Kahnweiler likes to speak of, but a sensitive calligraphy that sweeps up internal and external worlds into a oneness in which reality consists not of opposing essences of matter and spirit, representation and structure, but of relations, process. During these years Cubism approached ecstasy. Presently it lost its intuition of the mysterious, and [the painters] returned to Western construction, like carpenters or masons." Gleizes was such a carpenter, albeit on a very high level.

From an educational viewpoint, the exhibition, directed by Daniel Robbins, is exemplary. One can amble through Gleizes' highly documented career, passing from the earliest post-Impressionist period, to the vitreous brown "machines," the loosening up in America, and highly colored rotative abstracts of the twenties, to the religiose murals, well represented but best forgotten, of the next two decades. His range was wide; it included harvesting, sports, the Brooklyn Bridge, circus scenes, portraits, tropical landscapes, arabesques, etc.

Gleizes treated these scenes far more intricately than did Roger de la Fresnaye, who can make him look fussy. On the other hand, he is more monumental than Picasso, in comparison to whose concrete references the art of Gleizes appears as empty generality. Even when he followed Delaunay into a species of color abstraction (in which, however, drafts-

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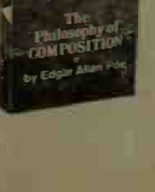

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manship was still prominent), Gleizes' canvases failed to light up. One constantly feels the pressure of an artistic will in his work, but only so much of it escaped from the cerebral regions as to lend his images their rather stable, if shrewd composition. Occasionally, when either passion or an unexpected lightness of mood illuminated the work at hand, Gleizes, who had most of the technical equipment, produced a masterpiece. Such, I think, is "The Man on the Balcony," "The Football Players," "Portrait of the Publisher Figuière," "Fishing Boats" and "Brooklyn Bridge," all grouped around the First World War. The rest of his career, by-passing all the great later developments of modern art, wandered off into a decorative and scholastic haze, which proved that there was no objective concordance between sign and effect—none, that is, without the fullest imaginative participation of the artist in his vision.

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Coming on the heels of its ambitious predecessors—which covered nothing less than Western draftsmanship from the 19th century to the Second World War—the Guggenheim's "American Drawings" (of the last twenty years) is a piddling epilogue. Its anti-climactic quality, however, seems more than an inevitable result of restricted time and place. Insofar as the show affords a glimpse of recent drawings, they emerge as rather pointless and indifferent. Insofar as it reveals the considered taste and judgment of its director, Lawrence Alloway, it is a shambles.

Surveys of drawings can fulfill many functions, ranging from the pedagogical and historical to the aesthetic. The intention here, apparently, is to view current drawing as message or sign-making, a special kind of coded information, for which, however, no key is necessary. "Urgency, revelation, speed, and casualness" (graphic attributes) are qualities worth stressing, Alloway states, "as an alternative to the literature of enraptured connoisseurship to which drawings are still subject. Writers bend over a sheet of paper like Sherlock Holmes and rise to speak of it like Des Esseintes." Yet, that the present specimens discourage both these activities does not necessarily demonstrate that a new beauty or significance is on display. It is also possible that the works selected do not reward attention, that their code is visually useless.

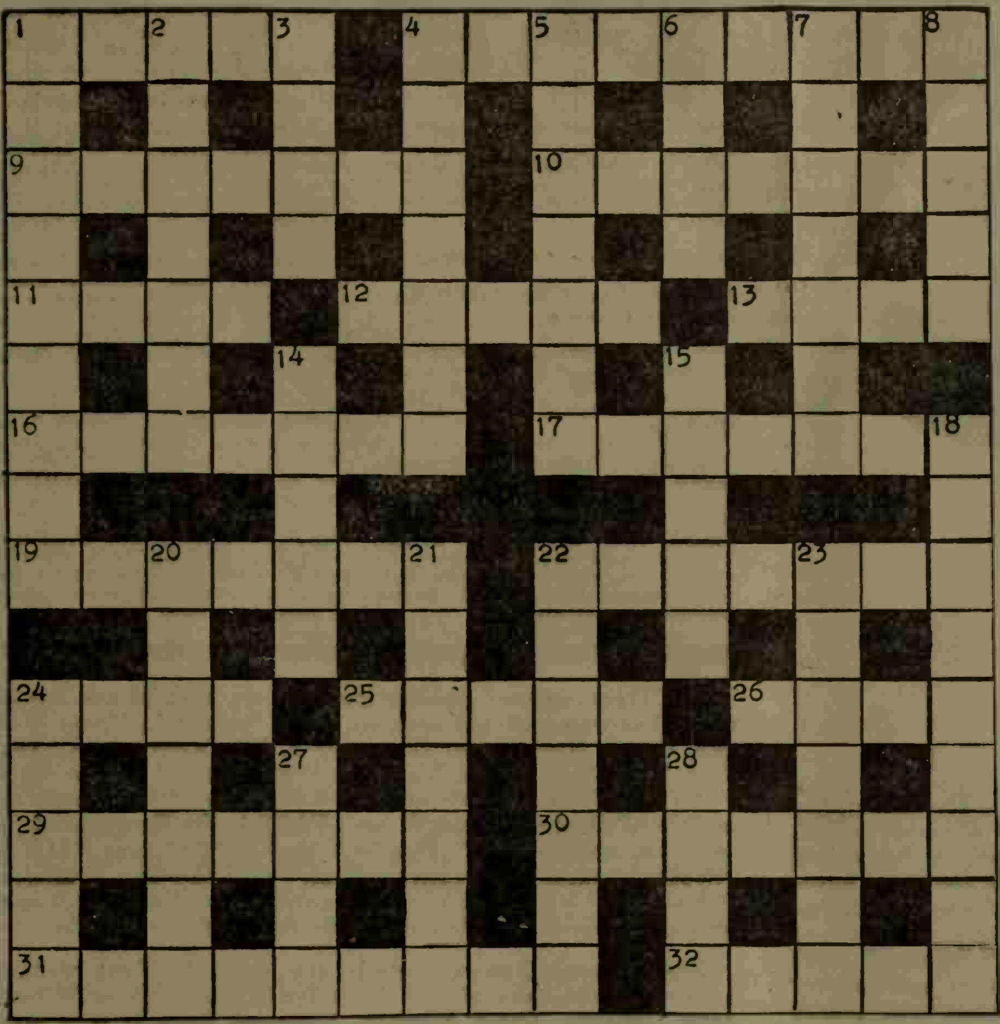
If I entertain this possibility it is because of the special character of the present generation's drawings — those which give the show its rhetorical focus. Blueprints, charts, graphs; these are the notations, by turns offhand or calculated, which go by the name of draftsmanship in recent art. Traditional in that they are roughs or blockings out of preliminary ideas, they are also iconoclastic because they ignore the goals, imaginative and personal, of execution as such. Even when older drawings were conceived as means to an end, as mere scraps or fragments of a larger project, they were still typically charged by the peculiar manual electricity of their creators. But in a Lukin, Poons, Weber, Stout or Kelley, to take examples from various camps, the motor or tactile behavior of lines or masses, and their individuality as graphic presences, hardly count. Rather, the only concern on these pages is the determination of a certain visual configuration which is plotted out in terms of interval, scale and proportion. And this, in turn, has about the same expressive value and aesthetic relationship to the finished painting (which, the catalogue overlooks, is likely to be violently anti-graphic) as a musical score has to the performed piece, or a floor plan to a completed building. These documents reject being valued on their own terms because they can function only as signs or directions. They are perhaps necessary to the artist's statement, but they remain outside it. The trouble lies in the fact that the order of abstract art today is non-symbolical, and vehemently non-referential, whereas the drawings made in preparation for such paintings exist only as *references* or check points to that order. Memoranda tend not to function in the same way as expressive statements. This prevents me from accepting the argument advanced by Alloway that current drawings are emanations of the vital life and personality of their creators.

As for its outline and selectivity the show has one virtue, many faults. Historically, the devaluation of drawings to their present otiose state is clearly revealed. It is a depressing spectacle. Perhaps the diagrammatic Franz Klines were the progenitors here, but their sheer sensitivity to drawing, their energy of gesture, now seems unrecoverable. Whether in the spiritless mock-ups of pop drawings by Ruscha, Lichtenstein or Forakis, or the breezy swaths of Norman Bluhm, there is evident the whole deflation of draftsmanly intelligence (or perhaps its premise). Furthermore, it is worth protesting the inclusion, on an aesthetic basis, of what seem the worst possible examples by Lobdell, Gottlieb, Krasner, Olitski, Twombly and Liberman, to name only a few. The presence of an uncannily beautiful de Kooning ("Untitled," 1947) only accentuates the show's conceptual deficiencies, while humbling and belying the trophies of a professional enthusiasm.

MAX KOZLOFF

Crossword Puzzle No. 1074

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 10 When considered action should be taken, psychology starts the literal equivalent. (12)
4 Fill ten up—you could make it abundant. (9)
9 What should have leaves in protein form. (7)
11 A 31 type of presidential candidate is no longer standard. (4)
12 and 7 down Circles, for example, the ones on the tail? (5, 7)
16 and 25 across They suggest diplomacy might be only a matter of habit. (7, 5)
17 Regarded with indulgence. (7)
22 Not the old entrance to gaol. (7)
29 Behaved like a nuclear device? (Part of the drama is in the pipe.)
30 Such a grind! It's filled with vexation and disappointment. (7)
31 and 19 For those who are used to the pressure of preparing meals? (9, 7)
32 Ends a chain running to the horn, properly speaking. (5)

DOWN:

1 Angelica's pain reliever? (9)
2 Descriptive of certain figure arrangements rather than eating places. (7)
3 and 13 One of our songwriters watched over them, with an inclination to such things as music.
4 Executive offices and TV shows might be. (7)
5 One can't have this without understanding. (7)
6 What a well-known zoological collection came in by. (4)
8 This plant should imply quite a bit to you and me. (5)
14 and 26 across Mayflower crossed with this could be Veronica. (9)
15 Isn't there room for steerage in such vessels? (5)
18 Where people live with bell-like sounds around 26. (9)
20 Pariah, but not in actors. (7)
21 Performance will find him upright.
22 Perhaps the advertising section make-up. (7)
23 Said a comparatively few made a mistake. (7)
24 The last one to break certain animals? (5)
27 Prison commotion? (4)
28 and 24 across One can't fend for himself in a South American spot on location. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1073

ACROSS: I Orange blossoms; 9 Titania; 10 Trainee; 11 Fluffy; 12 Claptrap; 14 and 21 down Dreyfus case; 19 Opening; 21 Celibate; 23 Twelve; 25 Science; 26 Creoles; 27 Address unknown. DOWN: 1 Out of step; 2 Astound; 3 Genuflect; 4 Bear; 5 Outclasses; 6 Scamp; 7 and 15 across Mineral salts; 8 and 17 Reappoint; 13 Effortless; 15 Shipwreck; 16 Stevenson; 18 Ill wind; 20 Galileo; 22 Boner; 24 Ecru.

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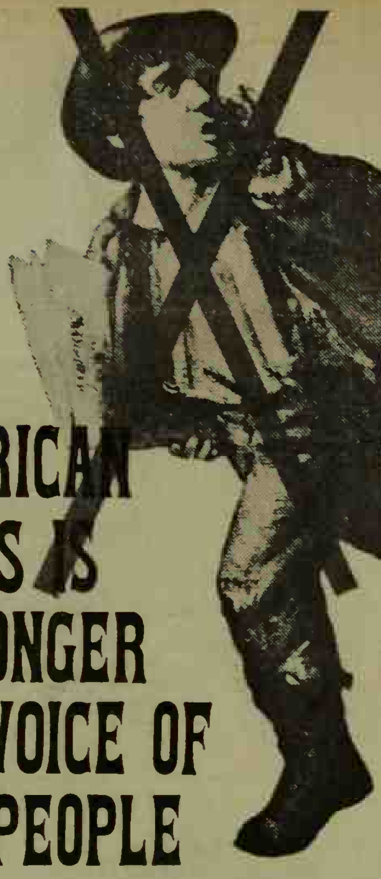

THE AMERICAN PRESS IS NO LONGER THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

American journalism has grown fat and lazy. The scoop, the exposé and the fiery editorial have virtually disappeared. In 96% of American cities, the daily newspapers are controlled by a single ownership. Today we have only half the newspapers we had in 1900, despite a tripling of the population since then. Today's magazines, the bloodless progeny of such journalistic titans as Garrison's "Liberator" and Mencken's "American Mercury," shrink from controversy and print only those articles which they know will please advertisers and preserve revenues.

The opportunity for the dissenting voice to be heard, for the unpopular cause to be championed, has vanished from free America. We live in the age of managed news, of journalistic indolence, of press-agentry, of government censorship.

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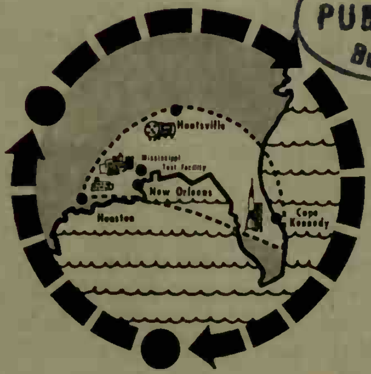
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LETTERS

Negro writers

Luxembourg (Grand Duchy)

Dear Sirs: It is difficult to argue with the impressions of a reviewer, but when his conclusions are based largely on misinterpretation and distortion of facts, there should be room for further discussion. Specifically, I refer to Kenneth Rexroth's account of a recent conference on The Negro Writer in the United States ("Panelizing Dissent," *The Nation*, Sept. 7).

The following passage . . . is perhaps one of the most offensive—because of its total inaccuracy and deliberate implications: "Certainly there was no better way to get a big hand from the mixed audience than to give whitey a verbal kicking around. Everytime anybody said 'I hate all white men,' all the *white women* in the audience applauded vociferously" (my emphasis).

Another painful section builds a beautiful, and thoroughly mythical, mystique about the young writers from the South who attended the conference. These writers were, to be sure, among the cream of the intellectual elite; they had been brought to the conference through scholarships offered by University of California Extension (the sponsoring organization) on a competitive basis. But Mr. Rexroth does *everyone* a disservice when he attributes countless virtues *only* to this handful of writers from the South and states: "They asked the most trenchant questions, they always deflated demogogy, they always rose to challenge the self-pity. . . . None of the Northerners, for all their perfervid militancy, lived in Harlem or in any other ghetto." This must have inspired a loud round of laughter not only among the Southern writers who never asked a question or entered into public discussion, but also from the numerous Northerners who had, indeed, spent many years in Harlem and other Negro ghettos. *Ruth Scheingold*

Truth machines

Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Meisler's "Lie Detectors" *(The Nation*, Sept. 28) should be of great general interest. It is important that the public recognize the faults and deficiencies of the lie-detector applications. The "polygraph," as the name indicates, really presents a triplication of effort. . . . It would be interesting to know if occasionally one mode of testing goes counter to the other.

I had an interesting experience during the Army-McCarthy hearings. McCarthy offered himself to be the subject of a lie-detector test about the veracity of his contradictory statements. At that time I wrote a letter to Senator Stuart Symington, telling him in detail that psychopaths and similar persons become so convinced of the truth of their utterances that they might pass a polygraph test with flying colors. I do not know if my letter was effective, but the test was never given. *Karl Rothschild, M.D.*

Write your editor

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: It is shocking to note the number of cold warriors who are using the "Letters to the Editor" column of their local newspapers to voice their extremist views. Many, like Dallas millionaire H. L. Hunt, maintain full-time writers who do nothing but write letters to newspapers across the country. . . . Surely the liberal elements in our society do not have an inferior intellectual capacity. They must demonstrate the fact with a flood of letters to the editor . . . in answer to the questions being raised by those who seem dissatisfied with a world at peace. *Gary L. Guertner*

True church

New York City

Dear Sirs: Having just returned from the Ecumenical Council, I was in the process of reading through some back issue magazines, when I came across "Kennedy the Catholic," by Thomas J. Fleming (*The Nation*, June 8, 1964). What Mr. Kennedy did for the United States, I hope the American Catholic bishops will do for the Ecumenical Council — make it realize that truth and freedom and the true church are outside, as well as inside, the Roman Catholic hierarchy. *Stanley I. Stuber*

Freedom students

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: As Freedom School teachers in the Mississippi Summer Project, we commend *The Nation* for its excellent coverage of the project.

One of the students whom we taught in a rural Madison County Freedom School is now in Boston attending the Commonwealth School, a small private high school of excellent reputation. Our student is intelligent and extremely eager for further education, yet her Mississippi education has in no way prepared her for college. She faces two additional years of intensive secondary school work in order to make up the deficiencies in education in a Negro high school.

The Commonwealth School is already heavily committed financially to the support of a number of other students from similar backgrounds, so it cannot provide a scholarship for her. We are attempting to raise the approximately $2,000 per year which is needed for her education and living expenses. . . . Contributions, which are tax-deductible, should be made payable to the Commonwealth School Scholarship Fund and earmarked for this student. The address of the school is 151 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass. *Mr. & Mrs. Steven Levine*

THE
NATION
Monday, October 12, 1964
Volume 199, No. 10

In this issue

EDITORIALS
205

ARTICLES
208 The Multilateral Force: Germany's Finger on the Atom
Amitai Etzioni
211 Moon Boom: The Space Crescent
William S. Ellis
216 Cuba: The Girl and the Slogans
Arthur Hoppe
217 GOP: Can the Moderates Come Back?
Milton Viorst
219 Going Public
Anne W. Simon

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
222 Charlie's Chaplin
John Houseman
224 The Blue Woman (poem)
Joel Sloman
225 The Land of Grace and Isolation
Donald Phelps
227 Putting Down the Queen's Teens
Penelope Gilliatt
229 Theatre
Harold Clurman
230 Art
Max Kozloff
232 Ordering (poem)
Robert Kelly
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 232)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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EDITORIALS

Focus on Chapter V

Of several major public issues raised by the Warren Commission (the report will be critically evaluated by Herbert Packer of the Stanford Law School in a later issue of *The Nation*) those relating to the role of the police and the media—Chapter V—should command top priority. Everyone knows what happened because nearly everyone saw it happen. A herd of reporters, of all media, succeeded in creating a tumultuous and chaotic atmosphere in the police headquarters. "You had to fight your way in," said one police officer. The near-blinding floodlights, the maze of equipment, the jam-packed corridors, the noise and confusion, all this and more, in the words of the report, created "a bedlam of confusion." One FBI agent, quoted in the report, said that conditions at the police station were "not too much unlike Grand Central Station at rush hour, maybe like the Yankee Stadium during the World Series."

In the midst of this pandemonium, the chief of police and the district attorney disseminated to a world audience, along with a few solid facts, many erroneous disclosures and a great deal of other misinformation. These became the bases for the myths and rumors that confused the nation and the world. In the process, Oswald's guilt was prejudged to a degree that would have made a fair trial in Dallas virtually impossible. The chief of police was so busy conducting ambulatory press conferences and appearing on radio and television—twelve appearances in the period November 22-24—that he could not sit in on the interrogations of Oswald.

What the commission has to say on this score is painstaking, fair and devastating. One cannot quarrel with its major conclusion that "primary responsibility" for those incredible scenes must rest with the police. Granted that the public's interest—of fantastic volume and intensity—was perfectly legitimate, still the police could have maintained order in their own headquarters if nowhere else; indeed, if they had done so, the public would have been much better informed. The fact is, as the report makes clear, that the police, by electing "to go along with" the press, created the confusion it later deplored.

Nor can one quarrel with the commission's conclusion that the media must also be charged with a measure of responsibility for what happened. It is true that the mass coverage of major trials—aggravated by the advent of the electronic media—threatens to subvert the concept of a public trial by substituting for it a trial by the public. It is also true that the media should work out some ground rules (traffic regulations would perhaps be a more appropriate term) for the coverage of major criminal proceedings and should show generally a far higher degree of self-restraint than was exhibited at Dallas. But the commission's suggestion that the media meet their responsibilities by adopting a code of professional ethics is not convincing.

It is not merely the right but the duty of the media, in covering a major event of this sort, to press hard to uncover every item of interest and relevance. On occasion, the press has prevented or corrected gross miscarriages of justice through its persistence, often in the face of active opposition from police and prosecution. It has also helped to convict guilty defendants despite the active opposition of defense counsel. But in Dallas the press was not assisting in the administration of justice but rather interfering with it. True, the police encouraged them to move in and take over. But more significant was the action of the district attorney which the Warren Commission tends to minimize. He too elected "to go along with the press." In a major criminal case the district attorney, who is responsible for the prosecution, must direct the investigation. He can control and direct the police or, if necessary, he can appeal to those who can. In Dallas, both the police and the district attorney, by catering to the press, succeeded in diverting it from its main role and function. Instead of congregating in the corridors of the police station, waiting for a chance to badger the police and shout questions at Oswald, the press should have been conducting its own investigation of what happened.

The fact is that the press has become far too dependent on what police, prosecution and defense counsel—and on occasion even judges—feed them in the way of information or misinformation. And whenever the press operates as a herd, it usually acts like a herd—that is, stupidly. The press did a bad job in Dallas, not because it pressed too hard for information or because it had too many reporters on the scene, but because it did not dig hard enough for the facts. If the press had done its job thoroughly, many of the myths and rumors would never have been set in motion, or would have been promptly corrected. A code of professional ethics by which the press would agree to restrict coverage of major trials would not remedy this fault; on the contrary it might aggravate it. Nor would a code of ethics by which the media agree to "pool" information get at the root of the real problem. "Pooling" is an old media dodge. In any major city today a pool of reporters, four or five in number, will be found playing poker in the pressroom of the courthouse, waiting for someone to drop by and tell them that something of public interest is happening somewhere in the building.

More pertinent than criticism of the police and press—although such criticism is deserved—would be criticism of bench and bar. A judge can control proceedings in his courtroom; the Ruby trial is a distasteful example of what happens when a judge decides to do what Chief Curry and District Attorney Wade did, namely, "to go along with the press." Lawyers, as officers of the court, can be held accountable for their actions. Much of the distorted, inaccurate or misleading information about trials that appears in the press is not turned up by reporters digging for facts but is passed along to them by lawyers—defense and prosecution—who seek to use the press to help them acquit or convict. The problem is one of roles and missions. It is not the role of the police to disseminate misinformation or undigested tidbits likely to create an unfavorable (or favorable) climate of opinion when a trial is in process or an investigation under way; much less is it the function of bench or bar. Nor, by the same token, is it the role of the press to help them play this game. The press is more than a conveyor of information or misinformation: it has its own function to perform. Press and police, bench and bar, each has its role to play in the administration of justice; the trouble arises when they forget what it is that each is supposed to do. It would be a mistake, therefore, if in response to the commission's suggestion the press were to adopt a code of ethics, one effect of which might well be to make it even more dependent than it is today on what police and law-enforcement officials—and defense counsel—have to say about pending criminal cases.

The Iceberg

An analogy to the submerged and more lethal 85 per cent of the iceberg may be found in the contributions of American industry to right-wing causes. It is a matter that Sen. Lee Metcalf has been investigating. Senator Metcalf specializes in the machinations of investor-owned utilities—a term which the companies use in their propaganda and which the Senator abbreviates to IOU. The September 25 *Congressional Record* contains a compendium of Senator Metcalf's IOU findings. It calls to mind that here and abroad—first in Italy and then in Germany—a major question about right-wing activities has always been: who picks up the check? The visible iceberg—that bizarre assortment of characters who act out their troglodyte fantasies on the American political scene—would be of little consequence were it not covertly supported by truly significant elements, like those benefactors uncovered by Senator Metcalf.

A typical case is that of Central Illinois Public Service Company. In 1963 the Federal Power Commission apparently became disturbed about utility operating expenses itemized under such heads as "Charitable, Cultural and Civic Contributions" and "Miscellaneous Expenses." Central Illinois, one of the companies questioned, had reported in 1962 a lump-sum total of $39,492 under "Donations for Charitable, Social or Community Welfare." Some of the contributions were to unassailable causes—the United Fund, the YMCA, the Boy Scouts, local colleges, hospitals, etc. The breakdown included an entry of $10,512, labeled "various civic activities, social projects, etc." The FPC did not request a further explanation, but the inquisitive Senator Metcalf was not satisfied. Again the contributions included such innocuous causes as Little League baseball, but the "civic, social and school activities"also included handouts to the Manion Forum, the National Education Program, American Economic Foundation, Educational Reviewer, Foundation for Economic Education and the Committee for Constitutional Government. The largest contribution was $500, the smallest $100, but why were they made at all, and why so surreptitiously?

Similarly, the Southwestern Public Service Company of Texas was serving the public with contributions to the Manion Forum, Southern States Industrial Council, Committee of One Million, Texas Bureau of Economic Understanding, America's Future, etc. One might suppose that these contributions were made for the "nuisance value" of the supplicants—it is easier to give than to have them knocking at the door. But this ignores the multiplicity of right-wing organizations to which the consumers' money is being handed out, the parallel aims of utility and right-wing propaganda, and the fact that gifts to institutions of learning are normally made to those in the utility's home state, while Harding College, for example, receives IOU support from other quarters.

Some utility companies refrain from contributing to the right wing and some itemize specifically and clearly. On the other hand, Senator Metcalf lists unidentified lump-sum contributions in 1963 of $643,135 by Houston Light & Power, $733,661 by Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company and, the most generous and elusive of all, Detroit Edison with $815,006.

"I think," says Senator Metcalf, "the public has a right to know when its local power company supports groups which find treason in our churches and in our highest court." *The Nation* thinks so too.

U.S.—Brazilian Witch Hunt

Whenever a counterrevolution takes place anywhere on earth, it can almost be predicted that some arm of the United States will turn out to be implicated. When the military overthrew the Goulart government in Brazil, the Johnson Administration applauded the coup. Probably it also applauded itself for helping in the ouster of a President who, whatever his failings, was constitutionally in office. Certainly the generals who booted Goulart—and the progressive elements in the country along with him—were the good friends of their opposite numbers in the U.S. military establishment; many of them had taken postgraduate training in American military schools.

During the changeover there was the usual roughing-up and imprisonment of progressives, Communist and non-Communist alike. This could be discounted as the inevitable accompaniment of a revolution; soon, apologists assured us, everything would return to normal. Instead, the counterrevolutionary terror has grown worse. It is directed particularly against intellectuals, and the most obvious targets are university people. Allen Young, writing for *The Christian Science Monitor* from Rio de Janeiro, reports that Brazilian intellectual life "is reeling under the forceful arm of the military government which took power here nearly six months ago." Young quotes Alceu Amoroso Lima, one of Brazil's outstanding authors, whom the authorities are afraid to touch because he is a prominent Roman Catholic layman, now 70 years old and with an international reputation. Mr. Lima refers to the victims of "cultural terrorism, all the more abominable because it is covered up."

Private advices amply support this charge. Hunting for "nonpatriotic subversives," military police inquiries are carried on in the universities almost as part of the curricula, one purpose no doubt being to keep the students submissive. The inquisitors will barge in on a professor conducting a class or an oral examination and proceed to ask questions of their own. On September 11, according to *Fohla de Sao Paulo*, described as a conservative newspaper, Prof. Florestan Fernandes, an internationally known sociologist, was arrested at the University of Sao Paulo by Lt. Col. Bernardo Schumann, in charge of the military police inquiry at the Faculty of Sciences and Letters. Florestan Fernandes, while under investigation, was ordered to sing the last verse of the national anthem. He excused himself because of the imperfections of his voice, but recited the required part of the anthem. Then he wrote a letter of protest, first asking Colonel Schumann whether he had the right to do so. Schumann took the letter and declared it "arrogant." When Florestan Fernandes refused to retract his protest, he was arrested.

This is not an isolated instance. Other scholars who have not been arrested or forced out have chosen to emigrate; some have found refuge in American universities. In this sense the United States is still a free country—but it is an accomplice before the fact in the destruction of freedom elsewhere.

Wrecking the Cities

The beauty of cities is as much a human heritage as the beauty of land and sea and sky. Civilization is packaged, so to speak, in cities, and whoever has added to the beauty of a city has earned the gratitude of those who live or work or visit there. Conversely, a special curse should descend on those who despoil a city of such grace and beauty as it has managed to achieve.

With malignant speed, the cities of America are being so despoiled. In Europe, tradition and tourism exert a mitigating influence which, in the United States, is so weak that anyone with capital can override it. Only fools would take lightly the outraged tone of the article by Richard J. Whalen in the September *Fortune*, "A City Destroying Itself." Whalen is writing about New York, and about utility as well as aesthetics, but the two are tied together. The fact that the expostulation appears in the most prestigious organ of American business will not deter the real estate speculators who figure in terms of dollars per square foot of land, plus the cost of demolition of whatever is on the land, and the cost of borrowed money to erect yet another high-rise, high-rent, high-luxury barracks on the site. What they demolish may be a dump or it may be a priceless architectural treasure; that does not concern these gentlemen.

No individual today is rich and powerful enough to thwart the hucksters of building. Vincent Astor wanted to raise a monument to himself in the form of a slim tower on Park Avenue with some air around it. With the Seagram Building across the way (where the tax collector is simultaneously teaching that it doesn't pay to try to combine profit and art) an open space would have been created. Created is the word, in a place like New York, but it turned out that even Astor could not invest and borrow enough to complete the project. Finally he gave way and died, the First National City Bank took over the site, and it is now occupied by just another bulky office building.

Another variety of aesthetic crime is about to be perpetrated in an elite residential area a mile or so to the north. In 1946 the Institute of Radio Engineers, a nonprofit organization, bought the Brokaw mansion at 1 East 79 Street, on the corner of Fifth Avenue. The mansion is no antique—construction was started, in 1887 and completed in 1890—but it is a lovely reproduction of a chateau in the Loire Valley, and it adorns its neighborhood. The IRE, now the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, has sold this real estate to a builder and the chateau will be turned over to the wreckers. The City Landmarks Commission is wringing its hands, but that seems to be about all it can do. Apparently the only way to preserve a landmark is to leave it an endowment, as Henry Clay Frick did for his mansion-museum down the Avenue—$15 million in early 20th-century cash.

East and West and in between, it is all the same. In sardonic analogy to the Motion Picture Academy Awards jamboree, State Senator Thomas M. Rees of California has proposed the formation of LAG, standing for Los Angeles Gruesome. Every year LAG would award plaques, medals, statuettes and beribboned resolutions to "those who have done outstanding work in making Los Angeles an ill-kept and unimaginative place to live." From the outset, downtown Los Angeles was mostly an eyesore—proof that the natural beauty of a city's site can always be overcome by business—but since World War II the builders have been uglifying outward, with only the ocean to stop them in one direction. Rees suggests special awards for public agencies, subdividers, railroads and freeway builders. The California Un-American Activities Committee should look into this fellow's ideas and associations. His brand of sarcasm endangers free enterprise.

Good Advertising

The anti-cigarette clamor which followed the release of the "Report of the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health" has died down to a whisper. The nation's health was to be protected, youth was to be deterred from future addiction, and those who persisted in smoking cigarettes were at least to be informed of the hazards. There was one note of caution. While proclaiming an "era of action," Surgeon General Luther L. Terry warned that in considering a reform of a nation's smoking habits one had to think "in terms of a program of ten years plus." It does look that way.

The reasons for slow progress are obvious. The tobacco bloc is strong in Congress—tobacco is the country's fifth largest cash crop. The industry is well heeled and excelled by none in the arts of political infighting. On the plus side, the Public Health Service had put a strong weapon into the hands of the Federal Trade Commission and the commission promptly announced that, starting January 1, all cigarette packages must carry a warning that smoking may cause death from cancer and other diseases. In acting so promptly the commission showed unwonted boldness; it is generally a rather timid, slow-moving body. And in this case, too, it seems to have lost some of its initial vigor: the warning requirement has now been postponed until July, 1965, and of course before July rolls around it may be postponed again. Only an optimist, and one unfamiliar with the history of crusades in the United States, could be completely sure he would ever see that notice on a cigarette pack.

However, the anti-smoking drive has now been given a boost from an unexpected quarter. Emerson Foote, one of the nation's foremost advertising executives, resigned as chairman of McCann-Erickson, the nation's second largest advertising agency. McCann-Erickson's sins in the matter of cigarette advertising are not committed in the United States; it has not had a domestic cigarette account since 1961, when it lost Liggett & Myers. It does, however, handle considerable business in this line abroad, and Mr. Foote said flatly, "I will not have anything to do with any agency which promotes the sale of cigarettes anywhere in the world or which wishes to acquire a cigarette account."

While the anti-smokers applauded, Madison Avenue was shaken. Off the record, it was suggested that cigarette advertising was not the real issue behind Mr. Foote's resignation. It may be that there were other things about McCann-Erickson that Mr. Foote did not like; for an executive so experienced—he has been in advertising for thirty-four years and with McCann-Erickson for thirteen—this would be possible. But by all outward evidence, there is a genuine conflict between McCann-Erickson's policies and Mr. Foote's convictions. (A chain smoker for thirty years, he quit completely five years ago.) He is willing to help sell alcoholic beverages because, in moderation, he does not find them deleterious to health. He is a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke. He is a former chairman of the executive committee of the American Cancer Society and has held many other offices in similar organizations. He is wealthy. It is a reasonable assumption that he is also honest and, at 57, wants to do something for mankind. Madison Avenue might be better advised to express pride in him, rather than disapproval or skepticism. But in that case, would it still be Madison Avenue?

The Multilateral Force

Germany's Finger on the Atom . . Amitai Etzioni

A West Germany armed with nuclear weapons is no longer inconceivable. Steps already taken, if followed to their conclusion, will lead at least to indirect German control of nuclear arms, if not to their outright possession. But a nuclear Germany is still not inevitable, and the time to discuss this possibility is while doors that have been opened unwittingly or unwisely can still be shut. Once Germany gets its nuclear force, it will be too late.

One avenue through which atomic weapons might come under West Germany's control is the so-called multilateral force (MLF). With American public opinion absorbed by the war in South Vietnam, the civil rights movement and the coming elections, this proposed naval group is receiving less public comment than it deserves. The MLF is expected to be composed of twenty-five surface vessels, each armed with eight Polaris missiles bearing nuclear war heads and each manned by crews drawn from several nations. Seven European countries have agreed to consider participating in the force: West Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, the Netherlands, Greece and Turkey. The MLF was intended to embrace all the NATO allies, but Norway and Denmark, and of course France, have refused to take any part. It is believed that Britain will not join if the Labour Party wins the general elections this month, and it may possibly not do so even if the Conservatives are returned. Italy is wavering and would almost surely stay out if Britain does. West Germany, while initially lukewarm toward the MLF, is now enthusiastic. It is committed to paying up to 67 per cent of the European costs of the MLF. In a seminar I conducted recently at the Leadership Academy in Hamburg (the German equivalent of the War College), several high-ranking German officers described the 200 nuclear missiles as their ultimate defense in the event that U.S. ground forces withdrew from Europe.

The MLF is raising a considerable technical debate that clouds the central political issue. Various naval experts have expressed doubt that a ship can be effectively operated with an inter-European crew—at the very least, the Greeks and Turks, it is said, will have to be kept on separate decks. And it has been pointed out that whereas the United States put its own Polaris missiles on submarines in order to make them invulnerable,

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the proposed MLF ships are to be surface vessels, perilously exposed to enemy fire. Hence it is understandable that various authorities have, on purely technical grounds, referred to the MLF as "military nonsense" and a "multilateral farce." Among these, Royal Air Force Marshal Sir John Slessor and Lord Montgomery have both stated that the MLF has no military value.

Initially, Pentagon officials and other American military spokesmen offered similar opinions, the consensus being that MLF was a sop to the European desire to share the nuclear sword. But when the German representatives complained that if the MLF were publicly dismissed as militarily valueless they would have a hard time defending the large expenditures involved before their parliament, the Pentagon accommodated them by providing a military rationale for it.

The main question, though, is not how efficient this nuclear sting might be. Even if it were perfectly manned and coordinated, its 200 missiles would not amount to much in the East-West military scales (the United States alone commands about 40,000 nuclear arms and more than enough means of delivery). The crucial question is who will control the nuclear trigger of this new force. Our original position, as Walter Lippmann reported in *Western Unity and the Common Market*, was that "within the Western Alliance the ultimate responsibility in nuclear affairs must be in one capital, not in two or three." But according to this position there is not even a political purpose in setting up the MLF: we already have in Europe an abundance of nuclear weapons which we exclusively control. President Kennedy then suggested in his July 4, 1962, speech that the United States would be able to deal with a United Europe "on an equal basis," and that was interpreted as covering questions of nuclear strategy. Such an offer looked innocuous enough in mid-1962. We fully expected Britain to be part of any such United Europe, and unity itself seemed far away. Two years later we still hold that we are prepared to share the control of nuclear weapons only with a United Europe, but the meaning of the phrase is changing rapidly. Britain is in all likelihood out of it, and a federation of Europe is no longer considered a prerequisite for participation in nuclear triggering; a committee that will speak for Europe is now thought sufficient. Since several European countries have refused to participate in the MLF, we have consented to share its control not with a United Europe but with one slice of it—and one in which West Germany looms larger and larger. That, as of now, is our official position and policy.

Our position on control of the actual firing of the MLF's weapons, which started with a demand for exclusive American authority and has already arrived at a we-agree-to-share compromise, may continue to erode. Several proposals for the voting procedures of a committee that would speak for Europe's finger on the trigger (two buttons must be pushed to launch a missile) have already been discussed in the State Department. Initially, unanimity was deemed essential, but since that would enable the smallest country, let us say the peace-loving Dutch, to spike the whole striking force, new proposals were outlined. These include a committee composed only of the bigger powers, or one in which the smaller ones would participate on a rotating basis, or one in which votes would be weighted according to contributions. Any of these arrangements, and in particular the last one, would give West Germany a considerable control of the trigger.

"Farsighted" strategists are already two steps ahead of these most recent proposals. The MLF, as depicted so far, would still reserve one of the two firing buttons to the United States; thus even if the Germans should gain virtual control of the European button, we could still veto any firing. But some strategists already argue that an MLF thus controlled would not solve the basic problem that led to its conception in the first place: it would not assure the Europeans that they could trigger a war if they deemed this vital to their defense.

Ever since de Gaulle raised the question of whether the United States would sacrifice its life for the defense of Europe, other European spokesmen have been chiming in. Their desire for atomic autonomy

Lieut. Comdr. E. C. Buerkle, USN

would be satisfied only if they could launch nuclear weapons *without* our concurrence. Hence some strategists, whose voices have been heeded often in the past, advocate a European-controlled nuclear force —a force, however, in which at least de Gaulle's France will not take part, and one from which Britain is likely to withdraw. In practice, Germany could be expected to dominate such a force, as today it dominates NATO's European conventional armaments.

At worst, a European deterrent would enable the Europeans to involve us in a nuclear war over matters, and at a stage, when we believed conflict should be avoided. At best, it would bring about the dissemination of nuclear weapons and terminate the thaw in the cold war, since both the Soviet Union and the East European countries are haunted by the threat of German militarism's gaining atomic strength.

Why are we setting up the MLF and why are we considering a purely European deterrent? Four arguments are given, and since, unfortunately, most of them apply both to an American-European-controlled MLF and to a purely European deterrent force, the arguments given for the former are sometimes used to justify the latter.

The *save-the-alliance argument*: The basis of American foreign policy since 1947 has been to ally free societies in opposition to expansionist communism. NATO is the central link of this chain. De Gaulle, by weakening it, has endangered the unity of the West. We must prevent him from seizing leadership of Western Europe, which he might then convert to a third force. If, by satisfying its aspirations, we bound West Germany more tightly to the Western Alliance, it would become a counterweight to de Gaulle in Europe (something Britain was not able to be); it would stop Germany from throwing its economic power behind de Gaulle's foreign policy and would prevent Western Europe from leaving the alliance. In short, it would save the alliance. Moreover, it is suggested, that after de Gaulle's departure, France might return to the fold, and thus the split of Western Europe would be healed.

This argument overlooks three points: (1) France's nuclear force was initiated before de Gaulle came to power and whoever succeeds him will probably continue to maintain it; (2) West Germany's ambitions cannot be satisfied by a half share of an American-European trigger; and (3) if the MLF were released to exclusive European control, the effect would be to undermine NATO still further, since we would be under pressure to dissociate ourself from an ally whose small nuclear potential could be used to trigger our big one. We can scarcely justify an alliance with a nuclear France, and we frown upon Britain's deterrent; if a country that has active territorial claims against Soviet-controlled territory and which the USSR actively fears were able to brandish the atom, the alliance would fly asunder.

George Grosz

The *inoculation theory*: In informal talks with Soviet representatives, frightened East Europeans and liberal friends in Western Europe and West Germany itself, all of whom worry about the consequences of a nuclear-armed West Germany, we keep repeating that the best way to discourage Germany from acquiring a full-fledged nuclear force of its own is to provide it, as part of Europe, with a small one. But the medical analogy of inoculation is more vivid than logical. Why should the Germans be satisfied with a small nuclear force? Have we not repeatedly and correctly explained, with reference to the small British and French forces, that a small deterrent is worth less than no deterrent at all? A country armed with a nuclear sting would be strong enough to provoke the Russians but not strong enough to shield itself or to deter a war. I have discussed this matter with German military men and I am certain that most of them are quite aware that 200 missiles, exposed on the surface of the sea, would not balance the invulnerable strategic Soviet force (most of which is of intermediary range and aimed at Western Europe, not at the United States). The leaders of West Germany would never be content with a nuclear sting.

The *learning theory*: President Kennedy was continually worried lest a nuclear doomsday be unleashed by a human or mechanical mistake. When observers praised his masterful use of power in the Cuban blockade, he emphasized that if anyone on either side were to make a major miscalculation in such a confrontation, there would be 150 million dead within eighteen hours. He was won over to support of the MLF, one of his advisers reports, by the argument that the Europeans should be allowed to learn prudence by the awful responsibility implied in sharing the control of atomic weapons. It is a fine theory, with only one flaw: who will assure us that during the learning period no firing will occur? And could we expect Russia to sit out our Deweyan experiment, risking annihilation in case it were to fail?

Finally, the *we-have-no-choice argument* must be considered. When I debated at New York University with Herman Kahn, he suggested that if we do not give nuclear weapons to the Germans they will obtain them anyhow. (Germany has a research reactor at Karlsruhe, and German missile experts are at work in Egypt.) Thus, by withholding nuclear arms, we should lose their gratitude and support without preventing their nuclear armament. However, Germany is committed since 1955 not to produce nuclear weapons. This commitment can be flouted at any moment, but without our backing Germany would invite a Soviet attack, at least on its missile and nuclear reactor sites. It is only under our military shield that a German nuclear force could grow. Producing such weapons secretly is inconceivable, since what is involved is not two bombs, as in the Manhattan Project, but the large-scale manufacture of bombs and delivery systems, which could not be built, deployed and coordinated surreptitiously. A declaration by the United States that it expects Germany to live up to its international commitment would be enough to prevent the "inevitable" German acquisition of nuclear weapons.

But what about the Germans? Do they actually desire nuclear weapons? Their position is rapidly changing. A few years ago only a small group of Germans, men like Herr Strauss, would as much as breathe such a possibility. More recently, the current German defense minister has said that the MLF would not be a genuine military instrument until the United States veto was withdrawn, and listed such a withdrawal as a goal of the Bonn government.

A special reason for present anxiety is Bonn's commitment to the reunification of Germany, which is interpreted as encompassing not only East Germany but also the territories east of the Oder-Neisse line, now held by Poland. Until recently, German officials would tell American visitors (strictly off the record) that their reunification demands were for public consumption, made out of domestic political considerations to keep the refugee vote. But over the last six months this attitude has changed. When a recent American visitor reminded two Bonn officials, who were talking about reunification, "but you do not mean it," the snap answer was "the hell we don't. We have relatives there who must be liberated." I met no one in Germany who wanted war or who believed that the liberation of his relatives would require it. But I met quite a few who would like West Germany to be fully armed in order, "at an opportune moment," to attain reunification by threats and military pressure—best effected, some believe, by nuclear weapons.

Perhaps the most unsettling aspect of this whole question is the present widespread German reluctance to discuss it in public. At a conference of the Federation of German Scientists held in Wieneck last May, I found that quite a few of the scientists attending thought that Germany's own interests—reunification included—would be better served by a thaw, by a Soviet-American accommodation, and, as they put it, by a "de-coupling" of Europe's problems from those of the cold war and the arms race. But most of them felt that they could not so express themselves in public without endangering their academic position (German professors are civil servants) and being showered with public abuse. An editor of the *Suddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich similarly explained his inability to support such a view in his columns. An interviewer of the Bremen Radio station listened to an American professor warning that Germany should refrain from acquiring nuclear weapons and describing the positive role the country could play in forwarding, rather than seeking to retard, disarmament negotiations. The interviewer then turned to him and said, "When we go on the air, I shall have to express my dismay at your views, though I perfectly agree with them. I hope you Americans will do something to stop us from the terrible temptation. We can no longer control ourselves."

The Space Crescent

MOON BOOM

William S. Ellis

It is the South, a land of snakes and swamps and sassy catfish; a land clogged with faded advertisements for snuff and fertilizer, and highway signs proclaiming that "The End Is Near—Prepare To Meet Thy God!" It is a land, too, of unparalleled boom, whose crackling fire of prosperity is refueled by the scorching backlash of each departing rocket of this space age. In future years, after the almost frantic effort to reach the moon has been throttled down to a commonplace judgment of either spectacular success or supreme folly, this section of the country will likely be remembered as having stood in bold relief on the economic flatness of the 1960s.

This area, originally called the missile crescent but now more properly the space crescent, arches from Brevard County (site of Cape Kennedy) in Florida, up to northern Alabama, and then down to New Orleans and west to Houston. Today, along certain points of that arc, the South's design for living is undergoing radical changes—changes laid out on that foundation of half fantasy from which the drive into space is unable to divorce itself.

The crescent stations of cyclonic activity set up by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) are, in addition to Cape Kennedy, the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala.; the mammoth Michoud Operations rocket manufacturing plant in New Orleans; the 128,000-acre Mississippi Test Operations site (about 35 miles north of Michoud) and the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston. The impact of NASA's work in the crescent area ranges from staggering to lightly discernible, but in every case the changes it effects must be reckoned with not only in terms of economics but socially and politically as well.

The two latter contexts will be examined in future articles, but it is necessary first to look at the crescent in terms of money, since that is the corporate society's natural starting place. From profit everything else springs: a large corporation with a NASA contract integrates its Southern work force, not because of any urgent desire to correct injustice, but because the government now demands of its contractors that they present an image, no matter how shallow, of social awareness (except for the FBI, NASA itself is probably the whitest, most blue-eyed, crew-cut, Protestant agency in government). A Congressman votes for passage of an obviously outlandish space appropriation, not because he looks forward

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to the day when his grandchildren can go to summer camp on Mars, but because the president of a corporation doing business with NASA is his good friend and chief campaign benefactor.

In the simplest terms, NASA is charged with managing the most ambitious purchase order ever drawn up by the government of the United States. It calls for a trip to the moon and return within this decade. The cost of the order varies according to the official giving the estimate, but almost everyone concerned agrees that $20 billion would not be far off. To speculate on how many slums could be eradicated or how many poor fed with that sum of money would be futile: generally, the Congressman who is ready to ax space funds is equally opposed to government appropriations for pressing social needs.

Space spending occupies an almost hallowed position in government fiscal policy. It has been allowed to go its own way, hooking the economy to a point where any withdrawal would be painful, especially in the Southern crescent. Those who do question the wisdom of spending so much on so many vague concepts of progress are quickly put down. Such was the case last June when the Senate agreed to reconsider its approval, given only a few days earlier, of a $5.2 billion appropriation for the space program. The action was inspired by Senator Wayne Morse (D., Ore.), who voiced dismay at the lack of debate on the appropriation which he described as "far exceeding the negative connotation of a boondoggle." But less than twenty-four hours later, the money bill was through the Senate with every penny intact. Only two Senators, Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.) and J. W. Fulbright (D., Ark.), joined Morse in opposition.

It was with well-based confidence, then, that J. H. Reed, of NASA's Management Office in Huntsville, could predict at a session of the Canaveral Space Congress this year that the space program is likely to involve massive annual outlays "for as long into the future as men can imagine."

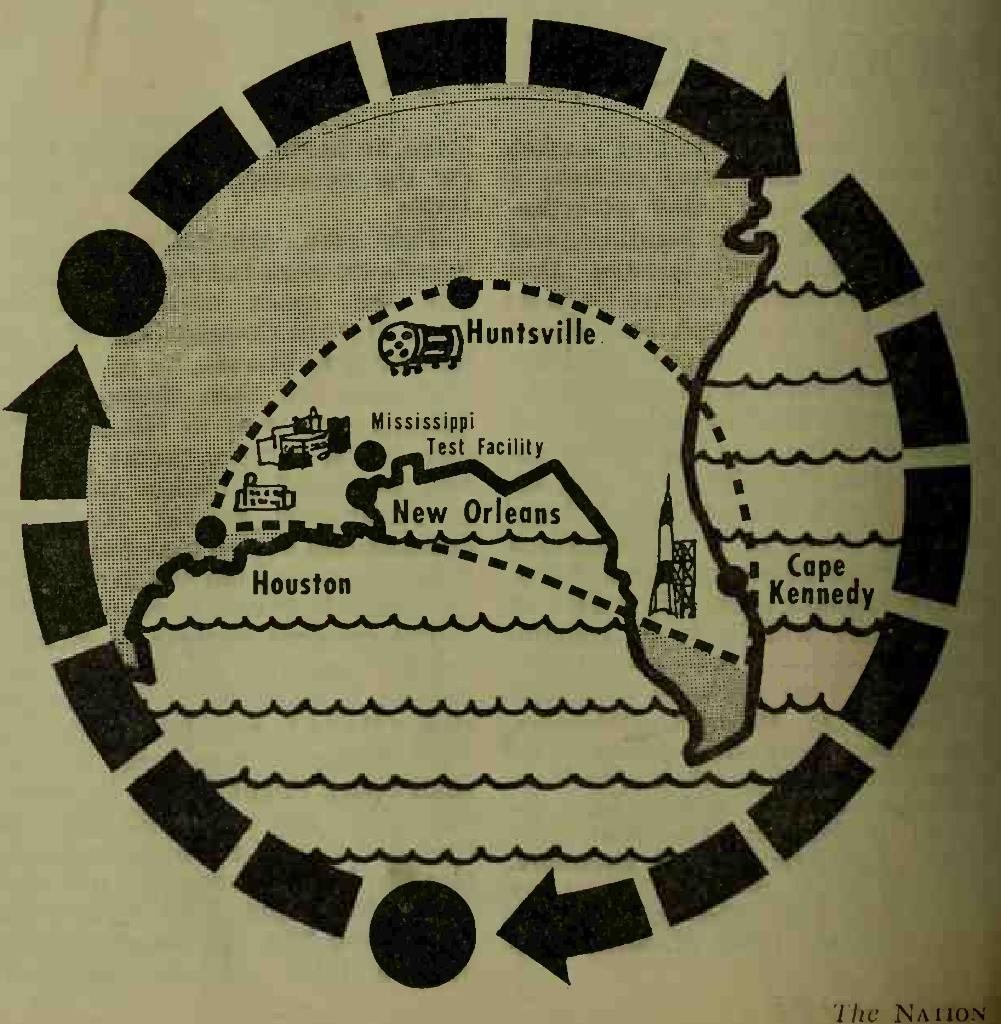
With the great majority of the space dollars going to private contractors (90 per cent in the case of the budget for the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston), the economic impact has become something other than "healthy." It has begun to give form to a monster of manipulation. Seldom before has so much subcontracting and joint-venture bidding been conducted under the mantle of free enterprise. The space program is ceding to private industry a degree of power that in no way meshes with the economic workings of a democracy. Some NASA officials express concern over this development, but most are blind to all but their dedication—it borders on nobility—to the success of the program.

Many of the jobs NASA has to do are too big for any one company to handle. For example, when the agency called for bids on construction of a building in which to assemble the massive, 365-foot-high Saturn V moon rocket, the specifications were enough to awe the most daring of entrepreneurs. The building, to be constructed on the government's recently acquired 88,000 acres of mostly swampland (average cost of dredging and filling, $7,000 per acre) on Merritt Island, adjacent to the Cape Kennedy complex, will rise 524 feet and cover more than 7 acres. It will be large enough to hold the Pentagon and another building half its size.

On January 7 of this year, NASA announced that the winning bids for joint construction of the vertical assembly building had been submitted by the Perini Corp., Morrison-Knudsen Co., Inc., and Paul Hardeman Construction Co., Inc. The contract is for $63.3 million, the largest amount for any single piece of aerospace construction in this country.

"Joint venture bidding is not new," Wesley L. Hjornevik, assistant director for administration at the Manned Spacecraft Center, said. "That, along with prime contracting and subcontracting, is done quite often." But how often does the commitment run to more than $60 million? Such a sum implies, in addition to a pooling of resources and construction know-how, a consolidation of corporate power to protect the deep involvement. Cartels have sprung from smaller acorns of harmony.

Dave W. Lang, procurement officer at the Manned Spacecraft Center, views it all in a shining light of All-American team spirit. "To achieve our goals within this



decade," he has said, "we must call on a variety of talent and industrial strength from all parts of the country. Through an integrated system, we arrive at a product that insures the success of the program . . . each region has its share of the program because each part of the country has some talent it can contribute to the overall effort."

Nowhere is the "call" he speaks of more clearly heard than in the crescent area. There the scene is one of constant motion: executives of space-related industries rushing from conference to conference and filling the magnolia-scented air with the impersonal drone of the credit-card sophisticate; thousands of pretty secretaries placing hurried long-distance telephone calls and reserving rent-a-cars for their bosses (it sometimes seems that space people cover more miles with Hertz and Avis than they do with successful rocket flights); high-rise apartment and office buildings going up as quickly as the soil can be tested and turned; everyone making lots of money except the poor Southern farmer who has lived in the area all his life and doesn't quite know what all the fuss is about.

The impact is most striking in Florida's Brevard County. There the most rapid population growth of any county in the nation is now being recorded. To the communities of Cocoa, Cocoa Beach and Cape Canaveral, where not too many years ago a roadside fruit stand was a substantial enterprise, have come such industrial giants as Chrysler, Boeing, Douglas Aircraft, General Electric, Ford, RCA and many others. Shopping centers, housing developments and freeways flanked by scores of luxurious motels have moved in, making this area the somewhat garish nerve center of the new economic vitality.

In fact, the economy of Brevard County began to change when the housewife stopped squeezing oranges for juice. The world-famous Indian River citrus is grown there, and as juice in cans and cartons gained popularity, innovations in marketing and shipping the fancy fruit had to be made. After much consolidation, six major packing houses were left, each employing between 100 and 150 persons for eight months of the year. The combined payroll for the eight-month year ranged from $600,000 to $1,500,000. That was the chief industry in the county. But now the aerospace industry payroll is $130 million a year. And it is still rising. "It should reach $200 million a year by 1970," said Mayo Hill, executive secretary of the Cocoa Chamber of Commerce and a former citrus grower.

In Brevard, as elsewhere along the crescent, the ominous signs of swelling, uncontrolled corporate strength are to be seen on all sides. The role of Pan American Airways at the Cape Kennedy complex is a case in point.

Eleven years ago, Pan American contracted with the Air Force to serve as housekeeper of the Atlantic Missile Range, its duties including such chores as delivering food to the mess halls and maintaining security (a visitor to Cape Kennedy has to pass the scrutiny of guards employed not by the government but by Pan American). In the beginning, this division of the corporation had about fifty employees. As missile activity accelerated, Pan American's responsibilities increased, with the emphasis moving gradually but unmistakably from service to science. The employees now number 7,000, with a payroll of $144 million, most of which is dumped in Brevard County. The division still keeps the floors swept all right, but it also has taken on technological planning in such fields as instrumentation of sophisticated space vehicles.

"I want to make it clear on the point of who runs the range" [the Atlantic Missile Range], a Pan American spokesman said. "The Air Force is the range manager. Air Force men assign our tasks, review and approve our plans, and in general look over our shoulder to assure quality of performance, that costs are reasonable, and that the mission is accomplished in the most effective and economical manner." Responsibility for making the final decisions, he emphasized, rests with the Air Force.

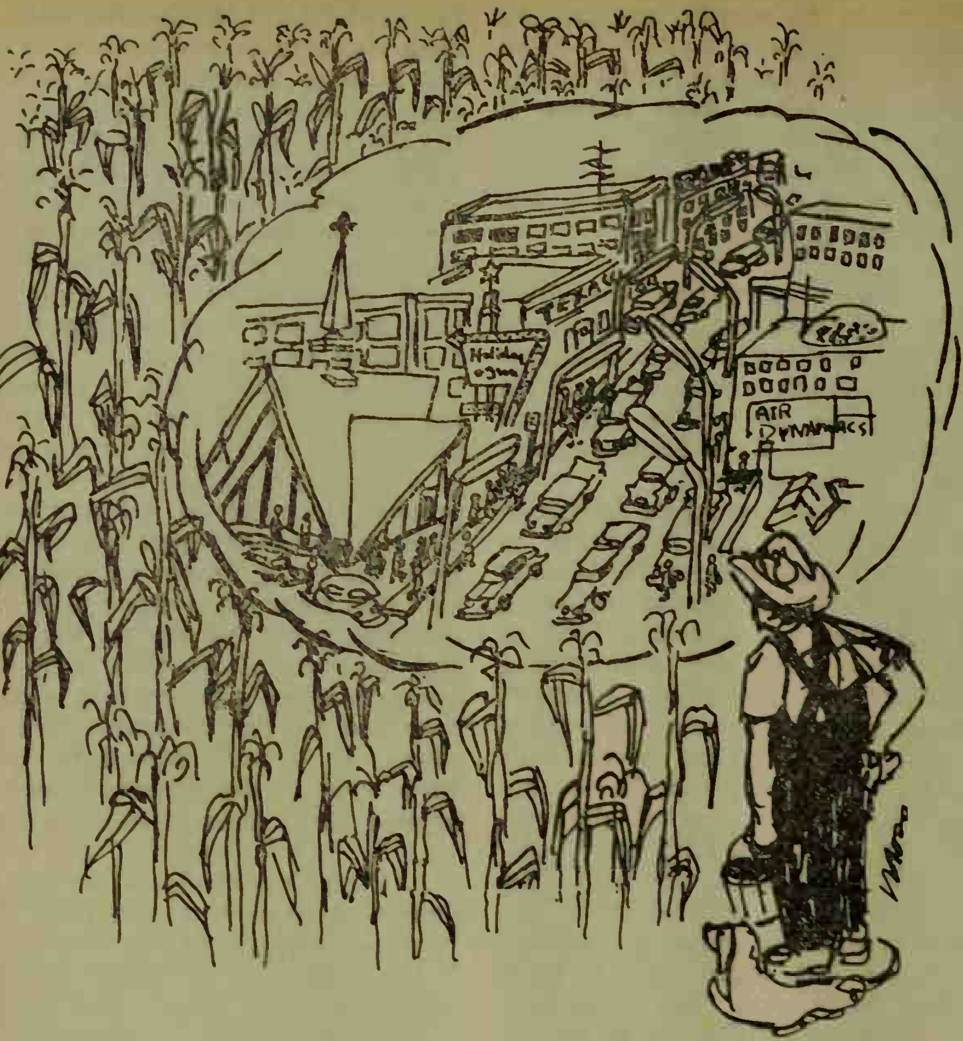
It is understandable that the spokesman should stress the "management" aspect of the space program, for that is the key to the economic juggernaut now sweeping through the crescent. The stark fact is, however, that Pan American and Boeing and Chrysler and all the others are taking the ball away from the government.

In aerospace work, the climate for proliferation of self-interests is even more favorable than it is in the defense industry. Pan American, for example, is pushing what it calls the "state of the art" in a galaxy of space-related fields. Lockheed Missiles and Space Co. looks beyond the moon landing and reveals that its scientists, after three years of planning, have come up with designs of a bubble-shaped car for travel *on* the moon. And Westinghouse Electric Corp. is completing work on a nuclear power plant that can be transported in the nose of a Saturn V rocket and used to provide electricity at a lunar base. These concepts of future space hardware are being drawn up with the idea that someone is going to buy—someone being, of course, the federal government. In that way, the space program rolls merrily along, propelled by the companies themselves; it is not allowed to slow down, even at the crossroads where science turns into science fiction.

NASA's control has become so slack that in at least one case the agency's suggestions for change in design of a spacecraft were resisted by the contractor responsible for the technology of that particular program. Involved was the trouble-plagued Ranger spacecraft, and a good measure of the blame for its many launch failures before it finally got off last August can be traced to the contractual relationship between NASA and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology. For managing the laboratory, Cal Tech receives an annual fee of $1 million, making it, in effect, a prime aerospace contractor. Still, the laboratory was in such firm control of the Ranger program that it could virtually ignore NASA's suggestions on design. (See "Pentagon and Campus: The Sullen Marriage" by Wesley Marx, *The Nation*, May 18, 1964.)

Alas, arrogance, like almost everything else in the space program, does not come cheap; in this case, it cost the taxpayers $250 million.

It is little wonder, then, that with a shopping budget that permits millions in waste, NASA is regarded in the Southern crescent as the greatest thing to come along since hominy grits. The people there are happily awash in an atmosphere of tingling anticipation—as if sooner or later a man from Washington



were going to knock on every door of every house in every community and say: "Here's 150 million bucks. We want to rent your son's space helmet." When workers began to assemble a tall structure at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, the word spread quickly that it was to be a rocket launch facility. The structure grew taller and excitement mounted. Already growing at such a rate that it may well be the largest city in the world by the year 2000, according to the Lloyds of London survey, Houston was to expand its space program participation even to include launchings! More industry rushing in; more money spilling into the streets; the eyes of the world glued on the gantry-spiked prairie!

Finally, workmen plunked a tank down on top of the structure, and the awful truth struck home. In this space-oriented age of exotic design, a common old water tower was a crushing anticlimax.

But disillusion with NASA is the rarest exception in the Southern crescent. The much more typical situation is that of a man named Milton K. Cummings and the company he heads—Brown Engineering of Huntsville. Many stars are falling on northern Alabama these days, and the brightest of them all appears to have landed squarely in the lap of this one-time cotton merchant.

Less than a dozen years ago, Brown Engineering's entire work force totaled fifteen. It was strictly a local business, characterized by the sloth of a small shop in a small Southern town. Six years ago, when Cummings stepped in as president, the company was about to go bankrupt. He quickly brought in fresh talent, diversified operations and went calling on officials at the nearby George C. Marshall Space Flight Center. Today, Brown Engineering is among NASA's top dozen contractors. It employs 3,400 in five major operating divisions; its research laboratories are spread out over an 80-acre site in outlying Huntsville, and there are branch units at each of the stations of space activity along the crescent.

Cummings developed the largest and most diversified space-work machine shop in the South. "We do all of the work, from the drawing board to the finished product." Many of the products the company supplies, such as cable masts for the base of a rocket's tail, are being built for the first time. "Our original budget was high because aerospace industries started with nothing," Cummings said. "Everything had to be built." So, in the beginning, he invested $1 million of his own money in the company. Last year, Brown Engineering's overall sales reached $33,122,824.

Something else that Cummings did was hire Joseph C. Moquin as executive vice president in charge of technical management. Moquin was chief management engineer at Redstone Arsenal, of which the Flight Center is a part. Herein lies another reason why NASA is losing control to private industry: for all of the money it spends, the agency's salary scale is low (Dr. Wernher von Braun receives less than $25,000 a year) and more and more of its top talent is joining space-related industries.

The presence of the Space Flight Center has wrought great economic changes in Huntsville and all of Madison County. Between twenty and twenty-five space-related industrial plants are there now, and another 100 firms, with an interest in the space program, have representatives in the area. One of the industries with a large local payroll is called Spaco, Inc. It is a grand space-age name—short, metallic and hinting of fiery speed. But Spaco is an old Huntsville firm. Before rockets were invented, it made awnings, and the letters in its name stand for Southern Protective Awning Co. Now it has almost 500 employees, turns out components for missiles and enjoys annual gross sales in the millions of dollars. Such are the good fortunes of being in the right place at the right time and having a name so deserving of a role in this drama of the new South—a South where help-wanted newspaper advertisements for bean pickers have been replaced by ones for telemetry data processing programers; a South where books on applied mathematics outsell Douglas Freeman's three-volume set of *Lee's Lieutenants*.

The first wave of the space program's billions of dollars washed up on Huntsville and the statistics of the growth that followed are overwhelming. Population is up from 16,000 just ten years ago to more than 110,000 today (the number of pupils in the Huntsville schools now exceeds the city's total population in 1950); construction totaled more than $81 million in 1963, an unheard of amount for an Alabama city in one year; retail sales soared to $60 million in the first quarter of 1964, up almost 20 per cent from the same period last year and making Huntsville the second fastest-growing metropolitan market in the nation; annual sale of kilowatt hours of electricity has more than tripled in eight years; 1,000 new telephones were installed during January of this year alone.

Old-time residents of Huntsville say now that maybe Henry Ford was right. They are harking back more than forty years to the time when the car maker from Detroit stood looking at the pleasant, rolling hills of northern Alabama and predicted that one day there would be a city stretching from Huntsville to Muscle Shoals. Developers took him at his word; they bought up land and even laid out street boundaries in the cotton fields. But nothing happened and people said old Henry was wrong—Huntsville would never amount to anything more than being the birthplace of Tallulah Bankhead. TVA came in, though, bringing with it lakes and more greenery for the land, cheap power and new hope for prosperity. Finally, in April, 1950, Wernher von Braun and his group of German scientists moved from Fort Bliss, Tex., to Redstone Arsenal; and from that day forward, Henry Ford's city began to rise and for the first time in the history of this country, native-born Southerners began migrating back to the South to work for the government.

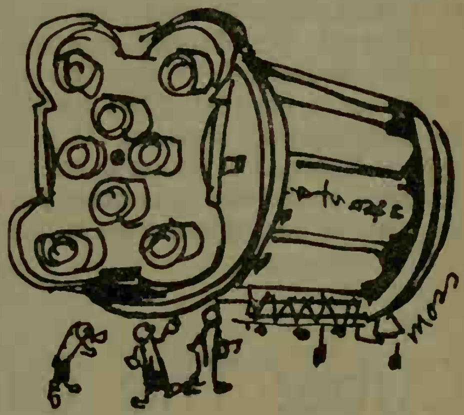
"Over the years we have talked about the opportunities that would come when we developed our waterways and expanded from a primarily agricultural economy to a diversified economy," Milton Cummings said. "Now that era of opportunity is here—right here in our southland."

The diversification, however, is less than sweeping. Huntsville's economy has indeed spread from cotton futures to rocket construction, but there, except for a mushrooming of related services, it more or less stops. This worries some who still have reservations about the durability of the space program. To dispel these fears, more and more former generals and admirals, recruited from retirement into "advisory" capacities with aerospace firms, are appearing at service club luncheons in towns along the crescent and assuring the jittery that "the program is here to stay." Non-space-related industries are reluctant to move into the area, however, because of the high wage platform, and at present there are only about 5,000 jobs on the Huntsville labor market in which the federal government is not involved, directly or indirectly.

Further, the boom means little to the unskilled native son. There is no place in space for his pick-and-shovel talents. During the past several years, less than 100 unskilled persons have been hired at Redstone Arsenal, and yet they keep coming—more than 100 a day—to the employment office for work that isn't there. Huntsville tries to diversify the boom through its industrial expansion committee. Handsome brochures have been printed (". . . a pleasant, sunny place to live") and expensive color advertisements placed in *Fortune* (". . . a city blessed with many resources"), but so far the bait has attracted only more highly technical industries eager to share in the bonanza of the space billions. The city will post an industrial employment net gain of perhaps 2,000 jobs this year; almost all of them will be in skilled missile work.

Should the space program collapse tomorrow, much of Huntsville would collapse with it, and all of the expansion would shrivel up.

Elsewhere on the crescent, Houston and New Orleans are less dependent on the space program as a foundation for their economies. Nevertheless, the impact is significant. In Houston, for instance, eighty aerospace firms have established new branches or enlarged existing operations as a result of the decision to locate the $147 million—the original estimated cost was less than half that much—Manned Spacecraft Center there. In New Orleans, the Michoud Operations facility increased the number of retail establishments by 300 and retail sales by $33 million.



"The Houston business community has been disappointed by the impact," the Manned Spacecraft Center's Wesley Hjornevik said. "They didn't understand that it wasn't going to be a flashy thing, with lots of manufacturing. That was the single big misunderstanding between Houston and NASA, I believe."

The Center, a complex of seventeen handsomely furnished buildings spread out over as many acres, is to be concerned only with the development and manning of the spacecraft. No actual construction work will be undertaken there, and there will be, therefore, no massive stimulation of the economy. Federal funds for the Center amounted in 1963 to $1.3 billion, of which only $11 million was spent on contracts in the Houston area. Construction of the buildings will soon be completed and employment is expected to level off next year, after peaking at around 5,000. After that, the scientists and the glib young administrators and the astronauts and the smile-a-second secretaries will have everything pretty much to themselves in the thickly carpeted, air-conditioned Center. (NASA, which likes to cite the climate as one of the major reasons for concentrating its activity in the 1,200-

mile crescent, has placed an air conditioner in every nook and cranny of its installations.)

To an anti-space observer, the Center, rising on the brownish-yellow expanse of parched, deeply rutted prairie, must loom as the ultimate in wasteful spectaculars. And invariably the question comes to mind: Why go to the moon?

There are dozens of official stock answers to that question, many of them invoking the name of Columbus ("Columbus took a chance and look what came out of that"). Paul E. Purser, special assistant to the director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, preferred to use the Crusades for a parallel. "The ideal we are striving for," he said, "is a concept of living. The moon is only the material symbol of this concept, as the city of Jerusalem was only the symbolic goal of the Crusaders." He went on to warn that the whole project involves a challenge to "our democratic way of life by the controlled society, where the state is supreme." For one brief, frightening moment, he invoked a vision of Anastas Mikoyan replacing J. Edgar Hoover in the event that we don't reach the moon first.

NASA is forced to take that vision seriously because it answers the question, not why man should go to the moon, but why it is necessary to use a crash program to get him there. The whole space endeavor is riddled with "shoot-and-hope" failures, all because of the great rush. But failure begets additional research and additional research begets additional contracts to private industry which, in many cases, was responsible for the failure in the first place. And all of this flurry produces "spin-off" projects—those delicious bits of profitable progress—with which corporate power cements its every gained inch in the drift toward reliance on aerospace for a major support of the nation's economy.

As aerospace continues to be our fastest growing industry, the Southern crescent continues to emerge as the throbbing heart of this new, slide-rule-devised design for living. From Texas to the east coast of Florida, and from New Orleans to northern Alabama, men and machines are working frantically to keep the heart on a rapid beat. Even now, if the heart should fail, there would be a gasping for breath in Kalamazoo as well as in Cocoa. Our economic commitment to space has gone that far.

Cuba: The Girl and the Slogans . . . Arthur Hoppe

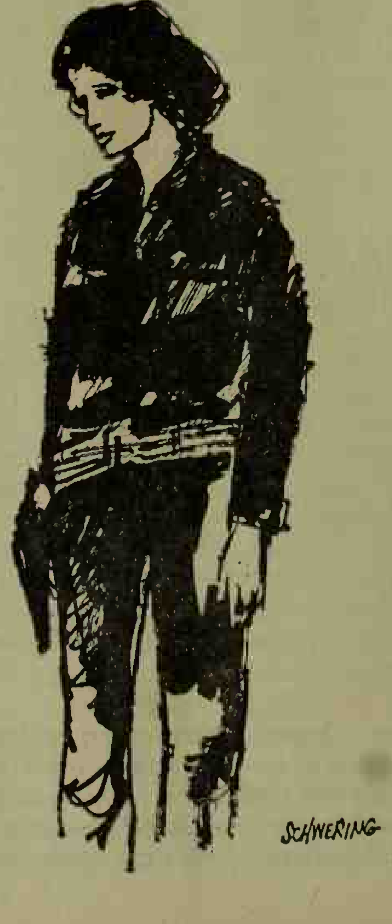
We were sitting in the bar of the Casa Grande Hotel in Santiago on the eastern tip of Cuba, the pretty girl in militia uniform, her husband and I. They were fine young people, full of laughter and gentleness.

It had been a grand afternoon and now she was trying to tell me what life for a young married couple is like in the new Cuba. She told of how she went to the university in the mornings, typed in a government office in the afternoons and served in the militia, patrolling the streets in the warm nights.

And did they plan to have children? "We haven't time for that right now," she said in deep seriousness. "We must work hard if we are to win."

As she said it, she was no longer a shy, attractive young girl. She was a soldier. I was no longer conscious of her soft cheeks and huge dark eyes, but of her uniform—the boots, the baggy khaki pants, the coarse blue denim shirt and the heavy Colt .38 strapped around her hips. And I was sad.

It was a sadness I had felt often during the week I spent in Cuba. I felt it again that same night when we went out to hear Fidel Castro speak. The crowd of peasants in straw hats was stretched out below him far into the middle distance and he harangued them—there is no other word for it—for three and a half hours. He spoke hardly at all of communism, but constantly of patriotism. The theme he wove and rewove into his speech was that here they were, loyal Cubans all, surrounded on their small beleaguered island by implacable enemies led by the United States. And the crowd would begin to chant happily: "Fee-dell, hit the Yankees hard!" Or, if he mentioned malcontents: "To the wall!"



When it was over each listener, as far as the eye could see, raised both arms, clasped hands with his neighbor and sang *The Internationale*. I expected it, but what surprised me was the way they sang it, swaying back and forth in long lines, bringing forth the militant words with a soft Latin lilt, as though it were a fraternity drinking song. And this made me sad.

Afterward, we went to the carnival. Under banners proclaiming the glories of Marxism and Leninism, the proletariat paraded eight abreast through the narrow streets—each doing the cha-cha-cha. I found myself with an arm around the shoulder of a thin old Negro man. "Americano?" he asked. "Gringo," I replied. "Ah, Americano!" he shouted, throwing his other arm around me and giving me a huge hug as the crowd around us laughed and clapped their hands. Behind him on a wall a huge poster cried out in angry red letters:

"YANQUIS! ASESINOS!"

Arthur Hoppe is a syndicated West Coast political columnist.

An army jeep honked us out of the way. It was towing a gaily decorated white float bearing a pretty girl in a low-cut organdy gown, smiling and waving like beauty queens everywhere—fresh, young, virginal. But the sign over her flowered throne said: "Fatherland or Death! We Shall Win!" And I felt the sadness again.

In the days that followed I came to understand the sadness. It was because I had come to love the Cuban people—as much as one can love a whole people. I loved them because I found them warm and friendly and joyous and wryly funny. Yet these seemed the very qualities endangered by the growing regimentation of the island. For, to me, the basic sin of communism is that it is intrinsically dull—that the discipline and conformity it imposes sap the joy from life. And I came to feel I was in the middle of a vast contest between the grim Orwellian world of 1984 and the cha-cha-cha—with the former slowly winning.

On my last day I spoke of my fears to a Cuban friend I had made. He laughed and said what so many others have: "Don't worry about us. We may be Communists, but we're Cuban Communists and that's something else again. Even the Russians don't understand us. Really, ideology isn't one of our strong points."

Maybe so; but I continue to worry. For the Cubans display other qualities. Like most island peoples, they are intensely patriotic; like most Latin peoples they are intensely emotional. And it strikes me that it is not communism Fidel Castro is selling them; it is patriotism. As long as he can plausibly picture Cuba as a brave bastion assailed by enemies, pretty young girls will proudly wear guns and drill in the streets—when they should be going to dances and thinking of babies. As long as the island lies under siege, I fear the discipline and the conformity will grow as it grows in any nation on a wartime footing.

Maybe my friend is right, and what is Cuban will survive what is Communist. But I wonder. I wonder most about the young people, growing up in an atmosphere of constant propaganda. For I felt the sadness most on my last night in Havana, standing at the window of my hotel room and looking out over the Caribbean in the moonlight. There, above the city, rose a neon sign, three stories high, flashing over and over and over again the omnipresent battle cry:

FATHERLAND OR DEATH. . . . (flick) WE SHALL WIN. . . . (flick) FATHERLAND OR DEATH. . . . (flick) WE SHALL WIN. . . .

As I stood there watching it, I hoped in my sadness that somehow, after our elections, we would find a way to make our peace with Cuba. Not because we like communism—but because we don't.

GOP: Can the Moderates Come Back?

Milton Viorst

Washington, D.C.

Republican moderates, whose inept performance before and at San Francisco proved such an asset to the Goldwater forces, have begun scratching their heads for a way to recapture the party. Reading the polls, they foresee a debacle for the Republican Presidential candidate on November 3, but they also know that a debacle does not mean the Goldwater radicals will skulk away, humiliated, returning the party machinery to their hands.

On the contrary, it has been clear for some time that the Goldwater forces—even before their candidate was nominated—have never expected to win this election. Their principal goal has been to win the party. It is remembered now that Goldwater himself spoke a year or two ago of settling for 45 per cent of the vote. His first move as a candidate was not to establish a campaign organization, which is the normal procedure, but to seize the party apparatus. His campaign tactics in recent weeks indicate that he has virtually foreclosed the possibility of gaining the support of substantial numbers of moderates, which means that he is now resigned to receiving less than 45 per cent of the vote and to a major defeat. But he and his cohorts have continued to tighten their grip on the party machinery. Goldwaterites are still pressing forward at the state levels. Win or lose, the ultraconservatives plan to retain direction of the GOP.

The line which the defeated Goldwaterites will take is now emerging. One disaffected moderate from the National Committee has said: "They'll react like the Germans after World War I. They'll claim they were stabbed in the back by their own people." The New York *Daily News*, reliable indicator of trends inside the Goldwater camp, ran a column early this month quoting Rogers C. Dunn, an election statistician who has long been in the pay of the Republican right wing. Dunn has for years maintained, in Goldwater's behalf, that within the electorate there is a vast reservoir of conservative strength—10 million, he said—that has never voted in the past, but that will bring victory in the future, simply by going to the polls. Now, conceding Goldwater's defeat, he has modified his song: Goldwater will get those 10 million ex-abstainers, but will be robbed of an equivalent 10 million or so by a "conspiracy" of the moderates. Dunn argues that the GOP liberals, by beclouding the real issues of the election with aspersions on Goldwater's intelligence, have deprived the party not only of votes but of badly needed financial support—the very support that could pay for the dissemination of the truth. Dunn still insists that a substantial majority of Americans favor Goldwater. But because Republican liberals have befuddled them, he says, Goldwater is destined to lose overwhelmingly this fall.

The Republican Right has thus prepared its doctrine for disaster. By shifting the onus of the defeat to the Left, they hope to come back for more in 1968 and thereafter. They will claim that further education of the electorate will correct the liberal distortions; they will demand the right to try again.

There is much truth, of course, to the charge that the liberal Repub-

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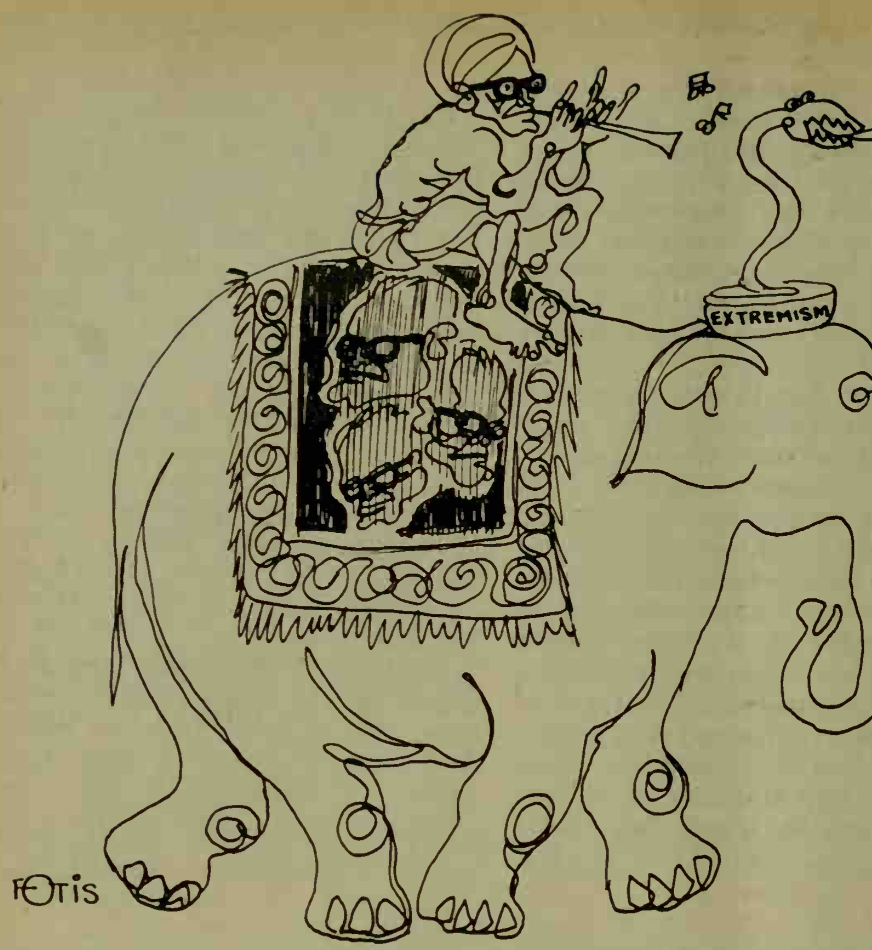
Milton Viorst is a free-lance writer, living in Washington, D.C. His Hostile Allies: FDR and De Gaulle *will be published by Macmillan in February.*



licans have abandoned Goldwater. In addition to Senators Javits and Keating, Case and Kuchel, who from the beginning expressed their contempt for the ticket, more and more Republicans have parted company with Goldwater and Miller as the campaign has disintegrated. If the apostates of the early days spurned the ticket out of conviction, those in mid-campaign have departed out of fear of being dragged down by a general collapse. Unquestionably they have risked forfeiting their influence within the party, despite their claims to the contrary. Their consciences may be purer, but in the aftermath to November 3, their voices will be weaker than those of the men who, however unwillingly, remained to face the music.

Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania and Charles Percy, would-be Governor of Illinois, should theoretically be in an ideal position to pick up the pieces of the Republican Party. Both have supported Goldwater, though they obviously find him offensive. George Romney, Michigan's Governor, has also made evident his lack of enthusiasm for Goldwater without actually repudiating him. Any of the three might therefore be qualified to lead a moderate renaissance. But Romney and Percy must first be elected, and Scranton must make up for his clumsy behavior in San Francisco. Most important, none of the three showed that he possessed the resources to challenge Goldwater before San Francisco and there is no certainty that any will put up a tougher fight after Election Day.

The moderate Republicans still suffer from a critical lack of leadership. If they could rally around a chief, as they once did around Eisenhower, they could probably regain control of the machinery behind the Republican National Committee, which has been Goldwater in complexion since William Miller took over as chairman after the 1960 election. A rough count of the 106-member committee, which theoretically makes policy for the party, suggests that an anti-Goldwater majority could be assembled. A strong moderate leader — particularly one with ample financial backing — could infuse the committee with a sense of mission and drive out Dean Burch, John Grenier and the rest of the far Right Goldwater crew. But in reality the National Committee has not set policy for decades. The national machinery has been in the hands of the party professionals. And no one really believes that a competent, forceful leader will come forth.

The best strategy for the moderates, in their own judgment, is to win back control of the national party through the state party organizations. Rockefeller and Scranton demonstrated at San Francisco, for a while at least, that they could retain the loyalty of their state delegations, despite Goldwater's juggernaut. They obviously lacked the strength for a sustained holding action, but their brief success showed that capture of the state houses is the most promising strategy available. At least three outstanding moderate Senators—Javits of New York, Case of New Jersey and Kuchel of California—are giving serious consideration to running for Governor of their states between now and 1968. None of them want the job; all prefer the good life in Washington to the rough-and-tumble of state politics. But if all three won, and arrived at the Republican convention of 1968 supported by the delegations of Pennsylvania under Scranton, Michigan under Romney, Illinois under Percy and Oregon under Hatfield, the moderates would be hard to beat. They would have seven of the largest states under their control and the psychological advantage of being on the upswing. But this stategy, however great its attractions, is predicated on an almost uninterrupted string of electoral victories, none of which is by any means certain. Even more important, it assumes a certain dedication and strength of purpose—neither of which virtues was conspicuous among the moderates during the 1964 campaign for the Republican nomination.

A Goldwater rout may very well consolidate the power of the extreme right wing in the Republican Party. In the races for Congress, the Republican moderates will be more vulnerable than the conservatives. If a right winger has established himself in office over a period of years, it is probable that his constituents like him that way and that he will not be dislodged by a national anti-Goldwater tide. But those Republicans who have campaigned as moderates will carry Goldwater around their necks, as heavy as any albatross. Thus Senator Keating in New York and Senator Beall in Maryland are apt to go down, although under other circumstances they might have won. Also, quite a few House moderates—Sibal from Connecticut and McDade from

Pennsylvania, for instance—are serious underdogs. John Lindsay and Seymour Halpern, both from New York City, and both with good records in the House, will be running under heavy handicaps. The absence of such men would make the GOP delegations in both Senate and House more conservative than before. It would certainly make a resurgence of Republican moderation more difficult.

An early transfer of power within the Republican Party faces a further obstacle in the huge debt that will encumber the National Committee after November. The best current estimate is that it will reach $5 million. One of the important factors of the 1964 campaign is that much big-business money has been diverted to the Democrats. Goldwater's men are so angry that they are seeking, as sour grapes, to pin the "big business" tag on the Democratic Party, and calling themselves—alas—the party of the common man. The deficit will substantially reduce the attractiveness of Republican Party leadership, for the top echelon will be preoccupied during the next four years with paying bills. It would be a stout-hearted moderate who would seek such a privilege, and no stout hearts have appeared.

The Goldwater conservatives have not overlooked the prospect of a post-election fight. If they lose badly in November, it is more than conceivable that they will wage it without Goldwater. Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky, when he was Republican National Chairman, once remarked that if he lost the Presidential election, "Barry would be content to go home and play with his ham radio for the rest of his life." Goldwater has waged a dismal campaign; Richard Nixon, a far more astute manipulator who earned the party's loyalty in a dogged and close race, could not retain the organization's support after the 1960 election. And unlike Nixon or John Kennedy, Goldwater did not create the movement that led to his candidacy. His relationship to the conservative movement fits a modification of Voltaire's quip: "if he didn't exist, we'd have to invent him." If Goldwater becomes too conspicuous a liability, the conservatives will simply invent someone else. The talent among them is thin, but there remain in the background such attractive possibilities as Senator Peter Dominick of Colorado or Rep. Gerald Ford of Michigan. Goldwater's departure would not bring an end to Goldwaterism.

What has upset the moderates most in recent weeks has been the defection of Senator Strom Thurmond to the Goldwater banner. Thurmond has walked out of the Democratic Party before, so it was no surprise. But the act, accompanied as it was by Goldwater's warm public embrace, seemed to foretell the very polarization of parties that the Republicans of the Center most fear. A mass defection of the Thurmonds of the South would certainly mean that there was no place in the GOP for the moderates, who have long had trouble justifying their presence there anyway. Such a development would mean the end of the two-party system as the country knows it. Though some might be tempted to say "good riddance," for Republican moderates it would be unmitigated disaster. It would press middle-of-the-road voters into the Democratic camp, where Lyndon Johnson has already extended a big welcome. It would narrow the base of Republican support to an even smaller national minority. It would definitely threaten American political stability. But it would give the ultraconservatives what they want and what they have been striving for—a party all their own.

Many Republican moderates know that they are struggling both for their personal survival and that of their party as a significant political force. They seem to understand now that they cannot assume that what the active members of the party want above anything else is to win elections. They might have reached that conclusion in 1960, when the party rejected Rockefeller, who was almost sure to win, to choose Nixon, who was not. That the rank and file of Republican voters is not enthusiastic about Goldwater extremism seems almost irrelevant now. The Republicans who were active liberals and moderates appear to have fled to the Democratic Party some time ago. Even the apathetic ones will vote Democratic in huge numbers in 1964. They may never return to Republicanism. The failure of the moderate wing of the Republican Party to come up with a serious alternative to Goldwater in 1964 reflects a basic weakness, not a mere coincidence of circumstances. Its job after the election would not be easy under the best of circumstances. But now the moderates have raised the question of whether they possess the inner resources to come back at all. The Goldwaterites are betting that they do not.

GOING PUBLIC . . . . Anne W. Simon

It used to take years of achievement to become known to the public. Today a private person who has done something noteworthy, or at least newsworthy, can become a public person in a few weeks. Mass exposure, gift of the electronic era, makes it possible. The requirements are an accomplishment, a reason to talk about it, and a public relations man who knows his way around the studio circuit; the result, instant fame.

Going public has hazards for the private person and for the people whose attention he now courts on the air. Only those who work the miracle know what the hazards are, and they are not likely to tell. The business of the p.r. men, the communicators, is illusion, and they want to keep it intact, the tricks of the trade hidden from view. I was astonished to discover that despite my years of scrutinizing television and radio for the magazine columns I wrote, it was only in my own recent personal brush with mass exposure that I lost my innocence.

Anne W. Simon is the author of Stepchild in the Family *(Odyssey Press). Under the name of Anne W. Langman she has written TV criticism for* The Nation.

It was a book I wrote, published this spring, that put me on the electronic merry-go-round. Its subject is stepchildren and stepparents, and that, in the jargon, is a hot one for mass exposure.

My publisher says that he does not know what sells books, but he encourages authors who have the credentials to try mass exposure and see what happens. As a result, I ranged the field, from the *Today* show at 7 A.M. to *Contact Wins* at midnight, from a two-hour stint on Boston radio to two minutes on New York's WABC. I was interviewed by newsman Mike Wallace and showman Mike Douglas, by Haywood Vincent and Vincent Tracy, by the ladies of *Girl Talk*, a minister, a disk jockey—all in all, I appeared on more than twenty television and radio programs within a month.

"You'll begin to like it . . . ." the publisher's p.r. man said. With this carrot he tempts authors like me, relatively unknown private people, into going public, so that the personality cult may embrace them and the books may sell. No matter how shy, truculent, or inarticulate they may have been, many are hooked by the habit. I could see that it has its undoubted pleasures, but at the end of four weeks, I fled to privacy.

Admittedly, I learned a few things about speaking up, looking up, hamming it up. I can now project my personality and I no longer forget to mention the title of my book in the heat of discussion—which wins me an approving smile from my p.r. guardian, keeping score in the control room. In less lucid moments, I even pine to start all over again. Knowing what I know now I could, I muse, be a coast-to-coast sensation. But now I also know too much about the hazards —to me as well as to the public—to enjoy mass exposure's balm to the ego.

The hazards of guestmanship on the interview, the panel, the unrehearsed, informal, network chat became quickly apparent. The producer of the first TV show I did ("Top exposure, prime time . . ." the p.r. man exulted) briefed me. I should start by talking about my personal life, my marriage, my family. "Everybody likes to talk about themselves," he said, smothering my objections, "and that's what's interesting." I argued the logic with him. I was there because of the book I wrote, and although I am, as its jacket states, both stepchild and stepmother, that is irrelevant to the book. In fact, the book's validity rests precisely on its being an objective report, based on several years' research. The stepchild subject is full of interest; my own experiences are neither particularly interesting nor illuminating. Last but not least is my innate distaste for talking about private affairs in public, heightened, in this situation, by the damage a chance remark on the air might do to any one of the assorted members of my family.

The logic didn't change his expectations. Personal revelations are the pattern followed by almost every communicator in my roster.

These convictions seem to me not unusually quixotic, but to hold to them I had to be uncompromising, even monosyllabic. It was a TV star, immersing me in a mist of hair spray ("to brighten you up a bit, dear") who turned my resolve to iron. When she said that we would chat about me and my life "and all the problems you must have," my response was a plain no. She summoned her producer to deal with this bizarre refusal. He talked to me in whispers in a corner of the studio, for mine was a heresy better unadvertised. "You must talk about yourself. That's what the show's about." "No," I said, the spray still stinging my eyes. "What else is there?" "The book," I murmured, "maybe something in the book. Have you read it?" "We had somebody read it, of course. What's in it?"

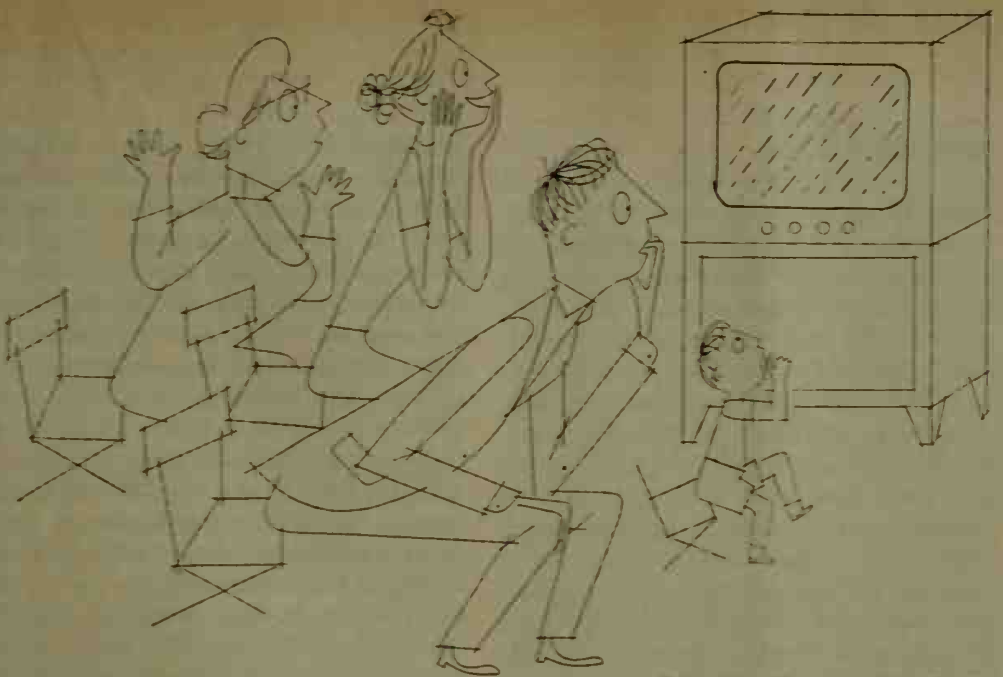
It was two minutes to air time, and the show, we knew, must go on. It did. No personal questions. If there had been, I would have carried out my last-ditch threat of silence on the air which, it appeared, would have been a worse disaster than for the star and me to talk about what I was there to talk about. My only regret in this victory was the sorrow I inflicted on the hard-working p.r. man, who is convinced that the maverick in the flock reflects on the competence of the shepherd, and that I had done damage not only to my own image but to his.

In penance, I compromised on lesser matters. I have a low voice, and speak slowly, especially when I am trying to make sense. "A few elocution lessons would do you a world of good," a female interrogator told me during the commercial. Since there were only sixty seconds and no instructor handy, I made a major effort to speak up, speak fast and in short sentences so that she could conveniently interrupt me when the going got dull. I was complimented all around. No one seemed to notice that what I had said, while concentrating on delivery, made very little sense at all.

Required words were even more distracting. It is my habit to say point of view rather than viewpoint, an idiosyncracy which I had hardly ever noticed until I was a guest on *Viewpoint*. This radio interview asks guests to include "My viewpoint is . . ." in their opening remarks. Luckily, the show is taped; it took me four tries before I got the "view" before the "point," by which time I could hardly summon a point or a view. Even more disastrous is the salutation "Good Living!" with which interviewer and interviewee must open and close radio's series of that name. The specter of saying "Good Living!" instead of hello, goodby, or any other common greeting or farewell, froze my thought processes to a standstill.

By the second week, I began to change my ways. The facile tongue and well-delivered phrase came more easily, fan mail increased; I wondered when I would be tapped by David Susskind. Tipsy with my new ability to please the communicators, I breezily called them by their first names when they called me by mine. Only two chose to let the audience know that we had just met, using Mr. and Mrs. as we exchanged ideas. Perhaps by chance, both interviews were unusually cogent.

A novice no longer, I found it mildly funny to be told by a top entertainer, busy rehearsing a couple of song-and-dance acts, that I was his "intellectual segment" for the day; tomorrow's, he added reassuringly, was Malcolm X. Funny, too, the jovial disk jockey turned talk purveyor, who was simultaneously discussing our upcoming program, having his shoes shined and eating a sandwich lunch, the cover of my book propped up against the coffee container. "Covers are all I need," he said, "I give the books away." Just as well, perhaps. An interview-



Columbia Broadcasting System

er on a coast-to-coast TV show who had actually read the book greeted me, tears in her eyes, with "It's all so meaningful that I'm scared to death." I could only answer that that made two of us, and silently congratulate myself on achieving the retort courteous twenty seconds before viewing millions would gaze upon us, one weeping, one wanting to weep.

No one of these small conventions of mass exposure was important by itself. Added together, they were a considerable hazard. Changing my voice and manners and defending my principles required concentrated effort; what I said had to take second place. In my innocent days, I had thought that ideas were the primary consideration on interviews. I discovered before long that my private life and whatever public personality I could achieve came first. That was the hazard to me in going public.

Another thing about which I did not know was the hazard to the public. What is said on the air has status with the audience just because it is on the air. They listen with more faith than cynicism. With this in mind, I was shocked to find myself suddenly qualified as advice giver, marriage counselor and how-to-do-it packager, although I am no one of these and the book I wrote has no such pretensions.

"You're the Dr. Spock of stepchildren," a commentator said, intending flattery, and spent the remaining minutes of pre-air time asking how he could get out of paying his first wife so much alimony, so as to be a better stepfather to the children of his present wife. I soon decided that everybody in mass communications was a step person. If it was not an interviewer asking how to deal with his recalcitrant stepchild, the producer was having stepmother trouble. A director, eavesdropping in his control booth, left his post during the commercial break to ask if he should marry a woman whose children made him sick—"literally, sick" he said, retreating then to the safety of his glass enclosure. I thought the jinx was broken when I went through an entire program without encountering stepchild or stepparent. But the new rule held, after all: at the close, a burly camera man descended from his hooded perch and shook my hand warmly. "Tell me," he said, "how can I be a good stepfather when those kids? . . ." I fled.

I answered most communicators' queries with an explanation. Mine is a journalist's book, containing information collected about step relations from experts in appropriate fields. I do perhaps know more about the whole of the subject than anyone else, because nobody has ever done this particular research before. But in self-protection as much as modesty, I insist that I know less about any one of its parts than any expert I consulted, less about law for the step family than the lawyers, less about its emotions than the psychiatrists. I can describe the step relation in its many aspects, but I cannot tell anyone what to do about it. I even nurture a hope that the book might stir people to decide what ought to be done and how to do it for themselves.

But the communicators were not about to be reformed by me, no matter how strongly I protested the dangers of giving or taking unqualified advice. Their off-the-air quest for advice set the tone for on-the-air questioning. Specifics of how-to-do-it were what they asked for. This, they said, is what the people want.

Being asked for advice is heady wine. How long even the most humble can resist its intoxication is an open question. For me, the temptation to edge in on Dr. Spock's territory was strong. The questions, particularly in audience-participation shows, were often poignant and compelling. If I succumbed, the pressure snowballed. Worse still, interviewers, impatient with my stubborn reluctance to serve up solutions to individual problems, often answered their own questions, and those from the audience, too. Whether they knew it or not, these show-biz personalities, blithely advising unseen millions on the complex and delicate step relation, were the only ones who could force me into advice giving. They did it more than once.

I was astounded by the cruelty of the ubiquitous self-importance I witnessed. A stepmother-songstress regaled me and the TV audience with tales of her misbehaving stepchild, whose name she revealed in pretty confusion; "I didn't mean to tell which one of the children it is in case they're listening in," she smiled, and proceeded to explain how patiently she handled the troublemaker. "I'm a good stepmother, don't you think so?" she asked me. A hoofer on the show came to the rescue. "How could you be," he said, "you're never home."

I don't know if the how-to-do-it hunger will ever abate. It seems to be an intense longing all around. But if mass communication requires giving advice without authority, and if it must follow the personality cult regardless of its hazards, I prefer the safety of being a private person. Going public, in the words of one of its masters, kids me not.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Charlie's Chaplin

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Charles Chaplin. Simon & Schuster. 512 pp. $6.95.

John Houseman

I remember a winter in the early fifties when three well-known writers were biting their nails around Beverly Hills, setting up interviews with Charles Chaplin, each trying to wring out of him some authentic account of his early years—to be used in books they were hoping to write about him. He was charming to them all, listened politely to the results of their painful research, which he neither confirmed nor denied, and bade them a smiling farewell.

"Writers are nice people," declares Mr. Chaplin in his autobiography, "but not very giving. Whatever they know they seldom impart to others; most of them keep it between the covers of their books." And as though to prove his point, after so many years of stubborn silence, here, finally, between the covers of his own book, is the wild, tragic and improbable drama of his life, consciously and unconsciously revealed in words which, for better or for worse, are unmistakably his own.

"To gauge the morals of our family by commonplace standards would be as erroneous as putting a thermometer in boiling water." Charles Chaplin was born into a broken theatrical family—his father, a quiet, brooding man with dark eyes who looked like Napoleon, was a talented but alcoholic baritone on the Variety stage; his mother, a successful "soubrette," until she lost her voice in her late 20s, was herself the child of a broken home, the daughter of a half-gypsy and a cobbler from County Cork. The first and most affecting part of Mr. Chaplin's book is, in fact, a memorial to Lily Chaplin, his gay, spirited mother with the "violet-blue eyes and long, light-brown hair that she could sit upon," who through the years of their blackest misery managed, with her racy elegance and theatrical literacy, to make her sons Sydney and Charlie feel that they were "not the ordinary product of poverty, but unique and distinguished."

Yet the circumstances of her life and theirs were tragic, almost beyond belief: an unbroken decline from gentility to poverty and then, as her health gave way, to an indigence so complete that it drove them through the Lambeth Poorhouse to the Hanwell School for Orphans and Destitute Children and, later, when Lily had her first mental collapse, led the doctors to attribute it, in large part, to chronic malnutrition. These grim years are described in a style that is dramatic and largely unsentimental. There are scenes so brilliantly constructed for irony and pathos that one is inclined to suspect a certain artifice in their telling; others—like the story of their ten-hour truancy from the poorhouse, the sheep escaped from the slaughterhouse, and Charlie's association with the wood choppers—are told with a directness that leaves you blinking with amusement and pity. Few incidents in realistic fiction can compare, for bland horror, to the brief account of his father's death and funeral:

> *Mother, being the legal widow, was told to call at the hospital for his belongings, which consisted of a black suit spotted with blood, underwear, a shirt, a black tie, an old dressing-gown and some plaid house-slippers with oranges stuffed in the toes. When she took the oranges out a half sovereign fell out of the slipper onto the bed. This was a godsend. . . .*

Or the way in which, returning home from a guilty meal at a less impoverished neighbor's, Charlie first learns, from the children in the street, of his mother's insanity: "She's been knocking at all our doors, giving away pieces of coal, saying they're birthday presents for the children." Later, when he and Sidney were allowed to see her at the Cane Hill Asylum:

> *. . . she just sat there listening and nodding, looking vague and preoccupied. I told her that she would soon get well. "Of course," she said dolefully, "if only you had given me a cup of tea that afternoon, I would have been all right."*

When a man's art is as intensely personal as Chaplin's, the life and the work become inseparable. This gives the first part of his book the fascinating effect of double exposure. As he draws us back to the turn of the century, across Westminster Bridge to Lambeth and along the Kennington Road, we find ourselves following him with a strange recollection of having been there before. On page 65 are two fading photographs, one of "The garret at Pownall Terrace, Kempton Road" and one of the back street "where we lived behind Kennington Cross, next to the slaughterhouse and the pickle factory. . . ." It becomes clear, studying the production stills of Charlie and Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*, that except for the formal presence of an American cop (with a 1905 under the badge of his cap), the set which Chaplin created in his studio at the corner of La Brea and Sunset in Hollywood in 1920 not merely suggests but *is* the alley "behind Kennington Cross, next to the slaughterhouse and the pickle factory." The corner where the sheep escaped on its way to death and the back street to which Charlie and the Kid return from their window-smashing expeditions are one and the same: so are the little room where they try to forget their hunger and the garret at Pownall Terrace ("a little over twelve feet square . . . and in the corner, snug against the wall, an old bed") where Lily Chaplin sat listlessly staring out of the window on the afternoon she became ill.

Once this correspondence is established it is a rare page that does not reflect some well-remembered episode from one or other of the films. The many odd occupations which Chaplin followed before and during his teens: newsboy, flower vendor, doctor's boy, glass blower, wood chopper, old-clothes peddler, page boy and operator atop a giant printing machine of whose innards he was totally ignorant—we have seen them all, in some form, dramatized and transmuted by the richest comic talent of our time.

But those were interludes. With his heritage and environment there was only one way for Charles Chaplin to go—into the theatre. His professional debut (for wages of ½ crown a week and a "bread-and-jam breakfast") was as one of the Eight Lancashire Lads, a juvenile song-and-dance troupe managed by a devout Catholic couple. At 12½ (pretending to be 14) he

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played his first dramatic role as Billy, the Baker Street page boy in *Sherlock Holmes*. At 21, after years of touring with Fred Karno's comedy companies, he was a seasoned professional, in and out of work, having known triumphs and disasters, with a fair chance—if he played his cards right—of one day joining the ranks of Britain's leading Variety performers. The moment of decision came when Karno offered him an American tour as principal comedian of a foolishness known as "The Wow-Wows."

> *The night before sailing I walked about the West End of London with the wistful feeling that it would be the last time I would see London. . . . In the morning I did not bother to wake Sydney but left a note on the table stating "Off to America. Will keep you posted. Love, Charlie."*

Charlie's conquest of America was not instantaneous. There were many months of touring (with his violin, his cello, Bob Ingersoll, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Schopenhauer), two more Atlantic crossings and a 25th birthday, before he finally summoned up the courage to enter the Keystone Studio in Ellendale, Calif., and appear before his new employer, Mack Sennett, who had hired him to work in one-reel film comedies at a starting salary of $150 a week. From his first morning before the camera, Chaplin displayed that ruthless, egomaniacal self-assurance that distinguishes great men at the critical stages of their rise to fame—a fame so overwhelming that it made him, for a time, the best known and most beloved performer in the history of the world.

Mr. Chaplin gives us his version—which we might as well accept as definitive—of his creation of the Little Tramp, though one detects an element of hindsight in his elaborate and rather self-conscious analysis of the Tramp's personality at birth. Elsewhere he writes more simply of the figure who was

> *. . . unfamiliar even to myself. With the clothes on I felt he was a reality, a living person. In fact it ignited all sorts of crazy ideas that I would never have dreamed of till I was dressed and made up as the Tramp.*

He also quotes a startled barroom acquaintance of his early California days: "The guy has baggy pants, flat feet, the most miserable, bedraggled-looking little bastard you ever saw; makes gestures as though he's got crabs under his arms—but he's funny!" And funny is what America, and then the world, found him—funny and affecting and irresistible.

By fiscal standards (to which Mr. Chaplin himself attaches great importance) his rise was astronomical. In twelve months his earnings rose from $150 to $1,250 a week; his next contract was for $670,000, the next for $1,250,000. It has always been a moot question whether it was the Little Tramp's special and fantastic popularity that lifted the American movie industry from Side Show to Mass Medium, or if he was just lucky enough to ride in on the crest of the public's sudden, ravenous and insatiable passion for movie entertainment. Either way, the Little Tramp did, without question, add a new and vital element to the mechanical virtuosity of the medium. Out of the acting tradition which he had absorbed with his mother's milk, and from the British Variety stage where he had practiced its techniques, Chaplin brought into movie comedy, for the first time, the concept of character, or as he prefers to call it—*personality*. His early conflicts at Keystone—and later at Essanay—were all on this theme. "We have no scenarios," Sennett explained to him that first morning. "We get an idea, then follow the natural sequence of events until it leads to a chase, which is the essence of your comedy." To which Chaplin replied that he hated a chase. "It dissipates one's personality; and little as I knew about movies, I knew that nothing transcends personality." The personality of Lily's boy Charlie developed freely in the heady sunshine of the new world and metamorphosed on tens of thousands of screens the world over into the mute, universal figure of the Little Tramp.

In the third and central part of his book he covers the quarter-century of his greatest renown: the period in which he made most of his most famous pictures, from *Shoulder Arms* to *Modern Times*. As the movies grew longer and their creator more sophisticated, certain inevitable problems arose:

> *In the Keystone days the Tramp had been freer. . . . His brain was seldom active then, only his instincts which were concerned with the basic essentials: food, warmth and shelter. But with each succeeding comedy the Tramp was growing more complex. Sentiment was beginning to percolate through the character.*

In *The Kid* and *The Gold Rush*, the new blend of slapstick and sentiment, drama and comedy was brilliantly achieved; in later works, with the coming of sound, the problem was to arise again, in aggravated form.

This period also witnessed two unsuccessful marriages, several celebrated amours, the formation of United Artists with Doug and Mary, and a series of triumphal visits to New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Tokyo, which occupy the least satisfying section of the book. The urge to "cash in on this business of being a celebrity" was, in the circumstances, a natural and respectable one, but it makes for tedious and frequently embarrassing reading—especially when it is couched in a jargon that seems derived, in equal parts, from Cholly Knickerbocker and Roget's Thesaurus:

> *Having skimmed over the surface of New York society, I now desired to penetrate the intellectual subcutaneous texture of Greenwich Village.*

Or again:

> *It was an affluent potpourri: Prince George of Greece, Lady Sarah Wilson, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord, Commandant Paul Louis Weiller, Elsa Maxwell and others.*

Plowing through pages that are crammed with the names (and snapshots) of the world's most illustrious figures, bristling with cute faux pas and snappy quips ("And with this cryptic remark I said goodbye!"), I found myself unkindly recalling the words of the song with which Charlie had made his theatrical debut:

I've no fault to find with Jack at all
Not when 'e's as 'e used to be.
But since Jack has come into a little
bit of cash,
Well, 'e don't know where 'e are.

At last Mr. Chaplin leads us back to California, to work, and to the fourth, most melodramatic act of his life. "A holiday is at best an empty pursuit; I had dallied around the resorts of Europe long enough. . . . I knew why I was aimless and frustrated — I could not determine my future plans." With the reluctant but universal adoption of Sound in films, Chaplin faced serious aesthetic and commercial problems. Squeezed between the "depressing fear of being old-fashioned" and the conviction that "if the Tramp talked, the first word he ever uttered would transform him to another person," he took his dilemma so seriously that at one time he considered moving to China where he could "live well and forget motion pictures!" History, finally, provided a solution. In 1937, Alexander Korda

The Blue Woman

1

Another one of those days. . .
The pear tree was blue through the tinted bus window
and a car skidded up a blue embankment just in front of us.
At the wharf
two women caught my eye
one in a loose yellow sweater who was extremely flat-chested
and another quite the opposite
the seams of whose bra made her look like a relief map of the Andes;
whose blue bosom disappeared before the blue paint of the steamer.

The tarantulas were like bruises on my white pants
and the wake spread like a woman's legs toward the horizon.
On the first day out
I became dizzy when I saw that the sea was beautiful
and that there was so much of it —
and the white bird that circled for the bait
was so lonely I thought that it was greedy
having a personal contract with our skimming boat
for all the small fish we attracted with our menstrual scent.

Oceans away
over the widest sphere imaginable
where the savage green plants grow
someone was dumping oil that reached us here.
The peculiar decadent rainbows that he flung from large black barrels
coated the eyes of fish and entered their stomachs
so that ambergris floated and the white bird became ill with it.
Meanwhile, whenever the sweet-smelling girls promenaded
rustling linen and the quiet sounds of bedrooms came to me.

2

Tossing and turning in the ship
a smile thinned my lips
as I thought of you
Blue Woman —

The artificial braid
circling your bun of brown
and your combs or my fingers that stir
Blue Woman —

The whipping wind softened the fibers
of the sheet on your bed
and it's spotty but I don't mind —
Blue Woman whose legs are limp

what you told the Arabian King
got you ribbons and gauze
and your freedom which
is servitude

but I don't mind —
if only the land I reach
is as plastic under my body
as you are

and blue

3

I was walking along the fake curve of the sea wall of Gravesend Bay
admiring nothing —
not those damned steel legs (bronze thighs) of the new suspension bridge
nor the new aluminum fence that had turned grey in a week —
walking slowly along the path
when I suddenly saw you pedaling your rusted bicycle (or cleaving to me).
I thought of how owners of wax museums dreaded heat, especially fire,
dreaded corruption.

Joel Sloman

had suggested a Hitler movie based on mistaken identity. Now, two years later, it suddenly struck him —"Of course! As Hitler I could harangue the crowds in jargon and talk all I wanted to. And as the Tramp I could remain more or less silent."

It came about that the film with which he had hoped to lay the bugbear of Sound ended by raising a whirlwind more devastating than anything Chaplin had yet encountered. At the time of its release, *The Great Dictator* got a mixed reception. It disturbed not only Bundists and isolationists, but also a number of passionate anti-Nazis who found it frivolous; among those of the Left it got caught up in the confusion of loyalties that followed the Nazi-Soviet Pact. But not until much later was it officially classed as a clear and flagrant example of "premature anti-fascism" and used, as such, to swell the case against Chaplin.

The complicated drama of the Red purge reached a virulent and spiteful climax in Hollywood during the late forties. Chaplin was one of its many victims. Marked from on high as the nation's most prominent and vulnerable fellow traveler, of whom an example must be made, his lynching was carried out over a period of several years, with weapons that included an organized press offensive, personal and professional blackmail, an economic boycott, the superannuated sex laws of the state of California and the direct intervention of the government of the United States.

Chaplin's main offense lay in three flamboyant, highly publicized speeches (one in San Francisco, one by telephone to Madison Square Garden and one in Carnegie Hall) praising the Russian war effort and urging an opening of the Second Front. Though they were delivered at a time when every major Hollywood studio (not to mention the U.S. Signal Corps) was making "pro-Soviet" movies either for money or to promote the war effort, it is difficult to understand what drove a resident alien, an avowed anti-nationalist, a war hater and a jealous individualist to involve himself in a spontaneous (but three times repeated) act of direct political pressure in favor of a military operation of which he was utterly ignorant and which unquestionably involved the risk of several hundred thousand human lives. Was he driven to it by "a genuine hatred and contempt for the Nazi system" and an overwhelming fury against those who blandly recommended that we "let them both bleed white"? In part, I'm sure he was; but now, after almost twenty years, Mr. Chaplin himself has attempted an objective and perceptive analysis of his secondary motives:

> *Would I have entered this quixotic adventure if I had not made an anti-Nazi film? Was it a sublimation of all my irritations and reactions against talking pictures? How much was I stimulated by the actor in me and the reactions of a live audience?*

Reading that final sentence, I found myself thinking back half a century and 200 pages to his account of those simpler and happier days of the First World War when he and Doug and Mary (all in the full flush of their success) were racketing around the country on their Third Liberty Bond tour; how Charlie "bounded onto the platform and let fly with a verbal machine-gun barrage: 'The Germans are at your doors! We've got to stop them! And we *will* stop them! If you buy Liberty Bonds!' "— to tumultuous applause and congratulations from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Now for appearing in a dinner jacket and addressing a cheering audience as "Comrades!" he was to be hounded out of the country in which he had lived and worked for forty years by those same legal devices which the government employs to get rid of murderers, dope peddlers and pimps.

All is well that ends well. As the curtain rises on the last act—but by no means the epilogue—of Mr. Chaplin's history, the old Maestro is discovered against the background of the Swiss Alps, surrounded by his beautiful, talented and ever-growing family. And the paradox of this astonishing life goes on: on the one hand, "we live relatively near the Queen of Spain and the Count and the Countess of Chevreau d'Antraigues, who have been most cordial to us"; on the other, "I am still very ambitious; I could never retire; beside having a few unfinished movie scripts, I should like to write a play and an opera—if time will allow." Of course it will.

The Land of Grace and Isolation

Donald Phelps

Now might well be none too soon to write about the writing of William Eastlake, two of whose novels—*Go in Beauty* and *The Bronc People*—have long been out of print, and whose third, most recent novel, *Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses*, has been hustled to the graceless old age of remainder counters. The three novels are linked by their common landscape — Southwestern America, particularly the checkerboard territory of New Mexico — and the reappearance in each of George Bowman, rancher turned Navajo trader, with various members of his family. In the different sorts of emphasis which they accord common themes, in their variations on recurrent metaphors and symbols, these three books might be regarded as the contributory panels of a triptych.

Go in Beauty, the first novel, corresponds to the central panel in its catalogue of details and themes of Eastlake's landscape which is actually two landscapes. The New Mexico prairie, with its striped meccas, sinister arroyos, red Morrison formations, all contain and reinforce an invisible landscape: the community of Navajos, with their dessicated but not moribund culture, spiritually living out their years of fullness in monstrous incubators.

This terrain might well suggest why Eastlake's novels have found so little of their deserved reception. The American Southwest is too blatant and too monotonous—it is too obtrusive as a *setting*—for many of those contemporaries of Eastlake who deal with the afflictions of consciousness, and whose only concern with setting, usually, is how to make do with as little as possible. For these writers and their readers, Eastlake's involvement with his landscape might easily suggest the term "regional writing" which, in turn, might easily suggest the literary equivalent of those papier-mâché miniature landscapes enclosed by glass spheres.

Yet such terms convey nothing of the most impressive paradox in Eastlake's first novel: the way in which he achieves his fullness of landscape through a sense of *distance* from that landscape. *Go in Beauty*, in a very real sense, is a novel of distances: the psychic and physical distances, from the Indians and from each other, of George Bowman and his brother, Alexander, who wants to write a novel commemorating the historic Southwest of their grandfather. Alexander falls in love with George's wife and leaves with her to travel through Europe, becoming a successful regional novelist. A drought descends upon the Navajo territory—the result, the Indians feel, of Alexander's desertion and George's failure to forgive him.

From this point—through a procession of vignettes illustrating George's efforts to express his forgiveness, and Alexander's increasing agony of nonfulfillment and separation — a seemingly conventional triangle story swells toward the bas-relief dimensions of fable. Despite occasional overindulgence in the wide gesture and glib sententiousness (two faults which will become more pronounced as Eastlake's virtues intensify) the fable succeeds; basically, because of Eastlake's wise candor in admitting that, beyond a certain point, the Navajo community is inaccessible to his imagination, except through the language of indirection and metaphor. Part of the Navajos' collective life is two-dimensional spectacle, much of it for white men's eyes; the other, major part must be barely articulable in white men's words or to white men's minds.

Eastlake plainly recognizes and acknowledges this, and counters his limitations by presenting the New Mexico territory through a battery of images, delicately caricatured Indians and white men, and pattering, insidiously stylized speech:

> *Why really, I hate to say this but you think everybody on the big reservation is crazy. You think their religion gives them no togetherness with nature, has nothing to do with medicine and is for the ignorant and superstitious. . . . You think they think what is good for the big car is good for the country and what is bad for the big car is good for the enemy. Why really, I hate to say this. . . .*

So speaks the old medicine man, Paracelsus. Also in *Go in Beauty* we encounter the first examples of that imagery which will often preoccupy Eastlake: images of spying, of people watching scenes and tableaux or simply, one another's behavior; of passive onlookers; of a reality constantly verging on stage spectacle.

Eastlake's approach to his subject

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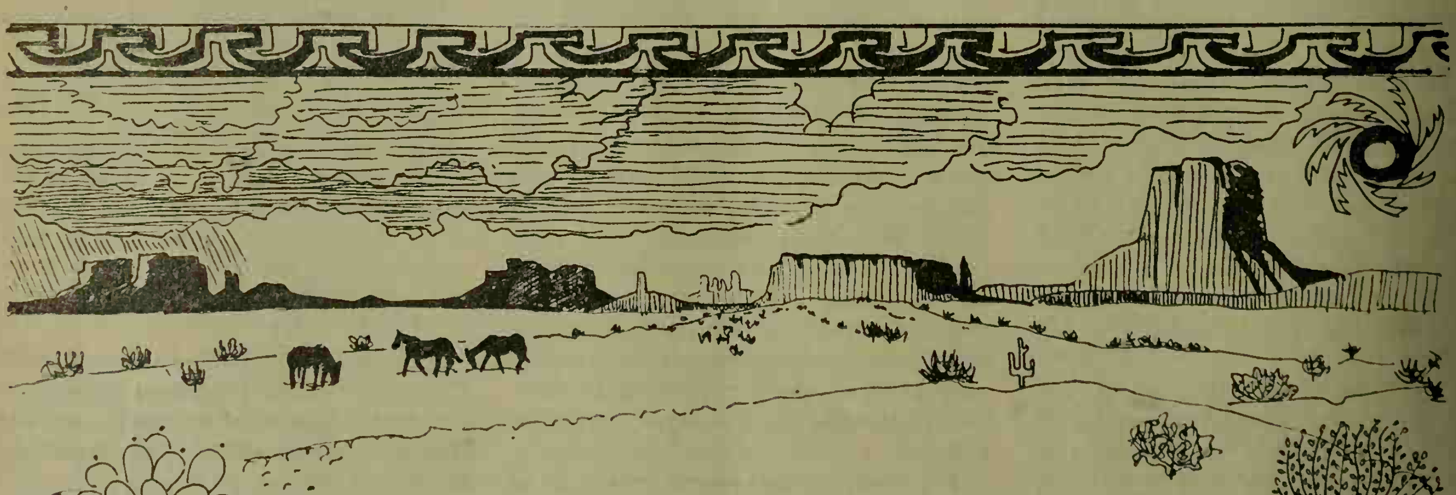
is distinguished by his own sense of apartness from the Indians. This psychic remoteness widens his compass to accommodate a skepticism and moral ambiguity in which overreverence is counterbalanced by exact perception, plus mockery; in which Indian shrines are seen as futile museum fixtures or tombs. Central to *Go in Beauty* is the house of petrified wood —"neither wood nor stone"— in which the brothers' grandfather lived, and in which George Bowman, as trader and semi-recluse, passes his hours: a retreat and a tabernacle, but also a hiding place for George's own spiritual evasions about his relationship with his brother; and, almost, a moral sepulcher.

Perhaps because of the sense of distance from the Navajo landscape Eastlake's writing in this first novel is very attentive to the externals of land and of people. The countryside of *Go in Beauty*, while rich in symbols and metaphors, is not itself a metaphor; Eastlake's scrutiny is too close for that. The kind of distance I have been describing is not the aesthetic distance, the receding and returning of the subject, through which metaphor gestates. In his second novel, *The Bronc People*, the gestation has occurred. Here, the landscape houses a coiled irony. A precocious Negro boy, whose father — a scholarly recluse—was murdered and his ranch burned by white marauders, has been adopted by George Bowman and his second wife, who have settled on the father's land. The boy has become good friends with Bowman's son (who is himself bedeviled by the memory of an adored rodeo star, whom he has seen smashed nearly to death during a performance).

Here, Eastlake's graces—his feeling for concrete imagery, his command of prose rhythms which redound almost to slackness, then whip into sudden compressed statement — produce a fusion of richness and stripped concentration which makes *The Bronc People* the most beautifully organic of the three novels. The Indians play a much more dynamic role than in *Go in Beauty* where, despite their importance, they seemed not entirely assimilated into the situation of the Bowman brothers. They function both as chorus (the book opens with a scene of red comedy: two Indians watching, from afar, a range war, making the listless running comments of inveterate television viewers) and as featured players — but always as magnetic stations to the moral atmosphere of the story. To Eastlake's vision, the Indian community encapsulates the sort of grace manifested in the passion and strength of his own writing. Grace: but not Hemingway's grace of chivalric honor and stoicism, nor Steinbeck's odd benediction on the squalid. Even the Indians' passiveness exercises dynamic influence: like a magnet rallying iron filings, their social and spiritual suspension seems to call to itself the frustrations of white outsiders. A missionary, stupefied by their genial indifference to his God (they use a funeral as occasion for a social dance, and wonder when the bier he refers to is going to be served) realizes that he, in the near-paralysis of his will, is more dependent on them than they on him; and, with a final gesture of surrender, draws them to him at last. The Negro boy becomes aware that the gall of his dilemma resides not in his being persecuted (the whites are kindly, the Indians accept him as a different sort of white man) but in his being, like the Indians, stultifyingly overprotected.

The moral paralysis of the whites is counterpointed not only by the Indians' grace, but by the spaciousness and luxuriance of the desert. Eastlake knows how to deflect this grandeur well before it becomes romanticism (as in *Go in Beauty* where he compares a striped mecca with a crumpled flag); here, he poises the largeness of his setting against the pizzicati of the dialogue between the Negro and white boy. In this way, he brings out perfectly the specific gravity of the boys' dialogue: their world, personal but by no means trivial, weighed against the geographic world in which they move. The boys seldom speak directly of their problems yet these problems are sensed through the conversation like far-off hoof beats, the vibrations of which are felt before the animals are seen. Against such nervous shuttling, the background acts alternately as stage-setting, ominous bystander and *deus ex machina*; its massiveness contrasting, in turn, with the boys' tensed facetiousness and with the half-concealed wirings of anxiety or bitterness, so that all effects reinforce one another without embarrassment to any.

Compared with *The Bronc People*, *Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses* shows Eastlake widening and complicating the vision of the second book. *The Bronc People*, in basic form, was a relatively conventional novel: the frustrations of the boys



were shown, or withheld from view, through a score of permutations; but their common situation was the dynamic, question-scattering situation of a novel. *Twenty-Six Horses* is more episodic and naive seeming than *The Bronc People;* it is, in fact, a sophisticated reversal on both *The Bronc People* and the more naturalistic *Go in Beauty:* an allegory of human self-destructiveness and, set against it, the ubiquity of moral choice.

The book consists, for the most part, of a succession of *fioretti*-like episodes — they could easily be the stanzas of a ballad, or the story-telling links of an Indian necklace — all threaded, as in *The Bronc People*, by two boys' resistance to their fathers. Here, George's son, Ring, is troubled by his father's having taken into his hogan a Navajo girl, a former acquaintance of Ring, who was involved ominously in the death of an Indian boy. Ring's friend, Twenty-Six Horses, has left his father, a one-time communal leader, now deposed by the white man's influence, whose wife runs an unsuccessful pseudo-white restaurant.

These intersecting situations are screened by a foliage of more or less contributory incidents, dialogue, thematic variations. This multiple perspective is one of Eastlake's more important techniques: he has a dexterity which is probably as much indebted to ballet as to drama, which he exhibits when moving toward imminent violence, then shying from it, then unexpectedly, at another time, closing with it (the brilliantly fluctuating episode of the rodeo performers en route). In *Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses*, this technique is strained more severely than in either of the two earlier novels, in the interests of the allegorical scheme. And, on behalf of this same scheme, Eastlake calls more strenuously upon "typical" themes and situations (the Indian boy leaving the reservation for the first time; the rodeo performer losing his nerve) of Western myth, legend and first- to fifth-rate literature. These cliché situations, deliberately selected, have served Eastlake in the past to illustrate the tensions between imagination and an almost unencompassable reality which is always proliferating myths and clichés. And Eastlake nearly always, in some way, reverses these seemingly trite situations, or paraphrases them brilliantly. But occasionally his oblique, diminuendo methods produce something close to *reductio ad absurdum* (the episode of the Nazi, for example, reminds me of Edna St. Vincent Millay's less fortunate World War II poetry; and is, in any case, less successful than the comparable episode in *Go in Beauty* about the foreign-car festival supervisor).

The real situation, the real theme of the book, is not so much the common distress of Ring and Twenty-Six Horses, as another variant (its skepticism not perfectly concealed by the sweetness of Eastlake's voice) of the original theme of grace, which *The Bronc People* brought to fruition. This variant might be expressed most succinctly as "hanging on," or in Synanon's phrase, "Hang tough." The central situation is almost literally a "cliff hanger"; and the book proliferates images of suspension (the old medicine man's horse balking on the crest of the hill; the rodeo riders' Lincoln teetering on a bluff) which, with a mixture of seeming crudeness and sophisticated evocativeness, portray a variety of people suspended between affirmation and self-destructive resignation. As usual, only the Indians manage to reconcile affirmation with seeming resignation.

The completion of Eastlake's theme is resurrection: a kind of resurrection which might well exhaust the credit extended to religion by many imaginations. Eastlake's token resurrection is a phony magic stunt concocted by the two boys and tendered by them to the dying medicine man, so that he can enter heaven with good evidence of his magic powers. The point is that the magic's falsity is redeemed by the life-conveying power of its art. Indian magic and Indian art merge in a single turquoise-hued strand to furnish the reassurance of Eastlake's world, much as I. B. Singer's God furnishes the solidity for his world. The very spiritual suspension of the Indians and whites provides the unmoored condition in which this art flourishes; and even the imagery of suspension becomes exultant in the book's titular symbol: the Indian boy's painting of the twenty-six horses which comprise his name; which hover, taunting and encouraging, on the mountain's face.

My main cavil is simply that Eastlake's techniques, having achieved suppleness so rapidly, may be conceding too much to neatness and patness and facility. Even the *fioretti* episode structure, so promising in itself, has an oddly contradictory glibness; and very often in this book the art of the short-story writer, the art of revelation through image and metaphor, seems to threaten the art of the novelist, which is involved with permutation, the proteanness of experience. These doubts murmur—as yet, only murmur—against my enthusiasm.

In any case, it is our good luck, if not Eastlake's, that *Portrait of an Artist* can still be bought from remainder shelves for some 49c. May it be Eastlake's and our good luck that he have continued vigor and gifts, to build campfires around which great themes can dance.

Putting Down the Queen's Teens

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE. By Dave Wallis. E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.95.

Penelope Gilliatt

There is a lot that is rather glorious about the youth rising going on in England at the moment, as well as a lot that is thuggish. What seems vulgar-minded in Dave Wallis' parable about an England where the teen-agers take over, the adults having lost heart and committed mass suicide is that he has decided to seize on the journalistic material that the thuggishness provides and leave practically everything else out of it. What about the dislike of older people's bitchery and prejudice that seems to run in teen-agers' characters quite as strongly as the publicized physical violence? What about their confounding mixture of unambitiousness and competence, which infuriates generations trapped in a belief that you have to be competitive if you are to be any good? What about their self-deprecating humor and their poker-faced wit? David Wallis' characters are mostly humorless and thick-tongued, and they show a lack of invention that is pounded home as hard as their physical callousness. In the end, they make such a thorough hash of everything and wind up so much like the squares they once despised that the book seems like a blimp's dream.

I suppose one of the things that has attracted so many sensationalists to write about the violent aspects of the teen-age rebellion in England is that the violence is appearing in a class where no one is used to it yet. There has always been a red thread of passion and brutality in the English character, in spite of the myth about a race of shy stoics commuting quietly to the City with bowler hats on their knees, but until now the nastiest emanations of it in the young have usually been among the privileged, in the caperings of gangs of well-heeled undergraduates or boisterous medical students or noble idiots roaring down St. James's Street from the club in search of prey. One of the stock phrases in the private language of Eton is the verb "to mob up," which means to victimize, either physically or verbally, generally in a pack and nearly always aiming at someone less fortunate, such as a landlady whose rugs you think it would be great fun to wreck by pouring wet corn flakes onto them and pretending it is vomit, or a lower-middle-class square who is plowing on at a subject unaware that he is being goaded to make a fool of himself by an audience of delighted nobs using weapons of irony that he doesn't understand. Mobbing-up is a grotesque kind of amusement that seems to derive directly from the awful entertainments of the Mohawks, the upper-class young who roamed the streets of London in the 18th century and amusingly beat up the poor.

It is true that much the same kind of mindless violence now seems to be appearing among English teen-agers of all classes. But it doesn't have the significance that it is given by newspapers; it gets emphasized mostly because it supplies the swiftest fodder for the intensely bourgeois and envious nature of the average English reporter. I should have thought that the first interesting fact about the phenomenon of the English teen-ager is that it has appeared at all. English society at every social level has always had such a weight of indifferent contempt for youth that any attempts from within to achieve a cohesive character have generally been quickly put down. When I was at school, during and after the war, there was no pride in being young, as there is in America. We weren't teen-agers, not even at 17; we were children, divided from one another, often preferring the company of adults and pining to be 28. We belonged to no union of youth because youth was an ignominy that we wished to be rid of as quickly as possible. When I went to college in America, one of the things that most startled me was the way girls seemed to go out almost exclusively with college boys of their own age. In England in those days, a contemporary was a tenth best; the men whom we really enjoyed being with, and usually married, were years older.

All this has changed, but still not in the American way. Teen-agers in England now have a sense of community but they are not at all admired by the rest of the country. They are habitually resented, envied and attacked; and for the questionable privilege of the publicity that they never asked for, and in fact coolly despise, they are made to pay through the nose. A woman I know said to me unprompted one day, with the authentic abrupt brutality of some upper-class Englishwomen, that the only practical thing to do with teen-agers was to give them all a dose of the stocks when they left school, because physical humiliation was the only kind of lesson that publicity-hunting peacocks understand.

But quite apart from the question of whether all teen-agers are that dumb, there is the question of whether they're that alike. They seem to me to differ as much from one another as they do from the oldies; the clothes they wear express distinctions that are systematized to the point of an ethic. The trouble is that most middle-class and/or middle-aged people in England have never before seriously had to take in the existence of anyone under 21 who didn't disappear into the landscape by adopting his parents' attitudes and wearing melancholy versions of his parents' clothes. In the case of the spokeswoman for the stocks, she had probably never been clearly aware in her life before of anyone young, apart from her own children and their friends — her daughters who had always worn deb copies of Mummy's flowered prints, and her sons who wore replicas of her husband's City suit. No wonder teen-agers suddenly look all the same to people like this. They must all seem straight from Outer Mongolia.

When people start sniping at the looks that teen-agers have invented for themselves, or when Tory cartoonists make fun of them, I can't help being haunted by the picture of the clothes that their equivalents wore before the war. I can just about remember them: the girls in drooping dresses of polka dot artificial silk for best, and the young men in boots and shiny navy-blue jackets left over from a handed-on suit, worn over odd trousers because the trousers of the suit had long since worn out. It was a look that aped rich people without the means to do it, without character, without style, a look that stamped the wearers inescapably as belonging to "the poor." It makes pop fashion now seem nothing much to laugh at.

I suppose there must be plenty of teen-agers who are as greedy and selfish and machine-made as they are in Dave Wallis' nightmare fable, though these aren't characteristics that cling exclusively to the young. Teen-agers do often seem to have a curious arcane group instinct, like migrating birds, a sense of occasion that is shared in the back of their heads, which Wallis sometimes catches very well. It seems to me that some of them have also originated a communistic way of living that is much more instinctively generous than they are given credit for, and a lot more likable than the gossipy suburban isolation that they observe with such dread in their parents, a meager existence lived out in a semi-detached where possessions are hoarded as though they were a key to life, and the neighbors are covertly watched behind the net curtains. It's true that if you spend an evening with a lot of teen-agers you're quite likely to find a cigarette gone out of your bag. But the system operates fairly enough because they wouldn't object in the slightest if you had swiped theirs. There are some things, like food and drink and cooking and looking after kids, that they regard as common property and common jobs, to be shared with as little fuss and attachment as possible.

Of course, some teen-agers are embryo members of the *petit bourgeoisie,* just as some are embryo originals and some are embryo criminals. Except in the most passing way when they are under attack, they don't seem to regard themselves in England as belonging to a single group, even if it does take an example of difference that is as gaudily obvious as the clash between the Mods and Rockers to drive this into the skulls of the men who make copy out of dealing with teen-agers as though they were one graceless, homogeneous lump. There are as many distinct sets of fiercely barricaded conventions among English teen-agers as there are among, say, 45-year-olds. The difference is that, praise be, the distinctions aren't so exclusively social, though I suppose the contempt of a really foppish Mod for an artisan Rocker isn't far from the attitude of an arrogant public school boy toward what he calls a yob. English social life seems to have an endless capacity to bifurcate, tending perhaps to end up in the same state as Japan, which someone once described as having as many castes as people.

In *Only Lovers Left Alive*, this peculiar English social habit of making new cells all the time is not much more than indicated. If all the oldies did themselves in, which was Dave Wallis' starting point, I can't help feeling that the teen-agers would very soon diversify and fill up most of the empty places. But his gangs scarcely adapt to the chaotic new situation at all, and Abrams skates over the possibility that they might vary a lot in a crisis: the gangs are rivals for power or black-market petrol or food but not profoundly different in their codes. There is the same skidding facility in the way the novel is written. Sometimes the style is shockingly effective, bald and cold with a real sense of danger under the short clenched paragraphs, but the passages about sex are vilely gushing. The myth has the fascination of all visions of the future but it doesn't avoid being journalistic in its simplifications, nor indeed in its gleeful ending, which proves that under the skin the rebel teen-ager is doomed to turn into the most conformist dullard parent: "We mustn't spoil him," says the gang girl turned mother when teen-age Dad picks up their crying baby. It's curious that a novel like this should contain so much the same mixture of conservatism and spite that there is in the tone of most English tabloid columnists writing about teen-agers, putting up a show of digging them so as to be with it, and then showing their hand by asserting viciously that they'll be in the same boring trap as themselves in a few years, watching quiz shows and opening packets of frozen food.

Penelope Gilliatt is film critic for The Observer *(London)*.

THEATRE

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

After seeing *Fiddler on the Roof* (based on some Yiddish short stories; book by Joseph Stein, music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) numerous members of the audience confessed (or proclaimed) that they shed tears of compassion and gratitude; others have asserted that their hearts swelled in elation, while still others were convulsed with laughter. My own reception of the show was cool.

I too found it endearing — worthy of the affection the enthusiasts had manifested. Yet thinking of it in its detail, the text lacked the full savor of its sources; the music simply followed a pattern of suitable folk melodies without adding, or being equal, to them; Jerome Robbins' choreography, though correct in its method, was not—except for two instances—as brilliant as I had expected it to be. Boris Aronson's sets did not "overwhelm" me; even Zero Mostel's performance, which cements the diverse elements and gives them a core and a shape, was open to objections. Then, too, were not those critics right, in the press and the public, who maintained there was a Broadway taint in the mixture?

Yet the longer I reflected, the greater grew my regard for the show! The steadier my effort to arrive at a true appraisal of my feelings, the more clearly I realized that the general audience reaction was justified. By a too meticulous weighing and sifting of each of the performance's components one loses sight of the whole.

The production is actually *discreet*. For a popular ($350,000) musical there is a certain modesty in its effect. The vast machinery of production — I do not refer to the physical aspects alone — which must perforce go into the making of an entertainment of this sort has by an exercise of taste been reduced to a degree of intimacy that is almost surprising.

The choreography, for example, does not attempt to electrify: though it is rather more muscular, broader and certainly less "cosy" than Jewish folk dancing tends to be, Robbins has on the whole successfully combined the homeliness of such dancing with Cossack energy. And though Aronson's sets may remind one of Chagall, they do not really attempt to achieve Chagall-like results. (Chagall's art is always more emphatically Russian or French than anything else. Whatever their subject, his paintings possess a certain opulent flamboyance that is hardly Jewish.) Aronson, faced with the need to move his sets rapidly, as well as to give them the atmosphere of impoverishment required by the play's environment without robbing them of a certain quiet charm, has made his contribution to the proceedings relatively unobtrusive—which a Chagall stage design never is. (There is also in Aronson's pictorial scheme a nice contrast between the ramshackle drabness of the places in which the play's characters are housed and the profuse yet delicate greenery of the natural surroundings.) Considering too the dizzying extravagance of Mostel's histrionic quality, his performance is remarkably reserved.

None of this, however, goes to the heart of the show's significance, which must be sought in its effect on the audience. That effect comes close, within the facile laughter, the snug appreciation of an anticipated showmanship, to something religious. To understand this one must turn to the play's original material: stories by Sholom Aleichem. Sholom Aleichem (pen name for Sholom Rabinowitz, born in Russia in 1859, died in New York in 1916) was the great folk artist of Yiddish literature — an altogether unique figure who might without exaggeration be compared to Gogol. The essence of Sholom Aleichem's

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work is in a very special sense *moral*. It is the distillation of a humane sweetness from a context of sorrow. It represents the unforced emergence of a real joy and a true sanctification from the soil of life's workaday worries and pleasures. Although this blessed acceptance of the most commonplace facts of living — generally uncomfortable and graceless, to say the least — appears casual and unconscious in Sholom Aleichem, it is based on what, in the first and indeed the best of the play's numbers, is called "Tradition."

This tradition, which might superficially be taken to comprise little more than a set of obsolete habits, customs and pietistic prescriptions, is in fact the embodiment of profound culture. A people is not cultured primarily through the acquisition or even the making of works of art; it is cultured when values rooted in biologically and spiritually sound human impulses, having been codified, become the apparently instinctive and inevitable mode of its daily and hourly conduct. Sholom Aleichem's characters are a concentrate of man's belief in living which does not exclude his inevitable bewilderment and questioning of life's hardship and brutal confusion.

In the stories this is expressed as a kindness which does not recognize itself, as pity without self-congratulation, as familiar humor and irony without coarseness. This is beauty of content, if not of form. For the Eastern (Russian, Polish, Rumanian, Galician) Jews of yesteryear "would have been deeply puzzled," Irving Howe and Eleazer Greenberg have said in their admirable introduction to a collection of Yiddish stories, "by the idea that the aesthetic and the moral are distinct realms, for they saw beauty above all in behavior."

More of this meaning than we had a right to expect is contained in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Is it any wonder, then, that an audience, living in one of the most heartless cities of the world at a time of conformity to the mechanics of production, an audience without much relation to any tradition beyond that expressed through lip service to epithets divested of living experience, an audience progressively more deprived of the warmth of personal contact and the example of dignified companionship, should weep thankfully and laugh in acclamation at these images of a good life lived by good people? In *Fiddler on the Roof* this audience finds a sense of what "togetherness" might signify. Without the cold breath of any dogma or didactics, it gets a whiff of fellow feeling for the unfortunate and the persecuted. It is a sentiment that acts as a kind of purification.

Is there too much "show biz" in *Fiddler on the Roof*? Undoubtedly. But apart from the fact that dramaturgic and musical equivalents of Sholom Aleichem's genius are not to be had for the asking, is it conceivable that a truly organic equivalent of the original stories could be produced in our time at a theatre on West 45th Street? The makers and players of *Fiddler on the Roof* are not of Kiev, 1905,* nor do they live (even in memory) a life remotely akin to that of Tevye the Dairyman, his family and his friends, or of the author who begat them. The producers of *Fiddler on the Roof* are Broadway—as is the audience—and, in this instance, perhaps the best of it. Those who have attended some of the latter-day productions of the Yiddish stage itself will know that they too are as alien to the spirit of Sholom Aleichem as anything we see at the Imperial Theatre.

The name of Chagall has almost unavoidably come up. The nearest thing to that artist's type of imagination dwells within *Fiddler on the Roof*'s leading actor. Zero Mostel has "Chagall" in his head. Mostel's clown inspiration is unpredictably fantastic — altogether beyond the known or rational. One wishes this fantasy were allowed fuller scope in the show, even as compliments for its control are in order. For Mostel too, being part of Broadway, will fleetingly lapse into adulterations inhospitable to his fabulous talent.

Harold Clurman

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*Except for Boris Aronson, who was born in Kiev in 1900.

ART

CORINTH RETROSPECTIVE

Lovis Corinth could have become the great Impressionist of Germany, if he had not lacked lightness of touch and color, or if he could have escaped a kind of nightmare about the fleetingness of life. Toward his end, in 1925, Corinth's canvases became bleary glimmerings of blunt dabs, and turgid, wavelike knifings, accenting thin, muddy underwashes (in portraits), or luminous horizons (in landscapes), yet in both instances suffused with savage and touching intimations of mortality. Behind him lay a mammoth production, a veritable diarrhea of paintings, in which preoccupations with the flesh, invariably doughy, pendulous and vulnerable, outweigh all other concerns. From this spectacle of tired and tottering, pink or gray jelly, can be glimpsed intermittent fusions of sensation and feeling that speak out, certainly, for one individual, but announce also, the death of a century-long naturalistic tradition.

One is surprised, actually, that it lasted so long. Born in 1858, only a year before Seurat, Corinth matured in a provincial German environment in which Hals, Rubens and Rembrandt were the great ancestors, Courbet was the vitally exciting contemporary force, but Manet was an equivocal source of techniques that were never understood. The color heightening of the palette, the intent to elicit impressions rather than transcribe surfaces and objects, the ironic detachment from subject, and decorative potency of form, everything which was opened up by Manet in that most momentous shift of 19th-century art from the portrayal of history to the operations of a self-discovering sensibility, all this was out of reach, a closed book to German, as much as it was, say, to American painting. To the dense factuality and materiality of Corinth's milieu, the lesson of Paris provided only a breeze that eddied the surface. But it stirred up the emotional sluggishness of this painter (who is now being given his first important American retrospective at the Gallery of Modern Art) to a threshold matching his own formidable energy of handling. Into at least one iconographical theme of Teutonic art, a morbid, but erotic fascination with death (Marées, Böcklin and Klinger), Corinth entered with perhaps the first real note of personal anxiety. Only very slowly did his sensuously charged, narcissistic form, after years of blundering and bad faith, disintegrate into that agitation, that precious incoherence, we call modern.

In protracted mid-career, Corinth's

art floundered through all kinds of psychological contradictions. Satirizing, for example, ancient subjects and classical training, he showed no sense of humor (i.e., the etching "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream"). If anything, his distance from the old mythologies, coupled with his misguided stubbornness in exposing or manipulating them, produced a cleavage of consciousness that can be painful to behold. His flabby satyrs and bacchantes (an echo of his apprenticeship with Bouguereau?) are much too graphically realized to dispel the impression of a mawkish and prurient charade. Besides, Corinth was the kind of painter, and middle-class mentality, who ransacked the Bible and the classics for every rape he could find, leading one to suspect that, far from ridiculing a tradition (which was dead and unimportant to him anyhow), he wanted it to sanction his ingenuous, if bearish, sexual fantasies. As for his studio nudes, squeezing themselves in postures of grotesquely self-conscious abandon, they chill rather than elicit desire. Something comparable holds, too, for his inflated dabbles in religiosity, such as "The Great Martyrdom," of 1907, which is a caricature of the Crucifixion, far more an illustration than an expression of brutality.

But here, one of the greatest ambiguities in Corinth's make-up suggests itself. There can be no doubt that he was deeply moved, even fascinated, by the spectacle of social and personal power. His feeling for authority, however, could slide up or down into attraction or repulsion, or confuse itself halfway between, as in the vivid "Black Hussar," 1917. At other moments, he could portray himself as a glowering hulk, lording it over the household, in "Picture of the Artist's Family." Still, again, he shows an icon of Aryan knighthood ("Under the Protection of Arms," 1915) that seems less indictment than apotheosis. In any event, the image of human force in his art is carnal and transient, forming itself repeatedly into masks of equivocal vitality.

Corinth's own mask, especially after his crippling stroke of 1911, came to dominate his art, even as the thing itself became more dilapidated and the spirit within began to probe its very decrepitude. These pictures are now overt instruments of self-exposure, far more individualized, though less commanding, than Munch's. Corinth does not seem to have been the

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sort to whom the gradual elimination of physical desires brought happiness. Rather, the late period bears witness, especially in drawings and prints, to a biodynamic wastage whose graph is the artist's face, perhaps on one page bloated, gnomelike in another. It is a lumpen, pasty visage, vehicle for a trapped weasel stare, a comical grimace or flickering psychosis. In their absence of concealment, these self-portraits of a very imperfect man usher in a new moral dignity, greater somehow than simple candor because in his weakness he discerns, for the first time, his real power.

For, that which informs his shaky, dissipated gesturings is the transmission of light—pale and silvery, to be sure, but ultimately life-enhancing. The very rapidity of execution for which he was famous functions now, not to show off a great virtuosity, but to catch a luminous evanescence. The portrait sketch of Beyer is a particular triumph of this light, besides being an unforgettable study of hysteria. But what is important is the economy of the fudgy, slushy strokes, never merely approximate but always turning into the precise felt equivalent of a luminous sensation. The more unstructured his compositions became, the more articulate was the positioning in depth and the tremulous if insubstantial existence of each image. Light does not so much fall on things or objects, rather, they are revealed immaterially through it. Here was an impressionism that the French had not given us, because it was simultaneously still faithful to conventional chiaroscuro modeling, daringly loose-knit, and characterizing of emotional stress.

If Corinth's portraits peel away the *petit bourgeois* façade of comfort and normality, his terse landscapes, particularly those of the last years of Walchensee, Bavaria, transcend any notion of social class whatsoever, and emerge as some of the greatest creations of their genre. In them the lake view glitters with stinging blues, garnished with pulpy, acid yellow-green flutters of foliage. It is almost as if Corinth's own advanced age and tragic view of his condition kindled an unprecedented morning radiance that had to be swept on before his powers failed. One thinks, finally, of that enormous predatory outdoor self-portrait at Walchensee (which the Munich museum declined to loan), in which nature and the artist are bathed in a light that should bleach, but in fact only accentuates color. Painted fifteen years after Kandinsky's first improvisations in abstraction, it is the terminus point of the 19th-century bravura style, stopping short of the Expressionism which Corinth abhorred, but flaring with such an intensity and disquiet that it irrevocably enters the life stream of our time.

In the accompanying catalogue to the exhibition, incidentally, there is a memorable essay by Hilton Kramer—full of sympathy and fallacy, light and dark—a bit like Corinth himself.

MAX KOZLOFF

Ordering

the dream
              that does not come to me
lives up your street
hot in the June night, fireflies at it in the broken hedge

a tree is between us & the light
I am walking on the street 1938, 1961, no time has passed,
the Spanish have moved into Brooklyn
                                                                      & they, with all their women,

pass no time
              when I was a child
              I rode on lions
stone ones, a stone one west of Nostrand avenue, in the numbered streets
& called its name *iler*
                                  turning the word around
& every night fed
                          handfuls of grass into its mouth

there are no hedges on your street, I am trying to order the lines of it,
of the poem, not what was there, the images,
                                                          but the kind or quality of the light
I saw one evening through the windows of your house
                                                                      Bach's violin

begins recapitulation, it is the coda,
                                              there are no streets
within twenty miles of where I sit, Orion behind me,
                                                                      the next sonata begins

Full leaves of the tree
                              swarming with shadows
                                                          stirring the ground
my mother held me on the lion so I wouldnt fall
there were never any people on that street,
                                                    stone flower boxes,

I loved the iler
& it loved me
                    & let me feed it grass

                                          do you understand
how senseless it is to have this poem with you in it
that there were no people in that street, ever,
                                                    that if it were

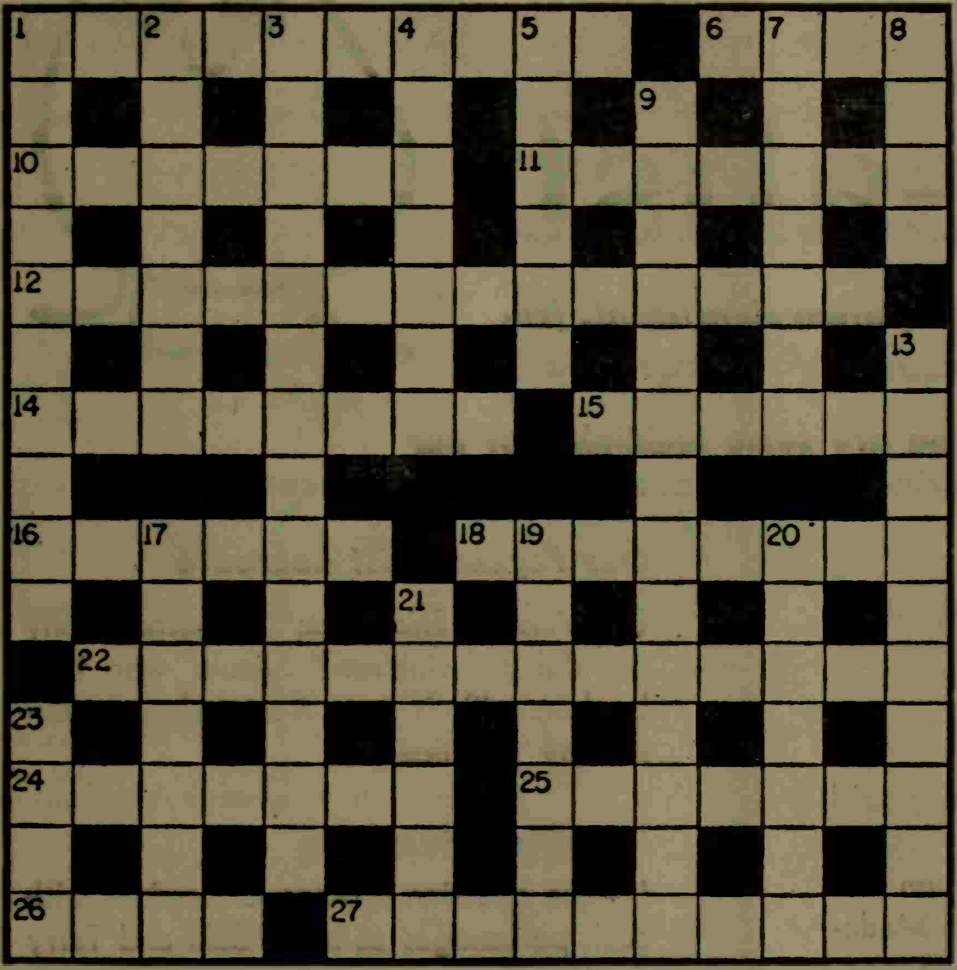
a dream I'd be ashamed of it,
                                      there are no people in it,
my mother held me to the lion,
                                        only the forms of things, the forms of things,
moving or still against the light,
                                          broad stubby pale green leaves
from stone boxes,
                        I chewed the dusty leaf & found it wet inside,
the love I give you is day's light
I am not telling you a dream,
                                      I do not dream,
                                                          I taste the sweet

wet green inside,
                        but what the dream would be.

Robert Kelly

Crossword Puzzle No. 1075

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 Implying a lot is disappearing. (5, 5, 4)

10 Uses the type found around a stratagem. (7)

11 Broken jars, not associated with Paris. (7)

12 Would such a sign be apt at an animal crossing at the stream, or just some animals? (8, 6)

14 An unusual set, round and not classified. (8)

15 Pet lettuce plant, when young. (6)

16 Does a good word help return the plant, when in deep? (6)

18 Medicine found by the side of a sea? (8)

22 In short, it's a fish — no charge for it! (4, 2, 8)

24 The course in which Anne looked to excel? (7)

25 Comparatively firmly drawn. (7)

26 Apt in the vernacular to be unadulterated. (4)

27 The scar saints are made to show some officials? (10)

DOWN:

1 Shakespearian strainers, at the start. (9)

2 Tells such things with devilish cunning? (7)

3 It's worthless to imply children who are don't have to be bribed. (4-3-7)

4 Sort of verbose, as one can readily see. (7)

5 One who does 4 takes this. (6)

7 In the past they gave the future. (7)

8 and 21 At one time Norfolk and Suffolk might have been against ale. (4, 6)

9 Where boats supported the crossing in time of war. (7, 7)

13 They might supply the balance of material of modern ironworks, as a suggestion. (10)

17 State a case of arbitration? (7)

19 The last of 2 might embrace it there, at some difficulty. (7)

20 Overcome by force. (7)

21 See 8 down

23 4, in the matter of feet, might start the race. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1074

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Afterthought; 4 Plentiful; 9 Albumin; 11 Gold; 12 and 7 Plane figures; 16 and 25 Striped pants; 17 Excused; 22 Newgate; 29 Reacted; 30 Chagrin; 31 and 19 Waterless cookers; 32 Andes. DOWN: 1 Analgesic; 2. Tabular; 3 and 13 Ramparts; 4 Paneled; 5 Entente; 6 Twos; 8 Lotus; 14 and 26 Speedwell; 15 Scows; 18 Dwellings; 20 Outcast; 21 Standee; 22 Notices; 23 Averred; 24 Straw; 27 Stir; 28 and 24 across Parasite.

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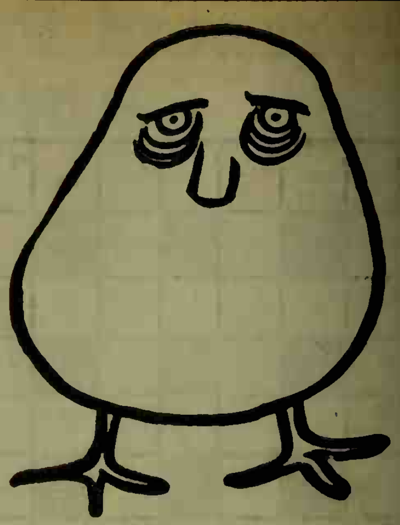

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THE NATION

October 19, 1964 . . 35c

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A Texan Remembers
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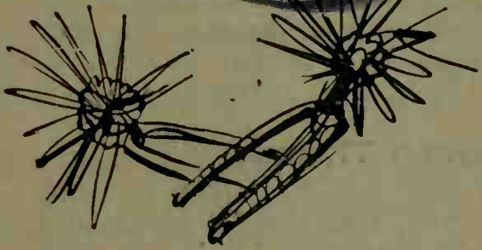
STUART LONG



Space Crescent II

The Brain Ghettos

William S. Ellis

The Negro's Priorities

Welfare or Status

Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

Reviews

HERZOG — George P. Elliott

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY — Robert Theobald

LETTERS

People's problem

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Reading "Postal Savings: America's Poorest Buy" by Ralph Lee Smith (*The Nation*, Sept. 21) made me appreciate again the value of your magazine and the awareness some people have of others' problems.

When, years ago, I stopped using Postal Savings because of low interest rates, I didn't bother to think that this method of saving was the sole real one for many urban and rural people. Perhaps your article and the thought behind it will get wide recognition, and this trusted savings system will be given the chance to offer modern rates of interest. . . .

Beatrice B. Epel

Norman Thomas

New York City

Dear Sirs: CBS plans to broadcast a TV documentary to mark the 80th birthday of Norman Thomas. The committee in charge of this event is eager to examine available home movies or tape recordings of Mr. Thomas. I shall be most grateful if anyone owning such material will get in touch with me immediately at the Norman Thomas 80th Birthday Committee, Room 402, 1182 Broadway, New York City. Phone: 689-1738.

Judith Bardecke
Executive Secretary

Lawyers in Mississippi

Jackson, Miss.

Dear Sirs: Elizabeth Sutherland, writing of legal defense work in Mississippi this past summer ("The Cat and Mouse Game," *The Nation*, Sept. 14) states that attorneys "were allowed to practice very little in the state"; that their work "consisted mainly of bailing or bonding out arrested volunteers, as well as local Negroes," removing cases to federal court and "acting as observers and advisers." She quotes a law student from the National Lawyers Guild office as stating, "the amount of actual legal work we've done could be engraved on the head of a pin." While this may be true for the Guild, it is highly untrue for the Legal Defense Fund (NAACP) and the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee. A surprising and encouraging occurrence of the summer was that although our attorneys were challenged several times, they were permitted to appear on the overwhelming majority of occasions. In addition, they were extremely busy drawing up legal papers, researching defense, consulting with clients. Approximately 200 cases are now pending involving more than 500 persons; at least another 100 have been handled and closed.

This fall the Legal Defense Fund has stepped up its involvement in Mississippi to handle the staggering number of appeals left from the summer, as well as to carry on day-to-day defense. The legal staff in Mississippi has been augmented by three new persons who will work with the three local attorneys. *Marian E. Wright*
NAACP Legal Defense Fund, Inc.

Correction

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your October 5th issue contains an article by Alexander Werth ("Russia in 1964") in which he states that "so far, the Togliatti 'testament' has not appeared in the Soviet Press." Clearly, Mr. Werth must have written his article some weeks ago. May we point out to you and your readers that the text of Togliatti's statement was published in *Pravda*, Sept. 10.

Leonid Velichansky
New York Bureau, Tass Agency

Ethical drugs

New York City

Dear Sirs: The editorial "Drugs and Doctors" (*The Nation*, Sept. 21) is more misleading than informative.

First, in addition to the fact that much of the criticism directed at advertising of ethical drug products in the article and during the Kefauver hearings was completely unjustified, government regulation of advertising of these products, both from the standpoint of safety and effectiveness, was significantly extended by the 1962 Drug Amendments. Therefore, extensive regulations now blanket the area.

In the second place, the editorial is not a fair representation of the book, *Drugs in Our Society*, which is a collection of papers presented at a conference at Johns Hopkins University.

For instance, the writer quotes liberally from a paper by Mr. Pierre Garai but no mention is made of his comments in the same paper as follows:

> Operating under the profit system, the drug industry has made enormous contributions to our society. Not only has the successful marketing of individual drugs tended to reduce their price over the years. It has created the capital and the corporate motivation to which we owe the variety and plentiful supply of useful drugs from which the therapist may choose. Indeed, had the pharmaceutical industry never availed itself of the mass-marketing techniques we now hear so bitterly assailed, few of the drugs on which modern medical practice depends would be affordable at all.

The editorial suggests that many drugs are overpriced and attributes this partly to "over-competition." In their zeal to condemn the pharmaceutical industry, other critics have also asserted that many drugs are overpriced, but they have attributed this to *lack* of competition. In all logic, both can't be right! Both can be wrong—and they are. *G. H. Weiler, Jr.*
Director of Public Relations
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THE
NATION
Monday, October 19, 1964
Volume 199, No. 11

In this issue

EDITORIALS

233

ARTICLES

235 A Texan Remembers Lyndon
Stuart Long
239 The Brain Ghettos: Space Crescent II
William S. Ellis
243 The Negro's Priorities: Welfare or Status
Everett C. Ladd, Jr.
246 In Arab Hands
Joel Lieber

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

249 The House That Homo Sapiens Built
Robert Theobald
252 Hurtsog, Hairtsog, Heart's Hog?
George P. Elliott
254 Theatre of the Meaningful
Elizabeth Sutherland
256 Theatre
Harold Clurman
257 Films
Robert Hatch
258 Music
Benjamin Boretz
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 260)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Elizabeth Sutherland, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
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Harold Clurman, Theatre
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Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry

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EDITORIALS

Lyndon Baines Johnson

When the New York *Herald Tribune* started off its editorial, "We Choose Johnson," with the avowal, "Travail and torment go into these simple words . . ." it was not indulging in mock heroics. The *Trib* says truly that as a newspaper it was Republican before there was a Republican Party, has been Republican ever since, and intends to remain Republican. But it finds Goldwater impossible and it is a testament to the paper's integrity that this one time it had to bolt. In stating its support for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, *The Nation* will surprise no one. Its choice has been made with the greatest equanimity and borders on tautology. Not that *The Nation* is a Democratic organ. We are supporting Kenneth B. Keating for re-election to the Senate from New York, and there was no inner struggle about that either. Nor have we experienced any travail or torment in reaching the decision that Republican John V. Lindsay should be re-elected as Representative from the 17th Congressional District in New York.

But in 1964, as in 1960, it is not merely a matter of choosing the lesser evil. Johnson has faults and they are not slight, especially for a magazine that tries to keep opinion on a decent intellectual level. But his virtues are impressive (see Stuart Long's assessment, based on close observation over a period of many years, p. 235). An adroit practical politician, the President is an acknowledged master of legislative techniques; his skill and experience in the arts of Congressional leadership have not been matched in our time. The Executive-Congressional interplay is one of immense intricacy, requiring technical and professional competence which some men, otherwise brilliant, can never attain. In this field alone—and it is a vital one—the President's credentials would be impressive against any nominee the Republicans might have named, not to mention the ineffable Goldwater. In our view the record of the 88th Congress under President Johnson's leadership warrants endorsement of his candidacy.

In general political orientation, it is often forgotten that Johnson, as Stuart Long points out, has always been about as progressive as a Texan can be and still keep on getting re-elected. His political values may not be ours but we certainly espouse many of his objectives. The President is no ascetic and he has accumulated a personal fortune, employing to his own advantage the same mixture of financial acumen, political influence and general know-how that have made him such an effective legislator. At the same time, the glaring contrasts of wealth and poverty in American society are not to his liking. He understands the responsibilities of leadership, accepts them gladly, and is probably the hardest-working President who has occupied the office in this century. No one questions his dedication or his determination to make a great record as President.

"In supporting Johnson," the *Herald Tribune* warns, "we do so with our eyes open and our fingers crossed." *The Nation* makes the same reservation. It supported Kennedy and then belabored him on Vietnam and Cuba. Given the same circumstances, it will criticize Johnson as often and as severely. The post-election situation this time—or so it now seems—will present a special problem. Kennedy just squeezed through, but present indications are that Johnson will win by a landslide. *The Nation* would like to see the Goldwater-Miller ticket receive the worst defeat it is in the power of the American people to bestow. If that makes the Democrats complacent, progressives will have their work cut out for them the next four years. So will Johnson. It is one thing to talk of the Great Society, quite another to create it. But to try is both in his interest and consistent with his personality.

The Change

The article by Drs. Jerome B. Wiesner and Herbert F. York in the October *Scientific American* marks a significant transition in U.S. military thinking. In "The Test Ban," York and Wiesner do much more than assess the usefulness of that agreement. And it is not only what they say that is significant but the fact that it is they who are saying it. York was chief scientist of the Department of Defense in the Eisenhower administration, Wiesner was science adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Actually both men are scientists-engineers, as is Dr. George Kistiakowsky, who was science adviser to President Eisenhower and who has stated his agreement with the Wiesner-York observations.

These observations add up to a précis of the present state of the nuclear missile race, based on unclassified information which appears in the article, and the classified information which both men possess in unexcelled amplitude and depth. Of course, when he writes about matters of this sort, a scientist cannot help using both kinds of information; he has only one brain and it is not divided into classified and unclassified compartments. It is a novelty, however, for recently retired participants in high-level discussions to assure the reader that the arguments would not be modified if the authors were able to cite the classified information. One can remember when such a declaration would have been regarded as indiscreet, or worse, and the avowal in this case is itself important.

Summed up in a few words, what York and Wiesner tell us is that it is hopeless to try to defend against a massive nuclear attack. Peace is the only defense and the nuclear test ban has worked to the benefit of peace, and hence to the benefit of the U.S. As the U.S. military position gets stronger, the opponent takes appropriate counteraction and U.S. military security declines. The same is true for the USSR, more so in fact. Hence: "The clearly predictable course of the arms race is a steady open spiral downward into oblivion." And: "*It is our considered professional judgment that this dilemma has no technical solution.*" (Italics in original.) Only step-by-step disarmament will avail.

A few years ago the unthinkable was being thought for the public by Herman Kahn. Though most of the scientific brass never subscribed to Kahn's views, they were not in a position to challenge the traditional military doctrine, rendered meaningless in the nuclear age, that the greater America's "might," the greater her security. Things are different today. Kahn's own emphases have changed, and so have the parameters of discussion. York and Wiesner can now say publicly what they know because (although the public has not yet been told) the groups of scientists and engineers they represent (perhaps including some in uniform) have won the behind-the-scenes battle in the Pentagon. In itself, the test ban represents only a modest retardation of the arms race, but after a year of it York and Wiesner can speak out. One may surmise that they are doing so, in this joint fashion, to give the word to the scientific community and thus lend further impulsion to the move toward sanity.

Tiger in Your Tank

In a single Saturday and Sunday recently, twenty-one young Americans died in automobile smashups. This was not one of the big holiday weekends; it was pretty much routine. Of course the youngsters don't kill only themselves; often they take older folk with them, or the older folk manage without help from the young. In some states new records for fatalities and injuries are likely to be set; in New York the 1964 traffic death toll may be the highest in almost a quarter of a century. The national totals are little short of appalling, and a reaction is beginning to build up against the automobile industry which, with its long-established aversion to regulation of any kind, has exposed itself to the very criticism it resents. At the American Automobile Association convention an industry representative contended that the suggestions of independent safety experts were put forward "without proof that they were effective, acceptable to the public or economically justified." The industry stands pat on the contention that it is the best judge of car safety standards. If it sells, it is as safe as it needs to be; the rest is up to the drivers and the police.

With 44,000 people dead on the highways last year, it is doubtful that this laissez faire attitude can be maintained. Cannot cars be made safer, so that catastrophic crashes will be fewer? The Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette-Mail* contends editorially that if Detroit were more safety-conscious and less style-conscious the carnage on the highways could be substantially reduced. Collapsible steering assemblies, automatic fire-protection systems, rollbars, shock-absorbing bumpers and the like certainly should be considered, even if the cars are less elegant and not as many buyers succumb to the enticing shapes of each year's new models.

In a sense, Detroit practically invites the more aggressive members of the community to go out and kill or be killed. The names of some of the cars are a clue to the psychology of the Detroit sales departments and a segment of the driving population. Nor is Detroit alone: you are invited to put a tiger into the gasoline tank of your Mustang, Barracuda, Sting Ray, Wildcat, Fury, Thunderbird, etc. Some of the most skilled operators drive sports cars, but these hot little vehicles also tempt some of the most harebrained. As Ogden Nash said, "Now every one horsepower mind has bought/a hundred horsepower juggernaut"—or was it two hundred?

The Mustang is a case in point. By September 20, 150,000 units of this $2,900 product (with extras) had been sold, corresponding to an annual rate of between 350,000 and 400,000. The young particularly go for the Mustang. Says Ford's marketing research manager, Seymour Marshak: "Nowadays a guy looks for a symbol of his youth. He wants to be . . . a live wire. Me, I even get concerned when one of my four daughters looks at me and says, 'Daddy, you're strictly from Squaresville.'" Ford, it seems, has a "gut feeling" about the Mustang—which is fine if too many of the buyers don't leave their guts on the pavement.

Makes of tires are on the market which, by their price alone, must be suspected of being unsafe. Why should there not be safety standards for tires, as well as for cars? The federal government protects travelers by steamship, air and rail. Ninety per cent of interstate travel is now by automobile. It looks like a field in which federal regulation would not be such a bogey after all.

The New Libel

You are a public official and your constituents begin telling you that they have heard you have a "100 per cent pro-Communist, America-last voting record," and similar pleasant things. You check into the reports. Slander is nothing new in politics, but at least you would like to know who said it. You discover that by dialing a number anyone can listen to a tape-recorded tirade in which these statements are made by a voice not identified from a source not known. Then you try to find out in whose name the telephone is listed, and usually you encounter a blank wall. So, whom do you sue?

This has happened to Sen. Jacob Javits and to others; he tells about it at length in the October 2 *Congressional Record.* It is nothing new. Some time ago Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel complained of this anonymous slander technique, and *The Nation* commented editorially ("For Whom the Bell Rings," March 30, 1964, p. 310). In this case the organization behind the new gimmick was identified as "Let Freedom Ring"; Senator Javits suggests it should be called, "Let Hate be Heard." This outfit, based in Florida, is operating in that state, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Colorado. It has been organized nationally for some twenty months and in that relatively brief period, according to Senator Javits, has preached that the higher echelons of the Defense establishment are working to deliver the country into the hands of the enemy, that American aid to Yugoslavia goes directly to the Soviet Union, and that the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund, which feeds thousands of hungry children in various countries, "is one of the best examples of subversion." With innuendo and outright lies, it has attacked, among others, Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, Chief Justice Warren, UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and Eleanor Roosevelt. This wickedness continues without letup and is spreading. Political pathology may be no worse in the United States than elsewhere—but we have far more telephones than any other nation.

What can be done? Suppose the public figure who is being knifed manages to find out in whose name the phone was installed. There might still be a serious question of liability, because in theory a telephone conversation is in the realm of private communication. If that difficulty can be overcome, as it probably can, not only the persons who obtained the tapes locally may have to be identified, but also those who prepared them originally—who may be in another state. In any case there must be a test suit, with complicated and costly appellate litigation.

Aside from legal action, various measures may be taken to curb this spreading plague. The telephone companies can be made to take cognizance of abuses of this kind, which potentially can do more harm than bookmaking. This use of the telephone is a form of broadcasting, and the Federal Communications Commission may have jurisdiction. Then there is the weapon Senator Javits used—counterattack. The private citizen may also note that those who are slandered are usually precisely the people who, in the public interest and his own, deserve his vote.

Barry and the Pilots

An aviator in Los Angeles has formed a Pilots for Goldwater Club, named himself president and begun putting out releases, one of which asserts that 77 per cent of all commercial pilots support the Republican candidate. This is patent nonsense—no survey of the political beliefs of all pilots has ever been made, and none is likely; pilots are highly individualistic, mobile to the extreme, and poor subjects for polling.

Private conversations would seem to indicate that fliers are much like other voters; some are for Johnson, some for Goldwater, and a good many are still making up their minds. This last group has a special, professional interest in Goldwater's dedication to States' rights. If the Republican candidate means what he says, he would give control of the airways and of the landing fields, development of navigational and other safety devices, subsidy of small connecting lines back to the fifty states. Pilots who habitually span the nation from coast to coast in a day's work know that States' rights for aviation would mean chaos and disaster for the industry. Imagine 50 CABs controlling the planes in the air. If Goldwater means what he says, he cannot expect many votes from the fliers (or from anyone else in commercial aviation). And if he doesn't mean what he says . . . ?

A Texan Remembers Lyndon . . . . . Stuart Long

Austin, Tex.

Sitting down to try to explain Lyndon Johnson is a lot like trying to shovel away a mountain, like telling how you know when it's time to take cattle to market, like explaining when it's time to plant corn, sell stocks or buy real estate. This man Johnson needs a lot of understanding and a lot of mind reading, and they taught us at journalism school not to go into motives except when motives cut to the heart of the issue. But when we buck up against the breathtaking business of the election booth, picking one man of two to lead the country, maybe it's time to talk of motives.

Episodes pulled from the files of memory may well be as good a way as any to begin. And as one who has been an employee (briefly), a volunteer worker for, a friend of at times, and at outs with about as much of the time, I am inclined to reach to memory instead of analysis. The recent portraits of Johnson, painted in black or white, have none of the human gray shades which give life to a likeness. But all the while, one keeps recalling Clarence Darrow's reminder that you should pass on others' motives only when you know yourself why you do what you do.

Here are a set of penciled notes of a meeting called in Austin, Tex., in late 1945, just after V-J Day. Congressman Johnson flew down from Washington to call a meeting of the "leaders" from the ten counties of his 10th District, which was his first political love. He wanted them to tell him—and the federal government—what they should be doing about the men and women coming home from the war.

Johnson told the group that, first, it was a responsibility of free enterprise to provide jobs for the returning GIs. After that, it was up to local government, then to state government. But, he went on, if those three failed to provide the jobs and the housing for the returning servicemen and their families, it became a federal responsibility:

> *Hungry babies can't eat States' rights. Ragged soldiers can't wear local self-government. Sick, illiterate people can't cure themselves on a diet of free enterprise.*

The meeting went on all day. Johnson introduced most of the 500 present by their first names, and as he introduced them, he told what they had been doing and what they had accomplished in their commu-

---

Stuart Long has reported Texas politics for three decades; he now covers the state capital for a number of Texas papers. He lives in Austin.

nities. But all through the meeting, the Congressman was telling the leaders of his district that he was going to vote for federal programs if they were needed to create jobs and homes.

It wasn't long afterward that he did just that. We had a real housing shortage in Austin when the guys with their wartime brides and babies began to come home. There was an appeal to open homes and rent a room to a couple. But the flood was overwhelming. The University of Texas regents, a rugged free-enterprise lot, wanted no part of socialized housing, but we organized a veterans' housing council. Every morning we would hammer on the university officials with demands for acceptance of an offer from the United States to bring in barracks and convert them into apartments if the university would furnish the land (it had several hundred vacant acres). Every afternoon Johnson would phone to ask if they were ready to accept. After about ten days of this, the regents agreed to accept 800 apartments. Most of them are still there, providing low-cost housing these nineteen years for university students and faculty members and, what's more important, making college education possible.

Next in the flood of recollections is one that indicates what Johnson's Cabinet members have learned by now: he won't be satisfied with anything short of a miracle from those he leans on, hires, or assigns to jobs.

As a volunteer worker and in my spare time, I got up a network radio show for his 1948 Senate campaign. It was a "Veterans for Johnson" production, and as I look over the script even now it did sound pretty good. Johnson heard it and ordered it run twice more over the statewide network. When he came back to Austin for an hour between speeches, ten days before election, he caught me and issued this ukase: "That show was the best one ever written. Now I want eight more just as good." He ticked off the subjects for the eight more shows, only two of which got to the air before the campaign was over. So it became my fault that Johnson won by only 87 votes.

There never was a man as demanding on his staff. The folk who pay the salaries will get their money's worth out of Johnson's hired hands.

Johnson must necessarily be described as a vain man. Maybe it takes vanity to carry one to the top of the political mountain. In 1948, he came home to assay his chances for the U.S. Senate seat which was being left open by W. Lee O'Daniel, who had beaten Johnson by 1,311 votes in 1941. Everywhere he turned he read signs that convinced him he could not win. One night a group of us gathered to try to get him to run. He said "no" and went to bed.

We sat and talked, eight of us, all convinced that former Gov. Coke Stevenson could be, and should be, defeated. Finally we agreed that John Connally should run. We sat up late mapping his campaign. Next morning, some of us advised Johnson of our decision and asked his support. He was popping mad, of course, and that afternoon he announced as a candidate. He was a 2-to-1 underdog, but he campaigned cannily, splitting Stevenson's conservatives with Stevenson's endorsement by the A.F. of L., then splitting the A. F. of L. when he finally harried Stevenson into saying Taft-Hartley was good for the country. He squeezed into the Democratic primary by 87 votes, was elected that fall by more than 2 to 1, and had taken his first step up the political ladder.

But had he not had that necessary feeling, which surely must be vanity, he would never have been a candidate, and he would not be President now.

Other top politicians, even Presidents, have had diversions of family or sport or fun to draw them from their appointed path. Lyndon and his family have had but one devotion and that is to his career. This means that The Job is the thing, and he and his family are capable of working eighteen to twenty hours a day on it.

In the case of the Johnsons, one part of The Job was securing a nest egg. When he first ran for Congress at 27, in 1937, businessmen supporters of his many opponents snorted that Johnson was no good because he'd never met a payroll. In Texas, which has been closely split for decades on conservative-liberal lines, a candidate, to be successful, must get the support—and the money—to cover the vast distances by air and by electronics. To get the money, he has to be acceptable to at least a section of the business community.

Johnson couldn't get the power company support, because he was deeply committed to public power and REA co-ops, a commitment dating back in his family, probably, to the generation before he was born. There was no oil or gas in his 10th District. So he and Mrs. Johnson went into the radio business, nudged by a vision perhaps of what was to come in that field. He also went into land—coached, no doubt, by Edgar H. Perry, Sr., who made a fortune in land in Austin and who was one of many successful businessmen who saw Johnson's potential and took the young Congressman under their wings. As time wore on, the growth of land values and of radio-TV income eliminated the charge that Johnson had never met a payroll. Now his enemies holler that he's done too well.

Some sort of crisis had developed at Hondo, Tex., where a pilot's training school was being operated under contract by H. B. (Pat) Zachry, a leading San Antonio contractor, conservative, millionaire and big payer of federal taxes. Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson flew back to Austin for the weekend to meet with Zachry and others concerned with the loss of a payroll at Hondo.

The business at hand being over, Senator Johnson turned to Zachry, who held the construction contract for extension of runways at Bergstrom Air Force Base, at the edge of Austin. He said: "Couldn't the government save some money out there at Bergstrom if you put on a second shift of men? You've got your supervision and your equipment, and you're just running the equipment eight hours a day. Besides, we need to get those B-52s in operation."

Zachry reckoned the work could be completed at less total cost with a second shift. The Senator told him to have studies made over the weekend to show how much could be saved for "us taxpayers." "Get that into my office in Washington Monday, and we'll get an order authorizing a second shift."

Johnson left the meeting, having convinced Zachry that he was a man who knew business and who was interested in saving dollars for the taxpayers. He walked down the street with a liberal friend and explained the action this way: "We've got 2,500 men unemployed here in Austin. If we can put them to work next week, there will be 2,500 men and 7,500 women and kids who'll have a lot finer Christmas."

That has always seemed to me to explain Lyndon B. Johnson, how he thinks and, perhaps more important, how he operates. He can translate any plan or proposal into the language of the person he's talking to, and make it seem just right in the listener's language.

I look back at a memo I wrote in 1951 to Llewellyn White of *The Reporter*, who wanted a run-down on Johnson. In it I said: "Lyndon intends to be President some day. He may make it, if his health holds out." It did, of course, but only after he had worked himself into a massive heart attack in 1955. From all appearances, it was one of those heart attacks which save a man's life because, with The Job in mind, Johnson did what the doctors said, and he's still doing what they say.

While the Johnson family background is solidly Democratic, Johnson himself came from the kind of country and poor farm background that bred the Populists. So did Sam Rayburn and so did John Nance Garner. I recall my father, a Democratic county chairman in the 1890s, when the Populists were running strong and winning offices, saying that "We Democrats had to take the Populists' platform over to beat them and the Republicans."

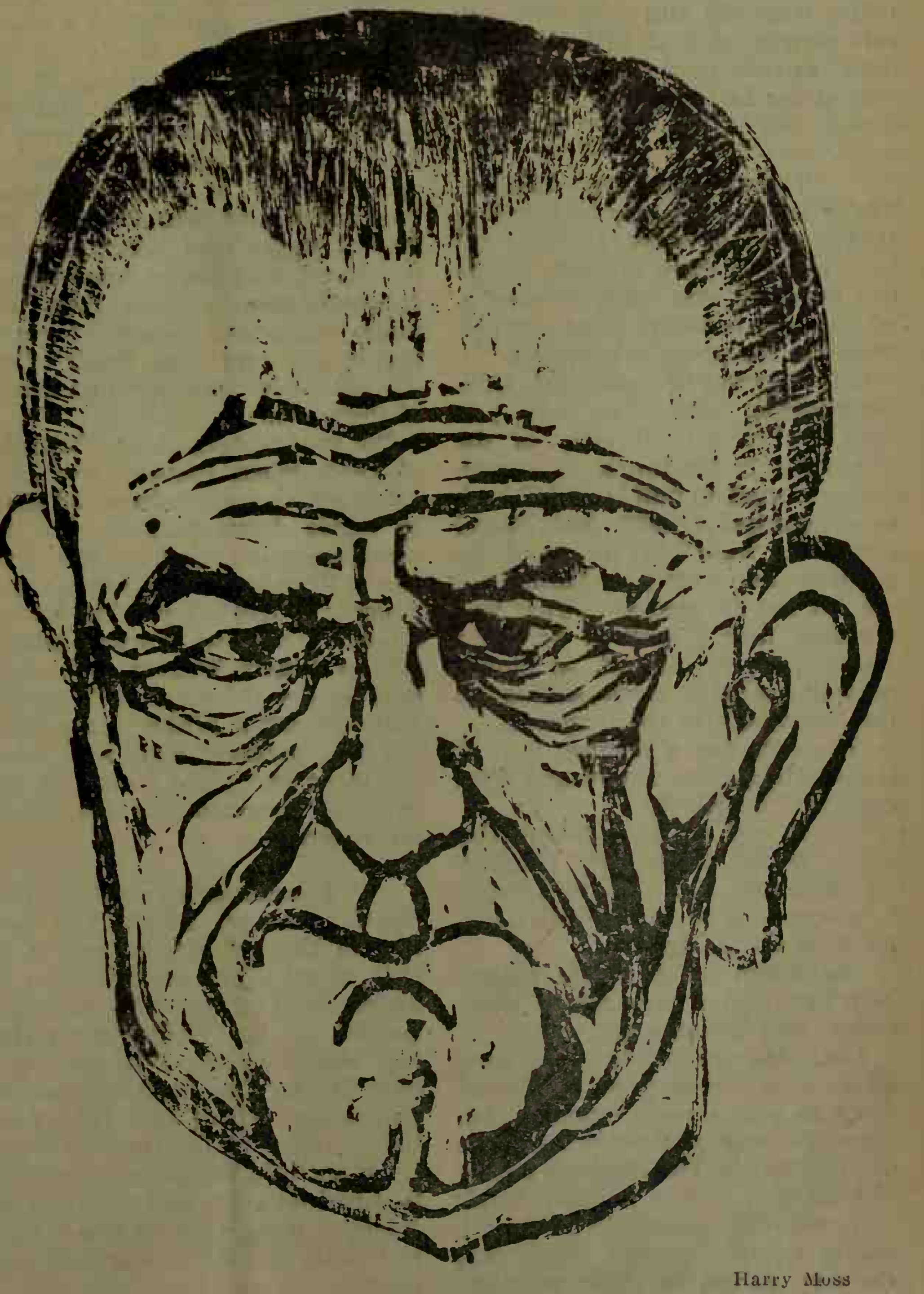
It has always been my belief that Rayburn and his protégé Johnson were right out of that same strain. You might call them "agrarian radicals." They worked for farm programs, rural electricity, public power, controlling Wall Street, public housing, low interest rates and social security. They took these stands simply because they had known poverty, and didn't like it.

Garner, Rayburn and Johnson all became wealthy while serving full time in Washington. They did so because they were smart enough to see what was going to happen, or could keep their ears open to find out what they didn't know. In the American free-enterprise system, men of this caliber can and will become wealthy, even when they work at wealth as moonlighters.

I have been in with Lyndon and out with Lyndon. I find some mean letters in my file that I have written him for departing from Democratic platforms of the 1950s. And I find mean replies. Yet I recall many times in arguments over Johnson that I have told my disdainful liberal friends that Johnson is just as liberal as his constituency will let him be.

There is no question but that Johnson has that characteristic once ascribed to a political leader: "First you find out where the people want to go. Then you get out in front and lead them there." Sometimes, as at that postwar meeting in Austin, August 31, 1945, he was leading them there *as* he found out where they wanted to go.

Johnson has had little contact with state governments, but the contacts he has had have convinced him that they very often do not "get the job done for the folks," and that to him is the purpose of government. Texas state government gets a full fourth of its income in federal aid, dispensed largely by officials who cuss centralized government. It is not hard to recall how Johnson, sick and tired of trying to sell Texas on working to provide water for its future, slapped in a bill one day to create a federal study commission, which got the money and developed a water master plan for Texas so ambitious that Texans are still stunned as they find out more and more about it. The late Walter Prescott Webb convinced Johnson of the need for water development in



Harry Moss

Texas. Johnson asked his Senate colleague, Price Daniel, going home to become governor, to get water planning started. When the legislature turned Daniel down the first time, Johnson introduced his federal bill and got the study going.

I remember his telling me one time, when Secretary of the Navy John Connally and Rep. Jim Wright were both thinking of leaving Washington to run for governor, that both of them already had better jobs than being governor of Texas. He couldn't understand why people would want to leave responsible federal jobs to undertake the empty job of being titular head of the Texas state government. (That recollection will get you a fast argument, because the campaigners against Connally, who did run and win, are still convinced that LBJ sent him home to take over that office as a part of the LBJ empire.)

There's another attribute you've got to recognize in Johnson. He's a seller of ideas. He may not have many of them himself, but he can recognize one when he sees it. His real gift is selling ideas and programs to the people who count.

One weekend he came back from Washington, where he had just managed to get all sixty of the Democrats in the Senate to vote together to send an anti-labor bill back to committee. Hubert and Muriel Humphrey were with him, and the Johnsons asked my wife Emma and me out for the weekend. That was the first time I realized he could take a joke on himself. At dinner he was bragging about getting all the Democrats to vote together.

"I'll send you a picture, Stu, of Hubert Humphrey and Senator Byrd hugging," he joked.

"That's what I keep telling Hubert," Muriel Humphrey laughed. "If he keeps listening to Lyndon Johnson, he'll be voting with Senator Byrd all the time."

The dozen at the table roared. Now look what's happened to Humphrey from listening to Lyndon.

That night we took the traditional walk down the bank of the Pedernales to visit Cousin Oriole at her home six furlongs downstream from the LBJ ranch. The Majority Leader was striding along, holding hands with two of the women in the crowd, telling us that Cousin Oriole was the only person in Texas who still had one of his 1937 campaign placards on her wall. But when we got back to the ranch, it was LBJ, not HHH, the inventor of the soil bank idea, who was selling all of us on what a good idea it was to get worn-out land out of production and into the growing of grass that restores fertility—because someday we'll need all the productive land we can get. The program became law, by the teamwork of Humphrey, who thought of it, and of Johnson, who sold it, in a Republican era.

Housing, a home for every family, has always been close to Johnson. When he was a boy there were times when it looked as if the Sam Johnsons might not have one much longer. When FDR signed the first public-housing bill into law, Johnson was there, and elicited a promise that his district would get the first public-housing project in the nation. Lyndon came home and took on the vested financial interest of Austin, which owned and rented the slum houses to Negroes, Latin Americans and whites. With the help of Mayor Tom Miller, the Austin Housing Authority was created. It now operates more than 800 units, but its goal always is to shove people out, once their levels of desire have been built up, into homes of their own.

We saw that again at Christmas of 1963, when Johnson was summoning Cabinet members and agency heads down to Texas to talk about trimming their budgets. Only one of them left the LBJ ranch with a bigger budget request than he had brought. That was Housing Administrator Robert Weaver, who came back to the Driskill Hotel's Crystal Ballroom for a White House press briefing, bubbling over with housing ideas and plans which he had obviously obtained just that day on the Pedernales.

Johnson didn't steal the 1948 Senate election. Much has been written about it, particularly in recent months, but the bald fact remains that Johnson's opposition wanted the Jim Wells County election results changed, by vote of a new County Democratic Executive Committee, which had been certified to office by the previous County Democratic Executive Committee that had also certified the votes for Johnson. If the chicken was mangy, so was its egg, the new county committee.

We had an election on that issue in Texas, in November, 1948, with the Republicans running a respectable millionaire, Jack Porter. He had the full support of former Gov. Coke Stevenson, who had lost to Johnson by 87 votes. The jury of Texas voters heard the whole story discussed interminably. The verdict: Johnson, 785,335; Porter, 381,110. Among those who knew the story best, it was Johnson, 2 to 1.

I worked for station KTBC briefly in 1945 and 1946. I find a letter that may explain the business success of Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson. They paid us a Christmas bonus that year, and I wrote Bird a note about it. Part of her reply went like this: "We feel that when business is good for us, it follows that it ought to be good for all the people who work in the shop."

Well, the chief engineer, general manager, four ad salesmen, the program director, the news editor, and half a dozen more who were with KTBC in 1945 are still there. A lot of others who quit wish they were still there, because the pay and company retirement plans are such that several of the older staff members are nearing retirement with six-figure annuities. Folk who feel the business is partly theirs have a way of making a business really gin. They, too, want it said that Lyndon has met a payroll.

I ran into Lyndon and Lady Bird one day, just after *Time* had done a cover story on him. It had needled him about his gold cuff links, and some of his other vanities which should be understandable to Henry Luce, who was a po' boy, too, for a time. I had worked on the story, checking out some of the many items *Time* had looked into.

I had been agreeably surprised by how well *Time* had treated Lyndon, and told him so. It wasn't two minutes before we were in a helluva argument, which could have included some bilateral name-calling. I stomped out, swearing to myself I'd never be for that guy again.

But, and this is important, there's a Saving Grace around Lyndon, name of Lady Bird. When I got home, she had called Emma to invite us out to the ranch to visit with Sam Rayburn. All was sweetness and light, and Lady Bird kept us so busy looking at the cattle that we just never did get back to our argument. If Dean Rusk quits, we've got a precedent that nepotism laws don't apply to Cabinet jobs.

Looking back, I find I have not yet really touched on Lyndon's true magic. He can hold his temper when it's important, because he can keep his eye on the ball. When Johnson was senior Senator and then Vice President, and Ralph Yarborough was junior and then senior Senator from Texas, they clashed daily. But when Johnson became President, he recognized that Yarborough was a guy who had been voting for the Johnson program when it was the Kennedy program, and that he needed to keep Yarborough in the Senate.

Back home, Johnson's friends were busy drumming up a conservative Democrat to beat Yarborough, and expecting LBJ to help them. But he sent the word, loud and clear: Run against Yarborough and you're running against me.

They subsided, ungracefully, and still tried to beat Yarborough quietly, without letting Lyndon know. But during the fall campaign Johnson made what must have been a tough statement for him: "I don't think that Texas has ever had a Senator who voted for the people more than Senator Yarborough has voted for them." So there you have even modesty.

To Texas liberals, Johnson has generally been the lesser of two evils at election time. Some of us have thought that he was as liberal as he could be and get elected, by a Texas constituency. But since he picked up and passed the Kennedy program in 1964, you won't find a single Texas liberal voting against him on November 3, just as you didn't find a liberal against him in 1960, as he got a national constituency for the first time and, for the first time, ran as a liberal.

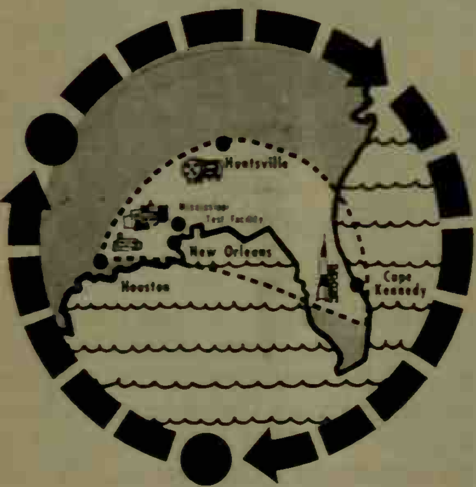
In 1960, it may have been because he was linked with Kennedy. This time, we've begun to think that in our hearts we know he's right.

Space Crescent II

THE BRAIN GHETTOS . . . . William S. Ellis

In the South, along the 1,200-mile space crescent, the disordered legacy of antebellum culture is being buried in a shroud of scientific busyness. There, enlightenment can no longer be defined as a willingness to compromise on language, making it "nigra" instead of "nigger." The social impact of the aerospace industrial renaissance demands much more.

So strong is this force for change that at certain points along the crescent race relations, education and standards of living are being improved and upgraded to an extent and at a pace never before equaled in the South. But happening also is a development that was certain to come about in a society so heavily freighted with technological talent. Elite ghettos of intellect are rising in the crescent, and from them springs a tendency to equate scientific sophistication with cultural eminence. Such ghettos are death to fusty mores, but they engender instead an atmosphere of almost frightening dehumanization.



By concentrating much of its activity in the crescent—the area extends from Houston to the east coast of Florida, and from New Orleans to northern Alabama — the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has placed itself in a position to accelerate the integration process by economic pressure. NASA people deny that this is part of the agency's goal or responsibility, but of all the "spin-off" benefits of the space program none is more profound than social reform. Nevertheless, NASA is reluctant to associate itself publicly with these matters. Like a certain elder statesman at a Republican convention, the agency seems to believe that to be noncommittal is to be virtuous. Major reforms are taking place, nevertheless, and NASA, however tacitly, is behind them.

"Pressure by the government for more moderate race relations is there," said a young engineer who had been sent by Boeing from Seattle to the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala. While waiting for his family to arrive from the Northwest, he was living in the Huntsville YMCA, along with a dozen other highly skilled technicians. It has been said that if the residents of that one small "Y" got together, they could build and launch a satellite, and then interpret its movements in ten different languages. "Even if that pressure isn't stated," he added, "it's certainly implied. Remember, Wallace isn't much of a hero in this part of Alabama."

Indeed, if there is one section of the nation where Governor George Wallace has met nothing but frustrations and cutting ridicule, it is in his own state—in Huntsville and most of Madison County. For instance, when the Governor attempted by force to block integration of Huntsville's public schools and sent in a detachment of state troopers for the purpose, a group of white mothers pushed through the police cordon and kept the schools open. And whereas they may have expected to be greeted with kisses blown from beneath flowering dogwoods and magnolias, the troopers were peppered with stinging taunts. Within twenty-four hours, they had

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William S. Ellis has been a reporter on papers in Montana, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Two years ago he became a free-lance journalist, and his articles have appeared in Harpers, The New York Times, The Reporter *and elsewhere. This is the second of three articles which Mr. Ellis wrote while on a grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund.*

packed up their riot equipment and left the city.

Wallace struck back with the charge that one of the aerospace companies in Huntsville (Brown Engineering, a prime contractor with NASA) had been ordered by the government to hire a certain percentage of Negroes. Milton E. Cummings, president of the company, denies that, and so do officials at the Space Flight Center. Certainly if such a quota—a figure of 20 per cent of the work force was mentioned—was ever laid down, it has yet to be filled. Few Negroes in Alabama—or elsewhere, for that matter—are trained for the type of technical work in which Brown Engineering and most other space-related industries engage. When one who is qualified comes to notice, he is grabbed up and often "worn" as a symbol of enlightenment.

There is thus an irony in the impact of the aerospace industry on race relations in the South. Discrimination is fading in the presence of the superior intellect upon which space work depends, but the high plane on which equality is being offered makes it all but impossible for the average Southern Negro to participate. He is being told, in effect, to shake off his bonds today and present his Ph.D. certificate tomorrow. Ask one of those encamped in these new, brainy ghettos if he would want *his* sister to marry a Negro, and he is likely to reply that he doesn't give a damn about the color of his brother-in-law's skin as long as he knows all about logic circuitry and its relation to the design of optical magnetometers.

NASA's first run-in with Alabama's segregationist policy came two years ago when two Negro technicians employed at the Space Flight Center applied for admission to the Huntsville branch of the University of Alabama. Marvin Phillips Carroll, an electronics engineer, and Dave Mack McGlathery, a mathematician, were promptly rejected on the ground that their applications were "incomplete."

Just a short time before, NASA had granted the university $600,000 to help finance construction of a space research institute at the Huntsville branch. The university was then under a federal court order to admit qualified Negroes, a result of the 1956 incident involving Autherine Lucy. So when Carroll and McGlathery were rejected, the grant became not so much an aid to higher education as a partial subsidy of bigotry and law infraction. By normal standards of moral responsibility, it was time for NASA to take action; if necessary, to threaten removal of its vast operation from the state.

Instead, a high official at the Space Flight Center called McGlathery into his office and advised him that while he was qualified and certainly entitled to take courses at the university, perhaps he wouldn't care to become the center of what could develop into a loud and nasty controversy. Wouldn't it be better to wait awhile?

"I didn't want to be in a position for someone to say that I was responsible for scuttling the space research institute," McGlathery said after he withdrew his application.

NASA had not only not put pressure on the university administration, but, according to several reports, had itself been induced to get McGlathery to withdraw his application. If the matter had been fought out then and there, plans for the institute might have been delayed—a consequence intolerable to the agency's fierce dedication and to the intellectual selfishness of its ghettos.

The following year, a federal court said that McGlathery must be allowed to enter the university, and in June he was enrolled in a mathematics course. He entered without incident, the first Negro student at the University of Alabama. He also flunked the course.

"The grading was done fair and square. The course was just too tough for me, as it was for about half the class," McGlathery recalled as we sat in his car and talked late into a hot Alabama night. He is a slight, soft-spoken man of 27, and a mathematician of great promise. Following his graduation from Alabama A. & M., a Negro college that admitted a white student on the very day Governor Wallace was defying the government by standing in the doorway at the state university, McGlathery went to work at the U.S. Naval Weapons Laboratory at Dahlgren, Va. After a year there, he asked for and got a transfer to the Space Flight Center.

"I soon realized I would need advance training if I was to move up in my work," McGlathery said in explaining his reason for seeking admission to the previously all-white university branch in Huntsville. After failing the course, he waited until January of this year to enroll again, this time in a math class for which he was better prepared. In March, when final grades were posted, McGlathery got an "A."

Dave McGlathery is not what even a militant black nationalist would call a "yessuh, boss" Negro. But neither is he apt to climb to a roof top and hurl a gasoline bomb at a white policeman. Exposed on one side to the dehumanizing sorcery of space science, and on the other to the echoing demands of Negroes everywhere, he seems uncertain as to his identification with the civil rights movement. There are times when he wishes he could, as he put it, "move around more"—meaning, for instance, that he would like to go bowling when he feels like it. "None of the bowling alleys here will admit Negroes," he said. He can play golf on the municipal course, but he can't swim in the municipal pool. He can eat in almost any Huntsville restaurant, but he may be charged $45 for a single hamburger, as one Negro was. When the man complained, the manager pointed to a half-hidden sign that read: "Prices are subject to change without advance notice."

But if he never bowls again, never goes swimming in a pool that his taxes helped to build, never eats in a restaurant presided over by a host whose mind works overtime on crafty schemes to protect segregation—if he never does any of these things, Dave McGlathery will probably continue to be a very good mathematician, and that may be what matters most to him. In that respect, he is true to the code of the new intellectual ghettos.

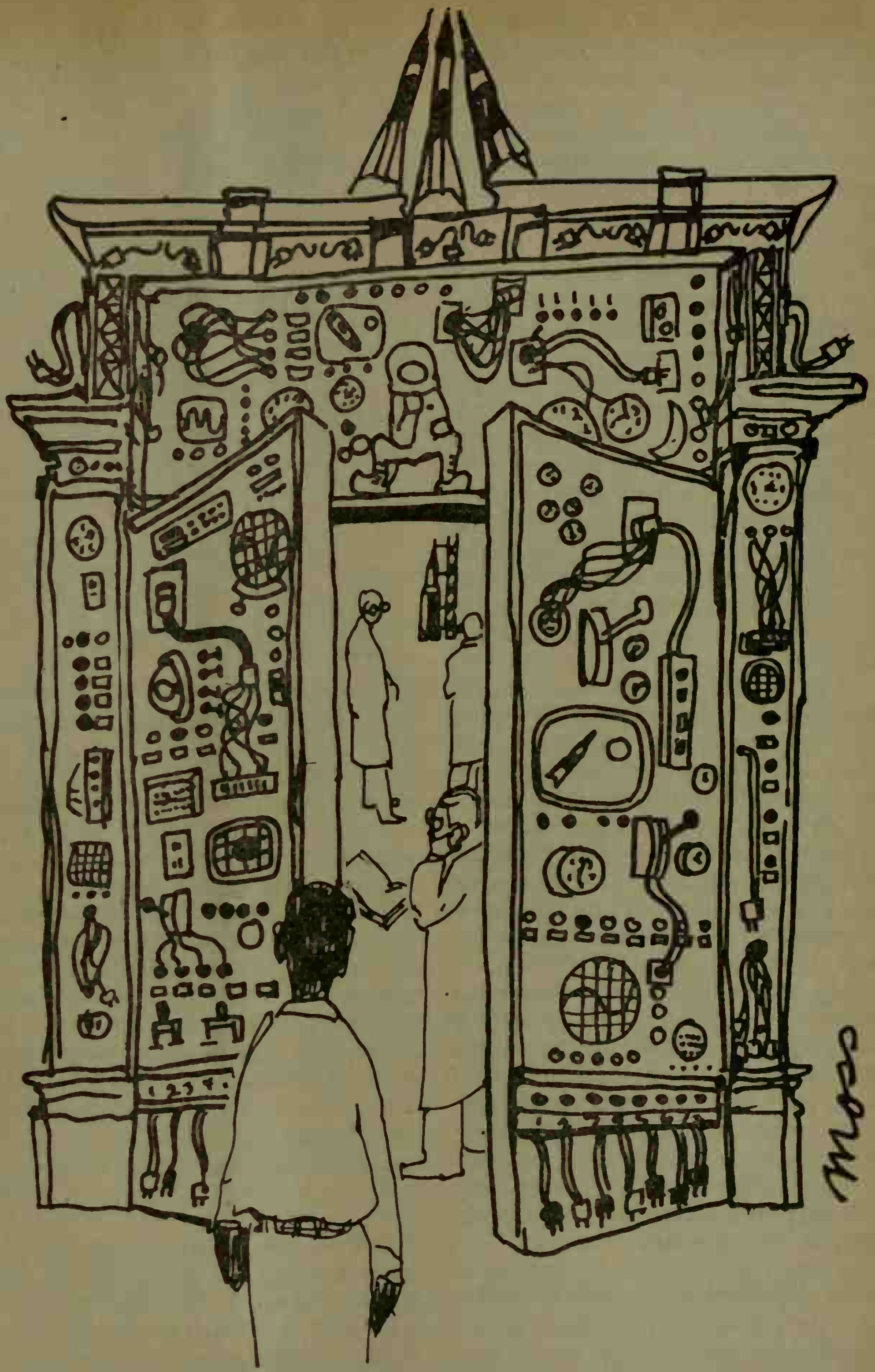
Almost all the Negro leaders in and around Huntsville agree that the presence of NASA has helped their community. Even before the nation became obsessed by space exploration, Madison County had more moderate race relations than most of Alabama. Huntsville Chamber of Commerce Manager Jimmy Walker, when asked why that has been so, said: "We've got a high class of niggers here for the most part."

And Bart Slattery, Jr., former Navy captain who now heads NASA's information office covering Huntsville and the Michoud operations plant in New Orleans, said:

"We've never really had a problem [with race relations] here in Huntsville. There were some lunch counter sit-ins, but nothing more serious." Like most NASA spokesmen, Slattery is quick to point out that there are laws to deal with racial inequality and that the space agency is not a law-enforcement body. That Olympian posture of detachment is constantly being reaffirmed by spokesmen for the agency throughout the space crescent. Fortunately, however, the private industry whose future is dependent in no small measure on the continuation of the space program, is taking no chances. These companies find it prudent policy to assume that NASA is pressing for favorable changes in the Southern social structure. At the very least, they reason, the agency isn't *against* such changes. That is what is meant by "implied pressure." A more accurate term would be "assumed pressure."

One significant result of NASA's presence in Huntsville has been the formation of the Association of Huntsville Area Contractors, whose purpose is to improve the position of Negroes. The association was first proposed in July, 1963, by Milton Cummings of Brown Engineering. Now, with a membership of twenty-eight blue-chip companies, including IBM, Boeing, Westinghouse Electric and others, the association has pledged concerted action to improve conditions of employment, education, housing and local facilities for minority groups.

The executive secretary of AHAC is L. C. McMillan, a Negro who has taken a leave of absence from Prairie View A. & M. College, Prairie View, Tex., where he was registrar and director of admissions.



"I believe the concentration of government work here has speeded up desegregation," McMillan said, "but all that has been achieved has come as a result of an unusually healthy climate for such actions." AHAC recognizes the need for more Negro job applicants who are qualified to fit into the space program at levels higher than porter or elevator operator, and is making a survey of current job opportunities and the employment practices of its members. In education, AHAC is drawing from its members offers to schools and colleges of such corporate resources as technical assistance, loans of equipment, educational exhibits, visual aids and personnel for professional lectures. The group has had a series of meetings with federal housing authorities in Washington, Atlanta and Birmingham in an attempt to relieve the shortage of housing for low- and middle-income minority groups.

This type of action has not yet been taken in the space-impact section of Cape Kennedy and Brevard County, Fla. There, in the pastel-shaded town of Cocoa, Rev. W. Oliver Wells, head of the local chapter of the NAACP, sits in his cramped, windowless study and snaps an old bamboo fan back and forth. "Even if there are skilled Negroes available," he says, "they will not come here because there is no place for them to live. I know of a Negro who is with General Electric up in the northern part of the state. He wanted to transfer here, but when he learned of housing conditions for Negroes in this area, he decided not to come."

When the tremendous space boom came to the Cocoa part of Brevard County, the need for public housing became acute. It was decided to build these new facilities in the Negro section of the city, and about two-thirds of the area was taken over by the Housing Authority. The Negroes—some lived in shacks but many had built nice homes—were uprooted and urged to resettle in an outlying district known as Poinsett Gardens—where, incidentally, they would be ineligible to vote in municipal elections.

Poinsett Gardens was once known as Whispering Pines, but no matter how pleasantly "subdivisionish" the name, the area is still a snake swamp. Negroes who had owned comfortable homes in the district taken over by the Housing Authority certainly didn't care to build there, and they earned too much to be eligible for the new public housing. Faced with this dilemma, some took lower-paying jobs in order to qualify; those who were unwilling to downgrade their employment or move in with the snakes had no place to go.

"This [the housing situation] is holding the Negroes here back more than anything else," the Reverend Wells said. "There are no Negroes on the board of the Housing Authority and we can't even get them to hire a Negro in the Housing Authority office. Just walk around Cocoa any night and you will find Negroes sleeping in cars because there is no other place for them."

The government, the Reverend Wells feels, has done little to correct the situation. "NASA and the people at Patrick Air Force Base have, for the most part, kept their hands off. What progress there is has come through the efforts of local people."

Indeed, there is shockingly little government concern for social problems in the Cape Kennedy area. "We have not entered into the social aspects of integration here because we have a goal—to put a man on the moon—and that is what we are concerned with," said a NASA spokesman at the Cape.

Less than a dozen Negro engineers work at the Cape. "For years, they never even had a Negro officer stationed at Patrick Air Force Base," said the Reverend Wells. "We hollered about that and now I think there are two or three out there." There are several Negro policemen in Cocoa, but if they find someone violating a law they must call the station and have a white officer come out to make the arrest.

Despite such handicaps, and almost in spite of NASA, Negroes living in or near any of the crescent points of activity are usually further along the road to equality than are their fellows in other sections of the Deep South. In New Orleans, for example, labor unions engaged in space work are integrating their rolls, many for the first time. Contractors there make a deliberate effort to hire Negroes in well-paying jobs, and at the sprawling Michoud operations plant segregated rest rooms and cafeterias have been abolished. When NASA let it be known that there would be no separate drinking fountains at the plant, some Southern leaders suggested that the fountains be taken out altogether and paper cups used instead. Housing remains a problem, but by far the most formidable drawback to a Negro seeking to place himself in the technical end of space work is the inadequacy of scientific instruction in Southern Negro colleges and universities.

Nowhere else is the myth of "separate but equal" exposed more openly than in the science departments of Negro and white institutions of higher learning in the South. And the separation and *inequality* become more and more pronounced as the commitment to land a man on the moon in this decade tightens its grip on the crescent. It is imperative to the success of any superscientific endeavor that there be advanced educational facilities nearby. Where such facilities were lacking in the crescent, NASA created them, through development grants at existing colleges and universities—but always at institutions where the doctrine of separation of the races has prevailed.

It is true, however, that the generous gifts have begun to chip away at the racial walls of these institutions. It has been done, again, through the device of "assumed pressure." Recent developments at Rice University in Houston illustrate vividly how the process works.

Willam Marsh Rice founded the university that bears his name in 1891, with the intention that it be tuition-free and for whites only. It was to be a genteel institution where young people could get a very good education without being subjected to the pomposity of Princeton or the union-label democracy of City College of New York. In short, a Rice man could read his Victor Hugo and admit that Jean Valjean had a point, but still maintain that the cotton pickers back on daddy's Harris County spread ought to be satisfied with their 40c an hour. Proximity to a first-rate university specializing in science and engineering was a prime consideration in locating NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center at Houston. In the few years that NASA and the university have worked together, there has been a steady flow of fellowship grants and other monies from Washington to the Rice campus. At least thirty-five fellowships, worth about $5,000 each, have been awarded to Rice students. In addition, there have been outright research grants to the university.

In March of this year, a district judge agreed with trustees of Rice that the university's flavor had gone sour in the space age. He ruled favorably on their request to set aside William Rice's convictions, and to allow both the charging of tuition and the admission of Negroes. As part of their argument, the trustees said continuation of the university's segregated status would jeopardize the valuable NASA research contracts.

It is not expected that Rice will take in many Negroes. In the first place, entrance requirements are so high that Negroes, handicapped by preparation at all-Negro public schools, will find it very difficult to qualify. Secondly, the new tuition rate has been set at $1,200 a year. The university will continue to admit as many tuition-free students as available endowment income permits, but Negroes are not likely to be among them. Unless he is brilliant, wealthy, and probably a graduate student, a Negro need not apply now at newly desegregated Rice University.

NASA money is similarly flowing to universities in other parts of the crescent. It results, of course, in a major emphasis on science and mathematics, and, as they say in the parlance of the ghetto, a "phasing out" of emphasis on the liberal arts, not only in colleges and universities but in public secondary and primary schools as well. In Huntsville, where school enrollment increased from 5,423 in 1956 to more than 23,000 in 1963, it is jokingly claimed that youngsters learn to count down before up. New school construction in Huntsville amounts to one additional classroom every week of the year—classrooms that serve as settings for some of the most competent scientific instruction offered in public schools anywhere in the country.

Public schools in Florida's Brevard County also reflect this profound effect of the space program. The growth of the schools there is from an enrollment of 4,700 in 1952 to the present figure of 41,000; it is still rising. It is estimated that 2,000 of the students have parents who live and work on federal properties, and for each the public school system receives a $190 yearly "impact payment" from the government. Another 16,500 of the 41,000 students have parents who work for the government in some capacity. Public-school enrollment has risen sharply in Houston and New Orleans, too, but because of the size and economic diversity of those cities, the impact of the space program on secondary and primary education is not as clearly outlined.

Brevard County Superintendent of Schools Woodrow J. Darden denies that science and math get a larger boost than do the liberal arts. He did say, though, that the presence of NASA at Cape Kennedy has an effect on what is taught, in that "there is more interest in science and math because of the area in which the students live." He added proudly that the science courses offered in the Brevard system compare favorably with those offered in many small colleges. No one was much surprised, therefore, when Jim Hess, a ninth grader at the county's Satellite High School, was honored by the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronauts for his work in symbolic logic.

The old-time residents of the crescent—those who were there long before Wernher von Braun started tinkering with the V-2 at Peenemünde—are not ready to admit that the social structure is undergoing major changes. The Brevard Civic Chorus still does Faure's *Requiem* at the First Methodist Church, and the Cocoa Junior Women's Club commands the Sunday society page spreads in the local papers. The old life continues, and it's still a land where a man mixes his gin with grapefruit juice, and nice ladies pat their foreheads with dabs of perfumed linen and remark, "My goodness gracious, but it's warm today."

But those are surface appearances, and even on the surface the scene is changing. For every native-born soloist in the church musical, there can be found along Cocoa Beach's gaudy motel row two belly dancers from Chicago; for each fatback-flavored reflection of Old Huntsville First Family pride, there are a dozen new voices calling for sensible liquor laws (how the bootlegger of the Deep South fits into the space age has yet to be made clear).

The impact of NASA on the region goes below the surface, down to where the social soul of the land lies. There, for better or worse—better, mostly—things are happening to isolate the crescent from the rest of the South. The former is readily identifiable by a trend toward moderation in race relations and toward superior education, but if you miss those signs you'll know you're there when you hear both man and hound dog baying at the moon.

The Negro's Priorities

WELFARE or STATUS . . . . .

Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

> *The Negro will be on a different footing in this country when it becomes common to associate the possession of wealth with a black skin. It is not within the province of human nature that the man who is intelligent and virtuous, and owns and cultivates the best farm in his county, is the largest taxpayer, shall very long be denied proper respect and consideration.*
>
> —Booker T. Washington

> *So far as Mr. Washington apologizes for injustice, North or South, does not rightly value the privilege and duty of voting, belittles the emasculating effects of caste distinctions, and opposes the higher training and ambition of our brighter minds . . . we must unceasingly and firmly oppose* [*him*].
>
> —W. E. B. DuBois

The historic conflict between DuBois and Washington as to how the cause of Negro Americans should be advanced remains embedded in the movement more than sixty years after the two leaders first clashed. Washington held that Negroes could reach the Promised Land by a concerted attack on the overwhelming, oppressive poverty that was their lot. They should adopt the Protestant Ethic. After having become *petit bourgeois* in living style and values, they would inevitably be accepted as equal participants in the American democracy. DuBois, in contrast, insisted that Negroes must first have their common humanity recognized. Only then, when the "emasculating effects of caste distinctions" had been removed, could they expect to claim a share of American affluence. Education should free the spirit "to soar in the dim blue air above the smoke." Negro leaders, DuBois said, should work for the development of men confident of their equality and hence liberated. To put this another

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Everett C. Ladd, Jr., who teaches political science at the University of Connecticut, is the author of the forthcoming Negro Political Leadership in the South *(Cornell University Press).*

way, Washington was insisting on the primacy of welfare goals, and DuBois of status goals. The structure of American race relations has changed since 1900, but the movement is still debating the merits of these two positions.

Welfare goals involve "gut" needs: More jobs and higher incomes, more and better schools, better medical care, more political representation, safe travel for children to and from school. These are *things*, goods and services, and relate to the standard of living of the group. They are compelling for Americans in general, but particularly for an underprivileged group like the Negro Americans who do not benefit adequately from the riches of the society. Status goals seek the *integration* of Negroes into all phases of community life. They involve in the first instance the "social prestige" of the group and from this the individual member's image of himself. Demands for integration of schools, housing, recreational facilities, hospitals, and the various other services and facilities are the attempt of a group branded inferior by white America to gain full partnership.

Welfare and status goals are certainly not always mutually exclusive; in many instances some of both benefits can be obtained. Neither are the compartments watertight. Better jobs confer higher status, and the integration of swimming pools is one means of improving the quality of recreational facilities open to Negroes. For Rev. Milton A. Galamison and the City-Wide Committee for Integrated Schools, improvement of the education of Negro children in New York City and the full integration of the schools in the face of residential segregation are inseparable. "You just can't lump together 800 children who differ from national norms and standards in almost every way and manufacture a graduating class that matches national or city-wide norms," Mr. Galamison has said. The low expectations of both teacher and student necessarily mean poor education in the ghetto school.

Still, neither Negroes nor whites have difficulty distinguishing between the central thrust of welfare and status. Whatever our reactions, we can see the difference between the construction of additional low-cost public housing and the integration of all-white housing units or neighborhoods. And on many issues Negro leaders must, as a matter of practical strategy, choose between the two kinds of goals. Most of them recognize that the problems of Negro Americans will not be solved until both status and welfare are attained; hence in a sense they all want the same thing. But that "thing" is so general as to be of little help in choosing among competing objectives on the day-to-day level. Washington and DuBois both saw that a decision to emphasize welfare or status carried with it broad implications for the whole race movement. So do Negro leaders in the 1960s. To understand the gravity of these implications, one must observe the reactions of whites and Negroes to the two kinds of advancement, and the inner tension of the goals themselves.

White America is more hostile to status objectives of the Negro revolt than to its welfare goals. And that is nothing new. In *An American Dilemma*, Gunnar Myrdal compiled a "rank order of discriminations," based on the importance white Southerners attached to the various types. At the bottom—discriminations to which the white South was not strongly attached and which, presumably, it would give up most readily—were those that involved "securing land, credit, jobs, or other means of earning a living, and discrimination in public relief and other social welfare activities." This is the province of welfare. At the top, and second only to sexual relations between Negro men and white women, were "the barriers against dancing, bathing, eating, drinking together and social intercourse generally. . . ." The recent William Brink-Louis Harris study, *The Negro Revolution in America* (Simon & Schuster) shows the same pattern.

There is substantial evidence that whites will accede to welfare claims quite sweeping in their impact, while rejecting status goals the effects of which are marginal. In August, 1963, for example, a newly elected Statesville, N.C., city council, under pressure from the Negro community, passed a resolution asking the recreation commission to begin planning desegregation of its public facilities. At issue were the city's two swimming pools, one for whites, one for Negroes. Irate whites forced a recall election, the first ever held in North Carolina, and the six councilmen were defeated. The challengers had promised during the recall campaign that, if victorious, they would submit the question of using taxes for integrated pools to a vote. The referendum would have resulted in the closing of both pools—other cities through the South have dispensed with public swimming pools rather than operate them on an integrated basis. Greenville, S. C., for example, turned its Cleveland Park swimming pool into a home for sea lions, and now enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the South that has public swimming for sea lions but not for human beings.

But in Statesville, after some litigation, Negroes backed away from their integration demands. Rev. Robert Woods, president of the Statesville NAACP branch, and other local Negro leaders went to the new, "anti-Negro" city council and to the Merchants Association, and said in effect: "Meet some of our welfare needs and we will forget about integrating the pools." Mayor J. Garner Bagnal said, "To us, this made an awful lot of sense." Negroes also agreed to stop picketing and other forms of demonstrating. In return, they received about 300 additional industrial jobs, some retail sales positions and some job training. The Reverend Woods was satisfied. "We feel that the program has worked well. . . . The progress that has been made is evidence that the program is working. We are especially pleased with the progress in job opportunities. . . ."

Statesville has been a "tough" city for Negroes and the above accomplishments are important. But there has been opposition to the Negro-white "pact." Another prominent Negro clergyman, Rev. Wilson Lee, criticized it strongly; state and national NAACP officials have had grave misgivings. Statesville Negroes, after all, endorsed a plan that labels all 4,000 of them unfit for immersion with skins of lighter hue. They *assented* to a stamp of inferiority. They sacrificed a status goal for a welfare gain.

While the wisdom of Negro participation in the Statesville pact is thus open to question, there is no doubt that the whites acceded to welfare objectives more readily than they ever would have to status goals. Why? Perhaps it is sexual fear, as Myrdal and many other observers have suggested. The achievement of status is seen as promoting social contact between white females and Negro males, and that is undesirable, indeed unthinkable, because the Negro male is either sexually dangerous (rape) or dangerously sexual (irresistible appeal). Variations on the sexual theme are frequently heard when white opposition to integration is expressed. "Negroes are oversexed." "They're wild." "They carry razors, knives, and rape women." "God made the bluebird and the blackbird, and you never see them in the same nest." And, of course, there is that old American favorite, "Would you want your daughter to marry one?"

Perhaps, on the other hand, the severe status insecurity of many egalitarian Americans—first noted by Alexis de Tocqueville 130 years ago—is partly responsible. The overwhelming hostility in 1959 of Deerfield, Ill., residents to the decision of Modern Community Developers to build an integrated housing subdivision in that Chicago suburb (fourteen homes at $35,000 each, to be sold to Negroes) seems explicable only in status terms. Would someone who had "really arrived" live next door to a Negro? But whatever the explanation, the greater white hostility to status goals is a basic assumption among Negro leaders. It must always be considered when the movement is selecting its goals.

In parallel with this white position, almost every survey that has been published indicates that Negroes believe their most pressing needs to be in the welfare area—principally more and better jobs and better housing. It might seem, then, that a neat congruence of white and Negro interests is at hand. But the difference between a relatively detached interview situation and the front line of race relations is very large. When Negro Americans are actually confronted by competing welfare and status goals, the appeal of the latter frequently proves irresistible. Those who would sacrifice status for welfare find themselves labeled "Toms" and worse. Furthermore, status objectives are probably most important to the politically active Negro, and though he is in a minority, his voice is heard and his opinions count. Activists, typically, have escaped the most severe economic deprivations, but greater economic security and a taste of social mobility have left them the more exposed to the brutal status denials of American race relations.

More important, in actual social situations status goals seem to offer a more immediate emancipation from the damning, pervasive stamp of inferiority. Integration of eating establishments, in the last three years a major status objective in the South, has a greater immediacy and reality than do employment advances — the accomplishment can immediately be seen. The type of racial confrontation involved in di-

rect-action demonstrations gives participants a sense of personal commitment — they directly challenge long-standing wrongs — and direct action is better suited to the pursuit of status than of welfare. Finally, since whites are more strongly opposed to status, these goals maximize the dynamic content of race. They polarize the two communities, heighten racial consciousness. Twisting "whitey's" tail is good politics, and because whites react violently to changes of status their tail is the more vulnerable to twisting. The Negro revolt will continue to go in directions toward which white America does not want it to go, in part (and, of course, only in part) precisely because white America does not want it to go in those directions.

Negro Americans are not united, however, on the primacy of status goals, and the division is largely between militants and moderates. A characteristic of militant leadership is its preoccupation with status objectives; of moderate leadership, an emphasis on welfare. Recently, militant leaders in a North Carolina city integrated previously all-white swimming pools, and then found themselves under great pressure to use the "white" pools only on a token basis. Otherwise, they were told, demands to close all the pools (including the "Negro" pools) might prove too strong. One militant summed up his colleagues' response to this: "Close them up! Close them all up if necessary! I will never agree to any compromise where we in effect stop using the pools. If they are closed, the whites suffer too. If they are left open, but segregated, only we suffer." But the moderates gauged the issue differently. "We must see to it that the pools remain open, so that all our young people will have this recreation. This is the main point. Keep the pools open!"

Negro leaders in Greenville, S.C., were asked in 1963 whether they favored petitioning the state legislature for a state-supported Negro college in the area (there isn't a Negro college within 100 miles of the city). Greenville militants rejected the proposal out of hand. Negroes must be integrated into the existing system of higher education, and creating a college for Negroes would only slow the process. Some admitted that there would continue to be a need for existing Negro colleges. Still, they asked incredulously, "Would you really expect us to ask for segregation?" Moderates, however, spoke of the importance of getting more educational facilities for Negroes. They insisted that a new Negro college would not affect integration, but would simply expand educational opportunities. This division occurs again and again.

The conflict between status and welfare becomes particularly acute and perplexing in those frequent instances where the nature of the goals is such that each carries within itself a denial of the other. Negroes of Winston-Salem, N.C., faced this dilemma in 1959 when the local white leadership decided to seek voter approval of a bond issue to build a new public hospital.

An expanding population had produced serious overcrowding in Winston-Salem hospitals. But despite the need for a new hospital, it was opposed by many who were reluctant to assent to a sharp increase in the county's bonded indebtedness. Recognizing that the opposition was powerful, the pro-hospital leaders began a major campaign to win voter approval. In this campaign the substantial Negro electorate (almost 20 per cent of the county total) was not forgotten. There would have been little difficulty in gaining Negro support had the pro-hospital leadership been willing to state that the new plant would be open to all. But it would not do so. Some simply did not want Negroes in the new hospital; others

(Continued on page 260)

IN ARAB HANDS

Joel Lieber

On December 21, 1963, at tiny B'nei Yakov Bridge—in Ottoman and Mandate Days, it was the major transit point on the Tiberias-Damascus highway—eleven Israeli prisoners were exchanged for eighteen Syrian prisoners. Supervising United Nations personnel stationed at the now-little-used bridge observed that the faces of seven of the Israelis were apathetic masks, and that the men were totally oblivious to their surroundings. While UN officers were escorting him over the Jordan River to the Israeli side, Reuven Liebes, who had spent the previous eleven years in Syrian prisons, suddenly shouted: "It was unbelievable. It was too horrible for words. There are still more of them back there."

At the moment, on that piece of neutral ground in northern Galilee, Liebes was considered "the maddest of the lot." As it developed, however, Liebes was invincibly sane; he returned to engineering school, became engaged and, miraculously, picked up where he had left off eleven years earlier. The seven whose appearance had distressed observers at the bridge were, according to Israeli psychiatrists, hopelessly insane, in a state of complete mental and physical ruin from treatment suffered during periods varying from five to eleven years in Syrian prison camps.

The story behind the prisoner exchange at B'nei Yakov Bridge was withheld by Israeli authorities pending an examination of the returnees by the Red Cross or the UN World Health Organization. In order to leave no doubt as to the barbarisms heaped on the men, Israeli authorities asked these organizations to inspect the prisoners and issue a report on their condition.

Refusal came first from the Red Cross, which explained that it could not, as a matter of policy, become involved in a political dispute. The WHO then declined to act on the ground that such investigations did not fall within its jurisdiction.

Continuing to withhold the details of the men's condition and treatment, Israel then attempted to convene an international panel of psychiatric experts. But one English doctor's schedule was too tight, and one Swiss doctor couldn't get away, and soon Israeli embassy of-

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Joel Lieber, an American free-lance journalist, has lived recently in Israel for more than a year. He is the author of Israel on $5 a Day *(Arthur Frommer).*

ficers abroad were informed that the probable "political repercussions" prevented foreign experts from accepting the invitation, their governments not wanting to become involved in so delicate an affair.

So, by last spring, the plan for issuing an objective report by some international psychiatric board was dropped. Israeli psychiatrists then issued a terse statement noting that the seven former prisoners, all now in mental hospitals, were "completely insensitive to reality," "severely disoriented," "unable to give organized details of their imprisonment," and in such advanced psychotic states as to make an eventual rehabilitation "unlikely."

Liebes, however, remembered everything, and psychiatrists came to regard him as a living refutation of the English penal code dictum that after ten years as a POW no man can be expected to have his faculties intact. Liebes told officials and doctors, with what is described as "extraordinary accuracy as to times and dates," how he learned Arabic and English during his imprisonment, and simply refused to believe his jailers' oft-repeated contentions that the Israel Government, when the Syrians announced their desire to return him, had replied that it did not want Liebes back.

The 30-year-old Liebes was born in Poland, where his parents were soon killed by the Nazis, and where he endured the war in a number of hiding places. After being farmed out to various camps and orphanages, he arrived in Israel in 1951 at the age of 17. The following year, in 1952, he was abducted in a Syrian border raid.

Liebes told questioners of "routine beatings" with a whip on the soles of the feet; of setting wild dogs on the prisoners (which drove one of his fellows insane); of bodies smeared with honey and staked out in the sun at the mercy of flies; of electric shock applied to the genitals; of pummelings by new guards every time a new Damascus regime swept into power; of solitary confinement, sometimes extended as long as three months; of the lack of medical attention (one of the men went mad from an untreated rupture which over a nine-year period developed to the size of a watermelon). Psychiatrists are still talking to Liebes, trying to determine what strength of character kept him together for eleven fantastic years, when his comrades, none of whom had been imprisoned for as long, disintegrated one by one.

The prisoner swap at the B'nei Yakov Bridge had been in the making for more than ten years. During this time Israel, through the UN Mixed Armistice Commission, sent dozens of letters to Syria, requesting a prisoner exchange. The Syrians denied holding the men whose names appeared on the Israeli lists; at the same time, they refused UN or Red Cross officials access to the prisons in Palmyra and Damascus where intelligence reported that the men would be found. Even a Security Council request for the prisoner swap was rejected by the Syrian authorities, who continued to claim that they held no Israeli prisoners. The existence of the prisoners was indicated in several ways. An Israeli turncoat, who had broadcast in Arabic from Radio Damascus and had later settled in Czechoslovakia, underwent a change of heart and sent Israeli officials the names of fifteen or so Israeli prisoners whom he had seen. In confirmation, hired Arab informants provided lists bearing almost the identical names.

Refrigier

Early in 1963, Syria suddenly announced that it would release eight prisoners. Damascus would supply no names, but this was at least an admission that prisoners were indeed in Syrian hands. At this point Israel held a total of eighteen Syrian prisoners and wanted an approximately equal number in exchange. Damascus countered this demand by charging that Israel actually held fifty Syrians, and stated that all must be returned. Israel termed the number fantastic, but added that six or seven deserters from the Syrian army had eventually married, settled in Israel and taken out citizenship. Upon interviewing these men, the UN agreed they could not be forcibly repatriated.

The charges and countercharges as to the number of prisoners held by each side brought the exchange negotiations to the breaking-off point. The UN then pressed Israel to exchange all the Syrians it held for all the prisoners the Syrians would release, and the exchange went through under these conditions.

Both Israeli and UN observers attested that the returning Syrians were "strong and healthy, wearing good clothes" and "able to cross the bridge under their own power." In addition to Liebes, the only sane Israeli returnees were two men and a woman who had had the misfortune, six months earlier, to be in a boat on the Sea of Galilee with three Belgian friends when a sudden storm swept them onto the northeast shore line. According to the UN Armistice Agreement, the shore line is in Israeli territory, but the Syrians held the group, releasing the Belgians after two weeks, and holding the others until the prisoner exchange a half year later. Rumors circulated in Israel as to what the Syrian soldiers had done to the woman turned out to be untrue; the three said that the "worst" consisted of several beatings and a few whippings on the soles of the feet.

Exactly how some of the Israelis found themselves in Syria in the first place is still not entirely clear: two, including Liebes, were soldiers known to have been captured in a Syrian border ambush in 1952; two mistakenly crossed over in a poorly marked border region, and the stories of the others, two of whom had a history of mental illness, are still "unintelligible."

Liebes explained later that his outburst on the bridge, far from being hysterical, "was designed to impress on the UN people examining me that we had suffered inhuman treatment in the Syrian prisons. I felt my making a fuss might prompt them to renew their efforts to secure the release of the others. There are still ten more in Syrian prisons."

Inevitably, Liebes was asked why he and the others had never tried

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to escape. He explained that one prison in which he was kept, in Damascus, was located within the grounds of an army camp; the other, in Palmyra, was in the middle of the desert, on the Iraqi border. Only two prisoners had tried to escape: one, Liebes said, was found and shot within twelve hours, and the other was caught and put on reduced rations in solitary confinement until he died—"he just wasted away."

Five of the ten Israelis known still to be held are feared in worse condition than those recently returned. As before, the Syrians deny their existence, but it is presumed that they are being kept for possible bartering in the future. The Red Cross is unwilling to investigate their condition in Syria, explaining that it is concerned only with the exchange of war prisoners. (The fact that Syria never signed an armistice with Israel and still considers itself very much "at war" apparently does not influence the agency's decision.)

Even the United Nations admits it can do nothing more than "carry letters from the proper Israeli authorities to the proper Syrian authorities." Privately, UN officials acknowledge "almost complete helplessness," not only in the agonizing prisoner negotiations, but also in its efforts to restrain Syria from constant border harassments around the Sea of Galilee, which most often take the form of firing on farmers and fishermen.

"Still, we go on trying," a UN official said. On which an Israeli army major commented, "Yes, they try, but nothing happens. But then, once the UN stops caring, who else will care? World opinion has never been an influence, because what is the torture and murder of a handful of Israelis, compared to the murder of six million people? For the six million, world opinion was equally nonexistent.

"The only difference is that some of these people now are being tortured three times as long as the concentration camp victims. Reuven Liebes endured thirty years so he can finally begin his life now. And perhaps somewhere in Syria there is still another Liebes who has withstood the nightmare, not merely for three years, but for eleven years. We can't afford to waste such people."

The House That Homo Sapiens Built

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY. By Jacques Ellul. Translated from the French by John Wilkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 449 pp. $10.95.

Robert Theobald

The Technological Society is one of the most important books of the second half of the 20th century. In it, Jacques Ellul, Professor of History and Contemporary Sociology at Bordeaux University, convincingly demonstrates that technology, which we continue to conceptualize as the servant of man will overthrow everything that prevents the internal logic of its development, including humanity itself—unless we take the necessary steps to move human society out of the environment that "technique" is creating to meet its own needs.

Ellul devotes his whole volume to an examination of this "technique" which he defines in the following way: ". . . technique is the *totality of methods rationally arrived at and having absolute efficiency* (for a given stage of human development) in *every* field of human activity." Ellul's argument can best be set out using his own words: ". . . in our civilization technique is in no way limited. It has been extended to all spheres and encompasses every activity, including human activities. It has led to a multiplication of means without limit. It has perfected indefinitely the instruments available to man, and put at his disposal an almost limitless variety of intermediaries and auxiliaries. Technique has been extended geographically so that it covers the whole earth." And later: "Within the technical circle nothing else can subsist because technique's proper motion, as Jünger has shown, tends irresistibly toward completeness. To the degree that this completeness is not yet attained, technique is advancing, eliminating every lesser force."

Ellul believes that ". . . there is no common denominator between the technique of today and that of yesterday. Today we are dealing with an utterly different phenomenon. Those who claim to deduce from man's technical situation in past centuries his situation in this one show they have grasped nothing of the technological phenomenon."

For Ellul, the most important consequence of the technical drive is the destruction of all that is human. Examining the progress of technique in production, Ellul states: "In a great corporation, the workers are more than ever enslaved and scarcely in a position to act in a distinctively human way. Even the consumer is frequently imposed upon. The integration of the individual into the technical complex is more complete than ever before."

Ellul also makes the same point at a higher level of analysis:

> *It is not in the power of the individual or of the group to decide to follow some method other than the technical. The individual is in a dilemma: either he decides to safeguard his freedom of choice, chooses to use traditional, personal, moral or empirical means, thereby entering into competition with a power against which there is no efficacious defense and before which he must suffer defeat; or he decides to accept technical necessity, in which case he will himself be the victor, but only by submitting irreparably to technical slavery. In effect he has no freedom of choice.*

Ellul's thesis is not actually as strong or as complete as he would probably make it today: the original French version, entitled *Le Technique*, was written in 1952 and published in 1954, and it was then impossible to anticipate the speed of development of the computer. Thus, although Ellul deals with the danger of a police state in the technical world, he was not able to examine the effects of a computerized police information network whose present tentative beginnings are now being planned in New York State (*The New York Times*, Sept. 17, 1964) and which could easily be expanded onto a nation-wide basis within the next decade. Nor did he consider the possibilities of tying the computer into techniques of increasing sales; today, however, a computer program has already been developed which makes it possible to insure that every phone-equipped family within a certain area receives an intermittently repeated tape-recorded message. At present levels of sophistication, the effects of the ongoing computer technology clearly strengthen Ellul's thesis.

Ellul makes the case that technique is presently remaking man and that if this process continues it will eventually sweep aside any obstacles placed in its way including human society—*unless we take steps to end the present subordination of human processes to technological ends.* During a recent conversation with Ellul, he assured me that he had written his book with the precise intention of explicating and illustrating this view, that he was making a hypothetical case to show what would happen *if* mankind allowed itself to be swept along by the technological order. He had previously told me that the *original* version contained a lengthy section discussing ways of releasing men from the technical influence. But this section did not appear in the French edition nor is it included here.

It is deeply unfortunate that only the first part of Ellul's original two-part manuscript is presented in *The Technological Society*, and that the published book therefore reads like a prediction of the inevitable future, rather than a description of one possible line of development and the necessity for its avoidance. The book as presently published not only states that technique may destroy humanity but that it *will* destroy humanity. It is practically impossible to find any remnants of Ellul's privately held view; one of the few remaining in the published text is this: "The technical society must perfect the 'man-machine' system or risk total collapse. Is there no other way out? I am convinced that there is." However, this affirmation of faith is denied repeatedly in the course of the book, for example in the statement: "The most important thing is that man, practically speaking, no longer possesses any means of bringing action to bear upon technique. He is unable to limit it or even to orient it." This must therefore be the position discussed here; I will, however, return to Ellul's private position at the end of this review.

The thesis presented in *The Tech-*

Robert Theobald's main concern in recent years has been the effect of science and technology on the economy and society. His most recent book is Free Men and Free Markets, *large portions of which were printed in* The Nation *before publication. In that book, he detailed his proposal for a guaranteed annual income.*

nological Society is of course alien to existing technologically oriented modes of thought. Those committed to the implementation of maximum-efficiency systems will be looking for weaknesses in the argument. Unfortunately, these are not too difficult to find. There are occasional exaggerations which are clearly unjustified:

> *In the past, when an individual entered into conflict with society, he led a harsh and miserable life that required a vigor which either hardened or broke him. Today the concentration camp and death await him; technique cannot tolerate aberrant activities.*

In addition, many readers will feel that Ellul commits the most modern of sins: he nourishes an unrealizable longing for a mythical past. At the beginning of the volume Ellul argues:

> *Men now live in conditions that are less than human. Consider the concentration of our great cities, the slums, the lack of space, of air, of time, the gloomy streets, and the sallow lights which confuse night and day. Think of our dehumanized factories, our unsatisfied senses, our working women, our estrangement from nature. Life in such an environment has no meaning.*

These are minor flaws within the sweep of Ellul's thesis and do not, in my opinion, invalidate his general point that technique has become the dominant force in the world today, and that it does dehumanize. Ellul essentially argues that mankind cannot abandon technique ("the totality of methods rationally arrived at and having absolute efficiency in every field of human activity") because this would mean the deliberate acceptance of irrationality. "If we disown technique," he says, "we abandon the domain of science and enter into that of hypothesis and theory."

Ellul thus effectively forecloses any argument about the primacy of technique, for it is clear that man cannot abandon rationality. But Ellul leaves suspended the questions he raises: Can rationality and technique justifiably be equated? Will technique, once defined as rationality, necessarily lead to the dire results which he forecasts? The underlying ambiguity of Ellul's position is inherent in the following quotation:

> *. . . man . . . does not make a choice of complex and, in some way, human motives. He can decide only in favor of the technique that gives the maximum efficiency. But this is not choice. A machine could effect the same operation.*

Such a statement, however, is effectively meaningless. What does Ellul *mean* by efficiency? For the very concept of maximizing efficiency is only meaningful in human affairs if we have some end in view other than the maximization of efficiency itself. Ellul ignores this fact, claiming that: ". . . it is possible to speak of the 'reality' of technique—with its own substance, its own particular mode of being, and a life independent of our power of decision." Such a statement cannot possibly be justified; technique advances because individuals make decisions which advance technique. What Ellul is really describing, therefore, is the crux of our modern dilemma: that our present society is organized in such a way that those making decisions find themselves *forced* to advance technique. Why does this occur? In order to answer this question we must reexamine fundamental Western values and the drives to which they give rise in the context of advancing technology.

In today's world:

(1) Every country must try to be in a position to defend itself against all potential aggressors. As a result, each country must accept and indeed encourage any technical improvement in weaponry. The cybernation revolution, by increasing the efficiency of production, makes it possible to manufacture more weapons without cutting into the production of consumer goods—thus minimizing one of the prime constraints on weaponry production in the past.

(2) Every country must remain competitive so that it is able to export enough to pay for its imports. This requires each nation to accept and indeed encourage any technological development in production. The combination of the cybernation revolution, which has led to unused productive capacity for many goods, plus the research and development revolution, which has led to large-scale innovation, insures that the speed of technological advance required to remain competitive increases constantly.

(3) Means must be found to insure that demand grows as fast as available production. This requires that techniques which will result in increased demand must be accepted and indeed encouraged.

These are the three constraints which together are imposing the technological order upon us. They insure that technique continues to drive forward. But, in my opinion, Ellul totally fails to prove that technique *will* inevitably destroy human society. Societal constraints can always be changed by societies acting on the principle of cooperation, both internally and externally. Indeed, these present contraints not only *can* be changed but *must* be changed, if we are to be able to live in the new era which the continuing development of technique has brought into existence. The nature of this new era is as different from the industrial age as the industrial age was different from the agricultural.

First, there is no longer any real limit to our productive abilities. U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has expressed this reality in the following terms: "The truth, the central stupendous truth about developed countries today is that they can have, in anything but the shortest run, the kind and scale of resources they decide to have. . . . It is no longer resources that limit decisions. It is the decision that makes the resources. This is the fundamental revolutionary change, perhaps the most revolutionary mankind has ever known." We can provide every individual with the amount of resources required for a decent life by the end of the 20th century.

Second, man need no longer be tied to degrading toil: man's mind is no longer necessary for repetitive physical or mental tasks. Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American,* has put it this way: "The new development of our technology is the replacement of human beings by automatic controls and by the computer that ultimately integrates the functions of the automatic control units *at each point* in the productive process (italics mine). The human muscle began to be disengaged from the productive process at least a hundred years ago. Now the human mind is being disengaged." By the end of the 20th century, we should be able to develop each individual's capacity rather than socialize him in such a way that he will serve the productive system.

Third, modern weaponry provides unlimited destructive power capable of destroying not only civilization but all life. This is now so well known as to need no further discussion.

The constraints which at present insure the future dominance of technique must be eliminated if humanity is to survive. The present requirement that every country must try to be in a position to defend itself against all potential aggressors must be changed and disputes must be settled on the basis of world law. The present requirement that all nations must export enough to pay for their imports must be changed so that those who need additional goods, particularly the poor countries, receive them as a right. The requirement that demand grow as fast as available production must be changed through granting an absolute right to a guaranteed income, with the result that production becomes subordinated to the needs and desires of the individual and society. Research has already begun to indicate mankind's possible escape route from the philosophical trap which technique, in its more negative aspects, represents.

We have become aware in recent years that the socio-economic system as a whole is at present favorably organized for the implementation of technique and that, as individuals, we are in a continuing state of anticipation of new technological phenomena: that we are preconditioned to them. It is clear to each of us, as individuals, that we are becoming accustomed to responding to the forces of technique in our daily lives; it is less immediately obvious that these same forces are reorganizing us as a collectivity, that the technical drive acts upon the entire socio-economic system. Individually, we can do little to resist the reforming drive of technique; collectively, we can both resist this drive and create a counter-drive toward a socio-economic system based on human not mechanical principles. But there is the danger, which Ellul discusses at some length, that in order to confront and overcome an impersonal organizing drive we will find ourselves automatically developing a form of organization which is itself impersonal; where individuals act merely as units which respond mechanically, or feed back information as to why they cannot respond, and then are aided in an adjustment process in order to be able to make the technically appropriate response. We must find a means of enabling individuals to express themselves as human beings; we must discover a way of establishing a communication system which will facilitate more than the mere relating of unit to unit in a total system ending toward ever-greater perfection of unit adjustment. It is precisely here that technique can itself be used to combat its own negative aspects, for it is now becoming evident that, through technique, new forms and means of human communication could emerge.

It is perhaps useful to remember that when the potential for new systems of communication first became apparent in the early fifties, it was automatically assumed that such communication would join human beings more closely together. At that time there was little realization of the possibility that the new communication systems which had been developed during the wartime and quasi-wartime periods to enable machine to communicate with machine, would continue to be primarily used to facilitate machine communication and not be adapted for effective human use. It was not recognized that human beings could be separated from one another by intrusive, impersonal communication systems. Curiously, as this unfortunate development proceeded, theoretical discussion of the problems and possibilities of the new communication systems has been increasingly muted.

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ter for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, outlined his appraisal of the possibilities and potential of technique (the Media) in his most recent book *Understanding Media* (see *The Nation*, Oct. 5, 1964). While sharing with Ellul the realistic and fundamental understanding that technique cannot merely be considered as neutral "means," McLuhan argues convincingly that technique calls forth new modes of perception, new ways of thinking, and new reactions in the human mind which can be more valuable for the development of human capabilities than the limited, lineal thinking still current in the industrial age.

In many ways, the argument of McLuhan's book would be acceptable to Ellul as a statement of technique in its positive aspect, and it could, indeed, be held to approximate the position outlined in the second (unpublished) part of *Le Technique*. A reading of both books together is strongly recommended to any interested in the future of mankind.

Hurtsog, Hairtsog, Heart's Hog?

HERZOG. By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. 341 pp. $5.75.

George P. Elliott

Herzog: what a title. On the realistic surface, the word is a name you can find in telephone books, free of English meaning or association. But there are cracks in the realistic façade. The name is German but is it also Jewish? And how is it pronounced, Hurtsog, Hurzog, Hairtsog? In the pidgin of the (American) unconscious, it puts "heart" and "hog" together in all sorts of silly ways, with "sog" in the offing. These, then, are juxtaposed to the literal German meaning "duke." Duke Heart's Hog. . . . No more silliness: Professor Moses Herzog, scholar. *Moses* Herzog! This middle-aged nut, this writer of unsent letters, this naive cuckold—a law-giver! Don't laugh. He suffered a lot. His second wife betrayed him with his best friend, he tried with all his mind to make sense of the crazy world. God knows he had his weaknesses, he was a little crazy himself there for a while. That's true, he suffered, he really did, even though he is a bit snobbish about his suffering like a good many Jews. . . . Herzog, a complicated man worth knowing.

Ceaseless mental play of words—the life of this book is in the high-wire play of mind. Without this verbal play, Herzog would not be worth knowing: neither the book nor the man.

When knowing the central character is the point of a book—biography, confession, novel—then the radical question is: "Why is this person worth knowing?" Usually he has some extraordinary qualities of his own (Dr. Johnson) or is part of a good tale (Cortez). It takes real nerve to build a whole book on an uneventful day in the life of a Leopold Bloom. Still, there are ways to write stories which can ruin the most interesting subject. Set a definitive biographer to work piling up facts, and even Gandhi's life would disappear shapeless under the cairn.

Herzog, like most characters, is neither a Gandhi, so interesting that it would take a perverted anti-writer to make him dull, nor a Bloom, so uninteresting that only a perverted super-writer would think of telling his non-story. The book has no plot, but at least Herzog is in an intense situation, full of hate for the treacherous wife and friend; at least he does something, nowhere near enough to keep you reading for the story's sake, but something. He is a rather typical character in modern American fiction, alienated, baffled; but he has an intellect almost exactly as extraordinary as Saul Bellow's, one which raises him to a realm altogether brighter than the smog in which Chicago characters usually seem to live. Sister Carrie, Studs Lonigan, Bigger Thomas, Frankie Machine. But intellectual vigor is not in itself enough to make a character worth knowing. As a subject, Herzog is down toward the Bloom end of the scale: meager of story, somewhat colorless of person, his life is sustained in the reader's mind by his creator's prose. The play of Bellow's prose causes in the reader's mind a play analogous to the play of Herzog's mind. Of no live character, real or fictional, is it truer to say: "The style is the man."

Take those letters he is forever writing, seldom finishing, never sending:

> *Dear Mama, as to why I haven't visited your grave in so long . . .*
>
> *Dear Wanda, Dear Zinka, Dear Libbie, Dear Ramona, Dear Sono, I need help in the worst way. I a afraid of falling apart. Dear Edvi the fact is that madness also ha been denied me. I don't know wh I should write to you at all. Dea Mr. President, Internal Revenu regulations will turn us into a n tion of bookkeepers. The life o every citizen is becoming a busines This, it seems to me, is one of th worst interpretations of the mea ing of human life history has eve seen. Man's life is not a busines*

Quirky, leaping, sometimes sil sometimes piercing—such is Herzo mind, such the prose of the lett and of the entire novel.

It is far from the self-effacing pro of most fiction, of realistic novels is much closer to the style of t "anatomy," Rabelais, Robert Burt Among novelists, it has a good deal common, functionally, with the pro of *Tristram Shandy* and *Ulysses*. Th is, it is erudite, allusive, and full tricks, and in itself it is the ma source of the reader's pleasure. cause of the prose, Herzog is the fi intellectual in American fiction wh mind is fully a part of him, who is there in the reader's imagination. Th is not the least of the reasons w the first round of literary-intellectu reviewers liked the book so much. be sure, a style sets its own limi How *Herzog* works on a willing read who is nonliterary, nonintellectu and non-American, I cannot gue Meanwhile let us revel in the bo who can. Besides, as soon as Herz gets to Chicago, everything picks u and the style expands to include who will.

Of course Herzog isn't identi with the style. The book is not a co fession, an arrangement of wo projecting a self directly and imme ately. The man personally is not funny as the style. He is humoro he sometimes does ludicrous thin he laughs at himself. But we read laugh a lot more than he does. O laughter may often be painful, si we do not cease to sympathize w him in his silliness and misfortu Still, we do laugh.

Try telling someone what *Herzog* about, all the time insisting that funny. Loneliness, betrayal, disil sionment, near murder, humiliati half-madness, sorrow, severance, co fusion, waste—comic, all comic! strange combination. Why does Bell insist on making the novel com In this book, the style is the man *p* his author's looking at him. For ample, Herzog goes to Chicago visit his widowed stepmother, a strong, shrewd old woman. He gets her out of the room so that, on the pretext of taking some Czarist rubles from his dead father's desk he may filch his father's loaded pistol. (Neither he nor we are fully conscious of why he wants the pistol; it turns out he takes it with him when he goes to spy on his former wife and her lover, though he does not shoot.) Immediately after he pockets the gun, he goes to the old woman, Taube, and Bellow represents his thoughts as follows:

> *He knew it was not proper that he should think her expression sheeplike. This figurative habit of his mind crippled his judgment, and was likely to ruin him some day. Perhaps the day was near; perhaps this night his soul would be required of him. The gun weighed on his chest. But the protuberant lips, great eyes, and pleated mouth* were *sheeplike, and they warned him he was taking too many chances with destruction. Taube, a veteran survivor, to be heeded, had fought the grave to a standstill, balking death itself by her slowness.*

There is nothing comic about either the situation or his reflections. It is their juxtaposition which is comic, and this juxtaposing Bellow has caused so that he and we alike may keep our distance from Herzog.

Without the double distance of comedy, near and far simultaneously, all would have descended into a glop of free association and self-justification; no Herzog, no *Herzog*. As it is, the character and his self-justifyings remain *over there;* we see him, we laugh at him even as we feel for him, we can understand him. Usually. Nearly always, but not quite always. In one important respect, Bellow fails. Herzog's noncomic, anti-comic loathing of his false friend, Gersbach, almost totally obliterates that character for the reader. The faithless wife, Madeleine, we can see somewhat better, though nowhere near so well as his present mistress. But wife and friend we get only glimpses of, usually distorted, and we need to know them well if we are to size up Herzog fully. Here, and here only, Bellow allows Herzog's fantasy to supplant the reality almost entirely, rather than to play counterpoint to it. A serious flaw, fatal if the book had been realistically serious.

That is, according to realistic psychology, we know that Herzog, even in his middle age, was false-naive. Looking at a photograph of himself taken at the time he got his M. A., he thinks:

> *His younger face expressed the demands of ingenuous conceit. A man in years he then was, but in years only, and in his father's eyes stubbornly un-European, that is, innocent by deliberate choice. Moses refused to know evil. But he could not refuse to experience it. And therefore others were appointed to do it to him, and then to be accused (by him) of wickedness.*

This is the naïveté which made it possible for him to be so thoroughly duped, and his natural rage at his betrayers is magnified by rage at himself. As he knows: he puts himself into the position to shoot them, and then does not. He knows and Bellow knows, but we readers must know too. We must know more about Gersbach than externals, than that he was a poet-announcer with a wooden leg; we must know him in our hearts. *We* weren't victimized by him. After all, Herzog, an arrogant, intellectual, experienced man, had no business being so innocent at his age; he is guilty of innocence. The evil of Gersbach and Madeleine we cannot take on Herzog's word; Bellow must prove it, if we are to credit it fully enough to hate them on our own, and he does not. He seals us inside Herzog's mind too much, as he does not with the other secondary characters.

But, happily, the book is only partly about the rape of Herzog's naïveté. There is more to him than that, much more. According to another, older, moral psychology, Herzog is a man of sloth. He has his quota of the other sins, lust, pride, anger, but sloth dominates him. Not merely indolence, but busy-work too, furiously doing a thousand other things instead of what he ought to be doing. His soul wallows, and all the time his mind is thinking wildly, surrounding it with swarms of thoughts, attacking it, darting every which way, always coming back to it, prodding it till it shifts and grunts, jabbing at it. Sometimes the heaviness gets into the book. Late one afternoon his mistress phones and invites him over to dinner. He says he will be right there. It takes him thirty or forty minutes to get to the door of his apartment, during which time he does nothing but have twenty pages of thoughts. There is a lot of energy in these thoughts, but the inertia beneath them makes the passage drag.

Realistic or moral, whatever the psychology, there is the flaw in Herzog's character which we are grate-

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ful for and which the novel could not do without. He can't stop thinking: he is out of control of his thoughts a good deal of the time, he spills over, he darts all over the place. A lot of the thoughts he has are worth having, their energy is abundant, and they reek with vitality, even the silly ones. And the way Saul Bellow has put them together is a delight, a treat. On the next to last page occur the last words of Herzog's last imaginary letter: " 'But what do you want, Herzog?' 'But that's just it—not a solitary thing. I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy.' " When you read this, you believe it. This is not just an easy upbeat ending. Herzog has earned the right to say this.

Still.

"For as long as I may remain in occupancy." Here he is, an English professor whose scholarly writing is good enough to put him in *Who's Who*, and he writes a sentence like that! The language of it may be more or less in character, but Bellow uses the locution to hold Herzog *over there* to the very end, so you won't take his sentiments too much to heart. You believe him, but you also believe Bellow's prose: Herzog has got through, all right, but only just, and there's plenty of trouble ahead. How long has Herzog, to our knowledge, ever been satisfied with anything, much less existence? "I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed." Come off it, Moses, we know you, Duke, you won't rest for long, you're about to get married again, your heart is gluttonous as a hog.

George P. Elliott is the author of Parktilden Village *and* Among the Dangs. *His most recent book,* A Piece of Lettuce *(Random House), is a collection of reminiscences and literary criticism.*

Theatre of the Meaningful

Elizabeth Sutherland

Jackson, Miss.

"You are the actors," said John O'Neal, one of the founders of the Free Southern Theatre, to the largely Negro, largely youthful audience sitting on folding chairs, benches, cots and the ground, behind a small frame house in Ruleville, Miss. They were waiting to see what was, for probably all of them, their first live play. The "stage" was the back porch; there was no curtain, and lights hadn't been necessary because it was mid-afternoon. Down the road, a few feet from the house, came a pickup truck with a policeman at the wheel, and a large German police dog standing stiff and ominous in the back. It drove by once, then passed back again. An elderly Negro began to trim the grass around his house next door with a noisy power mower. "Why does he do that right now?" I asked Roger Johnson, a young Negro from Boston who does the lighting for the company. "He's one of the local Toms," Johnson shrugged. Finally the play began; it was Martin Duberman's *In White America*, less a play than a dramatic reading of Negro history based on historical documents dating back to the slave trade.

Sharp-eyed policemen and "Uncle Toms" came as no surprise to O'Neal, a young Negro actor from Southern Illinois University, and 22-year-old Gil Moses from Cleveland, Ohio, who directed this production. Moses' wife, Denise, plays the role—which includes the powerful Little Rock scene—made famous off-Broadway by Gloria Foster. Both men are staff members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. They organized the theatre last spring, with Tougaloo College outside Jackson, Miss., as a home base; they have since set up new headquarters in New Orleans (Box 2374), where Richard Schechner, editor of the *Tulane Drama Review*, joined them recently as third producing director. Most of the company previously had only college acting experience, although one member, Eric Weinberger, had worked with the Living Theatre, and Gil Moses had done a little off-Broadway work.

Their version of *In White America* was highly professional and compared very favorably to the original. This first production, given in thirteen towns during a three-week tour of Mississippi last August, was not intended as a sample of what the Free Southern Theatre intends to do but as an experiment: to find out how Mississippi Negroes, most of whom had never seen a theatrical performance before, would react; and to ascertain what sort of theatre should be developed. Author Duberman has pointed out that his work was originally addressed to white liberals—not to Mississippi Negroes. Much of its irony and humor eluded them and they occasionally laughed when they were not supposed to, or vice versa. They clapped equally for Booker T. Washington delivering his conservative "five fingers speech" and for Black Nationalist Marcus Garvey. Members of the audience who started to join in singing with the cast would sometimes be hushed by others more decorous. One performance, in the coastal town of Gulfport, turned into a small disaster because it was held in a movie theatre and the audience, expecting at least one chase scene and three corpses, expressed its sense of betrayal with loud complaints and constant interruptions.

Elsewhere, response was noisy in a different way. As the actors made their pleas for justice or denounced the white man's cruelty, old women and young men would shout: "That's right!" "Amen!" "You tell it!" In Ruleville, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer watched intently in the audience as Denise Moses delivered a Negro woman's account of being beaten by whites. Mrs. Hamer, who recently made a stirring appearance at the Democratic Convention as a delegate from the new Freedom Democratic Party, is a former plantation worker and was beaten to insensibility last year for voter-registration work. There was no need to tell her "you are the actors."

"We got the best reaction in churches," said O'Neal, and certainly the response to one performance I saw, at the First Union Baptist Church in the large town of Meridian, would have pleased most actors. Meridian has a good number of middle-class Negroes, and their reaction was quiet, respectful, sophisticated. The most interesting "theatre," though, was the new and unfinished community center in the tiny town of Mileston. The center has been a labor of love for a remarkable white man from California, who raised $10,000 for the project and built it himself with a young white helper and local Negro aid on occasion. That afternoon, the play was performed with one wall of the building still missing; the stage stretched out into a real cotton field. As night fell the actors relaxed in nearby homes, while Negroes stood guard outside with shotguns and rifles. The reason was easy to find: in front of one of the homes stood the charred automobile of a Negro civil rights worker which had been fire bombed by whites only three weeks earlier. Farther down the dirt road, in a frame building just like thousands of others in Mississippi, several members of the cast were eating sandwiches and talking or playing cards. A group in the kitchen argued about Brecht's poetry; in an adjoining bedroom, Roger Johnson was telling what happened when he was arrested in the no man's land called Yazoo City. "I just shuffled and scratched my head, *yassuh*, *yassuh*," he said, doing an Amos and Andy around the bed; "I shuffled and scratched all the way to jail." He was released not long after; a bit of acting knowledge comes in handy around Yazoo.

Local whites came to see the play four times. On one occasion, they were local liberals; another time, members of a Mennonite sect. In Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, two white students who had dared to go to Northern universities instead of Ole Miss were among the audience. "One of them even came to the party we had afterward," said a summer volunteer.

And then, toward the end of the tour, there was the performance at Indianola, a rural town located in Senator James Eastland's Sunflower County and the birthplace of the White Citizens' Council. The Summer Project had established a beachhead at Indianola only recently and the play was to be given in the red brick building of the new Freedom School there. Dark was just falling and I was standing alone on the porch while the lights were being set up inside. Suddenly a stream of white police cars came up the driveway, followed by a long line of lights from other cars; it looked like a very orderly lynching party. Forty-two white-helmeted policemen poured out and a man in sports clothes and straw hat walked up to the porch: "There are twenty-five people here who want to see the play. Can they come in? There won't be any trouble," added the man, who turned out to be the sheriff.

They came, of course, the whites: lawyers and other professionals, small businessmen, a few farmers. No wives or daughters to make it at least look like a friendly visit or social occasion. As for the police, many of them had been deputized for the night: not exactly a reassuring species. While the twenty-five guests sat down together in several rows toward the back, the theatre became jammed to the rafters with local Negroes; the temperature must have been at least 110 degrees.

Outside, where it was cooler, the police stood in clusters around the building. One group held a very calm, very hopeless discussion with a young white volunteer. "Do you believe God intended black and white to mix?" he was asked. "You're a student, have you had any courses in genetics?" said another. "Northerners can't understand our problems," came from a third officer. "I'm from Georgia," the student replied.

As the evening progressed, you could see that the cast was playing to the white men with everything they had. Some of the whites were laughing, a few clapped. When the freedom songs which end the play were sung, and the Negro audience joined in, the familiar words seemed to ring out as never before. Neither the rows of white men inside, nor the forty-two badges outside, could diminish the stirring voices of all those black men, women, youths and children.

"Which side are you on?" goes one of the songs, and there was, unfortunately, not too much question about this. I returned to Indianola two days later, at the invitation of the sheriff, to talk with some of the whites who had seen the play about their reactions. There was, the sheriff said when we arrived, only one person available: the County Clerk. That gentleman sat alone in a smallish room which had two entrances, for white and Negro. Quietly, with total hostility, he explained that he had gone to the play to find out what the Summer Project was all about. He thought it was well acted, historically accurate as far as he could judge — and inflammatory. The production confirmed his suspicion that the project was Communist-infiltrated. When asked for specific examples of this in the play, he referred only to its general tone, the point it was driving toward. "The project was supposed to teach citizenship and voter registration. There's nothing in the play about those things. Anyway, there's no problem with voter registration in this county —Negroes can come down any time they want to."

From his tone, there obviously wasn't much point in asking how come less than 2 per cent of the eligible Negroes in his county had been registered, or why the federal government had decided to bring suit against the local registrar. There wasn't much point in our talking, period. Our idea that the whites might have come to the play out of some desire for understand-

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ATHENEUM

ing or communication was neatly punctured—or perhaps those who thought differently from the clerk weren't talking. Of course he was right in one sense: anything which encourages the Negro to stand up for his rights *is* revolutionary in Mississippi.

During the performance of *In White America* at Greenville, a man in the audience came up on the stage as a pre-Civil War scene between a white master and a slave was about to begin. He had obviously believed O'Neal's opening words: "You are the actors." But then he stood there, frozen, until Gil Moses finally whispered to him to leave. Afterward the man explained, "There was so much I wanted to say and I had it all figured out. But when I got up there in all that light, I just couldn't."

Somehow, O'Neal feels, a way must be found to incorporate such people into the action. Moses also believes strongly that in addition to becoming a permanent professional repertory company (they are now working on two new productions), the Free Southern Theatre should stay in each town a week or two, build a new play around its history and themes, hold workshops. They are less concerned about the type of plays produced and the ability of the local Negroes to understand unfamiliar material or language. "It's a question of how the material is put across," said O'Neal. "Any play can be used if it is given relevance. We can do Shakespeare—let Hamlet be Senator Stennis' liberal son, to give a wild example. Anything, as long as the audience makes connections."

Let no theatre lover conclude, however, that this is a group of mere propagandists. All are concerned with aesthetics, all are aware of the message vs. art debate. "Our audiences were more grateful than critical," said O'Neal. "We want to change that too."

THEATRE

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR
THE LAST ANALYSIS

I wanted to like the past week's two offerings—*Oh What a Lovely War* (Broadhurst) and *The Last Analysis* (Belasco)—more than I did, because in different ways both are worth our applause. But neither of them struck me as altogether persuasive.

I had seen the "musical entertainment"—a group production by Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop—when it was a phenomenal hit in London and wrote about it [*The Nation*, May 25, 1963] with as much enthusiasm as I could summon. My English friends treated my demurs as treason. There was a tie which bound the London public to the show that did not hold me.

Many people here too will feel strongly about this production—and perhaps justifiably. The audience is a leading actor in every staged performance, but in the case of *Oh What a Lovely War* I feel that the American audience is, on the whole, miscast.

Members of Britain's older generation who still remember the songs and atmosphere of the First World War on which the production is based wept in anguished nostalgia. For them 1914-18 was a time of youthful hope, patriotic sentiment, and ultimately of collapsed illusion, the confrontation of a country drained of blood and confidence.

Britain's younger generation rejoiced in *Oh What a Lovely War* as a colorful "circus" committed to kicking the body politic and military smartly in its collective seat. Sir Douglas Haig and Sir John French are the specific targets, but the tone of the show is that of a cockney guying not only the powers that were but the powers that (still) be.

To us, though we are a nervously and muddle-headedly peace-loving people, *Oh What a Lovely War* is more pastime than propaganda: not quite complete as one, not altogether appropriate as the other.

Concretely, the best things in the show are the old tunes—*Keep the Home Fires Burning, Pack Up Your Troubles, There's a Long Long Trail*, etc.—though they are sometimes sung off-key and with the words not always intelligible. The period cartoons, posters and photographs also make a valid satirical point. Most of the sketches between the main numbers are overlong, besides being reminiscent of things we enjoyed during our own turbulent thirties.

The British love amateur theatricals and a certain amateurishness pervades the performance. That is not without value. One is reminded of the buskers in Leicester Square. The atmosphere they create is coarsely cordial, roughly familiar, sadly humorous, almost tender. Something about these street performers breathes an engaging uncleanliness—the reek of a humanity cheerfully resigned to cold, wet and a dreary diet, without loss of a fundamental dignity and grit. That is the characteristic trait of Joan Littlewood's work.

There is also a humble pathos in the scene of fraternization between the Tommies and the Boche during the first Christmas of the war, and a bitter melancholy in the scene of the hapless pacifist lady on the hustings who cannot overcome the listless hostility of the street stragglers. There is a sting in the sniffling religiosity and flatulent jingoism of the church scene which our audiences may still respond to—though I have myself begun to tire of such facile barbs.

The use of electric signs to flash news of devastating battle losses, together with slogans like "All Quiet on the Western Front," and the report of pitiful gains of territory in no-man's land is clever but finally becomes monotonous. These constitute the "art" of this production (thanks to such German predecessors as Piscator and Brecht) which, though much admired in London, lack the punch they are intended to pack.

In a word, I find much of the stagecraft and propaganda in *Oh What a Lovely War* belated. We manage such mechanics and effects more deftly and as to anti-war preachment, I doubt its real efficacy when the deeper causes, the more basic social and moral issues that antedated the war by years are not given as background. There is something depressingly sentimental about protesting the ravages of war when so little is ever done to fortify ourselves in the day-to-day conflict of living before war breaks out.

It is with such conflict that Saul Bellow is concerned. To do him justice as a writer we should have to view his first play, *The Last Analysis*, in the context of his other work. One can only suggest this here, both to give the play the credit which is its due and to help explain its intrinsic shortcomings.

It is called a farce. It is more exactly an extravaganza of the unconscious. It is "serious nonsense," a crazy parable.

Its central figure, Bummidge, is an immensely popular television comic (symbol for the American artist) surrounded by parasites—family, friends, fans, colleagues, agents, touts and whores—who are both the support and destroyers of such men. Born of poor Jewish (immigrant) parents. Bummidge senses his corruption and acknowledges his guilt. He is besmirched by the slime of success and knows that he has both invited it and wallowed in it. He yearns to recover his proper being. He plans to expose himself shamelessly in a televised self-analysis before a select audience of medical men, for which he alone must pay all the expense.

The program in which Bummidge acts as both patient and doctor is conducted in the same madly incoherent manner as is everything else in his professional and personal life. But he is now possessed by an unswerving determination to examine himself in every detail, no matter how soiled or ridiculous. This enacted confession and its contemplation will, he believes, lead him and those who witness it to greater understanding and to the path of self-renewal.

He renounces the profits promised him as a result of his sensational telecast and rids himself of everyone who will not rally to his new "cause." For he now proposes to reopen an old theatre he once appeared in (it has since been converted into a meat market—another symbol) and there to conduct a Socratic academy for other "comics" who, having given themselves in bondage to "false needs, false thoughts, false sex," seek to rediscover their better selves.

"Suppose all we fumblers and bumblers," he says, "we cranks and creeps and cripples, we proud, sniffing, ragged-assed paupers of heart and soul, sick with spite, sick with every vice, spoiled by laziness and money, suppose we look again for the manhood we were born to inherit."

That is Bellow's major theme, one to which I am most sympathetic. It is no crime that the picture of abject vulgarity and cruel filth is made so much more convincing than the moment of redemption. What is dismaying is not that the analytic minutiae of Bummidge's psyche is sordid but that it is so commonplace—even in the play's most inventive scene where Bummidge portrays his prenatal life and his emergence from his mother's womb.

Bellow is more proficient in depicting Bummidge as a gigantic effigy than in arranging stage action so that his puppet can move in a consistently sustained manner. Even figures of fancy must be endowed with a credible identity outside the author's consciousness. But Bummidge is a figment of verbiage. His progress through the world imagined for him does not have its own logic, a truly dramatic existence. It is in this respect chiefly that *The Last Analysis* is not a fulfilled play.

Still there are passages that attain a horrendously hilarious eloquence which proclaim the genuine writer and the promise of a playwright. It is a language of sophisticated literacy blended with a parody of the gibberish of our most potent media of publicity. As spoken prose—if not as true dialogue—*The Last Analysis* occasionally takes on a vigor that buzzes our nerves and assumes even more meaning than the play's ostensible message. It provides the creative vein of the evening.

All might have been saved if the production had a style. Granted that a stage style for such a play is not readily achieved, what we see at the Belasco is a hodgepodge that shifts from an attempt at vaudeville exaggeration—badly accomplished—to a prosaic "sincerity." This includes a setting of cluttered and unsightly realism with hardly anything of the boisterous imagination indicated by the speech and idea of the text. Did Joseph Anthony, the director, and David Hays, the designer—both gifted men—suppose that *The Last Analysis* takes place anywhere but in the realm of the dramatist's fancy?

A concomitant damage to the production is the lack of the right Bummidge—a role possibly more taxing than any in present-day theatre. Sam Levene is an excellent actor, a brilliantly sour comedian. But his talent is essentially down to earth. The play requires an out-of-this-world comic, a Rabelaisian monster. There are only two or three such beings extant—and they are rarely available on order.

HAROLD CLURMAN

FILMS

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY
ALL THESE WOMEN

The lines forming nightly in New York for *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* are new evidence of the old fact that in the popular theatre nothing succeeds more boisterously than a bravura performance. This Ginger is a playboy come from Dublin to the western world of Montreal, a devil of a fellow, an impossible husband and father, a deplorable, ego-inflated sham with a thin edge of honor and sweet reason showing behind the punch-drunk bombast. Given an actor with the physique for the horseplay and the intelligence to keep track of the man lurking in the berserker—given in this case Robert Shaw in beard and loud checks—a turnaway crowd is predictable.

That would be so whether or not the picture had much else to recommend it: *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* has more on its side than one high-octane part. It has Mary Ure who, playing the recessive role of a wife who retires in tight-lipped distaste from her husband's bruising romp with reality, performs with a warmth and a specificity that hold their own with the main event. And the picture draws on one's imagination and concern because it offers, in exaggerated, almost schematic form, a relationship most of us have bumped up against, if indeed we haven't been involved. People who look on life as a stage for their specialty act can be diverting company (Ginger finds hail fellows on every street in Montreal), but they are hell on those who become dependent on them. It is always gratifying to watch this kind of native wisdom spinning out in the efficient space and time logic of a dramatic work—we call it "mature" theatre.

The Luck of Ginger Coffey also contains details that show an alert mind behind the scenes (the mind, I presume, of Brian Moore who wrote the original novel and later the screenplay). For example, a wife will excuse a good deal of lying, but she will not forgive a lie that has roused her to a sexual response. Any husband in the audience knows that Ginger has cooked his goose when, quite without premeditation, he blunders into that trap. For another example, Ginger becomes more unbearable as success grows less implausible: the fact is

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CAREY McWILLIAMS, Editor.

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that success scares the pants off him—it can never live up to the ultimate triumph of his dreams. And for an example of a different sort, the film takes advantage of present conditions in Canada by including several sharp but unstressed instances of French Canadian underdog truculence.

The movie has faults. It is made with a rather leaden and sometimes uncommunicative camera — I had thought Montreal would be a rewarding new screen setting; it did not prove so in this case. And too many of the characters surrounding Ginger—particularly during his brief stint on a metropolitan daily—are bizarre without being very interesting. We accept the premise that Ginger is a card, but when all his colleagues are given quirks and twitches of their own, it begins to seem that someone has been anxious to keep the scene very spicy. The performance level is also uneven. Major scenes are crisp, but the director, Irvin Kershner, seems to have been content with little more than a walk through in the transitions.

I resist, thus, the present critical concensus that *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* is the crowning event in a half century of the movies. It is a good picture, well acted in the main, relevant to a sufficiently common experience, interesting in that it allows the characters to develop, both in themselves and in their relationships. It is well worth seeing, but I'm not going to balance adjectives on my nose to drum up the audience.

Ingmar Bergman branches out into very pastel color to discourse, in *All These Women,* upon the hollowness of artistic renown. Drawing upon I do not know what personal experiences, the Swedish director tells us that genius, seen from within the temple itself, is a compound of pretense, ruthlessness, ennui and suger-candy eroticism. The theme melody of the picture is "Yes, We Have No Bananas!," which I take to be a symbolic reference to the inadequacies, spiritual and physical, of the master and his entourage of giggling doxies, and which allows him to set the proceedings in the easily mocked flapper era of the 1920s.

The style of this woeful film is satiric fantasy with embellishments of slapstick. It makes no point (you cannot call the notion that a rumor of talent can be manufactured from arrogance and mystery a valid point at this late date in the age of public relations); its fantasy is at the scenic and choreographic level of Radio City Music Hall, and its pratfalls, its chases, dunkings in pools and smearing with whipped cream are so finicky and condescending as to make Mack Sennett curse from the grave. Of all the forms of tedium, cuteness is perhaps the most intolerable.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC

LITURGY AND BILLINGSGATE

BERNSTEIN: Symphony No. 3, *Kaddish.* Felicia Montealegre, speaker; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Camerata Singers; Columbus Boychoir; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia KL 6005; KS 6605 (S).

BRITTEN: *War Requiem,* Op. 66. Galina Vishnevskaya, Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; London Symphony and Chorus, Benjamin Britten, cond. London 4255; 1255 (S).

The principal question about Leonard Bernstein's *Kaddish* is why it should have been singled out for such universal critical vilification at its first American performances in Boston and New York last year. Listening to it then, and hearing it recently on the recording, I found it unmistakably the product of a remarkable musical gift, full of effective sounds and gestures, and showing a sense of what can be done by sheer orchestral manipulation that few practicing composers, whatever their superior stature or resourcefulness in other respects, can command. It seemed, in short, just what one would most expect from the evidence of Mr. Bernstein's other music. And it seems to me particularly to deserve defense against the notably immoderate scorn with which it was treated in the press because of its obvious superiority in the respects I have enumerated to anything in the Britten *War Requiem*—a comparatively weak specimen of precisely the same popular-masterpiece genre whose immense, untouchable local prestige (the highest, undoubtedly, since the Shostakovich *Leningrad* Symphony) is in such striking contrast to the treatment accorded *Kaddish.*

Indeed, the similarities in purpose and approach of the two works are so manifest that one's first conjecture about the difference in their reception is simply that the Britten got here first. And possibly associated with this is the advantage Britten enjoys with our audience by being, as an Englishman, somewhat more exotic and hence "authentic" than any American could ever manage to be. For the works themselves are virtually counterparts of the same external idea: both derive their titles and principal texts from the most solemn and emotionally charged passages of their respective liturgies; both assert bold originality by interspersing these with contemporary texts that presumably give the whole a profound relation to the urgent concerns of modern man — Wilfred Owen's war poems in the Britten, and existential self-examinations in the Bernstein. And, in their visual-sonic appearances, both invoke full and impressive arrays of instruments and voices, occupy sufficient time spans, and produce sufficient masses of sound to be recognized as "very important pieces," and cement these imputations of high artistic purpose and accomplishment by traversing a wide variety of styles associated with appropriate masterpieces from the literature.

But in all other respects, one would have supposed that the rather pale and conventional slickness of the Britten was no match for the strenuous confessional and intensely novel manner of *Kaddish.* Where Britten's entire conceit is to reproduce traditional qualities in "contemporary" terms with such absolute control that he will appear to be a master in the traditional sense, Bernstein is like a musical Norman Mailer in his raw and restless embrace of every available sound and style, however overfamiliar or marginally "far out," and in his slashing contrasts of texture and proportion, all of which seem designed to project an overwhelming image of violent and uncontrollable originality. Thus the percussion music and "twelve-tone expressionism" of the "Din-Torah" (whose "row" actually begins with the first four notes of Berg's *Lulu*) suddenly cuts back to a *Verklärte Nacht* sound, which in turn gives way to a Lullaby that might have come out of Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortileges*, and so forth. Unlike Britten, however, Bernstein never associates these sounds with a continuity that approximates that of their sources (except perhaps in the Lullaby), but virtually pours them over one another in a continually erratic texture whose very instability produces a peculiar kind of "dynamism."

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In short, Britten's superior triumph seems to lie mainly in his superior cynicism; where his slyly "inside" puns flattered his listeners' intelligences, Bernstein's brutal self-exposure was too transparent an affront. In this, a comparison of the two texts is particularly revealing; obviously, Bernstein's text itself provided the most vulnerable and convenient target for retaliation—and indeed, some of the reviews consisted mostly of shocked quotations from it. On the other hand, Britten's calculation was totally ingenious; not only was his choice much more *comme il faut* and genuinely tasteful as a text in itself, but it also engaged all the sentiment attaching to Owen, and displayed as well a slick awareness of what is currently "in." For the anti-war theme has great currency these days, especially among the younger English intellectuals, whereas modernized Old Testament agonizing is very old hat, entirely lacking in the cachet it used to enjoy as artistic subject matter, and carrying with it now a faintly corrupt odor of parochialism and tastelessness that seems to have begun to discourage even Broadway, Wolf Mankowitz and the *New York Post.* Besides, one can simply ignore the words of a sung text like Britten's, whereas an insistently spoken, shouted and intoned oration such as that of *Kaddish*, invariably gets in the way of its musical surroundings and almost begs to be resented. Here again, the very self-destructiveness of Bernstein's approach convinces one of its utter sincerity;

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CAREY McWILLIAMS, Editor.

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that success scares the pants off him—it can never live up to the ultimate triumph of his dreams. And for an example of a different sort, the film takes advantage of present conditions in Canada by including several sharp but unstressed instances of French Canadian underdog truculence.

The movie has faults. It is made with a rather leaden and sometimes uncommunicative camera — I had thought Montreal would be a rewarding new screen setting; it did not prove so in this case. And too many of the characters surrounding Ginger—particularly during his brief stint on a metropolitan daily—are bizarre without being very interesting. We accept the premise that Ginger is a card, but when all his colleagues are given quirks and twitches of their own, it begins to seem that someone has been anxious to keep the scene very spicy. The performance level is also uneven. Major scenes are crisp, but the director, Irvin Kershner, seems to have been content with little more than a walk through in the transitions.

I resist, thus, the present critical concensus that *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* is the crowning event in a half century of the movies. It is a good picture, well acted in the main, relevant to a sufficiently common experience, interesting in that it allows the characters to develop, both in themselves and in their relationships. It is well worth seeing, but I'm not going to balance adjectives on my nose to drum up the audience.

Ingmar Bergman branches out into very pastel color to discourse, in *All These Women*, upon the hollowness of artistic renown. Drawing upon I do not know what personal experiences, the Swedish director tells us that genius, seen from within the temple itself, is a compound of pretense, ruthlessness, ennui and suger-candy eroticism. The theme melody of the picture is "Yes, We Have No Bananas!," which I take to be a symbolic reference to the inadequacies, spiritual and physical, of the master and his entourage of giggling doxies, and which allows him to set the proceedings in the easily mocked flapper era of the 1920s.

The style of this woeful film is satiric fantasy with embellishments of slapstick. It makes no point (you cannot call the notion that a rumor of talent can be manufactured from arrogance and mystery a valid point at this late date in the age of public relations); its fantasy is at the scenic and choreographic level of Radio City Music Hall, and its pratfalls, its chases, dunkings in pools and smearing with whipped cream are so finicky and condescending as to make Mack Sennett curse from the grave. Of all the forms of tedium, cuteness is perhaps the most intolerable.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC

LITURGY AND BILLINGSGATE

BERNSTEIN: Symphony No. 3, *Kaddish.* Felicia Montealegre, speaker; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Camerata Singers; Columbus Boychoir; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia KL 6005; KS 6605 (S).

BRITTEN: *War Requiem*, Op. 66. Galina Vishnevskaya, Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; London Symphony and Chorus, Benjamin Britten, cond. London 4255; 1255 (S).

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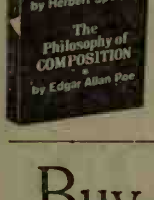

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but the major issue of the comparison—which text is more fruitfully conceived as music-dramatic material—seems nearly a tossup.

In the end one must concede that *Kaddish* does not amount to a significant new composition; but that is just what I find most disturbing about the furor with which it has been surrounded, since I am led to wonder whether all the moral outrage has not simply been an unjustified outlet for a—perhaps justifiable—irritation with Mr. Bernstein's other activities as conductor and musical personality. Such a confusion of categories, however, is equally dangerous for music and for responsible criticism whether or not it is directed at a work deserving of really serious consideration. Anyway, the very idea of a morally corrupting piece of music seems to me absurd; bad pieces, being by definition incapable of rewarding anyone's attention, can achieve public importance only by virtue of the attention they get in the press. Ignored, they fade into the featureless limbo of their kind.

BENJAMIN BORETZ

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Welfare or Status

(Continued from page 246)

felt that any suggestion of integration would lose too many white votes. So a plan was devised to offer Negroes the old white city hospital, City Memorial, with funds for renovation, in exchange for Negro support for the new (white) county hospital. The choice was not an easy one for Negroes. If they voted for the plan they would in effect be voting to continue segregation of hospital facilities. Whites were saying: "We won't need City Memorial Hospital after we get a shiny new one. So we will let you Negroes have it." On the other hand, City Memorial, even as it stood, was clearly superior to the Kate Bitting Reynolds Memorial Hospital, the city's Negro facility. The "Katy B." had been built as a Negro hospital, which means that it was not built well. The shortage of facilities was appalling; for example, only one bathroom on each floor. With substantial renovation City Memorial would be incomparably better. More important, voting for the hospital plan would in no way prevent Negroes from contesting to gain admittance to the new hospital later. The outcome of legal action was not in question since the new hospital was to be built with public monies, as a public facility.

But this was not a tempest in a teapot. Support of the hospital plan required sacrifice of the status objective: recognition as full and equal participants in the life of the community. But to insist on the status objective by voting against the hospital plan might well deprive Negroes in the short run of much-needed hospital facilities.

Again, moderates generally endorsed the hospital plan. For them, the need for better facilities was too pressing. One moderate put it this way: "I didn't like the idea of 'your people' trying to put a deal like this over, but we were in desperate need of more and better hospital facilities. Anyway, we knew that so much public money was going into the new one that Negroes would be in it when it opened." These leaders thought they could have both worlds. But the militants did not. They vigorously opposed the hospital plan. "I will never vote segregation on myself!" The fact that Negroes later could contest to gain admittance to the hospital was immaterial. The very suggestion that segregation could provide a legitimate or tenable solution had to be repudiated.

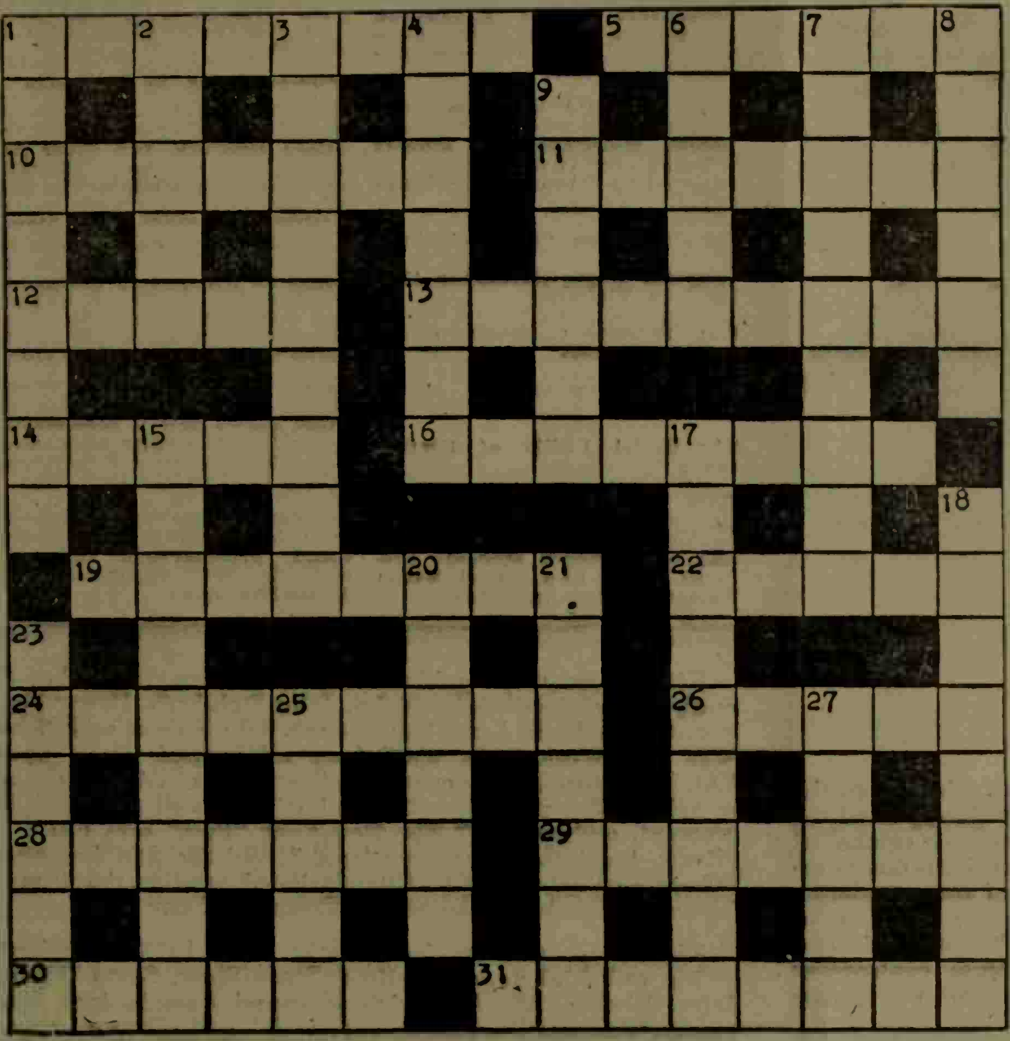
What happened? Negro voters were sharply divided, with a majority voting against the hospital plan. But the plan still carried. When the new hospital opened its doors earlier this year, it opened them to all who could afford the rates. And preliminary steps have been taken to build a new hospital in East Winston, the Negro section of the city.

Not all cases of welfare-status conflict end this happily. New public swimming pools simply aren't being built in the South—or for that matter in parts of the North—because white voters won't let tax money be spent for integrated pools. And very few Negro children have access to the private community pools that are going up everywhere. The recreation director of a Southern city told me that in a few years it may be impossible to get support for public pools in many cities, however racial problems are resolved. Too many children will have access to private facilities. The poor in general and Negroes in particular suffer in this situation. But should Negroes generally do as Statesville Negroes did and consent to continued pool segregation in the interest of welfare objectives? The larger question is not, of course, whether Negroes should try "separate but equal" again; but whether, and if so when, one set of objectives should be postponed in order to realize the other.

In time, the tension generated by the conflicting demands of welfare and status should diminish. The gross exclusion barriers are falling, and as they fall the two aspects of the struggle for equality should become less distinct. There is already some evidence that the alternatives are blurring. But as long as the welfare and status needs of Negro Americans retain the urgency they now possess—and I fear that that will be a long time—choices will have to be made. Unfortunately, there is no formula for balancing the objectives as the revolution moves on. But it might help if we keep in mind that only *strategy* is involved. The American democracy will not have fulfilled its promise to Negro Americans until both the welfare and the status claims have been met.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1076

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Went to dial? It takes a quarter, in turn. (4, 4)
5 Dawdle in the club? (6)
11 How they used to make a crew influence opinion? (7)
12 How to commend something in the next Olympics. (5)
13 Post with a drawback ultimately.
14 Resin extracted from a betel emission. (5)
16 What happens to replace the thing of 8 down after dusk? (8)
19 Does the brew contain an upset mess in the process? (8)
22 and 25 down The type that can't fly, or are heading back after a journey into space. (5, 5)
24 Literary reviewers do — unless one considers them music collections. (9)
26 Where Berlioz put Harold. (5)
28 An instructor, in short, takes employment, becoming extravagant.
29 Is one a big grower, possibly? (7)
30 Firm, with a couple to go this way, possibly. (6)
31 One might find it later, by a position where one might be given away. (8)

DOWN:

1 Turner left extremely like one about to be all washed up. (8)
2 But it isn't so fast when anchored — or is it? (5)
3 Not very substantial haberdashery which we probably all have. (9)
4 Consume by fire, as the type in a box. (7)
6 Capital, in this case. (5)
8 Obviously such a deer is live. (6)
9 Precedes either men or women, as a classic title. (6)
15 Put into office, and traveled with the conductor. (9)
17, 10 across, 7 down and 18 down Implying a relationship between one's stature and one's descent. (3, 6, 4, 3, 3, 6, 4, 4)
20 2 down Might be like parts of southwestern England. (6)
21 It's funny, but the ribs lie quite crooked here. (7)
23 Shoots from cover at marsh birds?
25 See 22 across
27 To do it was the object of a Carroll sneeze. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1075

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Going, going, gone; 10 Employs; 11 Trojans; 12 Hereford cattle; 14 Unsorted; 15 Cosset; 16 Diatom; 18 Atabrine; 22 Cash on delivery; 24 Channel; 25 Tighter; 26 Neat; 27 Sacristans. DOWN: 1 Greyhounds; 2 Imparts; 3 Good-for-nothing; 4 Observe; 5 Notice; 7 Oracles; 8 and 21 East Anglia; 9. Pontoon bridges; 13 Steelyards; 17 Alabama; 19 Theater; 20 Inertia; 23 Scan.

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THE NATION

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George Wallace

AND THE FUTURE of DIXIE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Space Crescent III

THE WIDE BLUE PORKBARREL

William S. Ellis

UN CRISIS: POLITICS of MONEY

John G. Stoessinger

Robert Lowell

Richard Howard

LETTERS

Who's loony now?

Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Sirs: What's with this Keating bit? Keating? Have you at *The Nation* and *The New Republic* gone nuts?

Is the Robert F. Kennedy you speak of the same man I know, with whom I talked politics at least ten times . . . who I believe with all my heart, is *the* leader of the liberal idea in America today?

No, I apologize for saying you may have all gone nuts. I know what's behind it. Masochism. Alan A. Benson once said the same thing of the fellow radicals of his day. . . .

You have Robert F. Kennedy in your lil' ole' hand and you-all say, "We want Keating." If this is not masochism, I don't know what else it can be.

I remember one evening two years ago, on a plane, Robert F. Kennedy was not running for anything. His brother was in the White House, very likely to stay there till 1968. And Kennedy said, "You know Pope John started a renewal of the ideal of Catholicism—Jack and I hope to start a renewal of the ideal of America."

Do you and *The New Republic* and Gore Vidal and Jim Baldwin deserve Robert F. Kennedy? Do you really think you deserve him? It's like my mother always said, "It's bad when things are too good." *Harry Golden*

The New Republic *supports Robert Kennedy, so Harry Golden must have some other magazine in mind. He is also cheering for a man whom from his description we do not recognize (see "The Hoffa Trial," by Fred J. Cook,* The Nation, *April 27; and "Trial by Press Release," editorial, September 7).*—EDITORS.

Proposition 14

Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs: Donovan Bess's article, "The Racist Proposition: California on Trial" (*The Nation*, Oct. 5), is by far the most lucid and accurate exposition of this issue I have seen.

This summer I did considerable volunteer work for the Californians Against Proposition 14 (CAP 14) group in Los Angeles, including voter-registration canvassing in both Negro and white areas (this aspect of the campaign against Proposition 14 is not directly sponsored by CAP 14, but by the United Civil Rights Committee, an organization coordinating a number of civil rights groups).

Almost all of the Negroes I contacted were informed about Proposition 14 and said they would vote against it. Most of the whites, however, used the argument that the neighborhood and local property values decline when Negroes move into an area, and I'll have to admit that it was sometimes hard to argue the point: one white woman had a beautifully kept, well-planted yard, while those of her Negro neighbors were pretty junky.

In spite of the generous efforts of a number of entertainers, such as Joan Baez, the opposition to Proposition 14 is hampered rather desperately by lack of funds. It is my opinion at present that the measure will pass; I hope I am proved wrong. *Melissa Mills*

El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Why do well-meaning but one-tracked writers like Donovan Bess assume that all *Nation* readers automatically oppose discrimination and therefore favor legislation which makes it illegal?

There are a great many property owners and residents in California who would rather see housing bias disappear from our minds through education and enlightenment than through law enforcement. Our unhappy experience with prohibition proved the fallacy of the legislative approach to a moral and individual problem.

California's venerable Commonwealth Club recently polled its 11,000 members in a secret mail ballot and recommended a Yes vote on Proposition 14 when a 1381-to-993 margin favored it. . . . *Walter Gerstel*

Correction

An editorial in the October 5 issue, "The Giant Stirs," incorrectly stated that The National Council for Civic Responsibility had subjected *None Dare Call It Treason* to detailed refutation. The organization that performed that useful job was The National *Committee* for Civic Responsibility, whose address is 1605 The Superior Building, Cleveland, O.—EDITORS

Sad for Cuba

Syosset, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: "Cuba: The Girl and the Slogans" (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) almost wrenched this tired old heart. . . . Hoppe's nostalgia for those pre-Castro days, when Cubans were apparently such spontaneous people, singing and doing the cha-cha-cha, unencumbered by revolutionary slogans and uniforms, makes him sad, sad, sad. It makes this reader sad, too, to see this subjective moonshine in *The Nation,* in place of accurate reporting and interpreting based upon what the Cubans really think and feel. *Jack Fields*

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Hoppe is sad because the attractive young girl feels she can't have babies because she serves in the militia. . . . He is sad to see a sign flashing over Havana, "Fatherland or Death. . . . We Shall Win. . . ."

I find it puzzling that the writer doesn't say he's sad because the United States has made things so difficult for Cuba that young girls have to serve in the militia. . . . *Ethel Alper*

THE NATION

Monday October 26, 1964
Volume 199, No. 12

In this issue

EDITORIALS

261

ARTICLES

263 UN Crisis: The Politics of Money
John G. Stoessinger
266 Wallace and the Future of Dixie
Robert G. Sherrill
272 A Little Night Music
John Beecher
275 The Wide Blue Porkbarrel: Space Crescent III
William S. Ellis

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

278 Voice of a Survivor
Richard Howard
280 John Doe Meets Super Court
Jack Leavitt
281 Truth Strikes Out
Charles Cilo
282 Blesse Mee and Thee
Kenneth Rexroth
283 God's Spies
Grandin Conover
283 Wheels (poem)
Raymond Roseliep
284 Current Titles of Interest to *Nation* Readers
285 Theatre
Harold Clurman
286 Art
Max Kozloff
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 288)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Elizabeth Sutherland, Books and the Arts
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Harold Clurman, Theatre
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Benjamin Boretz, Music
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The Nation, Oct. 26, 1964, Vol. 199, No. 12

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JUN

EDITORIALS

End of the Play

The war in Vietnam drags on. Vietnamese and Americans are killed as usual, American fighting men, money and supplies keep pouring into the country. But this war of small engagements, in which the dead are just as dead as if they had died at the Marne; of ambushes, of urban riots, of futile efforts to "pacify" the countryside—there are signs that *this* war is coming to an end. It may be followed by something worse, but, better or worse, it cannot go on in the present form much longer.

One signal is what Winston Churchill called "the neuroses of defeat," by which he meant internecine warfare among the losers. For a year or more South Vietnam has not had a cohesive government, one that could pretend to hold the allegiance of a substantial majority of the people. The country has staggered through a succession of coups, reverse coups, demonstrations and counter-demonstrations, plots and counterplots. The only effective force has been the army, continually propped up by American aid, but the army itself is increasingly riven, and now there are reports in the news weeklies that the planning and intelligence sections of the army have been penetrated by the Vietcong. Before Chiang Kai-shek's flight to Formosa, that is what happened in China.

Another symptom is that a government begins to grasp at straws. "U.S. To Bid SEATO To Help Saigon More" is the caption of a dispatch to *The New York Times* (October 14). SEATO is a synthetic, militarily impotent coalition put together by John Foster Dulles. It has never been much more than a consultative body. Washington lists some of the things SEATO has done for South Vietnam: Britain sent some steam rollers and graders; Australia supplied sixty military advisers, twenty economists and some transport aircraft and crews; the Philippines contributed a medical and technical team of about thirty persons. Thailand's offering has been materials; in particular, tin roofing and cement. The United States has some 20,000 fighting men in South Vietnam. In the face of such ludicrous disproportion, one must suspect that either our people have lost their minds, or that they have given up hope of victory and are merely going through the motions of getting token help.

If a government is functioning, it can at least hold its capital: the Nazis held Berlin almost to the end. The government of South Vietnam has only tenuous control of Saigon. Skirmishes take place almost daily on the outskirts. If it were not for the American presence, the Vietcong would be openly in the streets.

A pertinent question in such a situation is: What are the insiders doing? The rich are usually better informed than the poor, and they have the wherewithal to do what seems prudent. The rich are leaving Vietnam. Flights to Europe are booked for weeks in advance and one airline is reported to be adding to its fleet. There was a similar exodus in 1954, before the French capitulated to the Viet Minh. Not only are the rich getting out while the getting is good, but also many of the middle-class young. Their families sacrifice life savings for a plane ticket to Europe and subsequent living allowances. An official at the Saigon airport remarked on the bad psychological effect, adding, "I'd go myself if I could, but I'm too old to pull up stakes now."

Such are the signs and portents. If the curtain is coming down, the next President of the United States will have some crucial decisions to make.

The Silent Vote

It exists. No one knows how big it is, but one thing is sure—it is for Goldwater. The people who are going to vote for Johnson make no bones about it. They tell you, and they tell the poll takers. The Goldwater enthusiasts are vocal likewise. The group to be concerned about, at this stage of the election, is composed of Goldwater voters who are not talking, or who have not yet decided, but who will decide in favor of Goldwater.

There are numerous reasons for the Democrats to begin running somewhat scared. The chances are that Goldwater cannot win, but the way to be sure he won't is to assume that he can. He has an efficient organization behind him, which is more than can be said for the Democrats. How efficient Goldwater's organization is the Republican convention showed. Partly because Johnson looks like the winner, his supporters lack the dedication of the pre-convention Goldwaterites. Or call it fanaticism—but fanaticism is not to be despised in an American election which is, and always has been, an emotional affair.

Americans love a winner; but there is also some sentiment for the probable loser. Beware the underdog is a safe motto. The comparisons with Dewey-Truman are probably not apposite, but it would be wise to treat them as if they were. In 1948 there was still a sizable amount of vaguely left-wing sentiment in the country. Henry Wallace would probably have got several million votes, instead of only one million, if his supporters had not grown alarmed in the last few days of the campaign and decided to play it safe with Truman.

In the current campaign many voters are alarmed about the future of the two-party system. They do not want the Republican Party to be disastrously weakened. It may be argued that the way to rehabilitate the Republican Party is to send Goldwater down to a disastrous defeat, but these voters may think otherwise.

For many simple-minded voters—the term is not intended invidiously—Goldwater has strong appeal. Most people, women perhaps more than men, do not take a technical view of politics. It is probable that Americans who understand the fine points of baseball or horse racing far outnumber those with a professional or sophisticated interest in politics. The background, motivation and reasoning of the person who pulls the lever does not register. One vote has the same value as another. It would not be wise to lay too much stress on Goldwater's howlers; they may get him as many votes as they cost him.

He has still another appeal. In the midst of prosperity, millions of Americans are plagued by anxiety and frustration. Millions more are afraid of the Negroes, or resent their rise to middle-class status. These whites felt much more comfortable when the Negro knew his place. The Negro vote will go to Johnson, but aren't there more than 5 million whites who will vote against someone or something, in the traditional way? Goldwater can count on the racist element among them.

Mr. Johnson, Mr. Humphrey and every progressive down to the precinct level should take these factors into account and redouble their efforts from now to November 3.

Aerospace Politics

When General Eisenhower complained recently that he was unable to discern the issues in this Presidential campaign, he was not in a position to pinpoint the reason—which is that Senator Goldwater has pitched his appeal on nostalgia, fear and distortion, flavored with wisecracks. A particularly blatant instance of distortion was Goldwater's attempt to wipe out the distinction between nuclear and conventional explosives. When that boomeranged, he fell back on the tactic of portraying himself as a man of peace (but strong) while accusing Mr. Johnson of being soft on communism and leaving the American people defenseless before an implacable enemy.

When the Russians orbited their three-man Voskhod, Goldwater termed it "shocking news." It was all Johnson's fault, and John F. Kennedy's before him. Goldwater's memory is conveniently short. The United States fell behind in the moon race before 1957, when the Soviets launched their first Sputnik and the retired steelmaster Clarence B. Randall, who was a sort of science adviser to President Eisenhower before the scientists got into the picture, referred to it as "that basketball in the sky."

What really agitates Goldwater, however, is not the Soviet lunar lead but the Eisenhower-Kennedy-Johnson disinclination to turn "near space" over to the Air Force. All the manned orbital flights so far, both U.S. and Soviet, have been at altitudes between 100 and 250 miles, and that is where Goldwater wants to fight. Not only to carry on reconnaissance, but to bomb and intercept. "The nation that commands near space," he assures us, "could, after developing proper space weapons and maneuverable aircraft, dominate the earth."

That nation, and its adversary, would be more likely to depopulate the earth than to dominate it if Goldwater's fantasies ever came true (see "Barry in Space," *The Nation*, September 14). If a balance of terror is the best we can hope for, the sensible course is the one the last three administrations have followed—a multiplicity of hidden or hardened weapons of about one megaton caliber. Only a wealthy nation can afford such a system. The Russians have little choice but to put part of their investment into very large bombs—50 megatons and up—which can be delivered with the large boosters they have developed for both bombing and space travel and which, as far as is known, we are developing for space travel alone. In both countries, the people in charge of these matters are committed to surface-to-surface missiles for delivery. Only Goldwater dissents.

An unfortunate feature of aerospace politicking is that, by a kind of technological Gresham's law, bad arguments tend to drive out the good. Seeking to defend themselves against Goldwater's charlatanry, President Johnson and Secretary McNamara have resorted to some injudicious claims of their own. The A-11 aircraft was first unveiled by LBJ in March. It looked fine for reconnaissance. Recently, rechristened the YF-12A and painted U-2 black, it was exhibited to the press as a super-performance interceptor. In his speech before the American Legion, Mr. McNamara also extolled it as a bomber. His purpose was to counter Goldwater's insistence that a fleet of follow-on bombers is the *sine qua non* of aerial defense (and Soviet emasculation, which Goldwater regards as feasible). The YF-12A is the creation of Clarence L. (Kelly) Johnson of Lockheed, one of America's leading designers and, not accidentally, a founder and national committee member of Scientists, Engineers and Physicians for Johnson-Humphrey. Not even Kelly Johnson can design one aircraft that will do everything. It would be best to leave bombast and exaggeration to Senator Goldwater.

Throwing the Bone

The constant temptation for police and prosecuting attorneys to take over the role of judge—or even God—was demonstrated again this month when Miami authorities admitted that they had made a deal with a college boy named Joe Gebhardt not to try him for murder if he would tell all about how he and a chum named Richard Worthington had killed Worthington's parents. Gebhardt agreed. He now has full immunity.

Officials said that they made the deal with Gebhardt instead of Worthington because they didn't want to set Worthington free to inherit his parents' estate.

It is bad enough when police surrender the investigative job they are paid to perform for the much easier solution that assures one conviction at the cost of turning an equally guilty party free; it is worse when they admit that they encouraged one of the suspects to talk, *rather* than the other, because they favored one over the other. Assuming, as it is safe to assume, that either of these boys would have gladly told all rather than face the chair, the Miami officials have clearly made a life or death selection—without trial.

The excuse for this approach to the solution of crimes is that it makes criminals leery of alliances. It is supposed to raise in a criminal's mind the restraining thought, "If I gang up with him, he may rat on me later to save his own neck." The Florida Supreme Court in 1939 supported this reasoning with the opinion: "While such a course offers a premium to treachery and sometimes permits the more guilty to escape, it tends to prevent and break up combinations by making criminals suspicious of each other."

The thundering illogic of this argument is that a criminal, teaming up with another, could just as easily entertain the comforting thought, "It's all right to pull this crime with him because if we get caught I'll squeal first and get off."

The tattlers-go-free kind of justice that occurred in Miami is repeated in every major city and at every level of crime. Police and prosecutors all over the country do this sort of thing every day. Officers of the court call it, with droll exactness, "throwing a bone." Justice might be better served, however, by people who do not look upon defendants as dogs.

The Proper Study of Mankind

Richard Bellman, a nationally known scientist-mathematician employed by the RAND Corporation, has little patience with superstition and shibboleth, least of all when these are propagated by his own profession. In April, discussing the reputed shortage of engineers (which always seems to be retreating into the future while appreciable numbers of today's engineers are looking for work), Bellman referred to "foolish men making predictions on the basis of irrelevant statistics."

In June, expressing equally personal views on "Magic, Mathematics and Mystery" before the Joint Automatic Control Committee, he asked what are the goals of our society, what should these goals be? More space travel and linear accelerators, consuming more billions of a limited national product? Excessive concentration on such sanctified objectives is, in Bellman's opinion, a deplorable asceticism, and he pleads for a revaluation in terms of the health, wealth, welfare and happiness of human beings. Vannevar Bush remarked a few years ago that if he were starting over again he would choose biology; Bellman likewise notes that the new frontiers of science are in biology and medicine. The major control problems of medicine, in particular, are several orders of magnitude more difficult than those encountered in engineering and applied mathematics. This makes things tough in the study and cure of cancer, nervous disorders, mental illness and the like, yet there is no excuse for not making a greater effort to obtain partial control *now* on the basis of the understanding we have, or that would come within reach if we gave it a higher priority. The utmost challenge is not in sending men to the moon, but in such puzzles as the reproductive capacity of the single cell, the memory storage of the brain, the operation of the nervous system, the bases of intelligence and creativity, etc. "Observe," Bellman enjoins us, "that these are all problems within the domain of control theory. Furthermore, any hint towards their solution would have tremendous impact not only upon the biomedical field, and the control field, but also upon all of the remaining part of the scientific world, and indeed upon all the world."

Criticism of science and technology by outsiders is often out of place. Many of these critics, however well intentioned, literally don't know what they are talking about. Bellman knows. In all good conscience, scientists and those who finance science (mostly with other people's money) must give sober consideration to his strictures. Heeding them would raise other problems, such as different goals in education, but these are not insuperable. It is because our national objectives are largely misdirected that our society shows increasing instability. The remedy may be difficult, but troubles are not cured by ignoring their causes.

UN Crisis

The Politics of Money . . . . . . John G. Stoessinger

A showdown could be approaching at the United Nations. When the Nineteenth General Assembly opens on November 10, the Soviet Union may not be permitted to vote. Under Article 19 of the UN Charter, member states delinquent in their assessed contributions for two years or more lose their vote in the General Assembly unless that body specifically waives the penalty. The United States is determined to enforce this sanction against the Soviet Union if the latter continues to withhold payment of assessments for the UN peace-keeping operations in the Middle East and in the Congo. On the other hand, Premier Khrushchev told UN Secretary-General U Thant in Moscow that if the Soviet Union is deprived of its voting rights, it will leave the United Nations. In view of this imminent crisis, the UN's financial predicament warrants a close look.

Whenever the United Nations has engaged in major peacemaking responsibilities, there has never been a lack of Cassandras to predict that the organization would end with a military bang. However, at the height of the UN operation in the Congo, a real possibility arose that it might end with a bookkeeping whimper. The fiscal squeeze that developed in the early 1960s became a threat to the very life of the organization. The crisis stemmed di-

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John G. Stoessinger is professor of political science at Hunter College and visiting professor of international relations at Columbia University. His The Might of Nations: World Politics in Our Time *(Random House) won the Bancroft Prize for 1963; he is the author also of* Financing the United Nations System *(The Brookings Institution).*

rectly from two operations that the UN had mounted to keep the peace: the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East (UNEF) in 1956, and the United Nations Congo Force (UNOC) in 1960.

Altogether, the UN system spends about half a billion dollars annually —or about one-sixth the government budget for New York City. The normal day-to-day expenses of the organization amount to a little more than $80 million a year, and the specialized agencies spend a roughly comparable sum. The special voluntary programs such as the Children's Fund are no drain on UN resources because they subsist solely on government and private voluntary contributions; the total thus raised is approximately $200 million a year for five programs. Finally, there are the peace force budgets: UNOC, which for the first three years cost about $120 million a year, and UNEF which costs approximately $20 million a year. Many governments have balked at payments for these peace-keeping operations, and as a result, by late 1964, the United Nations was more than $140 million in debt for them.

Never have so many people argued so much about so little money. The reason is that the financial problem of the peace-keeping operations is primarily a political problem. The argument centers, not on the money itself, but on the role that the UN can properly play in the national policies of its member states.

When the General Assembly authorized the establishment of UNEF in 1956, Dag Hammarskjöld urged that a special account be set up to finance the force as a collective responsibility of the entire membership. Most of the Western members supported the Secretary-General, but the Soviet bloc asserted that the "aggressors" — i.e., Great Britain, France and Israel—should pay. Between these two opposing views, a third emerged: many of the new nations claimed that everyone should pay something, but that the great powers, which had special privileges under the Charter, should also accept special responsibilities and pick up the major portion of the cost. This "rebate formula" won the day: the bill for UNEF was assessed upon the entire membership, but the underdeveloped nations were given rebates of 50 per cent and the wealthier nations were invited to make up the deficits through voluntary contributions.

During the next few years, however, shortages gradually developed. The Soviet Union, which opposed the force on political grounds, declined to pay its share. And many of the smaller nations, though they approved of the Middle East force, claimed that they were unable to pay even their reduced assessments. By 1960, when the Congo force was created, arrears had become a major worry.

The problem of paying the $120 million UNOC budget brought the United Nations to the brink of bankruptcy. The Secretary-General once again supported the principle of collective responsibility, but this time the Western nations broke ranks, France joining the Soviet Union in political opposition. The majority of the membership agreed to another rebate formula, but this time the reductions granted the poorer states reached 80 per cent.

Deficits now began to mount sharply. Two permanent members were unwilling to pay, and more than half the membership claimed incapacity to pay. By late 1961, the UN debt approached $900 million and the General Assembly was forced to take emergency action. First, it authorized a $200 million bond issue and invited governments to subscribe, hoping to tide the peace forces over until a more satisfactory solution could be found; second, it requested the World Court to issue an advisory opinion on the legal status of the peace-force assessments. The response to the bond issue was fairly generous. Sixty governments purchased approximately three-fourths of the subscription, with the United States taking half the total. This made it possible to meet the costs of the two forces until early 1963 without having to assess the membership during that period. And in July of 1962, the World Court declared that the assessments for UNEF and UNOC were the responsibility of the entire membership. The court opinion, however, did not persuade the Soviet Union and France to clear their accounts, though it did elicit payments from numerous smaller nations to a total of more than $6 million.

The bond money was exhausted in May of 1963, and the General Assembly had to meet in emergency

session. It appropriated $42.5 million for the two peace forces for the last six months of 1963 and granted a 55 per cent reduction to the developing countries. In December, it appropriated $17.75 million for UNEF for 1964, but decided to allot only $15 million to carry UNOC until the end of June, 1964. The majority of the members were in no mood to continue massive peace-keeping operations indefinitely. The combined cash appropriations for UNEF and UNOC for 1964 amounted to less than one-fourth of those appropriated for 1963.

In keeping with its increasingly conservative mood, the General Assembly gradually retreated from the principle of collective responsibility for the funding of peace-keeping operations. Thus, in 1962, the costs of the UN Temporary Executive Authority in West New Guinea (UNTEA) were divided evenly between the two direct beneficiaries, the Netherlands and Indonesia; similarly, in 1963 the expenses of a UN observer group sent to Yemen were split between Egypt and Saudi Arabia. In mid-1964, the last UNOC troops left the Congo, and the costs of the new UN Peace Force dispatched to Cyprus had to be raised through voluntary contributions every three months. In September, 1964, Secretary-General U Thant had a hard time raising even the meager sum of $7 million needed to keep the 6,400-man UN force in Cyprus for another three-month period. As he put it: "If the UN does not settle its past, it may not have much of a future."

The financial crisis of the United Nations has aroused acute anxiety among many observers who see it as the unmistakable symptom of an early death of the organization. They point to the history of the League of Nations and maintain that, in its case, financial atrophy was the first symptom of doom. On closer scrutiny, this comparison does not hold up. Many of the omens are similar, to be sure, but the causes are quite different. The fiscal plight of the League arose from a doubt about its very existence. Many states questioned the justification for the League, others tolerated it; certainly no state wanted it to move beyond the concept of a "static conference machinery." In that sense, the League's chronic financial anemia had been the result of a struggle between nihilists and conservatives: those who would deny its existence altogether and those who would relegate it to the peripheries of their national policies. The former attitude led to active hostility, the latter to political neglect and indifference.

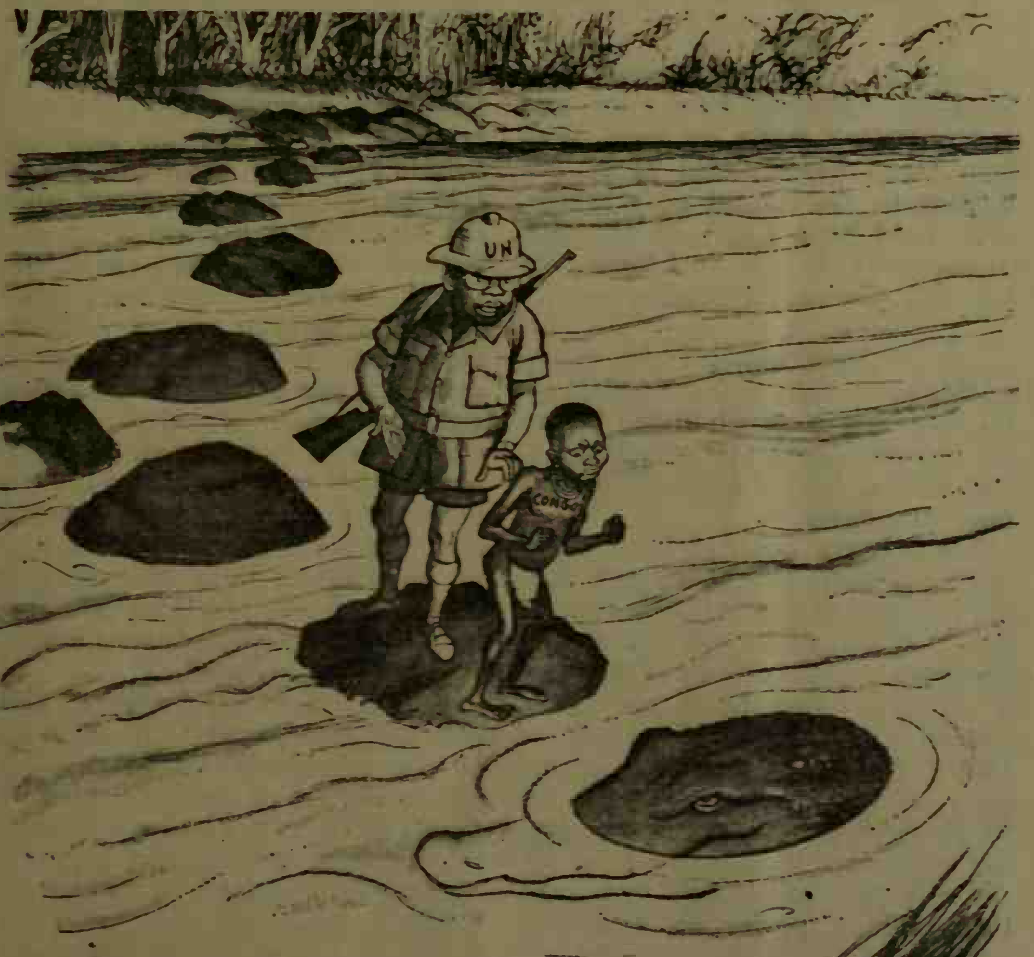
The UN's financial plight does not reflect a struggle over the organization's existence. All states, including the Soviet Union, have accepted its presence, and the debate has moved onto a higher plane. It is now being waged between the conservatives and the liberals: those who wish to maintain the UN as a "static conference machinery," and those who wish to endow it with increasing strength and executive authority.

But when one examines the attitude of the superpowers in detail, it becomes clear that the "liberal" and "conservative" labels must be used with caution in the areas of peace-keeping and financing. It is true that the United States has generally favored the creation of peace-keeping machinery as a collective responsibility of the membership, while the USSR has tended to reject the assessment principle for UN peace forces. But the Soviet Union has not always said "no" with equal vigor. In fact, until 1963 the Soviet Union paid for a considerable number of minor peace-keeping operations that were financed through the regular budget. It acquiesced in the establishment of UNEF and actually voted for the creation of the Congo force, only later trying to destroy it. Hence, the Soviet attitude can be seen as a spectrum ranging from acquiescence through passive resistance to active obstruction. Moreover, these positions often change, the Russian attitude toward the Congo operation being a case in point.

Similarly, those states that generally favor UN peace-keeping operations do not always say "yes" with the same degree of enthusiasm. Some states, among them the United States, support the political resolutions authorizing establishment of the peace forces, then vote for the financing resolutions, and make payment in due course. Others have second thoughts at the second stage and abstain or even vote against the financing resolutions. And some that vote "yes" in the first two stages refuse to pay when the bill is presented. The liberal position on peace-keeping forces can be plotted on a broad scale: enthusiastic support, moral support and tacit consent. The more cautious form of liberalism and the permissive form of conservatism often meet—in voting, if not in principle—on the common ground of abstention.

Most states have responded to specific peace-keeping cases on grounds of national interest rather than abstract principle. This is particularly true of the superpowers. From the United States' point of view, UNEF and UNOC protected two no man's lands of the cold war from possible East-West military confrontation and, at the same time, reduced the likelihood of unilateral Russian intervention. The Soviet Union, on the contrary, saw UNEF and UNOC as preventing Soviet bridgeheads in the Middle East and Africa. Since, in the case of the Congo, a bridgehead already established had to be removed under UN pressure, Soviet opposition to UNOC took the more active form. Russia did not oppose UNEF and UNOC because it did not want to pay for them; it did not want to pay for them because it opposed them.

No one knows how the United States would react to a UN peace-keeping operation that conflicted with its national interests, because to date the United States has never been on the wrong side of a UN police action. In part, the Americans have been lucky. If Kasavubu had been killed in the Congo instead of Lumumba, the UNOC operation might have provided an interesting test of United States commitment to the principle of collective responsibility in the financing of peace-keeping operations. The American voting supremacy in the UN has



Mansbridge in Punch (Ben Roth)

"You'll Have To Make Your Own Way From Here"

also been important in preventing issues like the 1954 coup in Guatemala from being considered at any length by the UN. But although one should not guess how the United States would act toward a UN peace-keeping operation of which it disapproved, it has not hesitated to attack UN operations it deemed contrary to its national interest in the far less sensitive economic and social areas of UN operations. The point here is not to indict the policies of one superpower or to praise the actions of another, but to suggest that in peace-keeping matters it is misleading to associate the United States or the Soviet Union too closely with any one abstract position. Each case is decided according to the national interest.

While the positions of the superpowers have had little to do with finances per se, for many of the middle and smaller powers the sums involved are relatively large and have played a far more important and, in some instances, even a decisive role. It is a fact, for example, that in terms of percentages of their gross national products twenty-one nations are called upon to make larger contributions to total UN costs than is the United States. Hence, while the financial crisis of UNEF and UNOC is caused primarily by the political conservatism of the few, it is intensified by the financial limitations of the many.

The toughest problem, therefore, is still that of coming to grips with politically motivated deficits. One way to meet the challenge completely would be to construct a scale which permitted a member to refuse payment for a peace-keeping operation which it opposed. That solution would ignore the World Court advisory opinion that all member states should pay, but it would acknowledge the reality that no power, certainly no great power, can be coerced into paying. It is also important to make a distinction between passive and active opposition. If opposition remains limited to nonpayment, as was the Soviet Union's opposition to UNEF, supporters of the force may wish to ignore it and pay the share of the recalcitrant power. But if they override active opposition, they risk driving the obstructionist power out of the UN altogether. The unavoidable truth that emerges is that the launching of an operation in the face of either passive or active opposition is to ask for financial crisis, and that any state which asks for such a crisis may have to be prepared to bail the organization out. A central fact of international life is that no power, least of all a superpower, will adopt or pay for a policy which it considers inimical to its own interest. Statesmen on both sides of the iron curtain should ponder this truth before pushing this fall's scheduled crisis beyond the point of no return.

Wallace and the Future of Dixie . . Robert G. Sherrill

Montgomery, Ala.

At a recent meeting of an Alabama legislative committee where one of Governor George Wallace's power-grabbing bills was under hot debate, State Sen. Vaughan Hill Robison curled his lip and asked angrily, "On what meat does this little Caesar feed?"

The question is easily answered. George Wallace, who is a hungry fighter, feeds on the meat of ambition, and with good effect: he is the strongest politician to come out of the South since the death of the Old Kingfish, Huey Long, twenty-nine years ago.

One should immediately make a distinction, however: Huey Long was never a racist and George Wallace, at least verbally, is little else. Looking further at this distinction, one may become anxious for the cause of tolerance. Long, who based his appeal on economics ("Every man a king"), could have polled between 3 and 4 million votes in 1935, according to a secret survey conducted by the National Democratic Committee, and that was quite enough to frighten Roosevelt. But in 1964, ignoring economics and concentrating solely on race, Wallace could have polled about 3.5 million in the nation as a whole, and could have taken 18 per cent of the Southern vote, just 2 per cent less than Goldwater (Gallup poll).

Wallace, unlike Long, reached this position in almost one bound. He was only a circuit judge before he became Governor of Alabama, and he has been Governor for less than two years.

Not always popular with other Southern governors (Georgia's Sanders seems to delight in insulting him), Wallace's appeal among the Southern middle class and farmers is so potent that he is sometimes referred to as the "Governor of Dixie." And because of his surprisingly successful forays into the North as a buccaneering Presidential candidate Wallace, at least for the moment, can claim to be the third-ranking power in American campaign politics.

A youthful politician—44 years old and with the vigor of a former amateur champion boxer, which he is—Wallace should be satisfied with his progress to date. Instead, he is impatient almost to the point of neurosis. He loathes the confining details of the governorship, the office consultations, the paper work, the necessary patronage chats with back-country supporters. He has national ambitions. Since last November, he has been out of Alabama more than he has been at home, spreading the gospel of segregation, and consumed by what Marquis Childs calls "an almost-messianic sense of his own mission to free the South of the hated Yankee domination." He is full of remarks that have an ante-bellum ring: "We are part of the United States. Why don't they treat us as part of the United States? We are not a colony."

For the moment, however, Wallace has boxed himself in. Although he has frequently warned that unless one of the two major parties becomes conservative enough to merit his support, immediately after the November election he will take steps to start a third party, the threat is empty. Third parties are for Thurmonds and La Follettes, for politicians willing to carry on suicidal vendettas or for far-out reformers with programs. Wallace is nei-

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ther. Third parties are for visionaries, willing to see their careers decline as their causes are absorbed by one of the two major parties. Wallace is not of that temper.

All over the state billboards display Goldwater's smiling face beside the legend: "Alabama, the door of the Republican party is open to you." Wallace helped open the door, whether he meant to or not. His showings in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland clinched Goldwater's nomination in San Francisco. After all, if a newcomer like Wallace could get "them" to turn out like that, think what Goldwater could do!

Then, with Goldwater in the running, those who had been encouraging Wallace to make a serious try to get on the ballot in a dozen—or sixteen or thirty-five—states, suddenly found their interest shifting. Even Georgia's ex-segregationist Governor Marvin Griffin, for months one of Wallace's staunchest supporters, announced that he would vote for Goldwater.

Wallace got out. He said he had done what he set out to do—"conservatize both parties." But an intimate friend has said that he quit the race "because he couldn't get a single Southern governor or Congressman to go along with his candidacy." And a powerful enemy maintains that it was "because H. L. Hunt and some of his other money pals told him they were going for Goldwater instead, and for him to get out."

However compelling his reasons for dropping the race, they were not sufficient to make him do so gracefully. When Goldwater came to Alabama recently, he was chauffeured around by Wallace's chief muscle man and head of the state police, Col. Albert Lingo himself. But Wallace had "previous engagements" outside the state.

Wallace has handed Alabama to Goldwater. The unpledged slate of electors—which supposedly were to be given to the Governor—pushed Lyndon Johnson's slate off the ballot. With Wallace now out of the race, the only meaningful slate remaining is Goldwater's. The Democratic Party in Alabama is a shambles, a demoralized and scattered flock. Wallace did that. State Sen. Bob Gilchrist, a frequent opponent of Wallace but an objective appraiser of the Governor's power, admits: "I don't know ten young Democratic politicians in the state who would make a speech for Johnson. I don't know that I would. It would do us more harm than good."

Rep. Carl Elliott, who was turned out of office by Alabama voters this year because he was on Wallace's blacklist, talks about having to rebuild the Alabama Democratic Party from the bottom up. He means rebuild without Wallace, but that will be hard to do. A Birmingham political writer — who calls the Governor "the most phenomenal politician to come out of Alabama in my lifetime"—remembers the Labor Day program last year when Wallace shared the speakers' platform with two Congressmen, Sen. John Sparkman, Surg. Gen. Luther Terry, and several big men in organized labor. Wallace was not supposed to speak first, but he finagled it around so that he could. On hand were about 4,000 people. When Wallace finished speaking to them and left, all but about 400 left with him, yelling encouragements to him in his fight with the "feds" and forming a spontaneous motorcade of honor for his trip out of town. That was last year. This year, probably not even 400 would have remained to hear Sparkman and the others. (When Wallace came back from his electioneering in Wisconsin, a motorcade of 300 cars made the 100-mile trip from Birmingham to Montgomery to welcome him at the airport.)

Letters to the editors of Alabama newspapers commonly refer to Wallace as "our beloved Governor." Grover Hall, editor of the Montgomery *Advertiser* and a close friend of the Governor's, does not exaggerate when he says that "the man on the street is a religious supporter of Governor Wallace."

Yet even a man of Wallace's staggering popularity must expect to lose some support when he gets a reputation — as, in some quarters, Wallace now has the reputation—for debt and taxation, favoritism, hypocrisy and ruthlessness.

Wallace's capacity for revenge is well known. Shortly after President Kennedy's assassination, Judge Roy Mayhall of Jasper, chairman of the Alabama Democratic Committee, made an impassioned talk to a Young Democrats meeting at which he laid down the theme that "we are all to blame for his death." Wallace, who had been in Dallas the week before the assassination visiting H. L. Hunt and damning the administration in speeches before right-wing groups, was incensed by Mayhall's charge.

For days thereafter, visitors to Wallace's office were brought up sharp with the question, "Do you think I helped kill Kennedy?" When a visitor assured Wallace that he did not so think, Wallace would flare back, "Well, Judge Mayhall thinks I did." Brooding on this fancied accusation, Wallace finally decided to unseat Mayhall, a circuit judge of high repute for twenty-one years, and applied the full weight of his office and machine to achieve his vengeance.

There are those in Alabama who, knowing Wallace's sensitivity to slight, think his present rage against Lyndon Johnson may stem from the time of the Kennedy funeral. On that occasion, Johnson held a reception and Wallace went through the receiving line. Johnson pumped Wallace's hand industriously enough —but the new President's eyes were on Governor Rockefeller, the next man in line. Johnson failed to look Wallace in the eye! The little Alabamian considered this a calculated insult and returned home fuming.

One of Wallace's most intense grudges whirls around Oregon's Sen. Wayne Morse who, during last year's school integration uproar, called Wallace a "punk." The Governor retorted that he would "rather be a punk than a pink," and suggested that Morse "should have his head examined." Morse promptly made public a private file of the Veterans Administration which showed that Wallace was on 10 per cent disability for combat-induced "psychoneurosis," and added that "since Governor Wallace has not been examined since November, 1956, it would seem to be appropriate for him to volunteer to be examined (by a psychiatrist) at this time." Wallace came back with the remark that Mrs. Luce must have been right, that Morse had been kicked in the head by a horse.

It was an undignified exchange, and one might have expected both men, when their tempers went down, to try to forget it. It hasn't been that way with Wallace. He never loses an opportunity to drag Morse into a discussion for further vilification, remarking on occasion: "Well, at least I have a paper that certifies I have 90 per cent of my faculties, which is more than Wayne Morse can claim."

Carl Elliott, who lost in a Congressional low-man race (nine running for only eight places), was done in when shortly before the primary 600,000 sample ballots displaying Wallace's slogan "Stand Up for Alabama" — and omitting Elliott's name — were distributed across the state. Behind this maneuver was an organization known as the United Conservation Coalition of Alabama, whose member groups included the White Citizens Council, the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society and some Republicans. Wallace claims he had nothing to do with this scheme, but people in Elliott's camp, knowing Wallace's animosity toward their "liberal" leader, find the disclaimer unconvincing.

Sometimes it seems almost that Wallace seeks revenge where he has no grievance. When he was ready to take his unpledged slate of electors to the people for a vote, he let it be known that if he found Republicans voting against it in any sizable numbers, he would settle their hash by redistricting the state. This was a profound threat to the Republicans because, since the state had not been redistricted after its loss of a Congressional seat following a drop in population, both Democratic and GOP candidates were running at large for the eight seats. In that situation, the Republicans had a very good chance of winning several of the contests—and, with a powerful shove from Goldwater's popularity, might perhaps have won them all.

The Republicans behaved themselves and Wallace's slate, even with most of the big city newspapers against him on this issue, carried the state by an impressive 5-to-1 ratio. It was a show of popularity such as no Alabama governor in modern times can point to, but apparently Wallace harbored the notion that his victory could have been still larger if some Republicans had not voted against him. He went ahead and called a special session and had the state redistricted. Now no more than one or two of the GOP candidates are given a chance to win in their districts, and the Republicans are understandably angry.

Those who insist that Wallace runs Alabama with the iron fist of a banana republic politico, point to the fact that he protects himself with two spy systems—one for politics, the other for social action. The network of political informers is made up of thirty officials, each assigned his special county or two counties, and instructed to report directly to Wallace any behind-the-scenes political activity he uncovers. The other secret force, unparalleled anywhere in the country, comprises twenty-six investigators who work directly under Colonel Lingo. They compile files on civil rights workers, newspaper reporters covering civil rights activities, and "subversives and anyone else who might cause us trouble," as Lingo puts it.

Wallace's fame rests entirely on his role as the standard-bearer of segregation, and that is the great irony of his career. For in truth, although Wallace has carried the message of segregation (sometimes thinly disguised as anti-federalism) north to the Canadian border, east to the Potomac, and west to the Negroless steppes of West Texas, no Southern politician has ever practiced segregation less successfully.

His failures began in 1958 when in a dispute over Negro voter registration, Wallace, then a circuit judge, refused to surrender the registration records to federal officials. Federal District Judge Frank Johnson, Jr., told him to hand over the records or go to jail for contempt. Wallace denounces anyone who says he gave up the records as "an integratin', scalawaggin', carpetbaggin' liar," but in reputable circles the story persists that Judge Johnson threatened to lock Wallace up in the federal penitentiary for five years—long enough to prevent his running for governor in 1962—if he didn't produce the records, and that Wallace, to escape the contempt conviction, went contritely to Johnson's house at night. The judge, an old law-school classmate of Wallace, is too much a gentleman to go into details but he has said that Wallace obeyed the court in a "devious" manner.

The first time that Wallace ran for governor, in 1958, he was so moderate on the race question that one saw only Wallace bumper stickers in many Negro districts. In that campaign the Ku Klux Klan came out for John Patterson, and Wallace spent a good part of his time talking against the Klan. (Four years later, Wallace had the K.K.K. working for him, out tearing down other politicians' signs.)

It was only after the 1958 defeat that Wallace decided to go all the way as a segregationist. On election night, as he watched Patterson roll to victory, he told friends, "They outniggered me that time, but they'll never do it again."

And, in a sense, no other politician has been able to out-nigger him —in words. But as his defeated opponent, Ryan De Graffenreid, remarked when Wallace moved into the Governor's mansion in 1963, still breathing fire and brimstone: "It's been the same pattern in every state where you have a loud-mouth, rabble-rousing Governor. They have brought the walls of segregation tumbling down on their heads."

De Graffenreid was a prophet. In his inaugural address last year Wallace promised "segregation today, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever." But forever lasted only five months, and today Alabama's schools are among the most desegregated in the South. All the state universities are integrated, as are all the big city public school systems, and several rural systems too. Alabama is the only state forced to operate under a specific state-wide court order to desegregate.

Oxford, Miss., under Ross Barnett, was a tragedy; Tuscaloosa, Ala., under George Wallace, was only a farce.

Wallace rolled out all the dramatic props—national guard, state troopers, edicts — but nothing clicked, either on the college or public school level. The most he got for his theatrics was the complaint from local school boards in Huntsville, Mobile and elsewhere—who wanted to integrate and get on with their business—that this was interference of precisely the sort that Wallace found so deplorable when the federal government engaged in it.

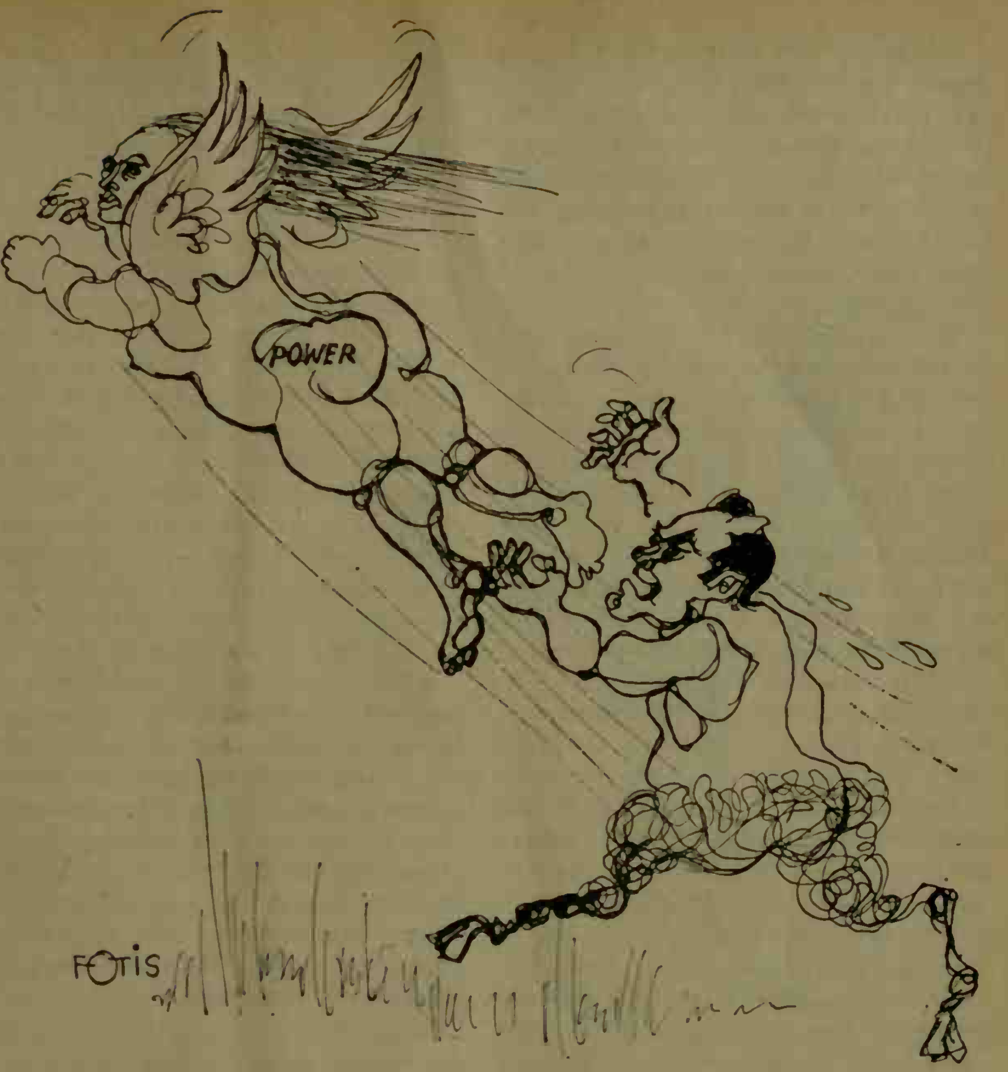
The Alabama *Journal*, one of the few newspapers to oppose Wallace consistently, editorialized at the time:

> *It appears that our governor holds the Southeastern Conference title for the most desegregation in the shortest time. How long will his fire-and-fall-back tactics fool the people? Just as the people in London were soothed by the sound of anti-aircraft guns firing at nothing in the early stages of the Blitz—a calculated ruse to convince them that Britain was fighting back, thus to*

bolster their morale—so does Wallace continue to set off impressively noisy blanks. The people love it, sad to say.

One Alabama college president, appraising Wallace's "successful failure" as a segregationist, said, "I would term the Governor a pseudo-demagogue because he really doesn't believe what he says about the race question. He uses it only as a technique to get the vote of the non-sophisticated white man."

Just last month Wallace summoned the Alabama legislature into another special session—a one-day affair to cost the state $7,000—in a last-ditch try to initiate a nationwide constitutional convention for the purpose of passing an amendment that would give the states sole control over schools. Not even Wallace feels that this is anything but another grandstand play. Thirty-seven states would have to join Alabama in seeking the convention, and then three-fourths of the states would have to approve the amendment. No attempt to amend the Constitution in that manner has ever been successful.



In addition to an impassioned attack on integration, Wallace planned his winning race for the governorship around promises to stop corruption in state government. Shortly after taking office, he sent the liquor agents packing, and they were good riddance. Liquor stores in Alabama are state-owned, and the liquor agents—there were usually about 100—had nothing to do but drift around from store to store, talking up one brand or another. They were paid by the major distilleries, not by the state, and they were paid well—one of them drew $52,000 the last year he was on the job. The liquor agents had been appointed by the Governors, so the arrangement was one giant payola—and recognized as such by almost everyone in Alabama.

For wiping out the liquor-agent system, Wallace was widely applauded, though his manner of doing it drove all the major distilleries out of the state. (You can get Old Houndstooth or Bathtub Bonded in Alabama, but don't look for Canadian Club or Johnny Walker.) Alabama was on the way to clean government. Or was it? Before long, capitol watchbirds began to hear that one friend of Wallace had made a killing selling office supplies to the state, that another friend was getting wealthy selling macadam to the state highway department.

Then, a few weeks ago, the U. S. Bureau of Roads charged that in exchange for contracts Wallace was requiring road contractors to hire as "agents" friends of the administration — including Robert Shelton, grand dragon of the Klan in Alabama. Wallace's response was in character. Washington, he said, was trying to smear him because he was fighting all the godless left wingers up there.

It was a childishly petulant response to a situation that could cost Alabama millions of dollars in federal aid. If the Bureau of Roads proves its charges, it will have to withdraw all projected funds for highway engineering costs, and in addition it will sue for recovery of funds spent during the suspect period.

The degree of Wallace's gratitude to the federal government for its part in the road program may be noted all over the state on signs that glow in the dark along the new interstate highways. The motorist reads: "THE WALLACE HIGHWAY PROGRAM, Largest in Progressive Alabama's History. . . ." Flanking these proud words are reproductions of the Confederate flag and the Alabama flag. Missing is the United States flag—missing, also, any mention of what every literate Alabamian knows, that the federal government is paying for 90 per cent of the construction.

In winning Alabama's highest office Wallace also promised that there would be no more waste of state money. His inaugural speech contained the sentence: "The big wheeling cocktail party boys have gotten word that their free whisky and boat rides are over." And so they were. Whisky isn't served in the Wallace mansion. And one of the state's two yachts has been sold.

But Alabama found that there is more than one way to skin a state's kitty. Wallace, who had decried the seven-plane air fleet that had accumulated under previous governors, paid a quarter-million dollars for a Lockheed Lodestar to carry him on out-of-state speaking engagements. He takes with him on these trips three highway patrolmen as bodyguards, a sizable public relations staff and several important appointed officials. They are not inexpensive ventures, especially since the Governor is fond of making television appearances. No full accounting of his campaign expenses has ever been made. Wallace claims that they were all covered by free-will contributions.

The quality in Alabama politics that may eventually prove Wallace's downfall is the very rebelliousness which he encourages and which his career is based on. Alabamians are given to rebelling even against rebels. Winston County in northwest Alabama disliked the idea of seceding from the Union, yet felt it could not stay in the Union while surrounded by the Confederacy, so instead it seceded from the Confederacy and set up the Free State of Winston (briefly, for the Confederacy crushed it). The same spirit is found today in a tough and uninhibited group of Alabama legislators.

Wallace has several times proposed to the legislature that it increase his powers, but this minority group of Senators—using the filibuster with crushing effect—has so far held him in check. Seventeen days in a thirty-six-day regular session were wasted in filibuster, while Wallace's pet bills stacked up. At the most intense period, the rebel Senators talked back at Wallace for 108 straight hours.

When they resumed their filibustering in the special session, Wallace, infuriated, went on state-wide television — at state expense — to arouse public opinion against his opponents. He named four of them and said that if they wanted to oppose him they should have gone up to join the "Communists and beatniks" who attacked him during his Wisconsin campaign. By identifying only four of his enemies, Wallace was no doubt trying to minimize the size of the recalcitrant bloc. Actually there were—depending on the issue — between nine and twelve Senators who could be counted on to block Wallace's more extravagant moves.

He was beaten on the following important issues:

«*Succession.* Wallace wants to continue in office for a second term, but by Alabama law, the Governor cannot do so. In fact, he must wait a year after his term expires before running for any office. Wallace wanted the law changed. He was beaten once by filibuster, and a second time by vote. It is now generally conceded that the succession bill is dead.

Enemies of Wallace may rejoice at this rebuff, but it means that, deprived of a second term as Governor, he will almost certainly run for the U. S. Senate against the moderate Lister Hill in 1968. He will be urged to this by intimates who believe their man shows up best in national politics. "I keep telling George he doesn't want to be Governor again," Montgomery editor Grover Hall said recently. "He wants to get some specialty like the Common Market and run for the Senate. He belongs to the nation."

«*Patronage.* In a greedy grab for personal power, Wallace introduced House Bill 9, the "lawyer hiring bill," which would have given him sole discretion in the hiring of attorneys for the state's highway program. Under this bill he could have hired as many lawyers as he liked, for any purpose, at any salary, and taken the money from the education and highway funds.

Wallace was hungry for this bill, and when nine Senators stood firm against it, Finance Commissioner Seymore Trammell went to work. He telephoned the dissidents and told them he was going to see that road funds to their counties were cut off. For rural legislators that is a fearful threat, but only one of the nine backed down, and the bill was drowned in the filibuster.

«*Segregation.* As part of his campaign to keep the Negroes in their place, Wallace introduced a bill which would have given him sole authority to name the county registrar committees. As it stands now, the commissioner of agriculture, the state auditor and the Governor each appoints one member to each of the three-man county boards.

The implications of this bill are easily estimated by recalling that last February, M. L. Bearden, chairman of the Birmingham board of registrars, told the Justice Department that Wallace had tried to get the state auditor, who had appointed Bearden, to fire him. Wallace's complaint: Bearden was registering Negroes. Wallace said that *his* appointee on the Birmingham board had registered no Negroes, whereas Bearden was turning the board over to the NAACP. Wallace's registrar bill died in the log jam created by the filibuster.

«*Education.* Wallace made two grabs for control of the state colleges, both senior and junior. One bill would have ended the present system by which the University of Alabama board of trustees is self-perpetuating, each board choosing its own replacements. Wallace would have transferred the power of appointment to himself, and would no doubt have used it to straighten out people whom he frequently refers to as "pseudo-intellectuals." He is reputed to have said that he would fire University of Alabama President Frank Rose "in a minute" if he controlled the regents. (Rose supported the comparatively moderate De Graffenreid in the last gubernatorial race.)

Economically, Alabama is in a mess. Its budget droops beneath a $365 million bonded indebtedness—all piled up since 1951, and one-third of it in two years under Wallace. It is anticipated that the state highway department will soon be allocating one-third of its income (from gasoline tax, etc.) for debt. Alabama has reached the point where it pays $40,000 a day in interest alone—interest on bonds that were issued without a vote of the people.

In a special session, Wallace rammed through a $100 million bond issue for highways, amortized in such a way that not one penny will be repaid until four years after he has left office. Interest on those bonds will total more than half the principal. The Governor had said he needed only $60 million for highways, but he got $100 million. The extra $40 million, as one practical legislator put it, "he used to buy us with county roads."

Typical of the economic sorcery that guides the state's finances is the undirected and confused junior college and trade-schools program. This was Wallace's baby, and he got the legislature to vote him $15 million to build five junior colleges and five trade schools. Or at least that's what the legislators thought they were voting him. As it turned out, the number of schools wasn't written into the bill, and by the time Wallace's floor lieutenants and friends had been rewarded with structures, the program had ballooned to twenty-eight junior colleges and trade schools. Wallace had to go back to the legislature for another $15 million. That made $30 million for building, and not one cent for operation. Let the next governor worry about operation.

State Senator Gilchrist, a leader of the filibusterers, describes Wallace as "a liberal in every way outside of the federal-state relationship. He has the borrow-tax-spend philosophy of a liberal. He has borrowed, taxed and spent more money in his term than in any other two-year period of Alabama history."

A Montgomery newsman, a close observer of Wallace's administration, agrees: "Except for his race relations, Wallace is way out in left field." Wallace has increased old-age assistance (now $80 a month, quite high for the South), eased the requirements for getting on state pensions, increased state participation in the federal old folks' medical-aid program, raised teachers' salaries, raised the budget for public schools by 22 per cent, and the budget for higher education by 26 per cent.

These were smart political moves. One of the pillars in ex-Governor Big Jim Folsom's old political machine was the state's 110,000 pensioners. Wallace, a former Folsom field strategist, went out for that bloc support and has no doubt got it.

These moves on Wallace's part do sound rather liberal, but in fact the liberalism of a program depends on who pays for it. In Alabama, the consumer pays. Alabama is one of the three or four greediest consumer-tax states in the nation. Its sales tax is now 4 per cent, and most Alabama cities add on another 2 per cent. That's across the board—groceries and medicine and newspapers included. (The Farm Bureau—which along with the banking and insurance lobbies is one of the three politically most potent groups in the state—admires the sales tax as a source of income because the material its members buy—farm machinery, seed, fertilizer, etc.— is exempt.)

To raise the money he wanted, Wallace has allowed another penny to be put on the sales tax—although for weeks in advance he swore to organized labor that he would not sign the bill to increase the tax. Wallace had *proposed* a tax on utilities, a tax on insurance premiums, and a bill providing for the reversion of property to the state in cases where there are no legal heirs. But these were just put up to make the poor man feel better; as Wallace must have known, they didn't have a chance of passing (only the estate bill got as far as a floor vote). It is generally felt that Wallace used them as bogies to scare banks, insurance companies and power companies into supporting the increased sales tax.

The critical moment in Wallace's career may very well be at hand. Beneath the great, garish, flapping circus tent of his success are many incidental defeats that show him to be, notwithstanding his own opinion of himself ("I am the law"), far from politically omnipotent. His several major efforts to gain more power through the legislature were all defeated, and he has met with embarrassing reversals in other areas. He invited the Governors of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida to meet with him in New Orleans to prepare ultimatums for the Democratic convention. The support he got from them was, at best, divided: Faubus of Arkansas and Bryant of Florida side-stepped his appeal for solidarity.

The half-attained walkout of the Alabama delegation at Atlantic City was, according to Wallace's plans, supposed to be joined by the delegations of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas. That fell through. The day before the convention opened Wallace, through his henchmen, invited the delegates from all thirteen Southern states to a strategy session. Almost at once it became apparent that the session would be conspicuously ill-attended and Wallace tried to have it called off. The time was too short and he had to go through with it: except for the Alabama delegation, the hall was almost empty.

A few weeks ago, Wallace called his unpledged electors together and asked them to resign so that a pro-Johnson group could be named in their place—to be almost certainly defeated by Goldwater electors. Surprisingly, however, his own hand-picked group balked at resigning.

Finally, if Wallace continues on his present approach to popularity, he will eventually find himself helplessly entangled in a one-issue appeal, which even some of the most dedicated Southerners outside of Alabama are tiring of, and which, conceivably, even Alabamians will eventually find tiresome. Sen. Sam Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, who co-managed the civil rights filibuster with Georgia Sen. Richard Russell, called Wallace "The chief aider and abettor of those who would pass such bad legislation as this civil rights bill." Russell added, "Any realist knows that the 'separate but equal' doctrine is finished."

At heart, Wallace is a populist. He grew up poor; the mortgage on his family's farm was foreclosed in 1937. Grateful for what the New Deal was doing for rickety Alabamians, Wallace was a devout follower of Franklin Roosevelt. When he graduated from law school, times were so hard he got a job driving a truck. Some of his early married life was lived in a renovated chicken coop. When he became a legislator, he did not forget his background. He sponsored a number of progressive bills and pushed them through. And as recently as the early 1950s, he was stumping the state for progressive Big Jim Folsom, and damning the rich folk who opposed Big Jim's aims.

Then Wallace, like the great but tragic populist Tom Watson half a century ago, decided he could not really get to the top and stay there by dealing in economic problems—that he would have to bow to what Watson bitterly had called "the inevitable nigger question."

Wallace, too, acts as though it were inevitable. A close friend asked him recently if he did not think that eventually, as Negroes become more widely registered and Southern city folk become more adjusted to the law, perhaps he would have to modify his position toward the Negro, as Sen. Russell Long had done.

No, said Wallace, he could not do that. In fact, he added, the Southern white would have to think increasingly in terms of bloc vs. bloc, and fight it out at the polls that way. If national politics has a place for a man with that rigidity, then Governor Wallace, with his proven ability to rally the masses, may have a fine future ahead. But for his type there is no middle ground, and if he has guessed wrong, then he can at best hope to be placed beside that old broken musketeer, Ross Barnett, in Dixie's wax museum.

A Little Night Music

John Beecher

New Orleans

Outside the wrought-iron gate of Preservation Hall on St. Peter Street in New Orleans stood "Babe" Stovall. For once he was not carrying his battered old guitar case. A refugee from the cotton fields of southern Mississippi, "Babe" sings country blues and spirituals in the hall sometimes for coins tossed in a basket. With him that afternoon was a quiet young Negro, his nephew Lester Ratliff. They were fresh out of the Orleans parish jail.

We had read about the big police raid on the Quorum Club, at 611 Esplanade, the night before. The *States-Item* had given the story a front-page spread: "JUDGE ORDERS $100 BONDS IN VICE SEIZURES. Police Sergeant Frederick Soule, Jr., said the site—a downstairs coffee shop and upstairs apartment—was the scene of Communist propaganda, homosexual parties and integration agitation."

Al Jaffe, who runs the concerts of jazz originals which draw people to Preservation Hall from all over the world, unlocked the graceful iron gate and let "Babe" and his nephew in.

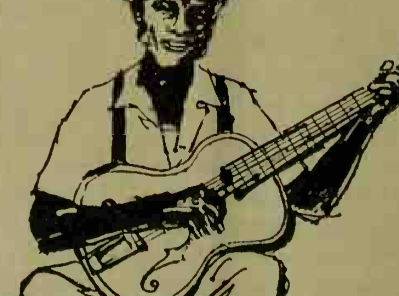
"We wasn't doing nothing wrong and they threw us in jail," "Babe" said. "Kept us all night long with no place but the floor to sleep. My daughter, Betty Jean, is still locked up and about to go plumb out of her head. Wonder can you gentlemen help me get Betty Jean out of that place? I never see the like all my life long. I wasn't disturbing nobody's peace like the policemen say, just picking my guitar and singing."

At the Criminal Courts building on Tulane Avenue we could unearth no one who was willing to accept the $100 cash bond money which we sought to post for Betty Jean's release. The game was to make us go to one of the bonding companies across the street, but that would have cost "Babe" a nonreturnable fee of $25. A man with a wife and ten children, existing on the proceeds of passing round the basket at his occasional "gigs," could ill afford a $25 gouge.

I phoned the office of the Lawyers' Constitutional Defense Committee, a group of attorneys from all over the United States who devoted their summer vacations this year to defending civil rights workers in Mississippi and north Louisiana. George Hinkley of New York came over right away. He tried to secure Betty Jean's release through a phone call to the judge.

The judge was not at home to Hinkley, although a few minutes later a call from the bonding company where we went next brought His Honor instantly to the phone. Only if we paid the bonding company the $25 would the girl be freed, we were told.

I then called Jack Nelson, a local attorney. Nelson handled the Tulane desegregation case, as well as many other sit-in and civil rights cases. Last year he received the annual award of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties. He is also vice chairman of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice. Nelson drove down from his home and talked with us before telephoning the judge and arranging for Betty Jean to be paroled to himself. The girl was released, shaken by the brutality to which she had been subjected, and almost hysterical with fear that she would lose her job as a maid in a motel.



The next night Loyola University was throwing a civil rights party under the sponsorship of Father L. J. Twomey's Institute of Human Relations. I had been asked to give a reading of my poetry there. I took "Babe" Stovall along. He received an ovation from the large integrated assembly of priests, seminarians, students and Summer Project civil rights workers in from the front lines of north Louisiana and Mississippi. It happened to be the feast day of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Archbishop John Patrick Cody of New Orleans put in an appearance, together with Father Andrew C. Smith, president of Loyola University. It was a real switch for "Babe" Stovall, arrested and jailed July 29 for singing at an integrated coffeehouse, feted July 31 for singing the same songs before the Archbishop of New Orleans and other leaders of the Catholic community at an integrated university function.

A few days later I gave another poetry reading. This time it was at the Quorum Club on Esplanade, bordering the French Quarter. Investigation had convinced me that the July 29 raid was a police frame-up, and my reading was a benefit for the seventy-three persons who had been arrested and jailed.

John Beecher, on leave of absence as poet in residence at the University of Santa Clara, is now a correspondent in the South for the San Francisco Chronicle. *Mr. Beecher's latest book is* Report to the Stockholders and Other Poems *(Monthly Review Press).*

A tremendous spirit of fighting back against the police was in evidence at my reading; the floor was packed and people were hanging in the windows and doors. A New Orleans TV station made a documentary of the affair. Afterwards I started digging into the background and real nature of the raid.

On the night of July 29, there was the usual quiet crowd in the Quorum, which occupies the ground floor of an old house. The two upstairs floors are private apartments. In one of them a party was going on that night, quite unconnected with the Quorum except that whites and Negroes were present both there and in the downstairs coffeehouse. In the Quorum people were conversing at the tables over coffee and bottles of pop, alcohol being strictly prohibited on the premises. At one table a chess game was in progress. "Babe" Stovall, who had been fetched from his nearby slum quarters to furnish some entertainment, sat down on the little stage and began tuning his guitar. His daughter, Betty Jean, and his nephew, Lester Ratliff, who had come along with "Babe" for company, sat down at a table and were served a glass of iced tea and a Coke. Everybody stopped talking when "Babe," a great favorite at the club, began his theme song, a spiritual called *Time Is A-Windin' Up.*

Time—time—time is a-windin' up,
Destruction on the land,
God goan' lift His hand.

A fat, pompous Negro often seen in the club made his way up to the stage and handed "Babe" a paper. People assumed he was requesting a number. "Babe" stopped singing and put down his guitar in astonishment.

"This is a raid," shouted the fat Negro, glaring at his fellow patrons. They guffawed, thinking it a gag. "I ain't kiddin' you," the man bellowed. "All y'all line up against the wall." A half dozen uniformed white cops then surged into the club and began shoving people around in the usual New Orleans style.

The fat Negro was one of two Negroes among a number of undercover police agents who had been assigned to get something on the only truly integrated place of public resort in the city. The South Louisiana Citizens Council had first blown the whistle on the club last January. Jackson Ricau, executive director of the council and one of three Catholics excommunicated for attempted sabotage of parochial school desegregation in the archdiocese, had called for a crusade against the Quorum in his monthly bulletin. The club, Ricau maintained, was "nothing more than an integrated meeting place (white girls, Negro boys; Negro girls, white boys) for our brainwashed youth. . . . They all take off their shoes and get real cozy. There are many rooms upstairs." In his February bulletin Ricau again called for the Quorum's extermination. "Black students," he wrote, "come from Chicago and New York and are paid to prey on our good white boys and girls." Ricau got in another lick about the "upstairs rooms" and posed the classic question, "Do you want your daughter to join this club?"

When the Quorum Club was raided, the private upstairs apartment where a party was going on was also hit. Police broke in and arrested everybody present. When the host protested, he was thrown downstairs. In all, seventy-three integrators were bagged upstairs and down, hauled off in paddy wagons, and held overnight in five small cells. Among those jailed were an attorney, two faculty members from Louisiana State University in New Orleans, a teacher from Xavier Preparatory School, several married couples who had left their kids at home with baby sitters, the seven-months'-pregnant daughter of a prominent Dallas attorney, together with her writer husband, scions of distinguished New Orleans families and three elderly ladies. These ladies had been out for a stroll down Esplanade, one of the loveliest streets in town, and had dropped into the Quorum for a cup of coffee. One of the three was the widow of a sheriff.

The sexes as well as the races were segregated in jail. A young woman was saying good-by to her escort through the bars. An officer yanked her away: "Quit talkin' to that nigger, lady!" "That 'nigger,' " replied the young woman, "is my husband." She was a quadroon. The white women, including the sheriff's elderly widow, reported being "talked to terrible" by the police while in jail. All were obscenely reviled and accused of sexual intimacy with Negroes. A prominent local attorney said to me later, "The police of New Orleans, reasoning perhaps from their own habits and proclivities, cannot envisage whites and Negroes coming together for any other purpose than to copulate."

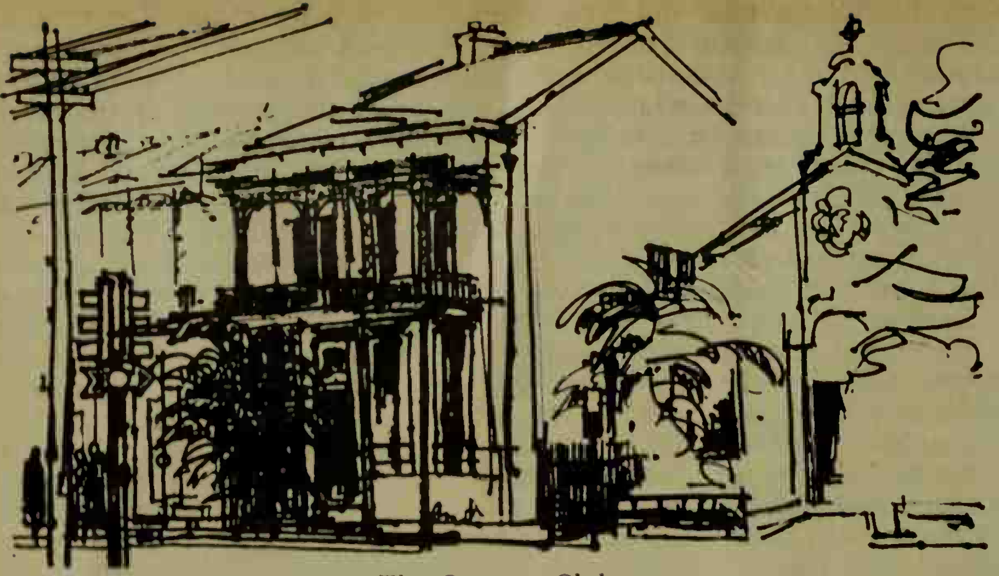
Next day the afternoon *States-Item*, only New Orleans alternative to the morning *Times-Picayune* but also a Newhouse paper and published out of the same shop, carried a story on the raid which read more like a typical smear in an ultra-Right hate sheet than an account in a responsible newspaper. The fact that the charge was only a disturbance of the peace was glossed over completely. Following the sweeping allegations of communism, homosexuality and integrationist agitation given by Sergeant Soule, chief of the vice squad, one of the two Negro undercover police agents was interviewed at length.

"We were in the club on two or three occasions," this man said. "There was an assortment of people, mostly homosexuals. There were a lot of beatniks, strumming guitars with no tune for hours and things like that going on. Intellectual conversations without any point. . . .

"There were conversations on the value of communism and how much better it was than democracy and like every night classes on voter registration. They had blanks, sample questions and all to fill out."

The "Communist propaganda" charge is repudiated by every person familiar with the club. No evidence of homosexual parties has yet been produced. Even the voter-registration classes which the Negro undercover agent seemingly equated with communism—leading one to wonder what he meant by the word "democracy"—never took place. The only "blanks" ever on display at the Quorum were petitions to save the Canal Street trolley cars which have since been replaced by buses despite a campaign by lovers of the old New Orleans.

Next morning's *Times-Picayune* rehashed the story, stressing again the Communist-homosexual fabrication, and publishing the names and addresses of all seventy-three persons taken in the raid. In the case of Negroes, designation of race followed their names, a rule of style when reporting crime in the local press. Immediately following the revelation of the identities of those arrested, economic reprisals and obscene phone calls began, as the



The Quorum Club

Times-Picayune no doubt foresaw.

Mrs. Charlene Jennings, a young mother of two who had been nabbed in the raid along with her husband, Ben Jennings, reported to her usual secretarial job at Emile Babst, electrical contractors of 4034 Tchoupitoulas, only to be fired on the spot. "We had a couple of calls this morning. Your name was in the paper." Later in the day the Jennings family received an eviction notice from their apartment at 1127 Royal Street in the Quarter. No reason was given.

The Jenningses were also pilloried by the Parents and Friends of Catholic Children. This piously disguised hate-merchandising outfit does its dirty business out of P.O. Box 3071 in New Orleans. It also operates a block of telephone lines which spew fantastic and constantly varied lies into the trembling ears of dialers. Most messages deal with international Jewish plots and race-mixing conspiracies. Cigar-chomping Judge Leander Perez, the excommunicated racist dictator of Plaquemines Parish, is likened to Joan of Arc burned at the stake by a Satanic Archbishop resembling the present incumbent of the See of New Orleans. The Jenningses were named and their address given in a recording played over phone number 242-5500. The Southern Bell Company of Louisiana flatly refuses to divulge the source of these vile messages, although the Parents and Friends of Catholic Children have given the secret away in their literature. The company maintains that the systematic assassination of character is privileged when it is conducted over a telephone line.

"More than just coffee was being served at the coffeehouse," declared the anonymous voice at the other end of the line when 242-5500 was dialed. "Integration, a discussion of Communist over American ideals, and a sprinkling of sex made up the ingredients of this weird and very strange concoction. This was a real *jambalaya* of moral and social outcasts and misfits. Among those attending were Ben Jennings of 1127 Royal. . . ." There followed several names selected at random from the *Times-Picayune* list. "How many more were also present at this association of whites and blacks dancing together, carousing together, and discussing Communist literature and propaganda? Sergeant Soule of the vice squad stated. . . ." The recording wound up with a digest of the *States-Item* article.

Hermann Deutsch, veteran columnist for that newspaper, added some embellishments to the smear job. In a column captioned POLICE DID RIGHT IN RAIDING "CLUB," Deutsch expanded the field of "vice" represented at the Quorum, muttering about dope addicts and alcoholics as well as homosexuals. Not so much as a stick of marijuana had been found in the raid, much less any heroin. The Quorum was probably the only night spot in town where liquor was not served; a house rule does not allow even a can of beer to be brought on the premises. While referring darkly to "transvestites, junkies and kleptomaniacs," Deutsch did grant that some innocent persons had been swept up in the dragnet—"otherwise blameless young ladies and gentlemen, as well as an egghead, beatnik and bleeding-heart contingent." Deutsch concluded his slanderous column sanctimoniously with a text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. "Evil associations corrupt good manners" was adduced to prove that the Apostle would have blessed a vicious police frame-up.

Four of the seventy-three persons rounded up at the Quorum Club panicked and pleaded guilty to the charge of distrubing the peace. An absolute terror of the police is prevalent in New Orleans. On all sides one can hear the fatalistic saw, "You can't fight City Hall." But the four who "chickened out" found other excuses for their capitulation—impending trips to Europe, necessity for peace of mind, etc.

Sixty-nine people, however, would not be moved and entered not-guilty pleas. "I told the judge I ain't did nothing," "Babe" Stovall asserted, "and I be dawg if I was going to say I did." Trial of the sixty-nine was set for September 22, almost two months after the raid. The excessive delay was obviously intended to apply the maximum pressure on the defendants, permitting the newspaper smears and hate messages to create a climate of ostracism and potential violence.

But it did not work out that way. At first the raid seemed to have achieved its major purpose. Most of the Negro patrons of the club stopped coming. So did a number of the white habitués. Property owners in the vicinity of the Quorum held indignation meetings. So out of their minds with venomous hatred were they that one more level-headed member of the group confessed to me his conviction that bombing of the club was imminent. He discontinued his usual evening promenade past the Quorum lest he and his pair of dogs intercept the explosive. The stewards of the Chiesa del Redentore, the Italian Methodist Church next door which owns the Quorum building, were pressured into asking the club to vacate. For good measure, another city department cracked down on the club, alleging a zoning ordinance had been violated, and threatening to lift the Quorum's legitimately granted restaurant license. The Parents and Friends of Catholic Children put a new recording on the line, claiming that the Quorum on Esplanade was associated with Bobby Baker's notorious Washington club of the same name, and had been established to corrupt a previously virtuous New Orleans.

Despite the smear campaign, the falling away of the timorous and the general terror, the directors and friends of the Quorum fought back. Perceiving that the real issue was integration, which would be dealt a heavy blow if the Quorum defendants should be found guilty, the New Orleans NAACP took up the case and offered the defense its full support. A number of benefits were held, culminating in a Human Rights Rally at a French Quarter theatre just prior to the trial. No cops interrupted "Babe" Stovall on this occasion. The "guitars without any tune" came on stage—played by a couple of good flamenco men and an exceptionally good classical guitarist. Poetry and speeches completed the program, which was extensively covered by two New Orleans television stations, although the newspapers boycotted the rally.

The case was finally brought to trial September 22 in an overcrowded municipal courtroom on Rampart Street. The defendants were represented by a battery of fifteen lawyers including Ben Smith, Louisiana representative of the American Civil Liberties Union; Ernest Morial, president of the New Orleans NAACP; Earl Amedee of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund; and Jack Nelson.

After an attempt to try the defendants en masse had collapsed, it became apparent that the police were unable to identify the causers of the "disturbance." The city attorney then moved to nol-pros and the entire case was dismissed. The city attorney now threatens to charge the host of the private party, who was thrown downstairs, with "assault" for allegedly tearing an officer's shirt on that occasion. This is probably just about as true as Sergeant Soule's feverish tales of "Communist propaganda, homosexual parties and integration agitation," though it does represent a great reduction in the scale of the lying.

Space Crescent III

The Wide Blue Porkbarrel . . . . . . William S. Ellis

If the space age has not eliminated the smoke-filled room, it has at least opened a window and given air to fundamental and sometimes obscured values. —Lyndon B. Johnson

A worker in the campaign headquarters of Congressman Robert Jones opened a window and remarked that it was awfully hot, even for Alabama. It was only April, but already the scorching heat of Deep South summer had its grip on the land. Jones, who represents the district taking in Huntsville and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's sprawling George C. Marshall Space Flight Center, hurried out of the headquarters, saying he was off to the airport to meet his good friend, Olin Teague. The Congressman from Texas was coming to Huntsville to discuss space work and very possibly to put in a plug for Jones's re-election to the House, his tenth term.

Later, Jones interrupted his own campaign to fly to Texas and join Teague in dedicating a new dam. The significance of the exchange of visits is this: Teague is next in line to become chairman of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, and in that position will have much to say about the future of the space program to which the economy of Huntsville is irrevocably committed. As for Jones—he is chairman of the subcommittee through which funds for the dam in Texas were authorized. Such are the fruits of team play among major-league legislators.

Many things have been attributed to the nation's commitment to the exploration of outer space, but to include political fresh air among them, as President Johnson has done, is to put a strain on credulity. If anything, the billions of dollars set aside each year for NASA activity have stirred up a variety of unsavory political smogs. Nowhere is the odor more pungent than in the Gulf Coast space crescent.

Huntsville
Mississippi Test Facility
New Orleans
Houston
Cape Kennedy

Previous articles in this series have dealt with the economic and social impact of space on the gantry-spiked area that stretches from the east coast of Florida to Houston. However, it is only when one looks at the political aspect of the program that the gee-whiz glow of the man-on-the-moon effort becomes tarnished under a vinegary stain of well-aged Congressional seniority.

The extent to which the space program has become a part of American politics was vividly illustrated at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City. The film tracing the rise of President Johnson's career in government laid great stress on his leading role in putting the nation on the road to marvelous achievements with brilliant gadgetry. A portion of John Glenn's triumphant welcome in New York, following his orbital flight, was shown in the film, the narrator observing that it was appropriate that Lyndon Baines Johnson should have been seated at the side of the astronaut during the parade down Fifth Avenue. It would have been even more appropriate had Glenn been carried piggyback along the route by the then Vice President.

William S. Ellis has been a reporter on papers in Montana, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Two years ago he became a free-lance journalist, and his articles have appeared in Harpers, The New York Times, The Reporter *and elsewhere. This is the last of three articles which Mr. Ellis wrote while on a grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund.*

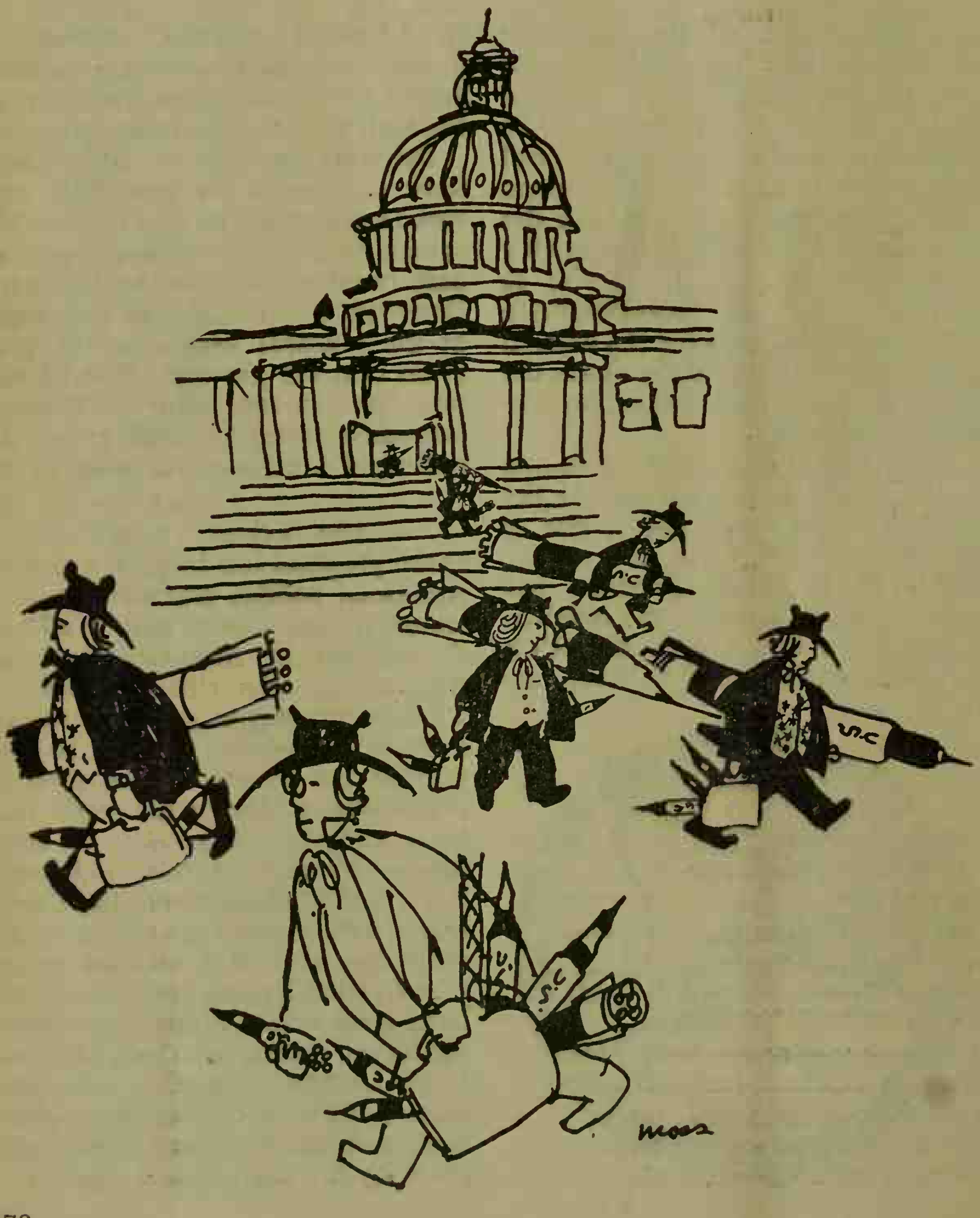
The John F. Kennedy memorial film, also shown at the convention, similarly touched on the space theme. Along with "Ask not what your country . . ." and "*Ich bin ein Berliner,*" was Kennedy's now-famous wish that the United States put a man on the moon before the decade is out. That mandate to NASA and to the areospace industry has been adopted as the creed of the space crescent. It has been printed, framed and hung over doorways and placed on desks.

High government officials, and those aspiring to office, are classified in the crescent as being for or against the program. The late President Kennedy was, of course, a friend. Indeed, his enthusiasm for space was his passport to much of the South, especially Houston. The day before his death, he appeared in that city and said:

> *There will be setbacks and frustrations and disappointments. There will be pressures for our country to do less and temptations to do something else. But this research must and will go on. The conquest of space must and will go ahead. That much we know. That much we can say with confidence and conviction.*

President Johnson is more than a friend to the program—he is all wrapped up in it. Aerospace is rapidly becoming the leading industry in the country, and it should come as no surprise, therefore, that the corporate society has finally found a Democratic Administration with which it can walk arm in arm.

Barry Goldwater has been quoted as saying that he views the Apollo man-on-the-moon project with considerable misgiving. He would feel differently, perhaps, if the moon were of military value, but it isn't, and since few space dollars go to Arizona, the Senator stands opposed. These positions on space voyaging should not be overlooked when weighing the strength of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket in the crescent section of the South. In fiscal 1964, Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center spent $1.45 billion total, with Houston and the Gulf Coast area getting the largest slice. Many more millions of dollars were spent by contractors supporting the Spacecraft Center. If Goldwater were President, there would be a danger that that enormous flow of funds might be shut off.



What that could mean to a substantial number of residents of the crescent was summed up by a real estate salesman in the town of Cocoa Beach, which lies in the shadows of Cape Kennedy's launching pads:

> *I'm like most Southerners when it comes to passing judgment on the civil rights bill. That is, I don't like it, and I guess I'm lined up with Goldwater on that point. But if it means I've got to have a choice of letting colored people sit next to me in a restaurant or having Cape Kennedy closed up, well, brother, you can bet I'll let them sit. Not only that—I'll pass them the sugar.*

NASA's official position on how it came to group much of its activity in the space crescent is that the area provided the magic combination of good weather (as this is being written, Hurricane Cleo is battering Cape Kennedy), connecting navigable waterways and the availability of graduate-study educational facilities. There is more to it than that. Political pressures, in the form of committee and subcommittee control led by Southern Congressmen who first came to Washington when science meant tapping the steam from mother's kettle, played a major role. In the House there were Robert Jones and Olin Teague and Albert Thomas, while the Senate had Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kerr.

The late Senator Kerr's Oklahoma only borders on the crescent, but he envisioned the day when his state would become the center of the space industry by developing its access to the sea. Rockets could be built in Oklahoma, he reasoned, and floated on barges down a navigable Arkansas River to the coastal launching areas.

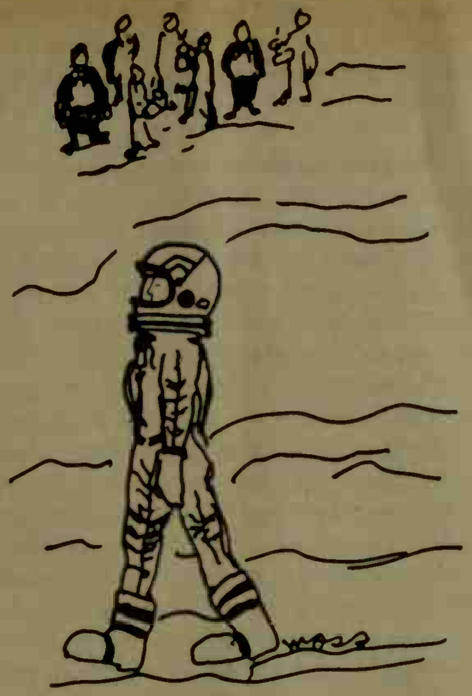
North American Aviation, Inc., a major aerospace contractor, had faith in Kerr's dream. In 1962, the corporation opened a plant near Tulsa, and on January 8, 1963, it purchased hundreds of acres of land adjoining what would be part of the Arkansas River inland waterway. The dream had started to become a reality long before Kerr's death, and by 1970 a barge will indeed be able to move from a point near Tulsa to the Gulf of Mexico.

While Kerr was pumping life into the Arkansas River project—by far the most expensive single dip into the federal pork barrel — Albert Thomas, Congressman from Houston, and Lyndon Johnson, then a Senator, were busy paving the way for the entry of Texas into the space age. They were acting no differently from Kerr or other elected officials, but what should have caused concern escaped with little notice. That was the close friendship of Johnson and Thomas with a man named Herman Brown, a Texan of great wealth, much of which he had amassed through work done on government contracts.

Herman Brown had built for himself a black record of anti-labor activity; but still the parent contracting firm of his empire, Brown and Root, continued to receive one government contract after another, including many related to space-program construction. There were those in Washington and Texas who asked how that could be, but they really knew the answer. Herman Brown took a vigorous interest in politics, and the candidates he liked he supported with generous contributions. Herman Brown liked Lyndon Johnson and Albert Thomas.

When NASA was considering possible locations for the Manned Spacecraft Center, Thomas, as chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee that rules on the agency's budget, simply let it be known that he would be "disappointed" if Houston wasn't selected. At the time, Johnson was Vice President and chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council.

It is difficult for NASA officials to discuss events leading up to the selection of a site for the Manned Spacecraft Center without embarrassment, but Wesley L. Hjornevik, assistant director for administration at the Center, made an admirable effort when he said, with neither smile nor shuffle of foot: "For over a year we didn't know where to locate the Center. Studies were made and at first we decided to put it on Cape Kennedy [where many NASA people feel it should have gone]. When it was decided that it had to be somewhere else, we looked at twenty possible locations." He added that one of the reasons it was necessary to locate the Center apart from other NASA facilities was that "we don't like to distract our people." NASA is riddled with interagency snobbery, a harmless enough emotional expression (God knows, not many human emotions are released in these new ghettos of scientific supremacy) except when it starts to play a role in the location of a $147 million installation.



When it was suggested to Hjornevik that the entire space program has a distinct Southern accent, he said he didn't feel that to be the case. He pointed out that much work is being performed in other sections of the country, notably California. That may be so, but the grouping of NASA facilities in the Gulf Coast area has set off a great many charges, many of them directed against James Edwin Webb, administrator of NASA and a North Carolinian. Webb, it should be emphasized, is quite willing to credit "politics" with having done much for the agency.

As the space crescent continues to prosper and gain in economic importance—as it continues to vibrate with the thundering energy of young people caught up in the coldly determined spirit of the space age—it begins to breed even more political power. So strong is the nation-wide commitment to send a man to the moon, and send him there in a hurry, that the voices of politicians with a constituent interest in the crescent have taken on tones of broad responsibility. When Olin Teague pulls a masterful maneuver to release space appropriations intact from a snag on the House floor, as he did in May, the action is appreciated not only in his own Texas district, but also in, say, Utah, where cutbacks in space-related employment could cause grave problems.

Outside the crescent, this new, decisive political force can be found in California. There, however, it is shaped not so much by the politicians as by the people who vote them into office. It becomes a power geared in large measure to an imaginary world where all problems are reduced to a simple choice of black or white; it is, of course, the power on which Goldwater rode to victory in the California primary and later at the Republican National Convention. In California, Goldwater's opposition to the Apollo program means little. It is taken for granted that he would fill the gap with a strong return to production of military missiles and aircraft, and that, certainly, would work no hardships on the state's economy.

Not surprisingly, Congressional critics of the vast sums being spent by NASA in the South are generally from states with little or no aerospace activity. Sometimes the criticism is intended to cover up a failure to obtain a lucrative government contract for the home district, but some legislators, among them Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon, J. William Fulbright of Arkansas and William Proxmire of Wisconsin, are genuinely troubled by the reluctance of Congress even to debate proposals to reduce space appropriations.

NASA seemed to go far out of its way to find a place for Oregon in its program—as if to appease the redoubtable Mr. Morse—when it recently sent a crew to the state for a series of what it called "astronaut mobility tests." The idea was to see how well astronaut R. Walter Cunningham could walk over the rugged lava beds of the Cascade Mountains while outfitted in a pressurized space suit. It was billed as a simulated walk on the moon, but what it amounted to was another of the agency's well-publicized (included in the crew of fifteen men were three public-information officers) and wasteful frills. One newsman watching the tests wondered aloud if they would have been conducted

(Continued on page 288)

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Voice of a Survivor

FOR THE UNION DEAD. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 72 pp. $3.95.

Richard Howard

Each of Robert Lowell's books has been a departure, the first the greatest embarkation of all, for in *Land of Unlikeness* the poet took leave of silence, to mourn the "fact" that when the soul has lost its likeness to God it is no longer like itself. The character of that unobtainable book (ten of its twenty-one poems were reprinted in Lowell's next) is, as Blackmur called it, fractiously vindictive, and the hallucinations it offers as Revelation are indeed just one damned thing after another. Since then (1944), Mr. Lowell has left behind many other things, enormous as the Catholic Church and Boston, and his arrivals, too, have led him to the end of so many lines that the apopemptic is the tone we have come to expect, after the six volumes of these twenty years.

With a remarkable consistency ("What Mr. Lowell says could not have been said, guessed at or tolerated before," according to Randall Jarrell, Lowell's best critic), these volumes have illustrated a dialectic of revolution and reaction, of raid and retreat. The claustral Christian dooms of *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946), charged with motionless emblems and the terrible apparatus of anathema and execration, yielded to the more responsibly projected dramas, the alterity of *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* (1951), which for all its "confusion," as Mr. Lowell now calls it, engaged with operatic zest in narrative and in the abrasion of one character by another. Then this tragic series, too, fell before the painfully anatomized selfishness of *Life Studies* (1959), with its feminist prose of little runs and gushes set between the magisterial rise of "Beyond the Alps" (reprinted in a larger version here) and what one is tempted to call the lying fall of "Man and Wife." Then elapsed a didactic interval ("When I finished *Life Studies*, I was left hanging on a question mark. . . . I don't know whether it is a death-rope or a lifeline"), five years of imitations and translations. Therapy—"written from time to time, when I was unable to do anything of my own"—extension of means, method acting, *Imitations* was often attacked, nearly as often defended (notably by Edmund Wilson), and for myself I must say that it was something of a discovery. If it failed to show me how to write translations ("about a third of 'The Drunken Boat' has been left out") it showed how they must be read, for if translations were not poems on their own they were pointless, and Lowell's imitations were always poems. They were also an attempt to explore what was *not* as well as what *was* Robert Lowell, who by then ("Cured, I am frizzled, stale and small") had become the most commanding poet in America.

What resources Lowell had come to command were shrewdly assessed by George Santayana: "It is hard for me to make it all out," he wrote of *Lord Weary's Castle*, "and I find a lot of words that I have to look up in the dictionary, and don't always find there; but gradually I am learning to understand, and it is worth the trouble, as most of the other cryptic poets have not seemed to me to be. He is very severe on Boston and on Convention, but he is no Communist or Atheist: on the contrary, evidently a Catholic and a sort of Voice Crying in the Wilderness, but at the same time thoroughly American, in themes and allegiance. Moby Dick is in the background." And five years later: "Lowell is a good deal like Rimbaud, or like what Rimbaud might have become if he had remained devoted to his poetic genius. There are dark and troubled depths in them both, with the same gift for lurid and mysterious images; but Lowell has had more tragic experiences and a more realistic background, strongly characterized.... Although he is not a person about whose future we can be entirely confident, it may well turn out to be brilliant."

So brilliant, indeed, that by the time Mr. Lowell has thanked T. S. Eliot and Hannah Arendt for correcting his French and his German, accepted "general stylistic suggestions" from Mary McCarthy and I. A. Richards, taken dictation from Ford Madox Ford, advice from Robert Frost and comfort from Allen Tate, we wonder how there could be much self left to celebrate or deplore—how, as Lowell once said of Hart Crane, "all the chaos of his life missed getting sidetracked the way other poets' did."* But we are wrong to wonder—there has been chaos to spare. "The kind of contradiction I am familiar with, a mush of obscurity and impossibility nailed to one by necessity": when *that* is the burden of a man's poetry, it is not surprising to find him attending to the sinuosities of his career with a programmatic diligence. "Almost the whole problem of writing poetry," Lowell has said, "is to bring it back to what you really feel, and that takes an awful lot of maneuvering."

Our literary pantheon abounds in exemplary calamities—from Crane to Roethke, we revere our fallen saints, the whiskey priests of American poetry. But Lowell, one feels after reading his last books, differs crucially from them by accounting for his failures not in his biography but *in his poems*. For Lowell, the poem is not a privileged terrain where everything comes out all right, while life goes down the drain; instead the poem is a kind of condemned site—

I watched for love-cars. Lights turned down,
they lay together, hull to hull,
where the graveyard shelves on the town . . .
My mind's not right.

A car radio bleats,
"Love, O careless Love . . ." I hear
my ill-spirit sob in each blood cell,
as if my hand were at its throat . . .
I myself am hell;
nobody's here—

where the bruised self reconnoiters its frontiers (characteristically including a reference to Marlowe's *Faustus*, in these lines from "Skunk Hour," the last poem in *Life Studies*) and maps a campaign of survival. One of the stratagems has been the discovery of prose: "On the whole prose is less cut off from life than poetry is. . . . I felt that the best style for poetry was none of the many poetic styles in English, but something like the prose of Chekhov or Flaubert." In the new book, however, even prose has been transcended, though the reins are kept loose:

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*The rest of the quotation is relevant as a fair account of Lowell himself: "He was less limited than any other poet of his generation. There was a fullness of experience; and without that, if you just had his mannerisms and not his rather simple writing—which if done badly would be sentimental merely—or just his obscure writing, the whole thing would be only verbal. It isn't. . . . The push of the whole man is there."

We know how the world will end,
but where is paradise, each day
farther
from the Pilgrim's blues for England
and the Promised Land . . .

Ah paradise! Edwards,
I would be afraid
to meet you there as a shade.
We move in different circles.

This ruefully rhymed verse, with its little Dantesque joke—on Jonathan Edwards and the poet equally, I suppose—brings Lowell in this collection, which includes examples of his other manners as well, to the most comprehensive stance of his career. "Sterility howls through the scenery, but I try to give a tone of tolerance, humor and randomness to the sad prospect."

Tolerance, humor and randomness! What could be further from the qualities of "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket"? Only the sad prospect remains the same, exemplified in this volume as a moral insight, a particularly American one, as Santayana remarked, though it is no longer Melville and the horrors of the Absolute in the background, but Emerson and the ambiguities of compensation. Struck off baldly, the perception is that success involves and enforces failure, that achievement on one plane implies collapse on another, and that in degradation and despair there is a vision of life not available to the triumphant and the happy. Waste is seen as the terrible necessity of survival, overlooked to our cost.

This theme is most perfectly dramatized in the title poem—the title itself can be read so that the entire book is an exequy for all broken alliances, picked wedlocks, leagues betrayed. The Latin motto (*Relinquunt Omnia Servare Rem Publicam*) italicizes the irony: the state they relinquished all to serve, those Negro soldiers, has become the chaos of reconstructed Boston:

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere,
giant finned cars nose forward like
fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.

The "out of bounds" values that were once located in "man's lovely,/peculiar power to choose life and die" have shriveled:

On a thousand small town New
England greens,
the old white churches hold their
air
of sparse, sincere rebellion;

instead of "bell-cheeked" Negro soldiers marching through Boston, the poet, "crouching" at his television set, now watches "the drained faces of Negro school-children rise like balloons." Each with its alarming resonance, the elements of reality—"a Mosler safe, the 'Rock of Ages'/ that survived the blast [under] boiling Hiroshima," the "parking spaces [that] luxuriate like civic sandpiles," and those "giant finned cars"—ride on what Frost used to call the poem's own melting like a piece of ice on a hot stove. In its intricate organization, its symbolism that seems so naturally observed when set beside the shrill evocations of Boston in the earlier books, the poem is the best, surely, in the present collection and the best poem about this Union today that I know. It is a response to Mr. Tate's classical "Ode to the Confederate Dead"—abrupt, harsh and curiously inward, where the earlier poem is plangent in its rhetoric and gives, now, a sense of lovely self-indulgence for which there is little time. And the poem is also an evidence of all that Mr. Lowell has learned from "imitating"—his Boston has all the overdetermined clarity of Baudelaire's dream city, so that what appeared, in *Imitations*, as:

Old Paris is done for. (Our cities find
new faces sooner than the heart.)
Its shell
was all I noticed . . .

Paris changes; nothing in my
melancholy
stirs . . . new mansards, arrondissements *razed* en bloc,
glass, scaffolding, slum wards—all
allegory!

now becomes:

. . . in the heart of Boston
a girdle of orange, Puritan-pumpkin
colored girders
brace the tingling Statehouse,

shaking over the excavations, as it
faces Colonel Shaw
and his bell-cheeked Negro infantry
on St. Gaudens' shaking Civil War
relief,
propped by a plank splint against
the garage's earthquake.

If Robert Lowell's "voice in the wilderness" is calmer now, and all the more terrible for being so, it is hollow still with dreadful nostalgias:

Once my nose crawled like a snail
on the glass;
my hand tingled to burst the bubbles
drifting from the noses of the
cowed, compliant fish.

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My hand draws back. I often sigh still
for the dark downward and vegetating kingdom
of the fish and reptile . . .

Thus and elsewhere in this valedictory book, almost poem by poem, Lowell evokes the waste and the loss, the longing for a buried life, all the wreckage on which he has shored himself up in order to *make*, as the poet's character bids; item, in "Water":

We wished our two souls
might return like gulls
to the rock. In the end,
the water was too cold for us.

in "The Old Flame":

In one bed and apart,
we heard the plow
groaning up hill—
a red light, then a blue,
as it tossed off the snow
to the side of the road.

in "Florence":

Pity the monsters!
Perhaps, one always took the wrong side—
Ah, to have known, to have loved too many Davids and Judiths!
My heart bleeds black blood for the monster.

And finally, most intimate of all, at the end of "Soft Wood," that ultimate knowledge—somatic and psychological, private and political—of the cost of surcease:

Each drug that numbs alerts another nerve to pain.

Such knowledge, with the release it brings, is of the highest order of sanity, of ripeness, of detachment from the destructive element. One remarks with a sense of poetic justice that this book is not dedicated to parent or wife or child, but beyond the bonds of blood and passion, to a friend.

Richard Howard is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities *(Wesleyan). He writes criticism for* The New Leader, Partisan Review *and* Poetry.

John Doe Meets Super Court

THE SUPREME COURT ON TRIAL. By Charles S. Hyneman. Atherton Press. 308 pp. $6.75.

Jack Leavitt

Charles Hyneman, a non-lawyer whose specialty is the theory of democratic government, has presented us with a clear, perceptive, impressive—and ultimately meaningless—study of the decision-making role of our highest tribunal. Let me immediately confess that "meaningless" refers less to shortcomings in Professor Hyneman than to my own skepticism, a condition which I hope indicates admirable qualities in both of us but a perversity in the subject matter itself.

I, for one, do not believe that impartial scholarship about our highest Court can be profitable. Invective would be, or special pleading, or gossip or plausible evasions; never bland rationality, however keen it might be. Why not? Because under the judicial robes will always be men for whom rationality is the means of exonerating their prior inclinations. The raw data presented for adjudication (i. e., the litigants' condemnation of one another's benighted self-interest) as fed into the data-processing organism (i. e., the head count which registers the Justices' unique views about proper behavior in legal crises) can no more be understood by reference to pure constitutional principles than a marriage can be by reference to the nuptial vows. Both judicial and marital ceremonies gratify the spectators, but the more significant activity takes place in the chambers.

Professor Hyneman, of course, disagrees about the value of his work. In this book, he focuses on the constitutional basis, if any, of judicial review and on the contrasting techniques by which activist and self-restrained Judges promulgate our law. He concludes his analysis by declaring that scholarship can prepare us for a wise location of authority to deal with problems that call for statesmanship. By analyzing the judicial process and judicial review he feels we can gain insight into the central question of how power is most wisely distributed in a governmental system. When we appreciate what our judges have in fact been doing and how those judges, elected officials and appointed bureaucracies, are knitted together in a compact governmental structure, we will be capable of making our own judgments as to the proper use of judicial power.

But how can we ever know what is a proper *use* until we know what is a proper result? And how can we ever know what is a proper result until we discover that the way we achieved our ideal is selective enough to bar later results which we detest? Can we, today, settle for a political system where power is wisely distributed when the repositories of that power will be men conscious of the flaws in their competitors' authority? What men can we trust with what words? Must we establish an inflexible system of checks and balances, in detail as well as in principle, when the real value of a Court of last resort is its enviable chance to do the unexpected?

What I suggest is that we recognize our highest tribunal as the mechanism by which any of us can perform a decisive act. In a nation of some 200 million people, separately unable to understand or influence the stream of events, a single individual can disrupt our national affairs in only two ways. He can either become a political assassin or a litigant in the Supreme Court. Regarded in that light, despite the indifferent odds against any one petition or appeal being heard, the Court stands for the promise that none of us is so overwhelmed by population statistics that he cannot emit one wild barbaric yawp (preferably in forty printed copies, accompanied by a $100 docket fee) and set this country right.

Professor Hyneman's neutrality seems out of place in such an arena, even though he has undertaken the role of nonpartisan observer to assist others in compiling their own measurements of judicial virtues. We cannot fairly evaluate the wisdom or morality of the Court's patterns of action until we, like the Court, encounter actual cases or controversies. Neither law nor justice can exist without winners, losers and anxious magistrates, for the concepts can be defined only in the concrete instance and not as abstractions. Beyond the here and now, our principles are inadequate assumptions that only a villain's ox will be gored.

Rather than accept Professor Hyneman's balanced account of our judicial branch, I prefer my own comment, given under stress, to a politically conservative dentist in the momentary interval between his frowning, "Well, you're a lawyer. How can you justify what they're up to?" and his thrusting all his fingers and most of his equipment into my mouth. "The Supreme Court," I said, "does what it thinks it should do."

Jack Leavitt is a member of the California and Illinois bars, and the San Francisco Law School faculty.

Truth Strikes Out

Charles Cilo

If the baseball world circulates a trade paper, it is the *Sporting News*. In it one may discover what the third baseman for the Amarillo Polecats is batting, who the new manager of the Dallas Duds is—in short, the status of every ballplayer in every league in the country. There are also feature articles on currently "hot" players and warm pennant races. The paper distinguishes itself from other trades in that it never carries a classified section. No job openings. No positions wanted.

Precedent was broken last spring when the following ad appeared in words to this effect:

> *Position Wanted*
>
> *Relief pitcher. Sometime practitioner of the art of retiring batters with runners on base. Experience: Cincinnati Reds; St. Louis Cardinals; Chicago Cubs, and Chicago White Sox. Phone James Brosnan, 800-000-000.*

The writer of the ad, James Brosnan, is a big man with a strong right arm and a former star for the pennant-winning Cincinnati ball club in 1961. He can't find a job today on any ball club in the Major Leagues. Why? Has the arm atrophied? Do his curve balls "hang" when they should break? Has he lost the art of "retiring hitters with other runners on base"? No, Mr. Brosnan has been blacklisted from all twenty big league teams because he has chosen to combine the diamond with the pen. Mr. Brosnan writes. Articles for magazines. And worse, books.

Athletes with best-sellers are no phenomenon. There have been books like *Lucky To Be a Yankee* by Joe Di Maggio; and *Fear Strikes Out!* by Jimmy Piersal. But books of this ilk are always co-authored and depict the men in flannels as the heroes club owners would have the fans believe them to be. Mr. Brosnan wrote his own books, *The Long Season* and *The Pennant Race* (both Harper & Row), all by himself. And he told the truth.

Baseball heroes are supposed to be like Western heroes. They kiss their bat instead of the girl. They're the first to the ball park and the last to leave. They're in the big leagues because they're the cream of the crop of all ballplayers in the world. They don't care about money, or about how many fans occupy the stands. They have come to play ball, as good and hard as they can.

Mr. Brosnan's ballplayers, however, seem a bit more human. They swear. They flirt with, and perhaps even kiss, women (not necessarily their wives), chew tobacco, drink gin, gamble, hate double-headers, love money, and feel lousy when no one cares enough to see them play, worrying simultaneously about the turnstiles and lack of any audience.

Mr. Brosnan names real people, and he doesn't like everyone. He makes it clear that he regards baseball as a business, and proves his point by describing certain machinations behind the front offices of general managers and team owners, at times even involving network television companies. For example, in *Pennant Race*, Brosnan describes a game scheduled for April 15, 1959, in Busch Stadium, St. Louis. On this day, St. Louis received 2 inches of snow:

> *Natural elements of rain, wind, and cold make the playing field suitable for sowing rice, perhaps, but not for playing major league baseball. In the heated pressroom high above the mortal fans and players sits Arthur Routzong, business manager of the Cardinals. His eyes closed as he surveys the nationwide audience about to view the game on NBC-TV, Routzong parries a reporter's question with a ready-made policy answer: "Yes, it looks bad down there, but don't you think NBC would be very unhappy if we didn't play this game?" Amen.*

Brosnan's candor comes through strongest in the first of his two books. *The Long Season* tells about the 1959 season which he spent with the St. Louis Cardinals and the Cincinnati Reds. Neither of those teams scared the front runners to any degree, which may have contributed to the sharp tone. The days drag by, and if you aren't with a pennant contender, it is indeed a long, long way from May to September. Mr. Brosnan doesn't hesitate to disclose his lack of respect for the Cardinal's field manager, Solly Hemus. He paints Hemus as a little Napoleon with fungo bat who realizes his position is a powerful one, but doesn't quite know what to do with it:

> *Hemus had always had a reputation as a player, of being a crybaby. His respect for the umpire—baseball's representation of law and order — was meager, even for a juvenile delinquent.*

The Long Season is wit-full of anecdotes, personalities and situations. It evokes a sympathy for the old pros who stumble on the year they can't make the team, and the youngsters who don't realize they have been predestined by the front-office gods to spend their entire diamond careers in some obscure bush league.

In *Pennant Race*, Brosnan devotes many words to a man he does respect — Fred Hutchinson (the big bear), manager of the Reds. He isolates a "consideration-of-feelings" attribute in Hutchinson which is conspicuously absent in too many other flannel-clad automatons. Though the book is "softer" than the first (there are no heresies about the Series, since Brosnan is himself caught up throughout this book in the excitement of a pennant drive) he remains consistently above the baseball clichés, and reports attitudes and actions accurately.

But baseball owners appreciated neither of Mr. Brosnan's books. Every club includes in its players' contracts a clause which entitles the club to see any manuscript the contractor in-

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tends for publication. Brosnan resented this. He wanted to reveal the game as a business, as much so as AT&T; the owners sanction only the image of haloed heroes of glory. They, themselves wish to remain anonymous, well behind home plate and certainly off the pages of papers, magazines and books. Put them in print and they'll whisk you off the diamond. Such was the fate of James Brosnan, but he was not in the wrong business. He was a ballplayer. As bitter as he is with the organization, and the not too subtle hypocrisies that went on during the long seasons he played, he hated to see them end:

> *On the last day of the season baseball is a game that professionals really do* play; *it no longer seems like work to them. It is virtually impossible for a ballplayer to convince himself that he will never play the game again. On the last day of the season baseball, truly, is in his blood.*

Charles Cilo is a free-lance writer who prefers baseball.

Blesse Mee and Thee

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Geoffrey Keynes, Editor. University of Chicago Press. 4 Volumes. 1,766 pp. $37.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Browne, Richard Burton, Thomas de Quincy, Walter Pater — the last generation devoted to a plain, hard style, lumped together all writers of prose with a capital P. Purple patches and set pieces were not just at a discount; they were not read at all. Even the ceremonial wit of Gibbon was too much for those who thought Hemingway sounded like real talk and Raymond Chandler sounded realer still. Today when we pick up a copy of *Men Without Women* or *The Big Sleep* it sounds as literary as the blank verse of Webster. For almost all purposes a plainer style, however impractical, is unchallenged today. What little fancy writing there is is archaistic and deliberately returns to writers like Browne or Jeremy Taylor and by-passes completely the fancy writers of the Edwardian period and the Revolution of the Word of the years between the wars. If there are any disciples of James Joyce abroad, I am not aware of them, but Edward Dahlberg continues to astonish the latter years of the century with deliberate imitations of *Holy Dying*, *Vulgar Errors*, *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History.*

There is no limit to the curious things that our affluent society manages to find to do with its leisure. Jazz trumpeters transcribe Guillaume Machaut. Gibbon, illustrated by Piranesi, decorates the bedside tables of the Jet Set. And technocrats in their garden suburbs lay aside their slide rules and marvel over the elegant theorems of Diaphantos of Alexandria in the long winter evenings. Years ago, I bought in Foyles's on remainder, the first edition of Geoffrey Keynes's *Works of Sir Thomas Browne* —the special issue on handmade paper—for 3 guineas. Today it is unobtainable at any price. It was one of the finest jobs of book making of the twenties and I treasured it for years along with the MacKenna *Plotinus*, *The Complete Works of Sturge Moore* and other items of that kidney. Alas, I no longer have it though I have clung to the Simon Wilkins edition of 1836 in three-quarter olive green levant, without a doubt one of the finest editorial jobs of its day.

It is very good now to have Keynes's editing, augmented and corrected and reduced to four compact volumes. The beautiful typography, I imagine, is Sean Jennett's, the man who gave Faber and Faber books their characteristic style. The binding is gray buckram, stamped with gold on maroon, the top edges colored, the paper, as so rarely now, certainly looks as if it would last my time. I say all this, not altogether tongue in cheek, because Sir Thomas Browne continues to be a bookman's author, however much his popularity may be growing.

Why read Sir Thomas Browne? For amusement. There is no better bedside reading. It is no accident that so many of his chapters close with melodiously fingered long-drawn-out linked cadences invoking sleep. "To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our *Antipodes.* The Huntsmen are up in *America* and they are already past their first sleep in *Persia.*" But there is amusement and amusement.

Like most of the finest amusers Sir Thomas Browne communicates a unique and precious quality of soul. At 32 he had made the Grand Tour and seen all that was necessary of the great world and graduated M.D. from the University of Leyden. A Londoner born, he settled in provincial Norwich, married and raised a happy family who became, each of them, a distinguished person. While the world fell apart in civil war, Commonwealth and Restoration, he exercised his massive intellect in the calm pursuit of the infinitude of five-fold patterning in Nature, in the origin of the gypsies, in why black bears sometimes have white spots, in the superstitions of the countryside, and in the curious customs of the antique inhabitants of the neighborhood.

Religio Medici, though written early, proved a summation of his life. He was a kind of ornate Montaigne, and it is not for nothing that the Continent thought him a Catholic skeptic and so translated him, while the Vatican decided he was an agnostic and epicurean and so condemned him. In his letters, especially to his family, the ornateness is modulated, but the taste for curious examples never tires, although in personal intercourse he tends to take his engaging instances from actual fact and personal history rather than books; his letters thus have a simple humanity still more Montaignean. In Wilkins' day, most of these letters were unknown. Geoffrey Keynes gives us 400 pages at least as delectable in their way as *The Garden of Cyrus* or the *Vulgar Errors*, at least as wise and certainly less quaint.

Far be it from me to scorn Sir Thomas' quaintness. It is as precious as anything among the oddities of art, but more precious still is the slow reverberation of a personality that grows through a lifetime of possession. That, of course, is what he is— one of the very few authors you discover in youth, buy for your own as soon as you can afford it, and read off and on all through your life. "Blesse mee in this life but with the peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thy selfe and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity *Caesar.*"

Kenneth Rexroth is a frequent Nation *contributor. His most recent book is* Natural Numbers: Selected Poems *(New Directions).*

God's Spies

Grandin Conover

In defiance of Huntington Hartford's docile collection of pastels upstairs, someone at his Gallery of Modern Art has smuggled a Film Centre into the basement devoted to the *avant-garde*. The first program was devoted to "Cinema vérité," or the New Documentary. At the conclusion of the series, the film makers and their critics met at a symposium to (1) define *cinema vérité*, and (2) define art, and then decide whether cinema vérité fit in. The talk was better than the usual panels on, say, the Modern Novel, or Contemporary Poetry, where such questions escalate into generalizations so self-serving and useless, that it seems unnatural in a Darwinian sense to find writers are still born with mouths. The film makers were specific and their shop talk instructive.

Richard Leacock led off with a story of how, when working with Flaherty, he had instinctively shied from photographing people, particularly their faces. The huge cameras whirring away like eyes from another planet tended to turn ordinary people into actors, bad ones. Thus, the documentary became that dull tour through General Motors you had to sit through in order to get Lana Turner—one remembers assembly lines of clean girls maniacally stuffing spark plugs into machinery vital to National Defense. Technology has since outrun *The March of Time*. Expensive hand cameras and hidden sound equipment enable a crew of two to sneak around and get the low-down. God's spies couldn't be more effective.

The first program featured three glimpses of celebrated North Americans hard pressed by their incredible 20th-century chores. *Primary*, a brief record of the Kennedy-Humphrey Wisconsin competition in 1960, by the Drew Associates, revealed the form's possibilities. Typical is a shot of Jacqueline facing members of the Middle West in a public hall. She isn't radiant, but smiling warmly enough, as if relieved that Rotarians are Americans too. Then the camera sidles behind her, isolating one white-gloved hand feeding the other, a cameo of clutching, knockled anxiety. How comfort the future First Lady? Even then it was obvious that electing her husband wouldn't. Previously unavailable except on CBS/NBC/SHT she seemed real to me for the first and only time. The audience was still, but wary, as if woken from a dream of kings and queens.

Showman Joe Levine, the movie impresario, was subject to the scrutiny of the Maysles brothers, who trailed him from airport to airport like a pair of portable Pepys filming someone else's diary. The Maysles are the purists of the movement, which is a less sinister way of saying they are virtuoso voyeurs. Total spontaneity is, of course, a chimera until cameras are as efficient as retinas and as tiny. But follow some poor famous guy around for weeks with a minimum of fuss and he and his flacks evidently forget about the faint whirring noise on the margin of consciousness and act out their days as naturally as African gorillas tracked by staff members from *The National Geographic*. The principle is to shoot practically everything and edit out the insignificant. You're never sure what the Maysles will edit out since they eschew editorial comment of any kind. I was glad we didn't follow Levine into the Men's Room, but I anticipated picking up on him in bed with Sophia Loren or Kim Novak with whom, it was established, he has to spend a lot of time arranging important things.

The evening concluded with *Lonely Boy*, a notorious product of the National Film Board of Canada. Paul Anka, a porcine, lonely enough boy with no talent, travels like a mendicant peddler over the continent yodeling about it—"I'm just a lonely boy, oy oy/Lonely and blue, eu eu." The girls have obviously heard better rock'n'roll, but they like Paul enough to suffer his songs.

"I worked a year to get my hair this way," Paul states intimately to the camera. He pauses, waiting for applause perhaps. The omnivorous camera eats away at his image as silent as a praying mantis. "You wouldn't believe it," Paul continues, wanly, eyeing eternity in the lense, "but I was once fat. I went out to the coast, I said, take this stuff off me, I don't care what you have to do."

"Paul will be the greatest overall star the world has ever known," Paul's manager declares, mentioning Shakespeare also: a bony bespectacled type who could have been the Dean of Discipline at a suspiciously lenient military school in Southern California, he and Paul "sit up into the wee hours" talking about greatness. They station wagon off into the morning, Anka fans at every junction guaranteed. Exhausted, Paul buries his head in the crook of his arm. The station wagon radio tunes in "Lonely Boy." It's stagy, but Paul seems to acknowledge that both he and the downy chicks who shriek his name grow older with every passing frame of film.

Crudely defined, the documentary *is* a "slice of life." A festival of them

---

Wheels

columbine in my brother's tan
fingers whirred
scarlet yellow
spurred

*

cotton candy
spun
in Janet's pink cartwheel
on her lawn

*

Willie's
running
sparkler
spoked our summer

*

a rainbow
leapt
from my musical
top

*

the lion-clipped
airedale
foolishly chased
his lion tail

*

purple agates
of the Clay Street gang
rolled terror
in our marble ring

*

above the
bare trees
wind rattled
a rosary of geese

*

snowman
torso
in the sun
burnt low

*

over
uneven
earth my father
was darkly driven

Raymond Roseliep

can be a feast if the exhibitor fits the right slices together to make a pie. The first evening had a point: three shrewd juxtapositions of top North American mammals adored in different orbits for different reasons, each rippling like concentric circles the surface of the same stagnant pool. Whirling in and out of travel stations, one wonders what Jack Kennedy, Joe Levine and Paul Anka could have said to one another if they had all collided one stormy night in the old Idlewild bar. Nothing. Yet each traveled to some part of our condition; and the first has since had the airport named after him, proving the peril of moving among us. The Gallery's subsequent program featured some bright things, but lacked this kind of organizational flair.

La Lutte was the interesting film shown the second evening. Billed as a "candid view" of professional wrestling, it was a typical Canadian entry. The Canadian Film Board has earned a justifiable pre-eminence for their documentaries, but their films tend to be defensively arty, and their sound tracks suffused with amateur sociology. *La Lutte* offers some fine shots of a clean-cut Canadian surviving the gouging gang-ups of a team called the Mad Kangaroos who are all three eventually mashed into the mat by

Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS. Fred J. Cook. Macmillan. $5.95.

A long look at the Bureau and its director which is required reading for anyone who might someday fall under its scrutiny, an audience which includes everyone in the Democracy.

BARRY GOLDWATER: EXTREMIST OF THE RIGHT. Fred J. Cook. Grove. 75c paper.

The man and his record thoroughly scrutinized.

SNCC: The New Abolitionists. Howard Zinn. Beacon. $4.95.

A profile of the most intrepid of the civil rights groups, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, its methods, personalities and objectives sympathetically observed.

THE SOUTHERN MYSTIQUE. Howard Zinn. Knopf. $4.95.

Using both historical and contemporary evidence, the author demonstrates that the "mystery" of the South is essentially man-made, and that we now have the means to shatter this enigma.

INFINITY OF MIRRORS. Richard Condon. Random House. $5.95.

A novel of Hitler's era involving a marriage between a German officer and a Jew.

THE NEW EQUALITY. Nat Hentoff. Viking. $4.50.

A study of the meaning of the Negro revolution in which the author envisions a radical reordering of society as its inevitable result.

DANGER ON THE RIGHT. Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein. Random House. $4.95.

An analysis of the attitudes, personnel and influence of the radical Right and extreme conservatives in the United States today.

CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI. Frank E. Smith. Pantheon. $5.95.

The autobiography, political and otherwise, of a man who spent twelve years as a Congressman from Mississippi, trying to make a political career without pandering to racism, and failing.

LET IN THE SUN. Woody Klein. Macmillan. $5.95.

The biography of a tenement, 311 East 100th Street, New York City. A monument to failure and despair and how it got that way.

MY FRIEND DEGAS. Daniel Halevy. Translated and edited by Mina Curtiss. Wesleyan University Press. $6.

An intimate view of the artist and his era by one of Degas' closest friends.

RUSSIA MY NATIVE LAND. Gregory P. Tschebotarioff. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

An autobiography that spans half a century from Profesor Tschebotarioff's childhood in Imperial Russia to the day in 1959 when, as an American engineer in an exchange delegation, he returned to his native land.

RHYMES OF A PFC. Lincoln Kirstein. New Directions. $3.50.

A memoir cast in ballad form of the author's experiences as an enlisted man in World War II. Mr. Kirstein served in General Patton's Third Army from the Normandy invasion to the German surrender.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM. Warren Miller. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

The setting of Mr. Miller's novel is a Harlem which has seceded from the Union and become a separate state.

MUSIC OBSERVED. B. H. Haggin. Oxford. $6.50.

A collection of reviews and critical essays that covers thirty-five years of the New York music scene. The author was *The Nation's* music critic from 1939 to 1957.

THE MOON-DOGGLE. Amitai Etzioni. Doubleday. $4.50.

This book is not the story of space capsules and astronauts, but of a policy tradition that sees excellent short-run planning wasted by a lack of long-run perspectives.

THE VERY THING THAT HAPPENS. Russell Edson. New Directions. $1.60 paper.

A first collection of prose poems and drawings by a *Nation* contributor.

O TASTE AND SEE. Denise Levertov. New Directions. $3.

New poems by the poetry editor of *The Nation*, the poet's sixth collection.

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO. Joseph Wood Krutch. William Morrow. $5.95.

Essays on the issues and phenomena from 1936 to the present, several of which first appeared in *The Nation.*

CONVERSATIONS WITH NELSON ALGREN. H. E. F. Donohue. Hill and Wang. $6.50.

Reflections on the author's life and literary experience.

DRIVE, HE SAID. Jeremy Larner. Delacorte Press. $3.95.

A novel of life in the academy, winner of the Delta Prize.

the lone champion. Irritatingly, Bach is counter-pointed on the sound track, and in case we still don't get the point, a narrator breaks in from time to time with censorious remarks about what a put-up job the whole thing is, and how it's an example of the violence of our times, blah blah, etc.

Social critics are always attacking professional wrestling, not because violence exists, but precisely because it doesn't. Fans never feel cheated, however, because they instinctively realize it takes more skill to simulate a lethal rabbit punch than to actually throw one. The flips and dives, and jumping up and down on the adversary's stomach, the bellowing announcements of pain in inverse proportion to actual punishment received —the whole ceremony is a fine combination of comic incongruity and demanding athletics. Professional wrestling is to violence what the Greek tragic mask is to the human face, a stylization, just as burlesque is a ritual of lust. The film makes this abundantly clear; the narrative comment doesn't even correspond to what is happening on the screen. The announcer kept claiming the crowd was "going mad!" Most just seemed pleased with themselves, with their skillful performers, and with Canada.

The best single item of the series, which totaled eight films altogether, was Richard Leacock's *Happy Mother's Day*, a droll snapshot of likable Iowans cashing in on a biological extravagance. Shy Andrew and Mary Ann Fischer, who already had quite a few kids, had five more all at the same time. They didn't seem to mind, but *Life* magazine and tough staff ladies from *The Ladies Home Journal* did, and the home-town folks were quick to catch on. The Chamber of Commerce managed to press into service every available drum majorette to march down Main Street in favor of fertility, parades that seemed almost medieval in their devotion to the Conception. Souvenirs were being sold, but Americans have traditionally exploited their natural resources, as much from bafflement as greed. What else do with them? Today, the trees are herded together on this continent like so many survivors of a concentration camp, and fish float, belly-up, on the sewage that used to be streams, but if quintuplets can still be born in Iowa, then Nature can still be addressed as the inexhaustibly resourceful servant of Man. Freaks are our last talismans of awe. According to Leacock's camera, Mrs. Fischer suffered the ceremonies in her "honor" (the furs and favors from local merchants), with a poker-faced grace that elevated common sense to one of the romantic virtues.

Leacock's triumph was one of tone as well as candor. Everything was shown, nothing patronized. Flaubert could not have improved on certain scenes, distillations of cupidity in which the subjects revealed themselves as efficiently as if they had been dramatists' invention. The techniques of Cinema vérité can be applied to fictions—"movies" with Lana Turner and Lassie—but Leacock seemed to speak for all the documentors in stressing that he was most concerned with the pedagogical opportunities the form provides, the chance to "show what really happens in a society." The results may continue to astonish and exhilarate. It has been speciously rumored for years that the United States is only an armed collection of Shopping Centers just pretending to be a Country; super journalists like the Maysles and Leacock reveal the Union to be an art form: not a political construction at all, but an aesthetic one which makes further symbolic elaboration on their part unnecessary —they can simply take notes. Their subject is "found" rather than "created," but the degree to which it is illumined depends on the imagination and vision they bring to the filming and the editing. Can we rupture the categories and call them "artists"? Why not; it was no less than Tolstoy who, informed that a motion picture camera had been invented, said "Thank God, now we don't have to make up any more silly stories."

THEATRE

DOCTOR FAUSTUS
CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS

Say "classic drama" to the ordinary New York theatregoer and nine times out of ten he supposes you refer to the Bard. (Some years ago on the opening night of a production of Wycherley's *The Country Wife* I heard a fashionably gowned lady, when the word "cuckold" was spoken on the stage, murmur to her companion, "I don't like these Shakespearean plays.") Even Ben Jonson is unfamiliar, and Christopher Marlowe virtually unknown.

We should therefore be grateful to the Phoenix Theatre for opening its season with *Doctor Faustus*. Those who venture to see this play will find that it not only contains elements of a "good show" (apart from the magnificent language) but that it means something!

Faustus' final cry of anguish as he is dragged to everlasting punishment is "*I'll burn the books.*" What books? "Necromantic books . . . lines, circles, letters and characters. . . . O what a world of profit and delight, of power, of honor, of omnipotence/ Is promised to the studious artisan." The doctor has been ravished by "sweet analytics" or what the 16th century called "magic" and we call science.

Marlowe's first play, *Tamburlaine*, told the epic tale of a man who sought to dominate the world by military conquest. He wins all the battles but is defeated by life: his victories are accompanied by personal disaster. Faustus' pride is entirely intellectual. Finding physiology, theology and other branches of philosophy inadequate to his will to power and craving for pleasure, he is bent on breaking through the limits of human (and humane) knowledge. This, he realizes, can be accomplished only by a pact with the Devil.

His every wish is granted. He is made superior to potentate and pope. He is vouchsafed intercourse with the lady whose face "launched a thousand ships." But he is damned. His skills have exceeded the boundaries proper to man.

What makes the play particularly poignant is that Marlowe is on Faustus' side, as he was on Tamburlaine's. The erudite Marlowe was reputed to have been an atheist, and in other respects as well, defiantly exceptional. He knew that a bitter price must be paid for excess, and that man can be no more than man.

Hearing the outcry, "I'll burn the books!," I recalled Galileo's last speech in Brecht's play ". . . your new machine may simply suggest new drudgeries. . . . The gulf [between progress and the bulk of humanity] may even grow so wide that the sound of your cheering at some new achievement would be echoed by a universal horror."

Writing for the groundlings as much as for the elite, Marlowe introduces low comedy which parodies his main theme. There is not only a vein of acid mockery in the play (most pointedly in the masquerade at the Holy See) but many tricks of showmanship. Word Baker has made much hay of this. His direction leads me to suspect that he has forgotten that *Doctor Faustus* is a "tragical historie," not a music-hall pageant.

That, however, may be unfair. While it is evident that Mr. Baker has a flair for cockeyed comedy (even whimsy) and a sharp sense of scenic contrivance, it is also clear that no actor of sufficient stature and scope for the central role was available to him. Because of this alone the emphasis of the production must fall where it does—on the fun and games. It is visually the most ambitious and striking production that the Phoenix has ever undertaken.

The company does not speak well: that is, euphoniously or with the needed authority, but, thanks to care and intelligence, the dialogue is clear. We hear every word, and in the case of James Ray (as Mephistopheles), Tobi Weinberg (as the Evil Spirit) and David Margulies (as the Pope) effortlessly. The nays, you see, have it all their way.

Those of us who are preoccupied with the theatre may soon surmise that Cambridge University (where Marlowe studied) has been converted into a dramatic school. I knew Michael Redgrave and his actor son were Cambridge men; now, I learn that not only David Frost of *That Was The Week That Was* (both in London and New York) but the quartet of *Beyond the Fringe*, and today the male sextet of *Cambridge Circus* (Plymouth) who have happily added a girl to their number, are also graduates from that seat of learning.

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These "Circus" fellows are talented —perhaps even more versatile as individual players than the excellent cast of *Beyond the Fringe*. Their ebullient energy makes the twenty-five numbers which constitute this latest revue from England flash by with lightning speed and exhilarating effect. When the show was over I was eager for more.

Less socially minded than *The Committee* or *Beyond the Fringe*, *Cambridge Circus* is more zany than either. The show is not without shrewd observation and comment, but these are so thoroughly absorbed in the sheer exuberance of clowning for its own sake that all sense of content may be overlooked without giving anyone cause for complaint. I laughed like a fool.

For the record, I note that one number reproduces the Beatles, another is a newscast of Biblical events; there are some deliberately imbecile songs, followed by such things as a poker-faced lecture demonstration relating to the fundamentals of burlesque stage "business" and a new version of Mark Antony's funeral oration from *Julius Caesar*. But in my view, the masterpiece of the evening is a madcap trial called "Judge Not"—in every respect brilliantly done. It is difficult to single out the best of the people who have written and performed *Cambridge Circus;* they are all to be embraced.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ART

BONNARD: EXPRESSIONIST OF PLEASURE

Despite the boundless affection engendered by the art of Bonnard, and despite the shivers of pleasure it has given countless spectators, no one has ever quite had the nerve to place him among the greatest artists of the 20th century. It is as if a naked sensuous joy had in the end to be discounted as vessel for proper genius—or as if hedonism alone could not justify a world view of the kind demanded by our definition of greatness. But Bonnard's relation to individual sensations was, I believe, as artistically charged as Cézanne's with composition, or Picasso's with metamorphosis. That enduring oddness and heightening of traditional themes beyond recognition, which we see in those masters, occurs in Bonnard also. In the end, he must be accounted something rare, I think: an expressionist of pleasure.

Far less often than they comment on the smiling surface of bourgeois households in Bonnard's art, have people remarked on the nervousness and emotion he injects into every form. In fact, the more intimately familiar and domesticated his subject, the more high-strung and otherworldly is his depiction of it: an ironic counterpoint that reflects back to his origin in Symbolist aesthetics just as it points forward to postwar abstraction. He appears to empathize exclusively with the transmission of pleasureable perceptions from eye through hand to canvas and back again, wanting in the process to *discover* rather than to *give* gratification, as did the more social Renoir. Then, unlike orthodox expressionism, where intense feeling is theoretically "wreaked" upon the specific image by vehement strokes, Bonnard invests feeling directly into and for the sake of those strokes—each one (and there are innumerable species) an effigy of seduction. Over these minute icons the artist pauses, caressing but more often irritating their preciousness, so that he seems to burrow up beneath colored objects and separate their outer molecules. And this, in turn, releases that luminous and chromatic effulgence, so destructive of surface and frame, which Bonnard will feed back to the canvas in order, somehow, to increase the level of radiance.

One might spend considerable time at the Bonnard Exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art this month (it will be seen also in Chicago and Los Angeles), being enchanted and possibly a little unnerved by this relentless circuit of energy that flickers out and regenerates itself. To stand at any length before these pictures is to be plugged into their pictorial current, at great expense to one's individual will power and ability to digest even a fraction of their teeming visual incidents. Challenged to start at any definite point, one might begin to detect, say in "View from the Studio, Le Cannet" (1945), shreds and patches of porous color—blond pinks sieved by lavender blues, surrounding greens freckled by spots of orange—which only gradually reconstitute themselves into delicate lineaments of furrowed fields, truck gardens, trees and maroon groves, at a moment of burnt gold sunset. The substance of these images is open-stitched and knit at apparently careless angles, so that they boggle, molest, and yet dissolve into one another. And over all, there emerges an unheard-of miscegenation of touches—resembling peach bruises and handkerchief dabs—that characterizes the florescent, watery spectacle as some slightly polarized or overexposed color film. Further still, this diaphanous emulsion, prickling incessantly with tiny shocks, appears to uproot nature, as if the follicles of all plant life had suddenly weakened, and sent high up the picture plane the heavier foliage which only here and there dangles into the weightless, tilted foreground.

Although I doubt very much that Bonnard saw it this way, his work is one of the century's greatest defiances of the restrictions of inert paint in the way it simulates optical light and intangible space. The fact that one is forced to talk of his picture tissues as overlapping breathings or palpitations underlines the metaphorical agency operating in his art. His brush is incapable of touching the canvas without seeming to expand pigment gaseously. As distinct from the Neo-Impressionist switchboard, in which extraordinarily intimate and small-scaled screen passages of colored dots confused the brain into thinking that they were in a virtually fluent and transient connection with one another, Bonnard's method is to infuse light from *behind* his cellular façades, which have become correspondingly transparent for that very purpose. But his constant fluctuations of density, and the way he flies from minimal to heavy saturations, keep alive a color strength that would have been systematically degraded had the white canvas ground shone through evenly. Despite the general up-ending of all perspective which flattens out objects on the two-dimensional surface, Bonnard's paint units are not only shapeless and unspecific, they refuse to adhere to, or position, anything in space. In addition, for all that one strongly feels his initial observation of subject, Bonnard's palette (generally less arbitrary than Matisse's), only surreptitiously and rarely echoes local or reflected colors. Objects are never as substantial, nor atmosphere as insubstantial, as our expectations of stability require, with the result that the majority of his canvases seem to deliquesce in a totally invented matrix, midway between a palpable, light-filled, but *represented* world, and a schematic, thin-bodied abstraction. (That, incidentally, is one reason why his work is ultra-sensitive to changes of light conditions, as well as to the varying distances from which it is seen.)

We are dealing, whatever the period of his long career (c. 1890-1947), with a perverse, contrary artist, ceaselessly improvising and capricious. What happens along the edge of his pictures, for example, has always been thought to be a legacy of Impressionist cropping, suggesting the candidness and spontaneity of a vision whose frame caught people and events partly in and out of the picture field. But Bonnard deliberately tucks away color incidents, and obscurely camouflages personages (usually his furtive wife) in the margins, so as to diffuse focus, and force a widespread reading of the surface. (Frequently, his central images will sink away for this reason, retaining their importance only in placement.) On the contrary, when he does refer to images beyond the perimeter, Bonnard shows mirrors whose reflections of the outer world are precipitated just sharply enough to discredit his ordinarily rather fluffy reality.

Of a piece with this whole line of thinking—and it is perhaps his most exquisite artifice as well—is Bonnard's fascination with the deterioration of color. Only Monet before him had been as concerned with the expressive potentialities of dissolution, but as a symptom specifically of diminished or oblique light. For Bonnard, the whole overripe universe is in the process of fading and decay: a condition whose very transcience elicits that spectrum of indescribable half lights and chromatic semiquavers which becomes the enduring ingredient of his art.

Or, more accurately, provides its base, for the more typical activity in Bonnard is involved with accenting and spotting of bright or dark over a tenuous fabric. It is not particularly surprising that a nude in a bathtub or boudoir changes color chameleon-like, because the picture organism itself acts not as a ground which receives settled deposits of hue, but behaves as if it were a phenomenally sensitive litmus. But Bonnard compresses wildly different colors into areas that have no value distinction, thus giving them an outrageous mutuality; or else he will shock by value jumps of such unexpected pungence that the viewing experience is pleasurably disoriented. Doubtless Bonnard had as prodigious a decorative talent as Braque and Matisse, but he constantly inverted and frustrated it. Thus, in the "Nude Before a Mirror" (from Venice), instead of giving a sharp contrast to the central figure, he hides it at different points by placing the same pink grays and yellow olives on both sides of a contour. If the English critic Patrick Heron pointed out years ago that it is impossible to take in one form in these pictures without perceiving the adjacent others—until, finally, an "all over" reading emerges; one can now see Bonnard's color rhythms as sprung.

In the "Terrace at Vernon," an enormous lilac-crimson tree trunk in the front plane fights with a contiguous vermilion orange of a woman's dress in mid-ground, giving off the most eccentric tension of cool and warm, in which their usual positions as well as weights are reversed. Generally speaking, though, Bonnard's canvases, despite the aerated, thermal impression they give, hover by the most elaborately subtle balances between cool and warm, so that their environments are teases of advance and recession. And this is not to mention the flux of induced color reflexes he gets in intervals by setting an orange sugar bowl against both a scathing white ground and its own sharp blue shadow; or a lemon yellow (shadow!) that runs under bowls on an off-white and cerise striped tablecloth in the Bragaline collection, "Still Life at an Open Window."

What is known of Bonnard's working methods nicely confirms this calculated and bizarre density of his pictorial effects. One glimpses him in hotel rooms orchestrating on canvases which have been tacked up against the most baroque floral wallpaper; or dabbing perfunctorily, then going out for a walk, returning for a few more touches, recessing again, coming back, adding further considerations, etc. Or finally, when his pictures were in museums or collections, covertly taking out his little color box for foxy afterthoughts. Before the overpowering bouquet he was creating, Bonnard oscillated widely between alertness and fatigue but, lingering always with his work in thought and presence, he drew

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on a delectation that was reluctant to end. This suggests a way his paintings might be seen. If one savors them—especially the more aromatic, excruciating ones—at first restlessly, they can then be penetrated, after their saturated environments become more familiar, for their limitless exotic nuances. The slower this acclimatization, the more rewarding. There is no hurry.

Perhaps the artist would have found this response appropriate. He was devoted to perception, to direct vision, but could deal with sensation in his art, as he once implied, only by means of recall. Like most of his generation in forging a conceptual imagery out of his perceptions, Bonnard's approach was yet not so much of sense leading to idea, as of sense itself "ideated." Still he could do this only by holding in suspense the physical resolution of each canvas, just as he had to impart a unique pulsing life to each touch within that canvas. That neither of these aims was predictable lends to his works not merely their hesitations and their faults, but their priceless air of nervous discovery. It is a state of being which the exhibition (selected beautifully by James Elliott, and accompanied by the best picture book on Bonnard to date) charts with admirable care. With their psychological overtones and concealed ironies, these skittish, voluptuous paintings are among the supreme work of our era.

MAX KOZLOFF

Space Crescent III

(Continued from page 277)

in Holland had it been discovered that tulips grow on the moon.

Senator Morse was not heard from regarding the tests, but Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield did greet the NASA team with the observation that he was glad *somebody* had found a use for the lava.

Local politics in the space crescent have been changed little by the program. The mayor and city councilmen and county commissioners are still in their dingy chambers, fielding complaints about clogged sewers and roads gone to pot. But these local leaders, most of them native sons of the area, have successfully guided their communities through what could have been a shattering series of changes. No one did it more smoothly than R. B. (Speck) Searcy, Mayor of Huntsville.

Speck Searcy, first elected Mayor in 1952, has been the chief architect of what may well be the most extensive and successful municipal improvement ever undertaken by a city the size of Huntsville. He saw to it that the community did what was required to avoid crumbling in a chaotic heap under the pressure of the space-age drama being enacted on its doorstep.

For the most part, newcomers to the crescent do not bother participating in local politics. "They're all rushing somewhere, and they're not taking an interest," said Robert P. Schwenn, 30-year-old candidate for a Madison County (Huntsville) judgeship. Voter registrations are up—in Madison County, from 24,000 in 1962 to 38,000 today—and in some areas this has resulted in a weakening of the previously tight Democratic control. Ten years ago, there was only a sprinkling of Republicans in Florida's Brevard County; there is now one Republican for every three Democrats.

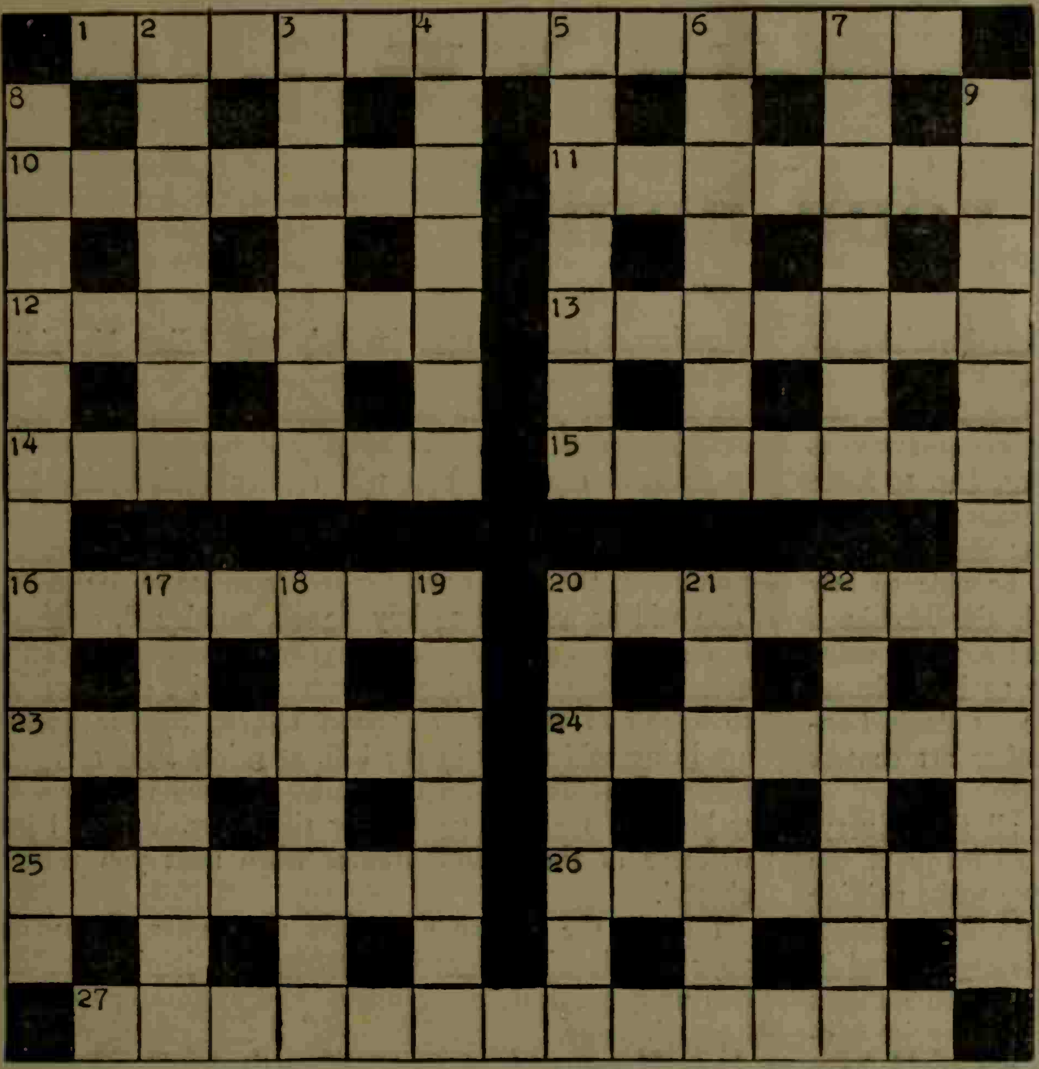
Mrs. Debbie Garst, society editor of the *Tribune*, in Cocoa, Fla., has found that many of the workers sent to the crescent from the Midwest and elsewhere continue to vote Republican if that is how they voted back home. The fact is, of course, that many men whose minds are freighted with abstruse technology are likely to have little patience with politics. Thus the Cleveland engineer, who is a Republican, poses little threat to the Democratic Party in most of the crescent if only because he will probably not take the time to vote. Or he will cast an absentee ballot back home.

"We haven't come in here and said, 'Okay, you cotton pickers, we're taking over,' " a spokesman at the Marshall Space Flight Center pointed out. "Some of our people are on school boards, some serve as councilmen and some even play in community orchestras, but they don't run the cities and counties."

NASA isn't really concerned about the feast of power and prestige it has spread out for politicians. It knows only that it has a job to do and that certain things are needed with which to do it. Moon Day is drawing near, and when a man—our man—actually opens the capsule hatch and steps out on that desert 238,857 mean miles from Cape Kennedy, the agency feels that the end will more than justify the sometimes dubious means.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1077

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They don't write about witches—their subjects are much better. (13)
10 Ruler placed over the ears of the operator. (7)
11 What does it take to start "The Return of the Native"? Oh, a paragraph or two! (7)
12 A little bit depressed, and extremely unpleasant. (7)
13 The lightest of all metals. (7)
14 Does it imply they wish to continue the line, even though the ruler isn't available. (7)
15 Does one have charge of the dungeon, but not if it's dank? (3, 4)
16 But the military authorities should not be! (7)
20 Watery? (7)
23 Hornets, when disturbed, find a place for the queens, possibly. (7)
24 Experience where caution should appear, if the top is green. (7)
25 People one expects don't do it? (7)
26 Is the end of a fabled country one in the file? (7)
27 Knowing where to look for the rank of the contenders? (13)

DOWN:

2 Diminishing what bulls used to get, by the sound of it. (7)
3 Extract most of the affront when it gets in. (7)
4 Acquire a manner? The prisoner might hope to make his! (7)
5 Profited by a sort of threat, by the sound of it. (7)
6 Well, it might come between physician and self, as they say! (7)
7 Have 27, to make a profit. (7)
8 Drawn by one who doesn't want splashy effects? (6, 7)
9 Ordinary groups of fish for those who eventually hope to acquire class. (6, 7)
17 Nothing in automobile metal should come from many plants. (7)
18 There's an opening on a poor French street, with a certain amount of risk involved in it. (7)
19 Its lens shows what the audience does. (7)
20 Where the 20 across, as a type, should be on view. (7)
21 The corresponding period might be uncertain if the letter is not taken out by the opposite sex. (7)
22 Sort of rare metal around the natural features of the land. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1076

ACROSS: 1 Left face; 5 Putter; 11 Impress; 12 Extol; 13 Afterward; 14 Elemi; 16 Eventide; 19 Bessemer; 22 and 25 Earth-bound; 24 Notebooks; 26 Italy; 28 Profuse; 29 Begonia; 30 Steady; 31 Betrayal. DOWN: 1 Lathered; 2 Fleet; 3 Frailties; 4 Cremate; 6 Upper; 8 Reside; 9 Little; 15 Electrode; 17, 10, 7 and 18 The bigger they are, the harder they fall; 20 Moored; 21 Risible; 23 Snipes; 27 Annoy.

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Herbert L. Packer

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SPAIN in FICTION: **Paul West**

Leonard Woolf's Autobiography
Christopher Sykes

LETTERS

POWs

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Joel Lieber ("In Arab Hands," *The Nation*, Oct. 19) might well have attempted credibility. We are told that the Red Cross, World Health Organization and eminent foreign psychiatric experts were unable to conduct an investigation into Arab treatment of Israeli prisoners because of "political considerations." I think Mr. Lieber's charge is most serious and deserves much more attention than the short shrift he gives it. How, in fact, is this any more or less "political" than the Red Cross's investigation into prison conditions in Egypt or the POW's conditions in French-controlled Algeria? Also we are led to believe that, because the English psychiatric expert found his schedule too tight, his government had necessarily put pressure upon him.

The stated outburst of Liebes on the bridge could have been prompted purely to have the United Nations observers bring more pressure on the Syrians for release of all Israelis. This is not, as even the most unsophisticated reader will discern, prima-facie evidence that they were treated as Liebes exclaimed. . . .

The authentication of such charges is made imperative by their seriousness, and by the fact that Mr. Lieber has a prehoned ax to grind. Mr. Lieber falls woefully short of this burden of authentication. *Dean Jabara*

No cause for madness

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Why should it be necessary for good journalists to include so often phrases which are absurd and hence undermine the reliability of their reports? Example: Joel Lieber relates that "one of the men went mad from an untreated rupture which over a nine-year period developed to the size of a watermelon!" There is no reason to doubt the rupture nor its proportions, but . . . to a physician a causal relation between rupture and insanity would be extremely far-fetched. . . . *Albert Kaplan, M.D.*

Further reading

Waltham, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I have shared George P. Elliott's view on the "study" of "primitive"— and non-primitive — men for a long time ("Men With Their Faces On," *The Nation*, Oct. 5). I believe that only through *vital participation* in the lives of those we would understand can we even begin to know anything significant about them.

To Mr. Elliott and anyone else interested in this humanistic approach to the study of man, may I recommend the following books: David Lindsay Watson, *The Study of Human Nature;* Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sánchez* and *Pedro Martínez;* Colin Turnbull, *The Forest People;* Paul Radin, *Primitive Man as Philosopher* and *The World of Primitive Man;* and the most moving and poignant of them all, Vincenzo Petrullo's "The Yaruros of the Capanaparo River, Venezuela" (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Anthropological Paper No. 11; 1939).

Alexander Liazos
Brandeis University

SNCC in San Francisco

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Although the Mississippi Summer Project was notably successful—it taught 2,200 children in Freedom Schools, registered over 50,000 on Freedom registration forms and reached many thousands more in the community centers—SNCC's work in the South has obviously only begun. Activities inaugurated by the Summer Project are being continued throughout the winter. . . .

It is with this continuation and expansion in mind that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Bay Area Friends of SNCC are sponsoring a two-day conference beginning Nov. 14 in San Francisco. Bob Moses, SNCC field secretary and director of the Mississippi Summer Project, will be the featured speaker. . . . Workshops and symposiums will focus on future Southern volunteers, the organization of new Friends of SNCC Northern support groups, and the Southern freedom movement in historical perspective.

Registration is $3 ($2 for students). Saturday and Sunday lunches can be had for $1.50 and Saturday dinner for another $1.50. Housing will be provided for those from out of town. Please send checks for registration and meals to: SNCC Conference, 584 Page St., San Francisco, Calif.

Bay Area Friends of SNCC

Rexroth—right and wrong

Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I am glad Ruth Scheingold (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) corrected Kenneth Rexroth's distortions about the August conference on The Negro Writer in the U.S. ("Panelizing Dissent," Sept. 7). . . . I found it an extraordinarily stimulating meeting and a unique one. Rexroth was right to recall the thirties, for one of the most interesting features of this literary occasion was the felt need at almost every point to see and discuss the social and political context (i.e., civil rights and the Negro revolution) of the remarkable burst of Negro creativity at this time; he was wrong to adopt a tone at once hip and jaded. . . .

Jules Chametzky, Editor
The Massachusetts Review

THE
NATION
Monday November 2, 1964
Volume 199, No. 13

In this issue

EDITORIALS

289

ARTICLES

291 The Kremlin Votes No Confidence
Alexander Werth

294 The New Russo-Chinese Equation
Frederick Kuh

295 The Warren Report: A Measure of the Achievement
Herbert L. Packer

299 America's "Dirty" War
Chandler Davidson

303 The Outcast of Lebanon
Robert G. Hummerstone

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

306 Blind Man's Bluff
David Cort

307 Spain Between the Lines
Paul West

310 The Fine Art of Self-Appraisal
Christopher Sykes

310 Portrait (poem)
A. R. Ammons

312 Theatre
R. J. Schroeder

312 Art
Max Kozloff

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 316)
Frank W. Lewis

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EDITORIALS

Number Five

The British economist Joan Robinson, writing in *New Scientist* (June 18), forecast a bright future for Red China, but on two conditions: that it should not be involved in war, and that the government should not feel obliged to enter the nuclear arms race, "which would wreck the economy and undermine political stability by keeping the people's belts pulled too tight for too long." That is quite different from President Johnson's lamentations for the Chinese people: they have no reason to believe that his heart bleeds for them, while Miss Robinson is an avowed sympathizer. The conclusions jibe, nevertheless: the government has chosen plutonium instead of rice. If famine comes to China, or the marginal living standards of the masses continue, it will be partly because of that choice.

This nuclear event does not mean that China is really trying to compete in atomic arms with the United States; the U. S. Seventh Fleet alone has greater nuclear fire power than China can hope to achieve for a long time. However, less grandiose ambitions can be envisioned. The prospect of a Chinese nuclear force certainly does not bring Chiang Kai-shek's dreams of returning to the mainland any closer to reality. Chiang's pilots, trained in the United States and flying U-2s, have been carrying on reconnaissance over China for years; they obtained the intelligence data on which Secretary Rusk's forecast of the Chinese nuclear explosion was based. The Chinese occasionally bring down a U-2 with conventional explosives; small nuclear warheads might make these spy flights prohibitively costly. The fallout would not be great and to the Chinese it might be worth the damage.

The device the Chinese exploded also has its evident political uses. President Johnson denounced the Chinese for polluting the atmosphere—after the U.S. and the USSR had been systematically polluting it for the better part of two decades and were satiated. Nevertheless, he went on the air and exhorted the Chinese to sign the test-ban treaty. Whether it is de Gaulle or Mao, there is no better way for a statesman to attract attention than to set off a nuclear device.

American prognosticators have consistently underestimated the ability of unfriendly powers to develop nuclear potential. The USSR came along much faster with both fission and thermonuclear devices than we expected; and in the second case they actually beat us to a deliverable bomb. John A. Berberet, a General Electric Company physicist who is an authority on Chinese science and technology, believes that with an all-out effort the Chinese might put together forty or fifty low-yield bombs in three years. Such an arsenal would not pose a threat to the North American continent, but in the event of a war on the Asian mainland it would be sufficient, certainly, to deter the United States from resorting to tactical nuclear weapons.

Everyone deplores the Chinese bomb, but it is a fact. After the election, it might even have a salutary political effect in the United States. The situation changes, but the hallowed myth of Chinese ineligibility for equal treatment is invincible—so far. The next President might, however, give some consideration to the idea that the best way to pacify the Chinese would be to work out an Asian *détente* which would necessarily include them and us. He may also reflect that if the Chinese are worthy to sign the test-ban treaty, they are no less worthy of membership in the United Nations.

Khrushchev the Terrible

After a decade of world notoriety, during which he became a household word to most Americans and some even learned to spell his name, Nikita Khrushchev has been removed from power in the typical Russian fashion—with a shove and a curse. The event was in ironical contrast to the orderly changeover in Great Britain. As Churchill once said, democracy looks like a bad system until one compares it with autocracy.

The political demise of Khrushchev should dispel some illusions in the West. Many who live under the blessings of democracy still think of the Soviet Union as a *personal* dictatorship. It was something close to that under Stalin, but the situation now is different. The Presidium of the Central Committee does the dictating. It may have to take account of the Red Army and other factors, but it can remove even the First Secretary of the Communist Party.

Another possible benefit is that we should not be too hasty in joining the chorus of vilification which is raised automatically in the West against emergent Soviet politicians. The West maintains this din until the Soviet leaders themselves take it up against whoever was first among his peers, but is so no longer. Then, and not until then, the journalists and politicians of the West have qualms. When Khrushchev fell, the New York stock market fell with him, as if a great and good man had been toppled from power. President Johnson spoke of him almost as a friend: ". . . he learned from mistakes and he was not blind to realities. In the last two years his government had shown itself aware of the need for sanity in this nuclear age. . . . In these actions he demonstrated good sense and sober judgment." Former President Eisenhower announced that he was "not one of those who feel too good" about Khrushchev's dismissal. He added nostalgically: "You know, he had streaks of frankness with me. He told me things and I asked the Central Intelligence Committee to check on them and they turned out to be correct."

While the ritualistic blackening of the former demigod's character and performance proceeds in Moscow, the Communist parties of Europe, whose leaders are free to open their mouths, make no secret of their uneasiness at Khrushchev's abrupt firing. There must be similar uneasiness among the people of the Soviet Union. If one day you hear nothing but good about a man, on such a fulsome scale that it is incredible on its face, and the next day you hear nothing but evil, it must set you to thinking. The bum has been thrown out—can it be that other bums have succeeded him?

In the period since 1953, the Soviets have taken some impressive steps toward civilized political behavior. They should continue in that direction once the present orgy is over. Why can't they steal a page from the book of the democracies and put a term on the tenure of their head of state? Our own four-year term is about right. If the incumbent proves to be a bad choice, four years go by pretty fast, and out he goes; if he proves to be satisfactory, he is given another crack at it. The Russians will never acquire a fully developed national pride, coupled with a feeling of governmental stability, until they learn to make their transitions in leadership in a civilized fashion.

The Warren Commission

At the time the Warren Commission was appointed, *The Nation* took the position that it would stoutly resist the temptation to enter the ranks of the rapidly expanding army of amateur "private eyes" and miscellaneous free-lance James Bonds who were even then busy as beavers mass-producing conspiracies among unnamed "oil millionaires" and offering each day a new theory of President Kennedy's assassination. We said then (December 28, 1963) that we would not add to the confusion and uncertainty—unless of course we were able to present some new and verifiable facts—nor would we draw any conclusions until an official version of the facts was available. At the same time, we urged that public concern should not abate merely because the Warren Commission had been appointed, and advised that its work be kept under close scrutiny. We also said that we would make an independent assessment of the commission's report when it was issued (see article by Herbert L. Packer, p. 295).

We have had no occasion to regret these decisions. On January 27, we ran an article by Harold Feldman, raising certain questions about the FBI's interest in Oswald. In the same issue we devoted a second editorial to the Warren Commission, expressing our confidence in the staff and the commission and insisting, as we had done previously, that the Chief Justice's integrity in the matter was not to be questioned. At the same time we pointed out that the questions raised about the role of the FBI were addressed to the commission and called for specific findings. The commission did not accept at face value assurances that Oswald had never been an informer for the FBI or any kind of agent for the CIA; it checked the personnel records of both agencies to verify these assurances. This is precisely the kind of specific finding that was needed and the only kind that would be acceptable to a deeply concerned world public.

More recently (September 14), and in anticipation of publication of the commission's report, we ran an article by Maurice Rosenberg of the Columbia Law School which dealt with an aspect of the commission's work that would not be affected by the report itself.

In our view, then, the commission did its work well; the report is an admirable document, and the Chief Justice, his associates and the staff merit the praise they have received. The report should terminate the wilder speculations and more irresponsible rumormongering, but it will not do so. We have had occasion to experience, with more sadness than surprise, the depth and pervasiveness of the will to believe (notably among Left-of-Center groups) that the President's assassination was the result of a sinister conspiracy—the names of the conspirators to be filled in as need, fancy and bias dictate. Of course there are weaknesses and uncertainties in the report, and it may well be that facts still to be uncovered will throw fresh light on this or that aspect of the Dallas tragedy. But on the essential points, we share Mr. Packer's conclusions. On some of the larger implications—the background factors—we have reread with satisfaction Reece McGee's "The Roots of the Agony" (December 21, 1963) and Richard Condon's reflections on a kindred theme (December 28, 1963).

The Jenkins Case

The arrest and resignation of Walter Jenkins, the President's trusted aid, has provoked what is in most respects a remarkably sensible and encouraging reaction. The President and Mrs. Johnson have been widely praised, as they deserve to be, for the decency and compassion they have shown. With the exception of Messrs. Miller and Nixon, whose behavior has been predictably ghoulish, the politicians have exhibited a rare restraint.

Also, there runs through the editorial comment a new realization that the disposition to lynch those accused of deviant behavior is a relic of barbarism and should be put aside. Even J. Edgar Hoover is reported to have joined the many who have sent messages of sympathy and understanding to Mr. Jenkins. If it is true that Mr. Hoover sent flowers and a warm message, it does him credit. In general the public seems to have been appalled by the tragic implications for Jenkins, and for his wife and children. Up to this point the reaction has been much better than might have been expected and reflects a new insight and maturity. But instinctive sympathy is one thing, clear logic another. In one respect, the reaction to the Jenkins case has been extremely illogical.

Word is out, for example, that "new, tough" security checks will now be instituted; there is to be a general "tightening up" of security. But a moment's reflection will suggest that that is not a logical response to the instructive facts of the Jenkins case. Ponder the facts: For a quarter of a century, in every conceivable kind of trying circumstance, Jenkins was the trusted aid of a notably hardheaded and realistic politician. What better proof could the President have had than this experience of the reliability of Walter Jenkins? By what talisman, by what credentials and certificates, by how many bits and scraps of paper with writing on them could one acquire better evidence of a man's general reliability, his character, his integrity, than twenty-five years of close association? And the FBI report sustains the President's confidence in Jenkins. There is always an element of unpredictability about human nature, but the record of a man, known and observed over a long span of years, should be the best possible guide to his real character. Yet we would now "tighten up," instead of re-examining the categories and procedures and assumptions of the security system.

One of these assumptions really cries for critical examination. It is that homosexuality creates per se special security hazards. The assumption rests, in about equal measure, on popular bias, unexamined and unevaluated empirical evidence and "common sense." The empirical evidence, drawn from the testimony of agency heads and the experience of certain departments of government, is that a known homosexual promptly becomes a marked target for "the enemy" and is peculiarly subject to blackmail. It is also suggested that there is an element of "emotional instability" about such persons that is itself a factor to be considered. "Common sense" suggests that practicing homosexuals are eternal "outsiders" in the society in which they live, with fewer ties of the kind that are supposed to make for stability and reliability. But the fact is, as the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry pointed out in a report issued in January, 1955, there has been no scientific study of the empirical evidence. It may provide a sound basis for concern; or it may not.

The American Mental Health Foundation, in a statement on the Jenkins case, has pointed out that "the private life and inclinations of a citizen, government employee or not, do not necessarily have any bearing on his capacities, usefulness and sense of responsibility in his occupation. The fact that an individual is homosexual, as has been strongly implied in the case of Mr. Jenkins, does not per se make him more unstable and more a security risk than any heterosexual person." Empirical evidence can be cited in support of this statement, too; witness espionage cases in which blondes, redheads and brunettes have served as successful decoys, or in which plain avarice has been the prime motivation. Logic suggests that the whole question should be scientifically investigated; it does not suggest that we should "tighten up" security regulations.

Everyman's Hero

Johnny Keane, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals in their World Series conquest of the Yankees, and now the new manager of the Yankees themselves, is hereby nominated for *Time's* "man of the year." A wave of praise, eloquent and unreserved, swept through the sports pages when it was learned that Keane, after the Cardinals had won the series, had handed owner August A. Busch, Jr., a letter of resignation, typed by Keane's wife Lela and dated September 28—before the series opened. The letter was presented to Mr. Busch even before he could offer Keane, as he did, a renewal of his contract with a raise in pay.

Earlier, the Cardinals' owner had failed on numerous occasions to deny rumors, rife before the Cardinals began their dramatic race for the pennant in the final weeks, that Keane, who had served the club loyally for twenty-nine years, would be fired at the season's end. Of the letter, Keane said simply: "It was an accumulation of little things. My wife leaves these things to me, but we talked this over and decided that for our feelings it was necessary."

To tell off the boss, particularly a rich and pampered boss, is still every working American's fondest dream. It is no great thing, however, to tell off the boss in a crude and plangent manner. But to tell him off elegantly, with style and grace, is a real art, and nothing will ever become Mr. Keane and his wife more than the skill and good taste with which they bade Mr. Busch adieu. There were no recriminations; there was no abuse. On the contrary, there were kind words for an owner who did not deserve them and, even at the final parting scene, evidence of loyalty and good will. Even if *Time* should pass him by, Mr. Keane will be remembered as man of the hour if not of the year.

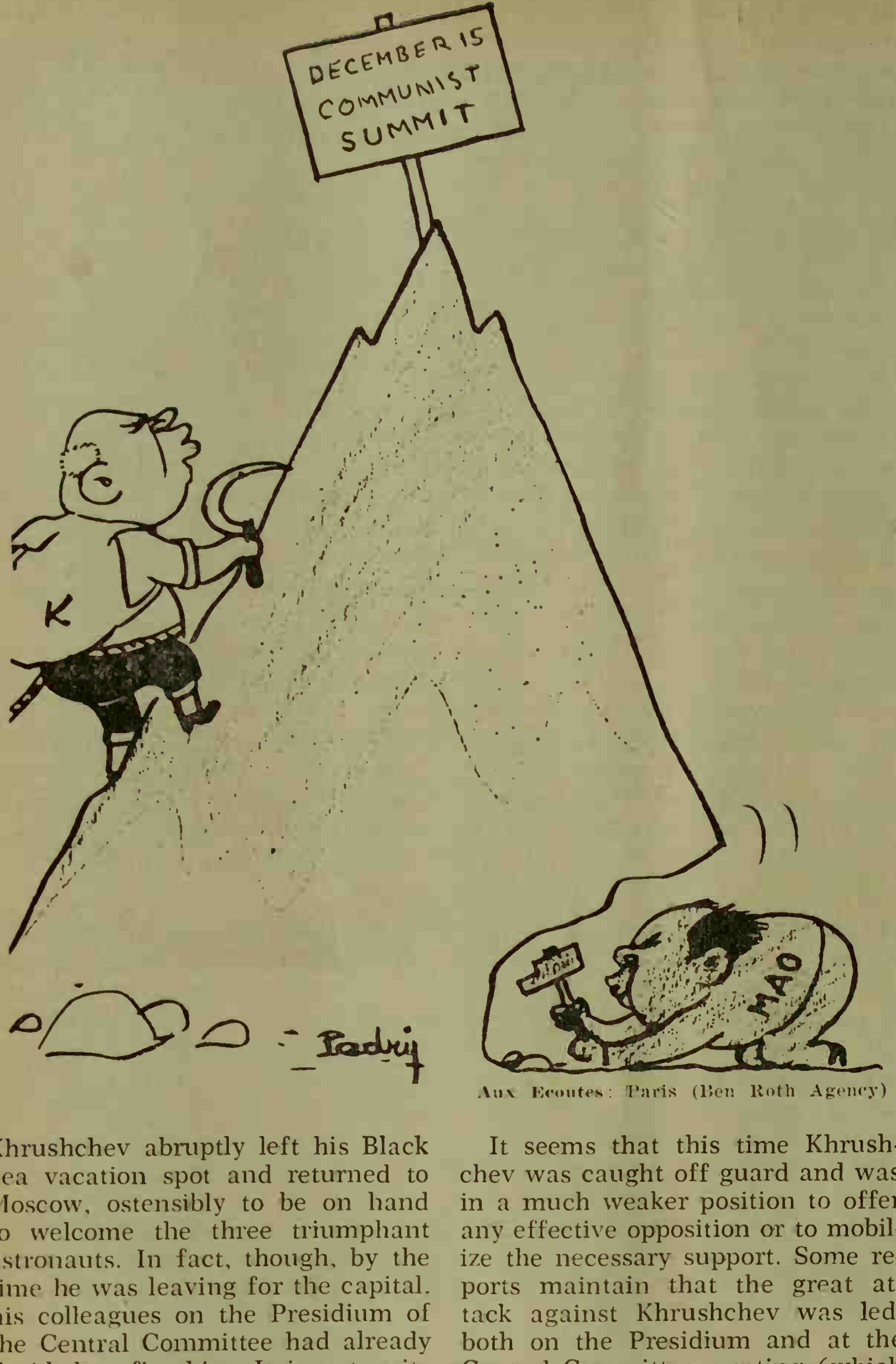
The Kremlin Votes No Confidence

Alexander Werth

Paris

In "Russia in 1964" (*The Nation,* Oct. 5), reporting on my summer visit to the USSR, I indicated that Khrushchev's stock had fallen low in his own country. This was particularly true among the industrial workers, who blamed him for shortages, the high cost of living and the mess in agriculture. And beyond these domestic difficulties, Khrushchev had got himself in a complete jam over China. I quoted a Russian newspaper man saying, as he looked dismally at two pages of *Pravda* filled with Khrushchev's jovial speeches in the Virgin Lands about fertilizers and tractors and whether this kind of wheat was better than that kind of wheat: "Good God, the guy is whistling in the dark. Why pretend he is interested in all this rubbish when he knows he may soon have to face the biggest crisis of his life?"

Well, the crisis came with spectacular suddenness, and it will probably be some time before we know the exact sequence of events and the full details of what happened. But a few facts stand out clearly. On Tuesday, October 13, two days before his ouster became known,



Aux Ecoutes: Paris (Ben Roth Agency)

Khrushchev abruptly left his Black Sea vacation spot and returned to Moscow, ostensibly to be on hand to welcome the three triumphant astronauts. In fact, though, by the time he was leaving for the capital, his colleagues on the Presidium of the Central Committee had already decided to fire him. It is not quite clear that he even took part in any discussion on the Presidium; the acceptance of his "resignation" on account of "old age and deteriorating health" may simply have been presented to him when he arrived in Moscow. It may be recalled that in 1957 Khrushchev was ousted by the Presidium of the Central Committee, but then insisted that a plenary session of the entire Central Committee be called to O.K. this dismissal. That meeting ended in a complete triumph for Khrushchev and in the ousting, instead, of what came to be known as the "anti-party group," including Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and Shepilov.

It seems that this time Khrushchev was caught off guard and was in a much weaker position to offer any effective opposition or to mobilize the necessary support. Some reports maintain that the great attack against Khrushchev was led, both on the Presidium and at the Central Committee meeting (which endorsed the acceptance of his resignation), by Michael Suslov, and that at the latter meeting Khrushchev eloquently and passionately defended his policy, but was fired all the same. This seems to me pure guesswork, and some of the best Western correspondents in Moscow, such as Bernard Féron and Michel Tatu of the Paris *Le Monde*, doubt that there *was* any meeting of the Central Committee. This is one of the points which may in time become clear. For the present, the whole thing looks like a palace revolution engineered in Khrushchev's absence from Moscow. If the entire Central Committee, consisting as it does of a very high proportion of allegedly "Khrushchev men," had been called, the subsequent firing might not have been quite as simple an operation as it now appears to have been.

Even so, Khrushchev's position in the country and in the party was very much weaker in 1964 than it had been in 1957. His position was untenable in the first place because of the Chinese problem. He had played his hand badly. Without making sure that he would receive full support from the East European, West European and other Communist parties, he had called a "preparatory meeting" of twenty-six Communist parties for December 15. This meeting was to pave the way for a "World Communist Meeting," and Khrushchev's idea was that both these gatherings would excommunicate, or at any rate severely condemn, the Chinese Communist leaders. But out of the twenty-six Communist parties invited to the December meeting only eleven agreed to come, and many of these accepted on condition that no final breach with China be brought about, that the Suslov report of last February (see *The Nation*, May 4), strongly condemning the Chinese leadership, not be used as a "basis of discussion" at either meeting.

What perhaps marked the beginning of the end was the famous memorandum Palmiro Togliatti wrote a few days before his death in August, strongly warning Khrushchev against doing anything that would "split the world Communist movement." The French Communist *L'Humanité* published an expurgated version of the Togliatti document; *Pravda* published it in full, but only after more than a week's delay. It is reasonable to suppose that Khrushchev opposed publication but that his colleagues on the Presidium of the Central Committee insisted that Togliatti's memorandum appear in *Pravda*. Similar pressures are known to have come from the Italian Communist leadership. In short, Khrushchev's secret hope that he could build up a strong Communist bloc, outside China and centered on Moscow, and with "peaceful coexistence" as the first point of its platform, came to nothing.

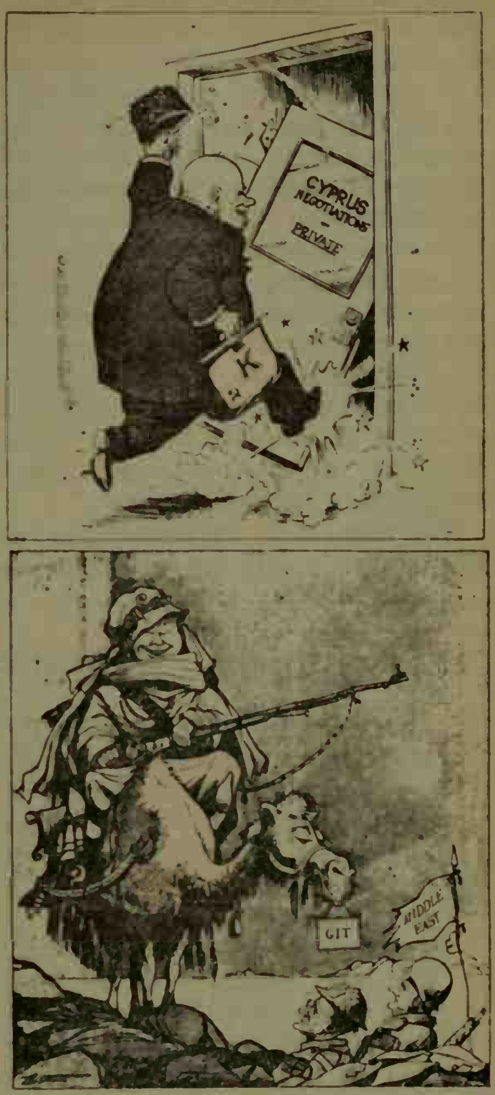
Khrushchev's viewpoint was that to avoid any possibility of war the Soviet Union must establish the best possible relations with the United States and with Western Europe, including Western Germany. China, at a pinch, could wait. His drive for a *rapprochement* with Western Germany, exemplified by the five articles published in *Izvestia* last June (its editor at that time was Aleksei Adzhubei, Khrushchev's son-in-law and unofficial ambassador at large), and by his plan to visit Bonn early next year, had caused some disquiet in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland. While Khrushchev was vacationing on the Black Sea, Brezhnev hurried to East Berlin to assure the East German Government that Khrushchev would do nothing at Bonn to "embarrass Ulbricht." Then there occurred recently the cloak-and-dagger incident in which a member of the West German embassy in Moscow, while ostensibly on a sight-seeing trip to the Zagorsk Monastery, 40 miles from Moscow, was given a shot of mustard gas in the leg during a church service. It now seems that the guess made by many at the time was correct: agents of the anti-Khrushchev faction in the party had engineered this incredible affair in order to spoil the chances of Khrushchev's Bonn visit. Such, obviously, would be the desires of what is currently known in Moscow as "our China Lobby" or "our pro-Chinese Stalinites."

China and *rapprochement* with the West, especially with Western Germany, were the main factors in Khrushchev's downfall, but there were others. The working class openly attacked Khrushchev as a "windbag," and his optimistic forecasts over the years about a steep rise in agricultural production, in the standard of living, and in general prosperity were being quoted against him. An industrial executive in Moscow went so far as to tell me in August: "You have no idea how our workers *hate* Khrushchev." Another thing which rankled was his Cuban fiasco. Many people tended to agree with the Chinese that the whole stunt of setting up missile bases in Cuba and then withdrawing them was "a mixture of adventurism and capitulationism." I was told often in Russia last summer that he had never quite recovered from the episode. No doubt, as I wrote in my previous report, his determination to give first attention to improving relations with the United States and the West was popular in the country at large; yet in party circles this "excessive" pro-Western and anti-Chinese orientation seems to have been causing more and more disquiet. I could feel it everywhere I went.

Still another factor may have contributed to Khrushchev's downfall. It is understood that at the plenary meeting of the Central Committee to be held in November, Khrushchev planned to propose a number of far-reaching economic and administrative reforms; these were viewed with the greatest disquiet by professional planners like Kosygin, the present Prime Minister. The reforms were to be accompanied by some drastic changes in the top echelon of the party, and many members of the Presidium may well have worried for their jobs. Another, minor, cause of Khrushchev's fall is believed to be his military policy of cutting down on conventional forces, based on the assumption that the United States would not start a war of any kind. Some generals are said to oppose this policy, but the story that Marshal Malinovsky, a close friend of Khrushchev's, has lost his job of Minister of Defense has not yet been confirmed. There have been similar rumors about "pro-Western" Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

What about the new leaders, Brezhnev and Kosygin? Some observers say that their assumption of power will not mean any major change, since they have, all along, been "Khrushchev men." That is a shaky point: up until March 5, 1953, all the top Russian leaders were "Stalin men." As regards Brezhnev, I am tempted to recall a short story, I believe by Chekhov, in which a character is described like this: "There's really nothing one can say about him, except that he's got bushy eyebrows." That is not quite true of Brezhnev. He had a distinguished war career, and gradually became a very smart operator inside the *apparat* of the party. But he seems a lightweight for the enormously big job that has fallen to him as new party boss of the USSR. He has a frivolous (if amiable) side: he is a heavy eater, heavy drinker, he enjoys waltzing at diplomatic receptions, and his highly active love life (unusual among top Communists) is notorious in Moscow. My impression is that he may be a stopgap appointment and that a stronger and tougher man—for instance, Michael Suslov—may before long take his place. Lanky and intellectual looking, Suslov is the very hard ex-Stalinist. He was Stalin's spokesman in excommunicating Tito in 1948-49. He was also pro-Chinese for a long time. True, last February he drew up, on Khrushchev's instructions, the violently anti-Chinese report already referred to; but he could well go back on this and help to bring about a reconciliation.

The "K" We Knew



Cartoons by Beaton: Toronto Telegram (Ben Roth Agency).

Speaking of China, the December meeting may now be called off entirely, but it is more likely to be turned into a great family reunion, or at least a patch-up of the quarrel, now that Mao's Enemy No. 1 is out. The Chinese leaders have already sent gushingly cordial messages to the new Russian leaders.

This does not mean that the Kremlin will adopt a violently anti-Western policy. "Peaceful coexistence," Soviet diplomats have assured us, continues to be the cornerstone of Russian foreign policy. It is highly doubtful, however, that a Bonn visit will come off—at least for the present. In the East European "satellite" countries, the news of Khrushchev's fall has been received with mixed feelings. On the one hand, there was some nervousness about the Bonn visit; on the other, there is now some anxiety in Poland and other countries that Khrushchev's policy of noninterference in their internal affairs will, to some extent, be reversed. Among the ex-Stalinites there has been a strong feeling that —to use de Gaulle's crack—"Stalin built up a mighty empire, and Khrushchev frittered it away."

The internal repercussions of Khrushchev's fall may become apparent very soon. There is, I think, a real danger that the Stalinist old guard will make its influence strongly felt. It is hard to believe that the "anti-Khrushchevite purge" will be limited to the firing of Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia;* Satyukov, editor of *Pravda*, and a few others most closely associated with the fallen leader. It is apt to go much further. I pity the Soviet historians who will have to rewrite the hundreds of volumes of "Khrushchevite" history, with its absurd magnification of the part played by Khrushchev in "the winning of World War II." One may well wonder, too, whether old Stalinites like Leonid F. Ilyichev—an ogre to the more progressive and liberal writers and other intellectuals —will again start ill treating them in a big way. Among these people, as I pointed out in my October article, an ever-recurring saying was: "Thank God for Khrushchev; the next guy can only be much worse."

Will there be at least a partial rehabilitation of Stalin? Perhaps some of the more absurd manifestations of Khrushchev's pathological anti-Stalinism will be corrected—such as his allegation that Stalin was completely incompetent as Russia's war chief in 1941-45, or his decision to change the name of Stalingrad—a petty move that everybody in Russia disliked. Will some of the people fired by Khrushchev

The New Russo-Chinese Equation . . . Frederick Kuh

Washington, D. C.

What effect will Russia's new leadership and China's explosion of a nuclear device have upon eventual Sino-Soviet negotiations? It seems improbable that the Soviets will give direct aid to China in developing nuclear military power, but any industrial assistance by the Soviets may release other Chinese resources for military purposes. It follows that the acquisition of Chinese nuclear power, however primitive, will make a Chinese-Soviet agreement more difficult.

If, despite this, the Soviets are ready to make a deal with China, they could be of enormous help. They could resume the supply of machinery and of entire factories to speed Chinese industrialization. To do so, the Russians would have to slow down their own industrial advance, and they would be building a future economic rival. They might consider it worth the price, however, if they could restore a monolithic Communist bloc.

In exchange, the Chinese could tighten their belts still more and provide soya beans to the USSR. They could also export antimony, needed by the Soviet steel industry. China could make other commodities available, and could develop its untapped resources, notably petroleum. The USSR could assist them in this.

So much, briefly, for the economic side. What of the politics?

China could agree to shelve its territorial claims against the Soviet Union and against Outer Mongolia—a Soviet ally or dependency. But would Moscow accept a shelving, rather than outright renunciation, of China's territorial pretensions to Soviet land? And is China prepared to go that far? Negotiation on this important point would not be easy. China might ask a stiff price and the price may have become even stiffer since China's entry into the fringes of the nuclear club.

The Soviets might insist that China abstain from further provocative acts against India. If Moscow succeeded in eliciting such a pledge, it would put India deeply in its debt and Soviet prestige would rise sharply throughout Asia.

What political profit could China gain from an arrangement with the Soviets? It might revalidate the Russian 1950 commitment to defend China against an attack by Japan or by any of Japan's allies. Those allies today include the United States. But would Moscow enlarge the area of possible war with the United States for the sake of China? (China might challenge the United States and then claim that America was the aggressor.) The Soviets gave their pledge to China fourteen years ago and would find it hard to repudiate it, but it appears doubtful that Russia would specifically reaffirm the promise at this time because a nuclear conflagration—besides its staggering cost in human lives—could destroy the achievements of the Soviet Union over the past forty-seven years. That is no small gamble.

China could try to win an assurance that the Soviet Union would not countenance any aggression by India against China. Thus Moscow might become the arbiter between China and India.

There might be an understanding—a secret one—that Russia would support China's seizure of the Portuguese colony of Macao, nestling on the Chinese frontier. This would proclaim the community of Moscow and Peking on the issue of anti-colonialism. True, Macao offers China certain advantages as a channel to the West today, but British Hong Kong also serves that purpose. And who would support Portugal—that is, who of any weight?

These are all possibilities—no more. Against such perspectives there is the chance that an attempt to settle the Soviet-Chinese feud might fail. Indeed, moves to overcome the Soviet-Chinese tension may never be made. It would be logical for the Soviets, before opening negotiations with Peking, to sound out the Chinese unofficially and informally over cups of tea or vodka. If such soundings indicated that the Chinese were not ready to pay a *quid* for the Soviets' *quo*, or that the Soviets would not come close to meeting China's price, the attempt to span the abyss may never be undertaken. As of now, the decision seems to be more with China than with the Soviet Union.

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be allowed to return: Molotov and Malenkov, for example? Molotov is 74, and in his case it is doubtful, though his pro-Chinese line might now be regarded as correct. Malenkov is still popular in Russia as the "more-consumer-goods" man, despite Khrushchev's attempts to blacken him as a bloodthirsty villain on a par with Beria. But is Malenkov alive? Nobody knows.

Anyway, the Khrushchev era, the best domestic aspects of which were a far greater personal freedom and "freedom from fear," is over. How far "de-Khrushchevization" will go, and whether it will take on violent forms, it is still too early to say. But even last summer I often heard remarks like this from industrial executives: "Our people are getting lazy; you can say what you like, but there was more discipline under Stalin."

Kosygin, the able administrator and technician, has been, in the past, very much a Stalin man. For the present, I should hate to prophesy how little, or how much, "re-Stalinization" there is going to be. But one thing is certain: there will be a radical change in Soviet-Chinese relations.

The Warren Report

A Measure of the Achievement

. . Herbert L. Packer

The Warren Commission has admirably fulfilled its central objective by producing an account of the circumstances under which President Kennedy was assassinated that is adequate to satisfy all reasonable doubts about the immediate, essential facts. We now know as much as we are ever likely to know about what happened in Dallas. Why it happened remains, perhaps forever, obscure. If there are minor flaws in the report—some unavoidable, others, as I shall suggest, that might have been corrected—they are thrown into shadow by the conscientious and at times brilliant job that the commission has done. Only those who for whatever reasons of personal or political myopia cannot bring themselves to face reality will continue to think that the tragedy was proximately the work of more than one man and therefore ultimately the outcome of a conspiracy. The fantasts will continue to differ about whose conspiracy it was—Texas oil millionaires or Kremlin operatives—but their central premise will continue to hold. The important difference is that now the supposed factual basis for their premise, as well as for more reasoned doubts about what appeared to be the truth, has been dissolved.

The commission's relations with the outside world during the period of its investigation have not been altogether fortunate. Regrettably, the difficulties have not ceased and must now affect any immediate judgment on their product. The problem during the investigatory period was one of too much information. There was a series of leaks, some unplanned, others bearing at least the appearance of calculation, that suggested the crystallizing of a "position" long before one could confidently have been arrived at. The most spectacular of these was the revelation, scant weeks after the commission was organized, that the FBI report confirmed the theory that Oswald, acting alone, was the assassin. That leak may well have been beyond the commission's control but, taken in conjunction with others that were not, it created an impression of prejudgment that could not help but detract from the confidence with which the findings would be received. It is the measure of the commission's achievement that qualms of this sort have been, at least in the immediate aftermath, muted. Whether they will continue to be so remains to be seen and will depend to a considerable extent on what happens when the new problem of too little information is rectified.

I refer to the fact that the supporting volumes of transcripts and exhibits, originally slated for release simultaneously with the report volume, are still not available and apparently will not be released for some weeks. This should not have been allowed to happen. Whether the fault lies with the commission or with the White House, it is a grievous one. What it means, very simply, is that there is not at this time an adequate basis for evaluating the quality of the commission's fact-finding process. The problem is particularly acute in the case of findings that rest wholly or largely on testimony by eyewitnesses. By a careful reading of the report one learns who some of these witnesses were and what the commission thought was established by their testimony. What one cannot learn is how their testimony was probed by the inquiry. Much of that process is doubtless contained in working papers that will never be published, but the public record of the commission will include a good deal of it. One assumes from the quality of the report that the probing was detailed and penetrating; but that remains a surmise until the raw material is available for examination.

It may well be that once the report was in the President's hands he had no alternative but to release it at once. If so, the commission should not have transmitted it until the supporting data could be made publicly available. That kind of reticence may have been rendered difficult by the apparent ease with which the press was able to learn how far along in its work the commission was. If so, it is sufficient answer that this body had unique reason to know that accommodating the press is not the *summum bonum.*

Fortunately, the report and some of its appendices permit evaluation of the central findings. The factual controversies have been so numerous that it is easy to lose sight of the distinction between what is important and what is merely interesting. What is primarily important is the physical facts of the assassination. We now have as reliable

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Herbert L. Packer, professor of law at Stanford University, is the author of Ex-Communist Witnesses: Four Studies in Fact-Finding *(Stanford University Press).*

evidence on that score as we are ever likely to get. That evidence fatally impairs the viability of the various conspiracy, or revisionist, theories that have been advanced in the months since the assassination. I do not propose to analyze the evidence in detail. Readers of this article have presumably read the report. (It should, but probably does not, go without saying that no one who has not read the report, and read it carefully as a whole, should feel himself entitled to hold an opinion about its virtues or defects.) What I shall do is separate out the central core of evidence that demonstrates beyond peradventure that one man, acting alone, fired all shots that were fired at the Presidential limousine and that the man was, beyond a reasonable doubt, Lee Harvey Oswald.

(1) *All of the wounds sustained by President Kennedy and by Governor Connally were inflicted by bullets fired from the rear and above.* This is demonstrated by the medical report on Governor Connally and the autopsy report on the President, as corroborated by (a) examination of the bullet holes in the President's clothing, which showed that the first shot that hit him entered his back and exited through the lower part of his neck; (b) the damage to the inside of the windshield caused by a spent bullet fragment; (c) the absence of any damage that could have been caused by a bullet or bullets fired from the front.

(2) *All of the shots were fired from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository* (TSBD). This is demonstrated by (a) the re-enactment of the shooting accomplished with the aid of the motion picture of the actual shooting taken by Abraham Zapruder, which proved consistent with the medical and ballistics evidence with respect to the wounds; (b) the presence of three used cartridge cases on the floor near the window from which the shots were hypothesized to have been fired; (c) the presence of a rifle on the same floor; (d) the absence of any bullets or bullet fragments not accounted for by the fire from the TSBD.

(3) *The shots were fired from the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found on the sixth floor of the TSBD.* This is demonstrated by the results of the ballistic tests on the bullet and bullet fragments that were recovered, and on the cartridge cases found on the sixth floor of the TSBD.

(4) *Oswald was the owner of the rifle used in the assassination.* This is demonstrated by (a) identification of the handwriting on the order for the rifle, its envelope and the accompanying money order as Oswald's; (b) the use in ordering the rifle of a false name corresponding to that on spurious identification documents found in Oswald's possession.

(5) *The shots could have been and probably were fired by Oswald.* This is demonstrated by (a) Oswald's admitted presence in the TSBD at the time of the assassination; (b) the presence on the southeast corner of the sixth floor of a homemade paper bag bearing Oswald's left index finger print and right palm print; (c) the presence on the rifle barrel of Oswald's palm print; (d) the presence in a crevice on the rifle of fibers corresponding with samples taken from the shirt worn by Oswald at the time of his arrest; (e) the absence of any evidence pointing to the probability that any other person in the TSBD fired the shots.

That is the minimal case against Oswald. It will be noticed that in no detail does it require the acceptance of eyewitness testimony, disputed or undisputed. It is corroborated by the weight of the available eyewitness testimony, but for our purpose we need not even consider that. It is also corroborated by the physical evidence demonstrating that Patrolman Tippit was killed by bullets fired from a revolver found in Oswald's possession at the time of his arrest, but we need not consider that.

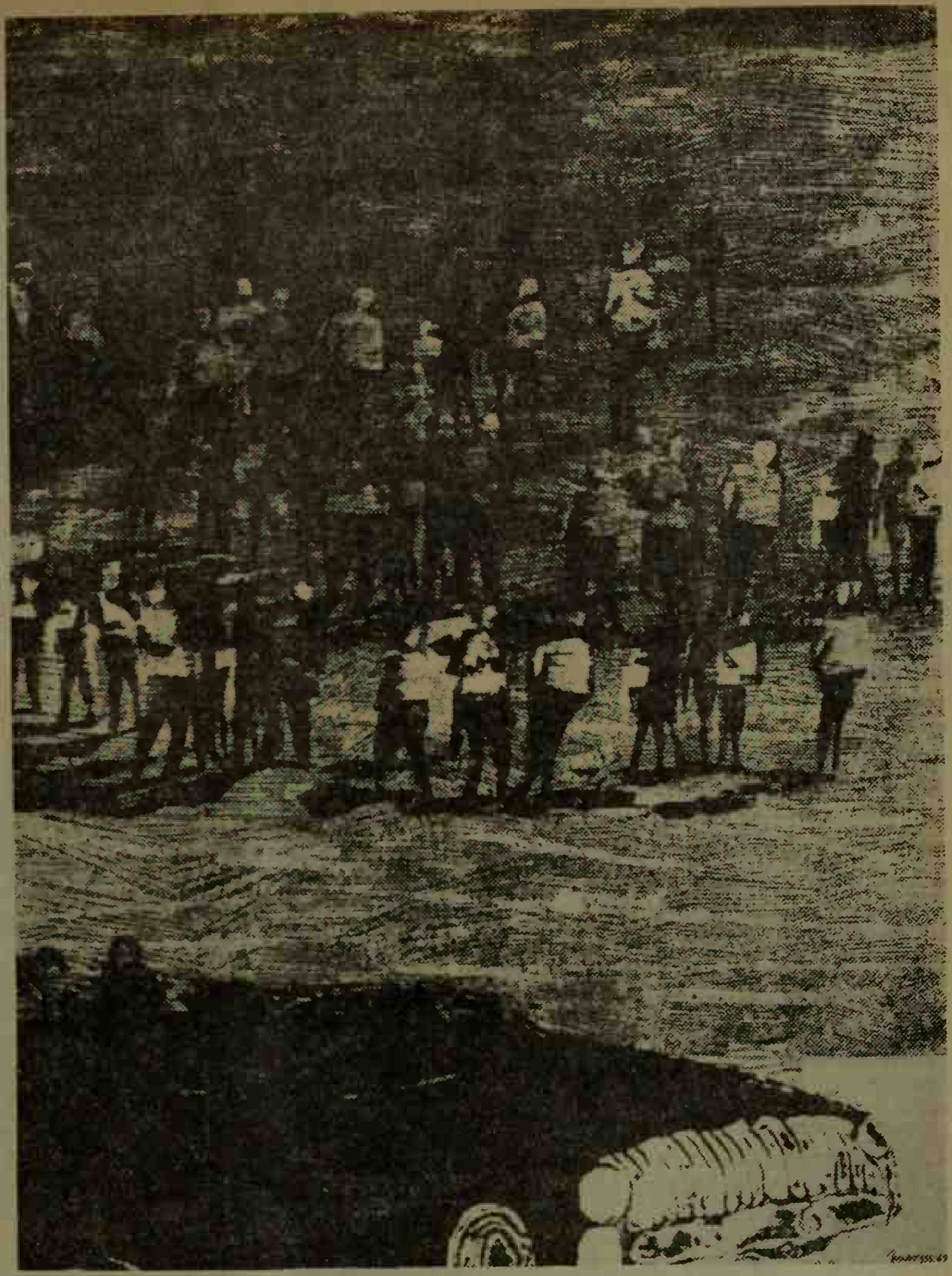
No one has yet suggested any basis for controverting any part of what I have described as the minimal case. Of course, it does not conclusively establish that Oswald killed the President. It is in theory possible that some other person or persons either used Oswald's rifle to shoot the President or used his pistol to shoot Tippit, or both. But in the absence of evidence that it was physically impossible for Oswald to have done both killings, or of evidence strongly pointing to the probability that one killing, or both, were done by someone else, a jury might be expected to conclude on the basis of the minimal case alone that Oswald was the killer. No such discrediting evidence has been adduced, nor has its possible existence been made even remotely plausible.

The minimal case is supported rather than negated by what eyewitness testimony is available. But as every trial lawyer knows, eyewitness testimony is notoriously unreliable as compared with physical evidence. It is hardly cause for concern in any garden-variety criminal case that eyewitnesses disagree about such matters as how many shots were fired, whether a man was 5′ 11″ or 5′ 8″, was wearing a white or a light-colored jacket, had bushy hair or simply needed a haircut. Disagreements on matters of this kind are the everyday grist of the trial courts. The minimal case against Oswald is far stronger than that against many criminal defendants who are with perfect propriety convicted and sentenced every day. So far as eyewitness testimony goes, it needs to be remembered that in most criminal prosecutions there is either none at all or far less than was available here.

The discrepancies of evidence recorded by the commission are marginal. When there is a conflict of eyewitness testimony, someone has to be believed and someone disbelieved. Other indices of veracity aside, the basis on which choices of this kind are normally made is to ask oneself, consciously or unconsciously, which of the conflicting versions better accords with what is known to be true. There always comes a point in fact finding at which one says to himself: "This is the way it probably happened; now let us see how the hypothesis stands up." In that sense, any fact-finding process always involves at some stage the formation of a hypothesis. Here the hypothesis against which the evidence was tested was, as the weight of the initial evidence compelled it to be, that Oswald acting alone was the killer. The question about the Warren Commission, as about any fact-finding body, is whether it made proper use of its working hypothesis. Did it close its mind to other possibilities? Did it refuse to deal with evidence inconsistent with its hypothesis? Did it suppress evidence? The answer to all these questions revealed by perusal of the report is an emphatic negative. Only someone irrevocably wedded to a contrary hypothesis could honestly (or would dishonestly) say that the Warren Commission was guilty of faults such as these.

One of the revisionists has said that when the full truth is known the Warren Commission report "will rank in history with the finding that

Dreyfus was guilty of treason." The comparison is instructive, for it presents us with a measure of what would have had to be the case for the Warren Commission to suppress or ignore the truth about the President's assassination. The Dreyfus case involved a corrupt conspiracy among a reactionary group of French army officers to promote their own political ends by pinning the theft of certain secret documents on a Jewish army officer and, later, by suppressing evidence of his innocence. It would have required rottenness in an entire caste to achieve its purpose; in the end it failed because even in as monolithic a group as the French officer corps there was a Colonel Picquart who refused to be even a silent party to such degradation. The revisionists would have us believe that a similar conspiracy must have existed among the much more diverse group who made up the commission and its staff. It will take more than vague references to "the Establishment" to demonstrate the common bias of Earl Warren and Richard Russell, or the sinister motives that would unite John J. McCloy and Hale Boggs in a conspiracy to suppress the truth. And, of course, the issue extends beyond the seven members of the commission, on whom most of the revisionist fire has been concentrated. Any conspiracy to suppress evidence must also have included the staff, consisting mostly of outstanding young lawyers, several of them of distinctly liberal political persuasion, one of whom has had the compliment of being denounced on the floor of Congress as unfit to serve with the commission because of his membership in the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the American Civil Liberties Union. Only someone deeply ignorant of American society or deeply committed to a belief in its corruption, or both, could seriously maintain that a conspiracy of silence has been maintained by this group.



"Dallas, November 22, 1963"

These woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi are part of an exhibition now being shown by the Terry Dintenfass Gallery, New York

The commission's report convincingly demonstrates, as I have said, that Oswald, acting alone, was the assassin of the President. Let us consider now the significance of "acting alone." All that has been shown convincingly is that the immediate physical acts were those of Oswald alone. That has been demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt. The commission "found no evidence that anyone assisted Oswald in planning or carrying out the assassination." We may expect revisionist theories to move now from the discredited assertion that Oswald was not the killer or the sole killer to the much less disprovable assertion that he was the instrument of a conspiracy. We may also expect that the theories will all be variations on the theme that the conspiracy was composed of Texas oil millionaires or of Soviet (or perhaps Chinese or Cuban) agents, depending on the views of the proponent. It is necessary to admit that the commission did not succeed in excluding the possibility that Oswald was the instrument of either a rightist or a Communist conspiracy. Nor did it exclude the possibility that he was acting as the agent of Revilo P. Oliver or Mark Lane. It is a little difficult to see how the commission, or any other human agency, could have done so. Even their careful review of what could be learned about Oswald's past could not fashion a net so fine that no significant event or acquaintance might slip through. Anyone who supposes that the commission could silence doubts of this order is deluded. We may confidently expect a spate of theories about Oswald's motivation. And it is not beyond the realm of possibility that one of them may turn out to have something to it. The commission's report did not purport to close what is obviously an unclosable door.

The revisionists have already fallen out among themselves. Mr. Leo

Sauvage, who alone among them had the comparative good sense to ask questions rather than propound answers, has scornfully dismissed the third-rate James Bond thriller produced by Mr. Thomas Buchanan. We have yet to see whether Mr. Sauvage wishes to stand by his assertion that the case against Oswald is "a tissue of improbabilities, contradictions, and outright falsifications." The case of which he spoke was, of course, the case made to the press by the incredible antics of the Dallas authorities in the weekend of the assassination. That is not the case made by the Warren Commission. But the revisionists have already demonstrated that they intend to go on flogging a dead horse. Mr. Mark Lane, currently the most active of their number, has produced an appraisal that performs the interesting feat of attacking the report without once confronting its central findings. Instead, he devotes himself to the easy but now irrelevant task of attacking the inaccuracies in District Attorney Wade's oafish public statements. And Mr. Lane has the temerity to assert that he has the name of a witness to the Tippit shooting that the commission does not know about, without vouchsafing an explanation of his refusal to reveal the name when he testified before the commission.

What was merely tiresome in the days before the commission made its report is now mischievous. Mr. Lane and his friends are of course entitled to carry on. But they deserve attention if, and only if, they confront the central findings of the commission and demonstrate their falsity in any regard. These findings, to repeat, are: (1) *All the wounds sustained by President Kennedy and Governor Connally were inflicted by bullets fired from the rear and above.* (2) *All the shots were fired from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository (TSBD).* (3) *The shots were fired from the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found on the sixth floor of the TSBD.* (4) *Oswald was the owner of the rifle used in the assassination.* (5) *The shots could have been and probably were fired by Oswald.* None of these findings depends on resolving conflicts among eyewitnesses of the kind abundantly present in the perception of any disturbing event. This central core of physical evidence is the case against Lee Harvey Oswald. It is the case that would have had to be discredited in a court of law if Oswald had lived to be tried. It is the case that the revisionists must discredit if they wish us to believe that their a priori view of history happens this time to record a fact rather than an ideologue's fantasy.

So much for the central and so far unshakable core of the commission's findings. It needs to be sharply distinguished from some peripheral aspects that involve either issues of fact upon which judgment must for the moment remain suspended, or issues of opinion upon which controversy will continue for a long time to come. I shall give some examples of each. First, there is the finding that Oswald attempted to kill Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker in April, 1963. This finding rests on evidence very different in quality from that which we have been discussing. First, there is a note in Oswald's handwriting that could have been (but was not proved to be) written just before the attempt on Walker's life and that is consistent with the theory that Oswald intended to make such an attempt. Second, pictures of General Walker's house taken with a camera owned by Oswald were found among his effects. Third, the evidence of ballistics experts tended to show that the bullet allegedly fired at General Walker could have come from Oswald's rifle.

All of this adds up to not a great deal. What persuaded the commission that Oswald was Walker's assailant appears primarily to be the testimony of Oswald's wife. The commission obviously concluded that Mrs. Oswald was a truthful witness. Without studying the transcript of her testimony and, particularly, without evaluating the quality of the commission's examination of her story, one simply has no basis for reaching a judgment as to whether the commission's reliance on Mrs. Oswald's testimony was well founded. This is just one of several instances in which what I have described as the premature release of the report is unfortunate.

A second pair of instances involves the testimony of the principal eyewitnesses to the shootings: Howard Brennan, who observed the assassin at the sixth-floor window and later identified him as Oswald, and Helen Markham, who seems to have been the main witness to Patrolman Tippit's slaying. While the commission's report appears to contain a fair appraisal of possible inconsistencies in their testimony (particularly Mrs. Markham's), an independent evaluation of their probative value, difficult at best, is impossible without access to the transcript of their examinations. It will be recalled that the commission, in one of several public reversals of its announced policy, decided to appoint counsel to represent Oswald's interests. I disagree with Professor Maurice Rosenberg's appraisal, expressed in these pages a few weeks ago ["The Warren Commission," September 14], that this decision represented an inevitable (and if I read him correctly, a desirable) recognition of the essentially adversary quality of the inquiry. Rather, it seems to me that the commission compromised the integrity of the distinctive fact-finding process for which it was constituted by making the appointment. But that is water over the dam. The question is whether the quality of the commission's process was improved by the participation of the counsel who in some metaphysical sense "represented Oswald's interests." No better evidence on that subject should be available than the quality and extent of the examination by Oswald's counsel of the alleged eyewitnesses to the two slayings. Judgment on that issue will, again, have to await the publication of the transcript volumes.

Finally, there are the portions of the commission's findings that express judgments on matters of policy extrinsic to the central question of what, physically, happened in Dallas between 12:30 and 1:50 on the afternoon of November 22, 1963. Among the several issues of public importance canvassed by the commission, two stand out as calling for critical comment: the implied conclusion that Oswald's custodial treatment by the police was proper, and the absence of any specific condemnatory conclusion about the public statements of Chief of Police Curry and District Attorney Wade. One suspects that these matters gave the commission some difficulty. Chapter V, which deals with Oswald's detention and death, is the only substantive chapter in the report that does not contain in its text separately stated conclusions (aside from Chapter II, which is simply a narrative of the assassination). Instead, one has to pick out from the text isolated conclusory statements like the one ascribing "primary responsibility" for having failed to control the press to the Dallas Police Department (a statement not picked up in the mild slap on the wrist administered to the Dallas authorities in the introductory statement of Conclusions). The clear implication is that there were irreconcilable views within the commission on either the nature of the value judgments to be made or on the desirability of making them. What will appear to many as an ethical failure on the commission's part is likely, I think, to impair the report's lasting quality as a state paper.

The commission goes to extraordinary lengths to avoid the conclusion that Oswald was effectively deprived of the assistance of counsel during the crucial hours of his interrogation both before and after being formally "arraigned" (or, with technical accuracy, advised of the charges against him) for the two murders. The commission suppresses no facts but it draws (or, perhaps, avoids not drawing) a conclusion quite at variance with the facts. The facts are: (1) on Friday representatives of the ACLU tried to see Oswald; (2) on Saturday he tried unsuccessfully to phone John Abt in New York; (3) on Saturday afternoon he declined an offer of aid from the Dallas Bar Association, saying that he preferred Abt or, as a second choice, an ACLU lawyer; (4) he in fact saw no lawyer. We do not know whether Oswald was ever told that ACLU representatives were prepared to supply him with counsel; it seems a fair assumption that if he had been apprised of this immediately available assistance and had declined to accept it, that fact would have been disclosed. What emerges, then, is a clear case of deprivation by omission. The Dallas police knew that Oswald wanted a lawyer and knew that one he was prepared to accept was immediately available. Instead of informing him of the availability of immediate aid from a source they knew he trusted, the police chose to play a game of blindman's buff. If Oswald had lived to be tried, the incriminatory false statements that he made during his interrogation would in all likelihood have been held inadmissible in evidence against him, under recent decisions of the other tribunal over which Earl Warren presides. One suspects that, unlike that other tribunal, the Warren Commission discouraged dissenting opinions and followed a rule of unanimity: nothing was expressed that did not command the assent of all its members. And so the opportunity was lost to affirm standards of police practice that were disgracefully flouted in Dallas.

Equally disappointing is the gingerly treatment of Messrs. Curry and Wade. It is true, as the commission said, that their "sometimes erroneous" statements would have presented "serious obstacles" to a fair trial and that those same statements helped to create "doubts, speculations, and fears" that might otherwise not have arisen. But surely that is not all, or even the gist, of what needed to be said and what the commission should have said: that the conduct of these mountebanks, quite apart from its instrumental consequences, was an ugly and squalid perversion of the law-enforcement process, all the more deplorable because so familiar.

The verdict of history will be a long time coming. We have not seen the end of this affair. What the Warren Commission has done is to refute or render irrelevant the speculations of those who, out of whatever aberrant needs, still refuse to believe that Oswald, Ruby and the Dallas authorities were what they appear to be and not something more sinister. Most of those who on that fatal day leaped to a conclusion about who in Dallas would kill John F. Kennedy have since accepted or will now accept their disappointment. The die-hard revisionists now must start over again. That is the measure of the commission's achievement, and it is no mean one.

America's 'Dirty' War . . . . Chandler Davidson

When Henri Alleg's *La Question* first appeared in France in 1958, it was almost immediately banned, which no doubt stimulated its wide circulation. Alleg, the Communist editor of *Alger Républicain*, had supported the Algerian rebellion, and was consequently seized by French paratroopers and tortured unmercifully. *La Question*, the account of his "interrogation," was recognized by the government as a politically explosive indictment of the French war.

It is impossible accurately to assess the influence which the revelation of widespread torture and brutality by French troops had upon the course of the war; but it is evident that the government was correct in predicting its effect upon important segments of France's intellectual community. The public outrage of those for whom Gestapo-administered brutalities were still a poignant memory was undoubtedly a contributing cause of the war's denouement at Evian-les-Bains.

In the light of these facts, the strange silence of Americans faced by similar brutalities, committed both by our personnel and by the troops we are advising and maintaining in South Vietnam, is puzzling. One would have thought that in the course of a conflict which has remained relatively unpopular

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among the public at large, many intellectuals would have been quick to point out, at the very least, that a serious moral issue is raised by our waging of a "dirty" war.

But this has not been the case. A few people, certainly, have pleaded for a settlement. In some quarters there have been hints that our Vietnamese venture has been impolitic, or strategically inadvisable—or in any case, costly. But such utilitarian regrets are wholly different in character from the anguished accusation of savagery which was directed by Frenchmen at their own government.

Is it, perhaps, that not many people are aware of the kind of war to which the United States gives at least tacit moral support? That seems unlikely. *Life* magazine carried a picture story in its June 12 issue, "In Color: Ugly War in Vietnam," which depicted at close range the stunning horror of American-supported activities in that country. Excerpting from the text:

> *A unit of Vietnamese soldiers, sent to take a Vietcong-controlled village near the Cambodian border, landed by helicopter. The village had been bombarded from the air and the soldiers met no resistance. They found no men except old men helping the women put out the fires. But, searching thoroughly, they flushed 43 guerrillas out of hiding in dugouts, dragged them out and set about learning where the weapons were hidden.*
>
> *The Vietnamese commander whipped the captives with a bamboo cane and booted them as they lay trussed on the ground. The women and children watched the torture of their husbands and fathers with steady faces. The guerrillas were jackknifed into positions of agony. They were held under the river's surface and tortured with water that was forced into their noses. Rags were put over their faces and then water was poured over the rags to give the impression of drowning. Photographer Okamura protested: this seemed needless and cruel. A soldier replied, "But this is my duty." But the prisoners would not talk.*

The pictures were of young men in civilian clothes, faces frozen in the manner of wounded animals, incapable of grasping the portent of their agony.

The water torture method, which seems to be a favorite because the apparatus can be easily improvised, is described in detail by Alleg:

> *With the rag already over my face, L— held my nose. He tried to jam a piece of wood between my lips in such a way that I could not close my mouth or spit out the tube.*
>
> *When everything was ready, he said to me: "When you want to talk, all you have to do is move your fingers." And he turned on the tap. The rag was soaked rapidly. Water flowed everywhere: in my mouth, in my nose, all over my face. But for a while I could still breathe in some small gulps of air. I tried, by contracting my throat, to take in as little water as possible and to resist suffocation. But I couldn't hold on for more than a few moments. I had the impression of drowning, and a terrible agony, that of death itself, took possession of me. In spite of myself, all the muscles of my body struggled uselessly to save me from suffocation. In spite of myself, all the fingers of both of my hands shook uncontrollably. . . .*

Torture, of course, is not limited to the field of military operations. There is reason to believe that it is widely practiced on "political" prisoners, many of whom have been jailed on the flimsiest of pretenses. As soon as America washed its hands of Diem, reporters were free to recount in detail the macabre conditions under which untold numbers of prisoners lived during his regime. An Associated Press dispatch appearing in *The New York Times* of November 9, 1963, datelined Saigon, ran as follows:

> *"They stripped me, tied me over a bench, choked me with water and a towel and beat me until I was unconscious," the young typist said with an embarrassed smile.*
>
> *"It happened last Friday," she said, "only a few hours before President Ngo Dinh Diem's government collapsed. . . ."*
>
> *The typist is Miss Hoang Thi Dong, 29 years old, an employee of the British Embassy and an ardent Buddhist.*
>
> *She was one of the thousands of "political detainees" who felt the power of the secret police. Many* [sic] *of the prisoners are free now and are telling for the first time what it was like in the Ngo regime's concentration camps.* [That is not wholly correct. As early as Jan. 3, 1958, before the war had begun, a detailed report concerning conditions in Diem's prisons was given by a member of Parliament, Tran Ngoc Ban, who was later arrested, to the South Vietnam National Assembly—a report which could not have been ignored by the United States Embassy.]
>
> *Scores of students of both sexes*

> *say that they had been forced to drink quarts of soapy water until they bled.*
>
> *One young girl . . . said electrodes from the generator of a field radio were attached to her breasts. Many United States military advisers and foreign newsmen have seen variations of this torture applied to Vietcong suspects* [sic] *in the field.*
>
> *An employee of the United States aid mission . . . told of his experience.*
>
> *"There was a tiny cell," he said, "forty-six prisoners were locked inside, and the cell was under the sun. Many became unconscious."*
>
> *At least one student . . . died of torture, his liver ruptured with truncheons. . . .*
>
> *Fingers were chopped off some prisoners' hands. Others were blinded. . . .*

In some instances, the U. S. was guilty of more than connivance. According to *The New York Times*, September 9, 1963, the CIA continued to give the Vietnamese Special Forces a monthly sum of $250,000 even after the latter conducted their raids of Buddhist pagodas on August 21 of that year.

Has the situation in prisons changed since Diem was overthrown? It is difficult to say. However, one can make an educated guess. Although both the Minh and Khanh regimes let up somewhat on the Buddhists due to internal political pressure, Helen Lamb, writing in May, claims that "there are today some 28,000 political prisoners who are still in jail and who have never even been brought to trial." ("The Tragedy of Vietnam: Where Do We Go From Here?," Basic Pamphlets.) Too, some of the recent demonstrations of the Vietnamese Buddhists have been directed against alleged repressive police measures. According to *Le Monde*, August 20, a recent protest of two Buddhist leaders "accuses the government of Gen. Khanh of 'taking advantage of the war against communism in order to terrorize and oppress innocent persons.'"

There is little to suggest that Khanh is more humane than Diem. His unsuccessful attempt at tightening the reins on his police state in August (with the reportedly "qualified approval" of Ambassador Taylor) should attest to that. Nor is there reason to assume that any other individual or junta the U. S. might choose to install in Saigon would show greater tenderness.

The recourse to torture and other types of brutality in military operations has generally been less difficult to establish, presumably because it seems morally more defensible, especially if the other side is also engaged in it.

Shortly after his expulsion from Vietnam in 1962, Homer Bigart of *The New York Times* described the war as "a struggle that has shocked American military observers with its senseless brutality. American advisers have seen Vietcong prisoners summarily shot. They have encountered the charred bodies of women and children destroyed by napalm bombs." Indeed, American "advisers" were dropping some of those very bombs. Richard Tregaskis' *Vietnam Diary* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1963) quotes an American pilot as saying: "Down there, you have pretty solid VC [Vietcong] areas, where you can assume everybody is an enemy. . . . One chopper would go first, and when the people would go running, the second plane would spray 'em." Another said: "It's [difficult] going through a village after a napalm strike." Tregaskis continues:

> *I knew what he meant. Part of the job of an infantry adviser is to make reports of Air Force bombing raids, and that means napalm: that searing, incendiary jelly which burns flesh and keeps on burning, and which sometimes is dropped by the fast-moving straight-wing planes on the wrong targets, sometimes with pitiful results among women and children. Even if they are VC's, as Capt. Hanson said before, it's not very pretty.*

Roger Hilsman, former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, recently interviewed in *Newsweek*, gives by implication some idea of the ratio of *suspected* Vietcong to villagers necessary to warrant a napalm raid: "When you bomb a village of 3,000 people which perhaps five Vietcong have infiltrated, you are going to create a lot more than five Vietcong by the time you are finished bombing."

In his article cited above, Bigart says, "One rarely sees a uniformed Vietcong guerrilla. . . . Thus, many of the 'enemy' dead reported by the South Vietnam government were ordinary peasants shot down because they had fled from villages as troops entered. Some may have been Vietcong sympathizers but others were running away because they did not want to be rounded up for military conscription or forced labor." And in a recent letter to *Newsweek*, an ARVN [Vietnam Army] lieutenant colonel wrote: "The man who happens to come and tell us how to distinguish a Vietnamese communist from a peasant will be our greatest benefactor."

Indiscriminate napalm strikes are only one facet of brutality. As Bigart says, summary shooting of prisoners is common. Tregaskis quotes a Marine chaplain: "Adamson said he doesn't understand 'the attitude of Orientals' toward killing and death. He told of one mission out of Soctrang when they brought some Arvin [ARVN troops] in for a landing in VC territory: 'I knew these were supposed to be green troops, it was solid VC territory, and maybe they were nervous — but there was a Vietnamese woman with three children. She grabbed one up, the Arvin shot the two older ones and the kid in her arms, and shot her in the belly.' "

Beating, caning, pistol whipping is apparently so common it doesn't merit opprobrium (here or in Vietnam), as witness this cavalier account in *Newsweek,* June 8:

> *Vietcong Sgt. Maj. Doan Lot was sore and bruised from the pistol-whipping he had received at the hands of his captors. But the pain was easily forgotten in his amazed relief at still being alive. A few days earlier, while walking along a jungle trail, he had been ambushed by a patrol of South Vietnamese Rangers. Instead of butchering him on the spot, as the terrified young guerrilla had expected, they merely beat him to loosen his tongue ("My own people do that too," he said.) and then hustled him off to Saigon for interrogation. It didn't take much persuasion to make him talk.*

The strategic hamlet program is a case par excellence of methodized cruelty on a widely practiced scale. Bernard B. Fall, in *The New Republic*, February 22, estimates that the regroupment program has involved "close to nine million people [in a population of 15 million] most of whom did not want to be moved." Many were ousted from their native villages immediately before harvest. "Regroupment," of course, involved not simply a change of location but, in general, an involuntary transferral from one's own village to a concentration camp in a distant area.

Is it because such atrocities have slackened off that protests are not being raised? That hardly seems plausible. In fact, before the "end" (whether this means withdrawal by the U.S. or an escalation of the conflict), the ARVN and its American advisers may grow increasingly savage as their situation becomes more frustrating.

A recent article in *The New York Times* is ominous in this regard. Date lined Manila, it said, in part:

> *A Roman Catholic soldier-priest, whose parish lies in guerrilla-infested South Vietnamese territory, charged today that cruelty was being used in a war against the Communists. . . . He said South Vietnamese leaders were placing priority on winning the war rather than winning the people. . . . He added: "How can we explain to a mother when her child is burned by napalm? And how can we expect a young man to fight for us when his aged father was killed by artillery fire? Indeed, how can we claim to be with the people when we burn their homes simply because those houses happen to be in the Vietcong-controlled territory?"*

The priest, Rev. Augustine Nguyen Lac Hoa, is the famous organizer and leader of the Army of Sea Swallows, a group of anti-Communist guerrillas who have been fighting in Vietnam for six years, and who were praised in 1962 by Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

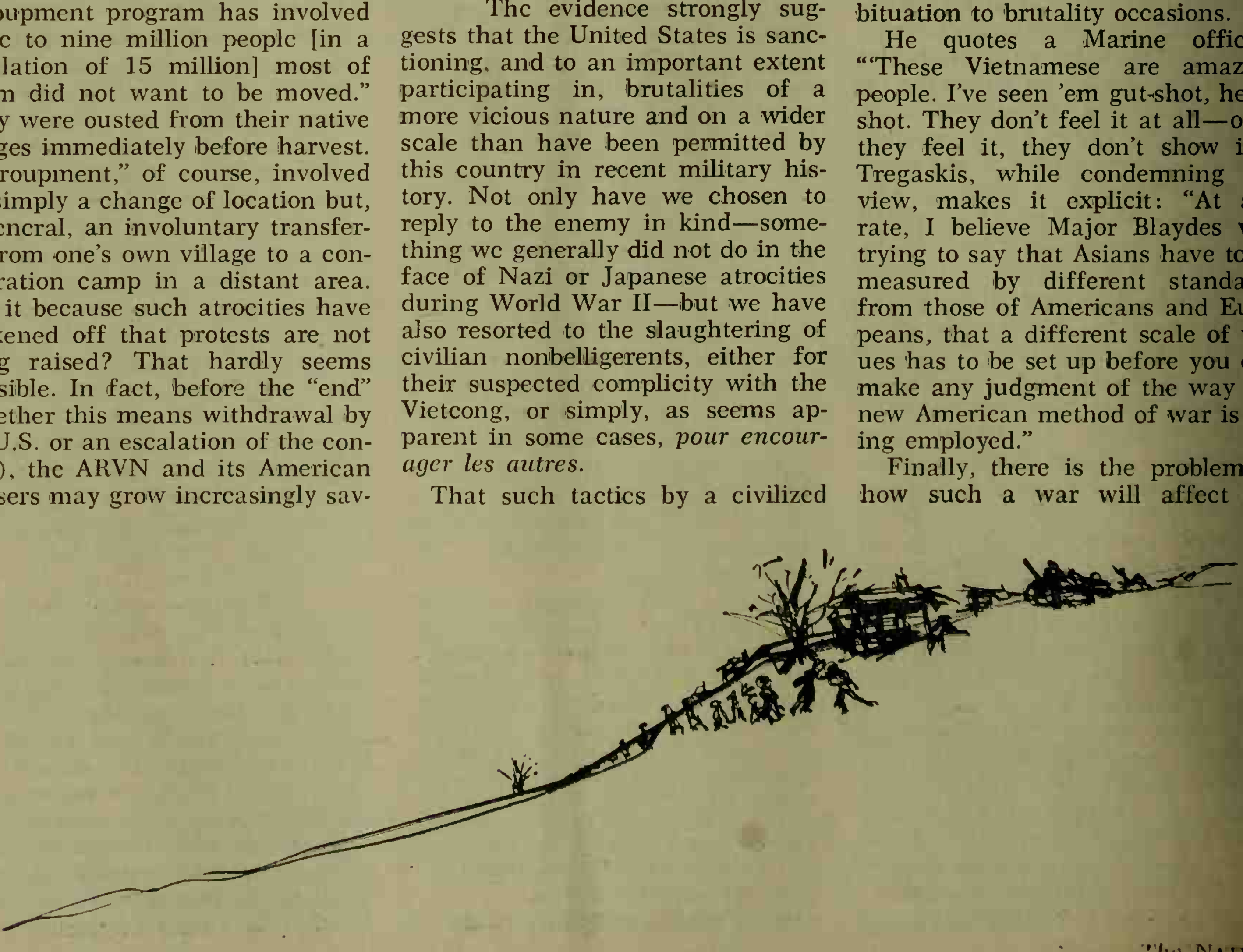
The evidence strongly suggests that the United States is sanctioning, and to an important extent participating in, brutalities of a more vicious nature and on a wider scale than have been permitted by this country in recent military history. Not only have we chosen to reply to the enemy in kind—something we generally did not do in the face of Nazi or Japanese atrocities during World War II—but we have also resorted to the slaughtering of civilian nonbelligerents, either for their suspected complicity with the Vietcong, or simply, as seems apparent in some cases, *pour encourager les autres.*

That such tactics by a civilized nation are unthinkable is beyond debate, but there are also practical considerations which weigh heavily against the continued waging of a "dirty" war. It is evident that the strength of the Vietnamese revolution stems directly from the use of violence and terror by the South Vietnamese Government. Acts of savagery on the part of the ARVN and their advisers have continually won new support for the Vietcong. As a former USIS employee in Vietnam recently commented, it is ironic that Cambodia, the only Indo-Chinese state not furnished U.S. military assistance, is also the only one not faced with an indigenous Communist revolution.

There is another consideration as well. The "style" of an army—especially one as large and as professionalized as ours—can influence the temper of the civilian population. What kind of future citizen will a soldier make who has been inured to animalistic practices condoned not only by his immediate superiors but, implicitly, by his government? And how will he feel toward Asiatics (and other non-Caucasians)? Tregaskis uncovered the inevitable turn of mind which habituation to brutality occasions.

He quotes a Marine officer: "'These Vietnamese are amazing people. I've seen 'em gut-shot, head-shot. They don't feel it at all—or if they feel it, they don't show it.' " Tregaskis, while condemning the view, makes it explicit: "At any rate, I believe Major Blaydes was trying to say that Asians have to be measured by different standards from those of Americans and Europeans, that a different scale of values has to be set up before you can make any judgment of the way the new American method of war is being employed."

Finally, there is the problem of how such a war will affect the



American populace at large—the noncombatants who will never know the horrors of Vietnam first hand. It is worth entertaining as a serious hypothesis that the war in which no holds are barred will, in time, drastically alter the moral structure of the society which wages it. Certainly many of the ethical problems which continue to haunt Germany stem from the way Hitler fought his war: his use of torture and terror, planned genocide, mass retaliation for individual acts; in short, his espousal of the maxim that a holy war justifies any means.

It is widely known that one purpose of our engagement in Vietnam is to perfect the new American method of war for possible use elsewhere—perhaps in Africa or Latin America. If this concept of warfare is not forcefully rejected in the near future, its practical application may constitute the United States' primary contribution to the world revolution of rising expectations. Surely foreign aid, the Alliance for Progress, the Peace Corps represent more hopeful alternatives.

The Outcast of Lebanon ... **Robert G. Hummerstone**

Lebanon, Pa.

One dark night last February, the police dragged James N. Snavely out of his home and took him before a justice of the peace, who fined him $53 for failing to license a dog. A few days later, a voice on the phone warned his wife: "I'm going to kill your little boy, and I'm going to cut your heart out."

On the street, Snavely and his family are stared at and insulted. On a bus, one old lady snarled at him: "You son of a bitch." His mail is filled with threatening and abusive letters, one of which contained a picture of himself, cut from a newspaper, with the eyes burned out and an X drawn over the heart. The tires on his car have been slashed, and the regulator wires cut. Police had to be assigned to protect the Snavely family.

This is not a recital of Gestapo terror tactics. It is, rather, the way in which the citizens of Lebanon, Pa., have expressed their sense of outrage on discovering a dissenter in their midst. When the local school board defied the Supreme Court ban on prayer and Bible reading in the public schools, Snavely protested. The result: Snavely and his family have become pariahs in their own home town.

Regardless of the issue of religion in the public schools, what happened to Snavely raises serious doubts as to whether the right of an ordinary individual to differ with the majority is still inviolate in the America of 1964.

To Snavely, the point is a simple one: "It isn't what I believe in that's important here. It's that I have a right to believe in what I want to believe in."

Snavely, a husky, balding 41-year-old father of four, earns $3,400 a year repairing parking meters for the city. An intelligent, earthy and practical man, he is also an individualist who built his own house in the woods because he was too poor to afford anything else. He cuts his children's hair and grows his own vegetables to save money.

Snavely is also an amateur specialist in constitutional history and law. So when he felt he was being deprived of his rights, he rebelled, and refused to let anyone—even the combined powers of Lebanon—deprive him of them. He had been protesting religious practices in the public schools for four years—to no avail—when the Supreme Court handed down its Bible-reading decision in June, 1963.

Resentment against the Court rose throughout the country, but nowhere was it higher than in the gray little steel town of Lebanon (population, 30,000). There, in the heart of rural Pennsylvania's "Bible Belt," the fundamentalist logic of the people saw the Court's decision as an attack on God. Lost in the emotion were the complexities of the argument for civil liberties.

As the schools opened in September, 1963, the Cornwall-Lebanon Suburban Joint School Board heeded the cry of its outraged electorate, and declared that daily prayers would be retained in the schools under its jurisdiction. When the state attorney general ordered compliance with the Court ruling, the school board ignored him. And Lebanon's only newspaper, the *Daily News*, threatened that any dissenter would lead a miserable life in Lebanon.

Snavely watched in disbelief as the local authorities defied federal law. When his protests continued to fail, he secured help from the American Civil Liberties Union and challenged the school board's action in court. With that, all of Lebanon's resentment against the distant Supreme Court turned on Snavely. He had become the devil's lieutenant among people who believe in the devil. It mattered not that late in February the school board yielded. Snavely remained as a living symbol of the town's frustration.

He was arrested on a fifteen-month-old charge. Snavely had protested, when the issue first came up, that the dogs on his wooded property were strays that did not belong to him and that he could not control. The court had rejected the original case because the justice of the peace, Mary C. Spallone, had turned in a "faulty transcript."

The case then lay dormant until, at the height of the prayer and Bible-reading dispute, the *Daily News* raised the question in city hall. Snavely was taken from his home, brought before Mrs. Spallone again and fined $53—all in a matter of minutes.

Snavely protested, claiming harassment for his unpopular position on Bible reading. Support came from Pennsylvania's attorney general, Walter E. Alessandroni. He called the incident "a flagrant miscarriage of justice," brought on by "improper pressures." He reprimanded Mrs. Spallone for "a total ignorance of the law," and said that the actions of the arresting dog-law officer "cast considerable doubt upon his motives." He added: "The fact that this action was directed at a person at a time when he was engaged in a highly unpopular litigation magnifies its purpose and effect." Snavely appealed the conviction and it was reversed.

Despite outside support, however,

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maybe they were nervous — but there was a Vietnamese woman with three children. She grabbed one up, the Arvin shot the two older ones and the kid in her arms, and shot her in the belly.' "

Beating, caning, pistol whipping is apparently so common it doesn't merit opprobrium (here or in Vietnam), as witness this cavalier account in *Newsweek,* June 8:

> *Vietcong Sgt. Maj. Doan Lot was sore and bruised from the pistol-whipping he had received at the hands of his captors. But the pain was easily forgotten in his amazed relief at still being alive. A few days earlier, while walking along a jungle trail, he had been ambushed by a patrol of South Vietnamese Rangers. Instead of butchering him on the spot, as the terrified young guerrilla had expected, they merely beat him to loosen his tongue ("My own people do that too," he said.) and then hustled him off to Saigon for interrogation. It didn't take much persuasion to make him talk.*

The strategic hamlet program is a case par excellence of methodized cruelty on a widely practiced scale. Bernard B. Fall, in *The New Republic*, February 22, estimates that the regroupment program has involved "close to nine million people [in a population of 15 million] most of whom did not want to be moved." Many were ousted from their native villages immediately before harvest. "Regroupment," of course, involved not simply a change of location but, in general, an involuntary transferral from one's own village to a concentration camp in a distant area.

Is it because such atrocities have slackened off that protests are not being raised? That hardly seems plausible. In fact, before the "end" (whether this means withdrawal by the U.S. or an escalation of the conflict), the ARVN and its American advisers may grow increasingly savage as their situation becomes more frustrating.

A recent article in *The New York Times* is ominous in this regard. Date lined Manila, it said, in part:

> *A Roman Catholic soldier-priest, whose parish lies in guerrilla-infested South Vietnamese territory, charged today that cruelty was being used in a war against the Communists. . . . He said South Vietnamese leaders were placing priority on winning the war rather than winning the people. . . . He added: "How can we explain to a mother when her child is burned by napalm? And how can we expect a young man to fight for us when his aged father was killed by artillery fire? Indeed, how can we claim to be with the people when we burn their homes simply because those houses happen to be in the Vietcong-controlled territory?"*

The priest, Rev. Augustine Nguyen Lac Hoa, is the famous organizer and leader of the Army of Sea Swallows, a group of anti-Communist guerrillas who have been fighting in Vietnam for six years, and who were praised in 1962 by Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

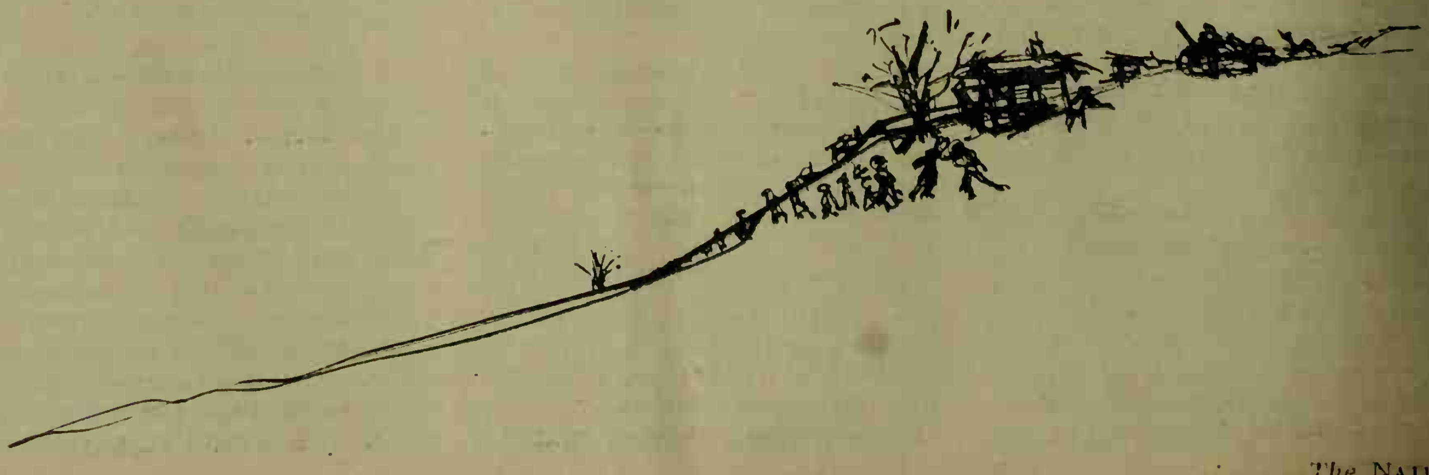
The evidence strongly suggests that the United States is sanctioning, and to an important extent participating in, brutalities of a more vicious nature and on a wider scale than have been permitted by this country in recent military history. Not only have we chosen to reply to the enemy in kind—something we generally did not do in the face of Nazi or Japanese atrocities during World War II—but we have also resorted to the slaughtering of civilian nonbelligerents, either for their suspected complicity with the Vietcong, or simply, as seems apparent in some cases, *pour encourager les autres.*

That such tactics by a civilized nation are unthinkable is beyond debate, but there are also practical considerations which weigh heavily against the continued waging of a "dirty" war. It is evident that the strength of the Vietnamese revolution stems directly from the use of violence and terror by the South Vietnamese Government. Acts of savagery on the part of the ARVN and their advisers have continually won new support for the Vietcong. As a former USIS employee in Vietnam recently commented, it is ironic that Cambodia, the only Indo-Chinese state not furnished U.S. military assistance, is also the only one not faced with an indigenous Communist revolution.

There is another consideration as well. The "style" of an army—especially one as large and as professionalized as ours—can influence the temper of the civilian population. What kind of future citizen will a soldier make who has been inured to animalistic practices condoned not only by his immediate superiors but, implicitly, by his government? And how will he feel toward Asiatics (and other non-Caucasians)? Tregaskis uncovered the inevitable turn of mind which habituation to brutality occasions.

He quotes a Marine officer: "'These Vietnamese are amazing people. I've seen 'em gut-shot, head-shot. They don't feel it at all—or if they feel it, they don't show it.' " Tregaskis, while condemning the view, makes it explicit: "At any rate, I believe Major Blaydes was trying to say that Asians have to be measured by different standards from those of Americans and Europeans, that a different scale of values has to be set up before you can make any judgment of the way the new American method of war is being employed."

Finally, there is the problem of how such a war will affect the



American populace at large—the noncombatants who will never know the horrors of Vietnam first hand. It is worth entertaining as a serious hypothesis that the war in which no holds are barred will, in time, drastically alter the moral structure of the society which wages it. Certainly many of the ethical problems which continue to haunt Germany stem from the way Hitler fought his war: his use of torture and terror, planned genocide, mass retaliation for individual acts; in short, his espousal of the maxim that a holy war justifies any means.

It is widely known that one purpose of our engagement in Vietnam is to perfect the new American method of war for possible use elsewhere—perhaps in Africa or Latin America. If this concept of warfare is not forcefully rejected in the near future, its practical application may constitute the United States' primary contribution to the world revolution of rising expectations. Surely foreign aid, the Alliance for Progress, the Peace Corps represent more hopeful alternatives.

The Outcast of Lebanon . . . Robert G. Hummerstone

Lebanon, Pa.

One dark night last February, the police dragged James N. Snavely out of his home and took him before a justice of the peace, who fined him $53 for failing to license a dog. A few days later, a voice on the phone warned his wife: "I'm going to kill your little boy, and I'm going to cut your heart out."

On the street, Snavely and his family are stared at and insulted. On a bus, one old lady snarled at him: "You son of a bitch." His mail is filled with threatening and abusive letters, one of which contained a picture of himself, cut from a newspaper, with the eyes burned out and an X drawn over the heart. The tires on his car have been slashed, and the regulator wires cut. Police had to be assigned to protect the Snavely family.

This is not a recital of Gestapo terror tactics. It is, rather, the way in which the citizens of Lebanon, Pa., have expressed their sense of outrage on discovering a dissenter in their midst. When the local school board defied the Supreme Court ban on prayer and Bible reading in the public schools, Snavely protested. The result: Snavely and his family have become pariahs in their own home town.

Regardless of the issue of religion in the public schools, what happened to Snavely raises serious doubts as to whether the right of an ordinary individual to differ with the majority is still inviolate in the America of 1964.

To Snavely, the point is a simple one: "It isn't what I believe in that's important here. It's that I have a right to believe in what I want to believe in."

Snavely, a husky, balding 41-year-old father of four, earns $3,400 a year repairing parking meters for the city. An intelligent, earthy and practical man, he is also an individualist who built his own house in the woods because he was too poor to afford anything else. He cuts his children's hair and grows his own vegetables to save money.

Snavely is also an amateur specialist in constitutional history and law. So when he felt he was being deprived of his rights, he rebelled, and refused to let anyone—even the combined powers of Lebanon—deprive him of them. He had been protesting religious practices in the public schools for four years—to no avail—when the Supreme Court handed down its Bible-reading decision in June, 1963.

Resentment against the Court rose throughout the country, but nowhere was it higher than in the gray little steel town of Lebanon (population, 30,000). There, in the heart of rural Pennsylvania's "Bible Belt," the fundamentalist logic of the people saw the Court's decision as an attack on God. Lost in the emotion were the complexities of the argument for civil liberties.

As the schools opened in September, 1963, the Cornwall-Lebanon Suburban Joint School Board heeded the cry of its outraged electorate, and declared that daily prayers would be retained in the schools under its jurisdiction. When the state attorney general ordered compliance with the Court ruling, the school board ignored him. And Lebanon's only newspaper, the *Daily News*, threatened that any dissenter would lead a miserable life in Lebanon.

Snavely watched in disbelief as the local authorities defied federal law. When his protests continued to fail, he secured help from the American Civil Liberties Union and challenged the school board's action in court. With that, all of Lebanon's resentment against the distant Supreme Court turned on Snavely. He had become the devil's lieutenant among people who believe in the devil. It mattered not that late in February the school board yielded. Snavely remained as a living symbol of the town's frustration.

He was arrested on a fifteen-month-old charge. Snavely had protested, when the issue first came up, that the dogs on his wooded property were strays that did not belong to him and that he could not control. The court had rejected the original case because the justice of the peace, Mary C. Spallone, had turned in a "faulty transcript."

The case then lay dormant until, at the height of the prayer and Bible-reading dispute, the *Daily News* raised the question in city hall. Snavely was taken from his home, brought before Mrs. Spallone again and fined $53—all in a matter of minutes.

Snavely protested, claiming harassment for his unpopular position on Bible reading. Support came from Pennsylvania's attorney general, Walter E. Alessandroni. He called the incident "a flagrant miscarriage of justice," brought on by "improper pressures." He reprimanded Mrs. Spallone for "a total ignorance of the law," and said that the actions of the arresting dog-law officer "cast considerable doubt upon his motives." He added: "The fact that this action was directed at a person at a time when he was engaged in a highly unpopular litigation magnifies its purpose and effect." Snavely appealed the conviction and it was reversed.

Despite outside support, however,

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Snavely is still an outcast in Lebanon. What made Lebanon's reaction so much more violent than it had been elsewhere?

"This community has the yoke of religion around its neck," Snavely said. "Fundamentalism colors all religions. There are churches in this town where people literally come rolling out the doors. And this makes the reputable religions hard-pressed to compete with the fringe sects."

According to Snavely, jobs are scarce in Lebanon, and the unions weak. "This gives the churches a tighter grip on the town. To get a job at the local factories, you have to get a recommendation from your minister." Lebanon's power structure—which Snavely has challenged—is an inbred mixture of old families, small businessmen and Pennsylvania Dutch farmers that effectively imposes its standards on all who live there.

The population is overwhelmingly Republican, conservative and Protestant. Dissenters are few, and unwelcome. In the midst of this lives James Snavely—Democrat, liberal and nonbeliever.

Snavely has been fighting the *status quo* in school religion since his oldest child, Victoria, began school four years ago:

> *I refused to let Vicki participate in some prayer meetings run by a private outfit named Child Evangelism, Inc. The teacher gave her hell, and when I complained, I got a letter from the principal—on school stationery—telling me I'd better send her. Of course I didn't.*

Snavely said he then found out that the teacher was leaving his daughter all alone in the classroom while she taught Bible class to the other children in a nearby firehouse on school time. This stopped after Snavely complained. "Instead, she'd sit and read Vicki Bible stories. When I asked my daughter what they were about, she said they were about bad children burning alive. Another time, one of the kids' teachers separated the class. Kids who went to church had to sit on one side of the room; those who didn't sat on the other side."

Snavely continued to protest, but he began to worry about the effect of his protests on his children. "I didn't want the kids to be nonconformists, or to disrespect authority. But I didn't want them disrespecting me, either, because I don't go to church."

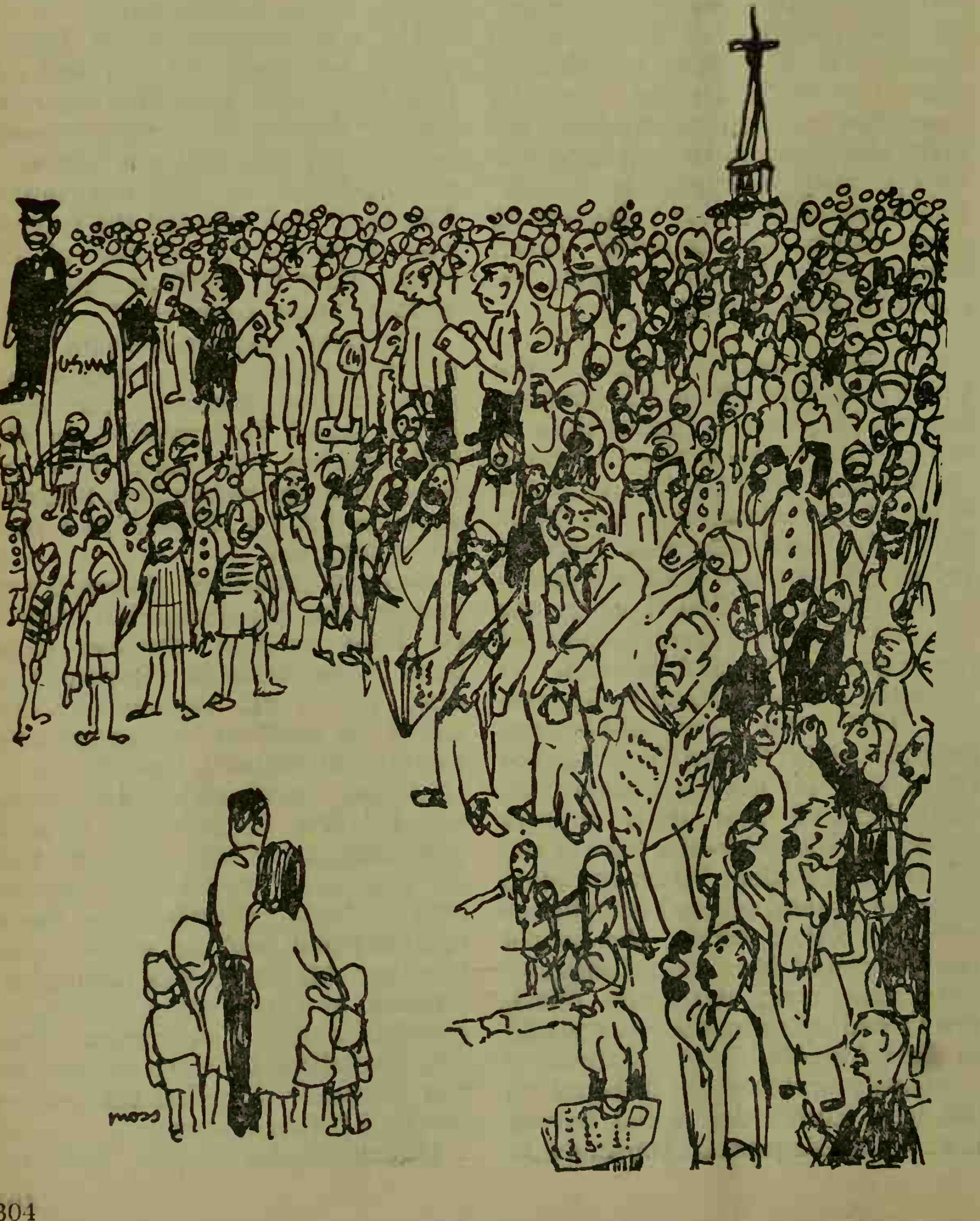
What makes a man protest when he knows it will incur the enmity of all about him? "I've been a dissenter ever since I was a kid," Snavely explains. "I've always sympathized with the average guy—I believe he is basically decent. And I hate to see him manipulated by a few slick operators playing on his emotions."

Snavely said that his father had also gotten into trouble for attempting to fight for what he thought was right. "He was fired as superintendent of schools in Newcastle, Del., twenty-five years ago when he tried to put sex education in his schools. Now it's commonplace. In twenty-five years, people will agree with me on Bible reading."

Forced to drop out of high school when his father died, Snavely has a great respect for the value of education. "When my dad died, I couldn't go to college. But I hoped that by showing some guts, I would encourage some of the more intelligent people in town to speak out. They've stayed silent, though, and let the bigots whip up the people."

Snavely told me that his ancestors were the original settlers of Lebanon. "Isaac Snavely the Elder came here from Germany—to escape religious persecution—back in 1730." As an afterthought, he added: "Can you imagine, some guy the other day told me to go back to Russia?" He is a large, gregarious man who gives the impression of enjoying his notoriety. "They'll probably try to force me out of my job when all the heat is off, but I'll stay and fight. I belong here. If it wasn't for guys like me, there'd be no freedom of religion."

A supporter of Snavely agrees. "If Snavely hadn't been given this opportunity, he'd find something else," said Hyland White, news director of WLBR in Lebanon. "But we need people like this. There are



many people secretly delighted that someone's carrying the banner."

If Snavely's life has been made difficult by his one-man stand, his wife and four children—aged 10, 8, 5 and 4—have suffered more. The children have been punished by their teachers and ridiculed by their classmates for refusing to recite daily prayers. Eric, 8, was disciplined by one of his teachers, who is the wife of a local minister.

One unsigned letter printed by the *Daily News* charged Mrs. Snavely with "shaking a rug out the window stark naked," and leaving the door "open so the goats could wander in and out." A shy, sensitive person, she does not enjoy the battle as her husband does, but she is resigned to it. "What scared me most was the phone calls," she said. "One morning, after Jim went to work, a man called and said he was going to kill Eric and cut my guts out. When I hung up, I was scared to death. Jim came home and called the police." For a week after that, a police officer rode in the school bus with the Snavely children.

"I'm afraid to stay here by myself now," Mrs. Snavely said. "There are no neighbors for half a mile. When Jim goes to work, I stay in town with my sister-in-law, Lucille." Although frightened, Mrs. Snavely showed no signs of losing her faith in her husband. "This won't end for him until he dies," she said. "If it's not one thing, it's another. He's been in this type of thing since I've known him." She suddenly looked worried. "But this is the worst thing yet. He's only one man, and he can take just so much."

Snavely has admirers, although few would have done what he did. One who counts himself Snavely's friend is Frank Gabriel, president of the Young Democratic Club. "I admire the man for his courage. I myself wouldn't have done it. When this dies down, he's finished—he's out of a job. And politically, the man is poison."

"Many people in this town were considering doing what Snavely did—people who are better known," said Hyland White. "And every one of them backed out after considering the abuse his family would have suffered." White has been one of the few voices in Lebanon to counsel moderation on the Bible-reading issue. Snavely credits White with attempting to bring the controversy into perspective and explain it to the people. And he blames the *Daily News* for stirring up the violent reaction to his stand.

"These Pennsylvania Dutch are patriotic, but gullible," Snavely said. "They believe whatever the Lebanon *Daily News* tells them. The people of this area would have accepted the Supreme Court's decision peacefully if the paper hadn't inflamed them by implying that it was all a plot against God."

White stated it more directly:

> *When the school board voted to defy the Supreme Court, the newspaper ran an editorial warning anyone who didn't agree to keep quiet or life would be made uncomfortable for them here. When Snavely had the gall to defy them, they smeared him. And when the American Civil Liberties Union stepped in to help Snavely, they tried to smear it as a Communist front. They went back thirty-five years to get material against the ACLU.*
>
> *This paper exploited the issue as one of many right-wing causes it espouses—such as impeaching Earl Warren. They've got a very volatile managing editor.*

As a journalist, White was highly critical of the manner in which the *News* handled the Snavely controversy—especially its choice of letters to publish. "Where does journalistic responsibility begin?" he asked.

The managing editor and copublisher of the *News*, Adam S. Wilder, defended his handling of the issue. He believes it is a newspaper's responsibility to alert public opinion on important issues. And he frankly admits that one of the reasons his paper supports school prayer so heavily is that the practice is so popular in the community.

In an editorial at the height of the controversy, Wilder's newspaper blamed the state attorney general for raising the issue. The attorney general, it said, "incorrectly" ruled that the Supreme Court's decision banned "permissive" school prayer as well as compulsory. "It's been constitutional to pray in school for 180 years," Wilder said perplexedly. "I don't see why we can't pray now."

This smiling, friendly man, who seems anything but a "volatile" crusader, also admits that it was his newspaper that raised the question of the unsettled dog case when Snavely took the school board to court. "Snavely was the most prominent figure in the news at the time, so anything about him would have been of interest to our readers."

Wilder denies, however, any personal campaign against Snavely. "I could have Snavely fired tomorrow if I wanted. The Mayor and I grew up side by side. But I don't want to make it a personal issue."

Anyway, Wilder said, Snavely was not important, but was merely serving as a "cat's-paw" for someone else, although he didn't say who. "I doubt very much that Snavely has strong convictions on anything. He just wants the publicity."

The startling thing about the entire controversy is that one relatively poor man could have provoked the rich and powerful of Lebanon to such depths of bitterness. Ordinarily reasonable men lose all perspective in discussing the Snavely case.

Charles W. Mellinger, the school board's chief advocate of Bible reading, is one of the leaders of the community. This successful businessman is well-mannered and personally attractive, but at the mention of Snavely, his tone changes. Discussing his town's violent reaction to Snavely, he "can't see any harm" in the denunciations of Snavely by local politicians and the newspaper. "There was no intent to abuse; it was to help." He was asked if he felt that the end of defeating Snavely justified the means of doing it. "Yes," he said, "it does."

Some other leaders in Lebanon are beginning to disagree. Although they remained silent during Snavely's darkest hours, many of them now privately concede that fighting Snavely did not justify the damage it did to the community. For despite all the expensive litigation of the school board, all the exhortations of the newspaper, and all the threats against the Snavely family, there are today no religious devotions in the Lebanon schools. There is, instead, a residue of deep bitterness in Lebanon, and a loss of prestige for the city elsewhere.

"I hate to see this town's name dragged in the mud," said Alvin B. Lewis, Jr., Lebanon's young district attorney. "We're trying to attract new industry, and we had been moving ahead in the past few years. Now, a few people can undo all this hard work."

When the hatred finally dies down, it will remain to be seen who was the real loser in this controversy: James Snavely or the city of Lebanon.

Blind Man's Bluff

COLD FRIDAY. By Whittaker Chambers. Random House. 327 pp. $5.95.

David Cort

Whittaker Chambers was an archetype of something central to the American experience. To either friend or foe, however, this posthumous assemblage of his terminal ruminations does not quite make clear exactly what that was. Let me help.

He was a product of a decadent white Anglo-Saxon Protestant family, lost and atomized in a gray New York suburb. For such people it is vital both to repudiate what they are, and to invent something else to believe in. Whittaker did not get to Columbia until he was all of 19, fat and dirty and rumpled, with a curious gleam in his eye. In this book he names the friends he found there: Clifton Fadiman, Meyer Schapiro, Charles Wagner, John Gassner, Herbert Solow, Lionel Trilling, a group that has since become distinguished. From his two years at Columbia he thinks he learned a liberal skepticism, which was just what he did not want; he wanted to believe. "In the summer of 1923 between my sophomore and junior year," he says (but this must be a most curious mistake — 1923 should have been the end of his junior year, which he never achieved) he saw the chaos of "the occupation of the Rhineland." It was the Ruhr that was occupied, not in the summer, but in January, 1923; the Rhineland had been occupied much earlier. The German inflation, which he also reports, was a delayed effect of the occupation. From this, he says, he drew his apocalyptic lifelong vision of the disintegration of the West. He is not interested in why the Ruhr (not Rhineland) was occupied, nor in the adjustments the powers made afterward. We begin to wonder whether Whittaker was not the kind of youth whom it is a grave social mistake to educate.

And why the errors in chronology and fact? The book exudes the tone and style of a man of deep and authoritative culture. Is this all cardboard? But we must doubt him even when he gives us the facts of his own life.

The editor, Duncan Norton-Taylor, says that Whittaker wrote the material of this book because he thought he had something further to say, beyond *Witness*, a book comparable to, but funnier than, *Mein Kampf*. Very well, what is he saying?

Here it is. "A West without meaning, a West that is unable to find in itself a meaning equal to the crisis that besets it." "Capitalism is itself a revolutionary force." "The West is swayed by a profound will to die." "History is heading toward an important showdown." "Obviously, both socialists and Communists are social revolutionists." "Modern men cannot be reached in general through their minds, and even through their souls. . . . The argument must be completed by The Bombs." "If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist. . . . But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism . . . is right." (Wrong both ways.)

Throughout we learn that the West is not worth saving, but that Whittaker could have saved it, if permitted. This wondrous message has been read by eminent conservatives as a superb and thrilling American patriotism; to me, it does not have quite that ring. Here he still says that communism always gave him fulfillment and hope, and the West gives him nothing but sinking despair. The conservatives love this stuff; I am baffled. The real Communists love it too; this is far less mysterious.

To take all this seriously, it would seem that Whittaker believed that history has an obligation to describe some legible and beautiful logic that would satisfy Whittaker. Thus he got himself trapped inside the big words and could not get back to the observed reality (though reality is his favorite word: again a word, inside which he is imprisoned). My intuition is that he would have been happy ending his life inside a real prison of stone and steel. Instead, he found the necessary sense of suffering in being saddled with a beautiful Maryland farm and a (presumably) devoted family. Under these fated burdens, he strode on manfully, weeping only on the page.

And the silences. Like *New Yorker* editors, Chambers was a great believer in long silences, with his wife, with his son. He writes of them in this book as highly significant but to me they mean that he was a great bluffer. Silence, like music, has an effect disproportionate to its message. Silent men are thinking how heroic they are; their silences are usually safe battle hymns. I find this sort of boorishness contemptible and suspect. Certainly many young men know they are unique in all time; Whittaker retained this fantasy to the end.

In life as apart from his art, we watch in Whittaker a gravitation toward power. At a time when other Columbia men were dancing to the Czarist anthem, Whittaker smelled the power in communism. In default, he turned to the Time, Inc., organization, a key propaganda outfit. Next he turned to the power business of exposing supposed Communists. Immobilized, he turned to apocalypse, to threatening everybody with the end of the world, from which only he could save them.

In such an apologia as this it is most important to distinguish between art and life. The art dresses up the life, and is in turn judged by those familiar with the life. The Newsletter of Whittaker's own Class of 1924 at Columbia published his obituary as that of "by far the most famous member of Columbia '24 (this will shock some of our more eminent classmates). . . . During World War II, by a peculiar coincidence, the foreign editors of *Time* and *Life* were both Columbia '24. . . ." The one on *Life* was the present reviewer, who had been with that organization since 1932 and who wrote the obituary. ". . . Chambers on *Time* kept predicting the collapse of the Russian Armies and urging the Americans to throw 10,000,000 young American corpses into the fray. This was Whittaker's contribution to American propaganda. . . .

"Whittaker's immense personal achievement was to transfer his own sublimated hysteria to large sections of the American people. For a while America looked like Whittaker Chambers."

Herbert Solow, Charles Wagner and Lionel Trilling protested against these and similar comments in the obituary. One must understand America, or New York, very thoroughly to unravel this extraordinary story line. Including myself, frozen in ancient anti-communism but not quite satisfied with Whittaker's anti-communism, if indeed it is that, or if the others take it for that.

The West, as Whittaker shudderingly reveals, is indeed in a state of continuous revolution, as it has always been, since the Greek city-states, and this is its strength. This fact by no means makes the West the dupe of Moscow, which seems to other eyes a claptrap imitation of America. Under a mature political system, America expresses some selectivity about the sort of continuous revolution its people want. Whittaker misunderstood, or perhaps pretended to misunderstand, the whole canvas of Western history, though he tells us he is well read in the subject and specializes in obscure back alleys of it.

He tells us that it is absolutely essential to human life (i.e., something like oxygen) to have "something infinitely great" to bow down before. This opinion alone, so absolute, so awe-inspiring, will sufficiently explain the mystery of Whittaker Chambers to most discerning people.

For he believed that this "something infinitely great" had to be invented and imposed on the world. And his something more to say was simply his need to invent and impose it. But in fact the "something infinitely great" is actually already present, and known to all. It is the universe, and present everywhere and always. Whether one bows or not is immaterial.

David Cort's latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

Spain Between the Lines

THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE. By Camilo José Cela. Translated and with an Introduction by Anthony Kerrigan. Little, Brown & Co. 166 pp. $4.50.

TIME OF SILENCE. By Luis Martín-Santos. Translated by George Leeson. Harcourt, Brace & World. 247 pp. $4.50.

CHAOS AND NIGHT. By Henri de Montherlant. Translated by Terence Kilmartin. The Macmillan Co. 240 pp. $4.95.

Paul West

Never quite equal to the ingenuity of human minds, censorship is sometimes creative in its effect. Especially in Spain, that *tertium quid* of compromise, its bans and interferences have provoked into being some of the most ingenious feats of literary defiance our time has seen. Language has become gesture and novel writing in particular a mutiny that relies on meaningful omissions together with tropes or designs which, challenging the reader to interpret as best he can, promote the very activity the censor proscribes. In fact the *"vita minima"* to which Ortega found Spain always recurring has shown up once again, this time in a sterile routine of one-upmanship: the novelist cheats or confounds the censor by omitting significance altogether, or by including too much of it. This makes the censor's job whimsical and personal rather than a species of doctrinal loyalty and, at the same time, enables the novelist to maintain a camouflaged honor. And that can mean a great deal, although it might sound like next to nothing. Spanish thought, in another sense, has always been next to nothing—obsessed with *nada*—and the mid-century plight of Spain exacerbates the old metaphysical ache.

Not surprisingly, novels written and published under the censor's cloud are themselves nebulous. The novelist who stays put stays ambiguous. His very presence becomes a complex plot in its own right. He cannot spell out his dissent, but he can imply it in all sorts of ingenious structural and textural ways, hoping that an occasional word to the wise will be sufficient. On the one hand, if he is cunning enough, he will get his clandestine message through, garbled in its details but clear in its drift; and he may even become part of the ideological establishment. After all, the censor has to endorse as well as except, and he may endorse something whose defiant ironies elude him. On the other hand, being obliged to be indirect, the embattled novelist may communicate nothing at all save his own technical embarrassments. He may find himself perpetrating a turgidity or scantness that looks like bad writing. But there is a world of difference between what ability is obliged to leave out and what mediocrity could never put in; unfortunately, the results in print often look similar.

Under such circumstances, the reader—wherever he lives—becomes a manipulative participant. He must be able to decipher, so to speak, without finding cipher everywhere, and he must be able to make aesthetic judgments that are not distorted by his sympathy for the writer's awkward position. He has to develop, and if possible perfect, a habit of attuned appraisal that will enable him to decide when a whole page about the emptiness of a cup is an indictment of a regime's blankness, and when it is just an overlong piece of description. Of course, things are rarely that simple. A reader accustomed to a diet of such as Barth, Hawkes and Pynchon has the best chance here, although even he will have to read between the lines until he discovers and gets with paraleipsis: "A passing over with brief mention so as to emphasize the suggestiveness of what is omitted." That is what the censor can drive you to.

Thoughts like these—sour with a frustration that induces levity—run through my head each time I try a novel from modern Spain. How much to read in? How much to discount? How to cater to the paraleipsis? And now, Spain again, this time in two novels by Spaniards at opposite ends of the censor-cramped literary spectrum, and in a third by a great French writer, about a former anarchist who returns to Madrid after twenty years of Parisian exile. The first two, both of them enigmatic and with a history of censorship, enact a drama of hampered semantics to which Henri de Montherlant supplies a tart, choric commentary based on his own sense of "that strange, bitter, ingenuous world of people who are perpetually on the fringe of society, cultivating their own eccentricity, not to say their absurdity—a world which seems to me peculiarly Spanish, the patron saint of which is Don Quixote." These words from the preface to *Chaos and Night* seem a fair definition of the Spanish hangover which exiles have remedied with a stiff nostalgia, which habitués fight off by becoming self-elected pariahs, and which tourists encounter with baffled smiles as the

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Paul West, English novelist and critic, is a visiting professor at Pennsylvania State. His books include Byron and the Spoiler's Art *(St Martin's Press),* The Modern Novel *and a memoir,* I, Said the Sparrow *(Hutchinson).*

NATO Cockaigne. The pain of Spain is complex; and those who try to correlate its half-lies, its myths, its arrogations and capitulations, its "bad faith," its ecclesiastical-military twitch, and its finesse in playing by ear, are bound eventually to run up against Absurdity and fight it by imagining a therapeutic epitome: say, the tip of the benevolent dictator's pyramidal tomb disguised as a rhino horn upon which the body will spin as the personification of Heaven, while a chorus of exiles, disguised as priests, diligently chants "Uranus, Uranus." The three widely different books mentioned above offer no *sursum corda* but a reading experience that saddens and pains, and invites a discordance of sympathy and cachinnation.

The facts are these. *The Family of Pascual Duarte*, first published in 1942, was seized in 1943 and banned for two years; it was then authorized again, but with a censored introduction. The present translation, for the first American edition, has been approved by Cela himself; it incorporates his latest changes. *Time of Silence* first appeared, severely censored, in 1962 and is the first and last novel of a psychiatrist who died in a car accident earlier this year at the age of 39. Both translations are competent; what a pity, however, that they were not footnoted to show what the censors excised from the original Spanish versions.

Cela's novella, presented as the confession of a brutish Castilian peasant guilty of several murders, is the work of a literary pathologist who, with a few curt gestures, washes his hands of the human condition. Cela writes out of a bustling contempt. He dedicates "this 13th and definitive edition . . . to my enemies, who have been of such help to me in my career"; elsewhere, he has remarked that all institutions are bad, "all of them rotten and shopworn." It is therefore reasonable — although not enough — to liken *Pascual Duarte* to Camus' *The Stranger* (as Anthony Kerrigan does in his gongoristic introduction) and to say that its bareness is like "the blackness in sunlight, as potent as a black sun."

Martín-Santos creates a quasi-parable with his story of a young medical researcher whose cancerous experimental mice, imported from Illinois, have all died. Its meaning is as ambiguous as the local mice which supposedly survive and multiply in this novel because at night they are permitted to nestle between the breasts of slum girls. The same perverse near-nihilism of Cela appears at the end of this book, when the young doctor compares himself to St. Lawrence who asked the pagans to roast him symmetrically: "Turn me over, for I'm done on this side."

Murder and cancer, nothingness and torture: it seems a standard enough range of metaphor with which to renew the old paradox of nihilism transformed into scrupulous art. Cela, on the one hand, writes a gaunt prose: as when Pascual stabs his mare: "Her skin was hard. Much harder than Zacarías'. . . . When I quit the stable my arm was aching. I was covered with blood up to my elbow. The mare hadn't made a sound." In contrast, Martín-Santos writes lavishly and sometimes turgidly: "the odor of scarce-digested food and recently peeled oranges became the perfume of a demimondaine Parisian banquet with fruit from the violent fertility of the tropics." But at his best, as in his long, free-wheeling evocations of a drunk's Madrid, or his verbless cataloguings of hallucination, he achieves a ranting gaudiness worthy of Carlyle. It depends if you like Carlyle. Occasionally the prose of Martín-Santos zeros in on a single item which therefore clicks into violent, meaningful, relief: "a soup tureen marked 'Limoges' brimming as a chamber pot under a bed"; "the chosen victim of popular hatred, this man who goes out in his strange bicorn hat and walks across the arena with a deliberately ungainly step and a serious and constricted face, half dead with fright, to make his ridiculous postures in front of a wild animal."

Both Cela and Martín-Santos dismiss the Spain of tambourines in order to plumb, before dismissing that too, the Spain of dark rituals. The results—of compression, and pruning, of overflow and grafting—are macabre. Pascual Duarte's death-cell confession, written desultorily before he dies in panic at the garrote, reads less like the village maniac addressing a grandee (which it is supposed to be) than a grandee making like the maniac. And the picaresque misadventures of the young doctor, after his hunt for new mice entangles him in a squalid abortion scandal, seem the merest ditto marks among the hopeless human detritus of Madrid's lower depths.

In each case something is made: not so much a point as a puncture. Pascual gratuitously slaughters his dog. The doctor sees the mouse bites on the Toledan girls' breasts and gets to thinking about Cervantes' mutilated hands. The point is the meaninglessness; the puncture is to create an extra bit of meaninglessness and then thrust it into the general sum. Both novels lapse into arabesque. Not that the writers don't keep things happening in order to maintain the narrative illusion; they do, but Pascual's murderousness, like the doctor's mouse quest, develop into stylish rigmarole. Pascual repeats himself; the doctor stays dazed; but both Cela's phrasing, cold and exact as massed dominoes, and Martín-Santo's elaborate spew, arrive at climaxes for which the story seems only a pretext. In each book there is a great deal going on that the reader can only guess at. Both Cela and Martín-Santos deal with spiritual aridity stagily, but keep their main points at several ventriloqual removes from outspokenness. They are mummers, condemning by means of dead pan, and loyal only to words.

"Why," the doctor wonders about Cervantes, "though he knew that madness was mere nothingness, a chasm and a vacuum, did this man affirm that madness is the essence of man's moral being?" Why live? Well, why not? Pascual Duarte is one of the flowers of evil; there are, as the doctor concludes from his acerb review of the Spanish social strata, many other flowers. And these—not of evil, but of puzzlement, obsequiousness, timidity, arrogance, deathly silence and violent talk — are in the majority. In the long run Cela's decision to thin out a psychological study into gruesome folk farce tells us something, but not much. Martín-Santos, who reveals an intense love of life's motley, tells us more, but his very copiousness hinders him. They both imply the anti-hero, or the conquistador in reverse: not tilting at windmills or conquering, but backing and filling, squinting or winking, sly in their powerlessness. Both Pascual and the doctor are pawns; but how much they should blame society, and how much the universe, we cannot tell, they cannot know. Life is never that obliging.

On all this Montherlant sheds a light of wintry sanity. He has arrived at the perfection of a manner. He still, as it were, bullies his subject into submission with a sardonic cunning all his own. But in *Chaos and Night*, as in *The Bachelors*, he makes

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Dear Friend,

We are worried.

McCarthyism abrogated the Bill of Rights. HUAC violates democratic safeguards. The McCarran Internal Security Act undermines constitutional guarantees. But Goldwaterism goes far beyond the witchhunts and persecutions. It is the Ultra-Right cry for the complete repression of all democratic rights.

Remember the Cow Palace Nightmare?

The Extreme Right—highly organized, well financed and ruthless—captured a major political party. Respected men and women were humiliated and hooted. Even limited appeals for sanity were brutally trampled. They forced the acceptance of policies such as: Let the Generals push THE BUTTON, States Rights (for segregationists), more Right to Work Laws and less Social Security Benefits, and "re-evaluate" our role in the United Nations.

This was a dress rehearsal for American Fascism.

While the Democratic Convention left much to be desired, it allowed room for debate and discussion. When public pressure was strong, its leaders, including President Johnson, offered the Negro people of Mississippi some measure of representation.

The opinion polls indicate a Goldwater defeat. But the same kind of predictions disarmed people before the California primaries and the GOP Convention.

If Goldwater should lose by a small margin, the Republican Party will be a solid base for the Ultra-Right. Extremists in the Democratic Party will be encouraged. We could expect a shocking enforcement of the McCarran Internal Security Act*. No one will escape the new outbursts of hate and violence.

President Johnson has sounded the alarm. He is calling for the defeat of the "reckless extremes" . . . who "despise the word 'democracy', dislike the word 'equality', distrust the word 'peace'."

NOW is NOT the time to relax or take anything for granted. Every vote neglected gives comfort to the extremists. Every vote cast builds a landslide to smash Goldwaterism.

Sincerely,

DR. WILLARD UPHAUS, Chairman

*The Citizens Committee has succeeded in securing signatures from 21 States on the Petition to Repeal the McCarran Internal Security Act. All those received by October 26 will be sent to President Johnson, urging him to strengthen his anti-extremist program—before and after elections—by dropping all prosecutions under the McCarran Act.

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his intellect instruct him about compassion (not his usual vein). So there is a reasoned-out rather than an impulsive sympathy in his portrait of Don Celestino Marcilla, the anarchist hero, who tries to go home again but finds himself hopelessly out of date until the day of his death. (The violence he longed for was there after all, latent in the national hangover.) The reasoned compassion seems just right: if ever there was comedy to be won from the Spanish tragedy Montherlant, in his wry way, has won it here. With all the relentless diffidence of a man who knows exactly what he is talking about, he makes Don Celestino's contrarieties express the whole muddle of Spain and come to a head at a shabby *corrida* during which snow begins to fall. So muddled that the only decisive thing he can do is break with his few remaining friends and his daughter, Don Celestino discovers that men call the world absurd only because part of it is nice. In other words — and Montherlant conveys this through a multitude of mocking or elegiac touches — to say the matador's *fuera todos!* ("Everyone out!") in the hope of achieving a definite nothing is just as futile as trying to have everything.

Celestino and Pascual come together in vain assertiveness. The doctor is overwhelmed by less than everything. Between *nada* and all, there is only something, and this impossibility of achieving an absolute dispirits the Spanish novelist of today just as it dispirited Don Quixote. Don Celestino pops a peppermint into his mouth. "What's that?" the police inspector asks. They are both thinking of cyanide; the only possible heroic action is a negative one. The rest of life is a sullen accommodation to things as they are and the mutinous exegesis, in cryptic book after cryptic book, of Quixote's line, "Thus living kills me."

Montherlant's great service is to have put the frustration and pain into perspective and point-blank language. *Chaos and Night*, a brilliant and subtle homage to a country he loves and mourns for, is not without asperities (Who, loving Spain, would *not* get annoyed?) and an occasional, relieved lapse into platitude: "Scribbling on the walls of public lavatories is the futile revenge of minorities." Terence Kilmartin's translation is deft, alert and stylish; he has captured exactly the shifting tones of Montherlant's first novel in twenty-four years, and perhaps his most daring, his best.

The Fine Art of Self-Appraisal

BEGINNING AGAIN. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & World. 263 pp. $4.95.

Christopher Sykes

In theory the story of one's life is the easiest of all books to write. Yet, as critics have often pointed out, first-rate autobiography is extremely rare; the successful practitioner in this branch of letters needs an unusual conjunction of qualities and circumstances to produce an account of himself that will stand on its own as a distinguished book.

First, I think, the right degree of self-esteem. A man who regards himself and his career as of no importance whatsoever can hardly expect to hold his reader's attention when he comes to record it: there can be only one "Diary of a Nobody." It has been rightly pointed out (by Belloc among others) that Gibbon's self-esteem is largely responsible for the excellence of his memoirs. But his majesterial approach to himself is also responsible for something undeniably absurd in his last work, something which is notably absent in *Beginning Again*. Mr. Woolf is perfectly frank about his many claims to distinction, but this candor is subtly and firmly associated with a natural modesty. Self-appraisal is a more apt word for the quality that is needed, and Mr. Woolf's estimate of himself gives the impression of being as precise a piece of professional work as can be imagined.

But apart from this rightness of attitude, the autobiographer needs (with the sole exception of Grossmith's great Nobody) to have had an interesting and somewhat varied life, and a breadth of view commensurate with his experience. As a man with experience of British Colonial rule, of the literary London and Cambridge of the years before World War I, of political life on the Left in the war years, and of English society of many kinds, Mr. Woolf can draw on a rich variety of life. But what perhaps assures the reader more than anything else is the fact that, among the large number of men and women whom Woolf has known, and so memorably describes here, there are several quite ridiculous and culpably foolish people whom he presents to us with the same loving care as he bestows on the deservedly eminent. Mr. Woolf has none of the arts which are taught in charm schools, but he fairly compels us to like him. He has the gift of sympathy in rare measure.

For many readers one of the most interesting sections of the book will be the brief account of "Bloomsbury": the writers, artists, critics and thinkers who, at a later time, in the 1920s came to be grouped together, in popular ideas, under the name of that elegant but somewhat grim 18th-century area of central London. Bloomsbury was held to be united in point of view and aim, as in the "intelligentsia formations" which are to be commonly found at any time in France and Germany, but are somewhat rare in England. The always latent and frequently active hostility of British people to any form of intelligentsia rapidly turned "Bloomsbury," with its comic overtones, into a term of abuse, and as late as the

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Christopher Sykes, a producer in the features department of the B.B.C., is the author of Four Studies in Loyalty *and* The Answer to Question 33 *(both Sloane),* Two Studies in Virtue *(Knopf),* Orde Wingate *(World).*

Portrait

Dry-leaf life
curls up on
lobe toes

and like a lost
or haunted crab
skitters

across the street,
fretting in
the wind,

or curled forward
tumbles down or
even up a

rise, crisp and
light as a
spring catkin,

or boatlike strikes
a stream or, wet,
flattens

out stream-bottom
as windless
black: come,

wind, away from
water and let
song spring &

leap with this
paper-life's
lively show.

A. R. Ammons

1940s an uninformed writer, such as Sir Arnold Lunn, was to be found applying the term to any critic or writer whom he did not like. Mr. Woolf points out that insofar as a Bloomsbury group existed it did so by the accident of friendship between certain eminent Cambridge men, including Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster and Roger Fry. The circle grew and became more of a group by the accident of family intermarriage, and by the final circumstance that several of them lived in the dark well-proportioned streets and squares of Bloomsbury. It was here, in consequence, that they most often met.

After four pages of exposition Mr. Woolf does not mention Bloomsbury again, but much of the rest of his book is about Bloomsbury personnel. The theme persists. He disposes of the Bloomsbury myth and explains the relation of the myth to the reality. The binding force which gave the group a certain intellectual coherence was the influence on most of them of the philosopher G. E. Moore. It was not a strong force but it gave them mutual understanding of a rare kind. Their aims and achievements were otherwise unconnected for the most part, yet they made a single strong impression on the general public of their time. Perhaps it may be said, though Mr. Woolf might not concede the point, that without being a group Bloomsbury fulfilled many of a group's functions.

Readers of the book's two predecessors will expect abundance of good portraiture, and they will get it. Mr. Woolf is as masterly in the large full-length portrait as he is cunning in the swift sketch. George Bernard Shaw has been described so often, and so entertainingly, by so many of his vast acquaintance, that one might have thought that there was little left to say. Mr. Woolf proves this untrue, and in his very amusing picture he stresses that G.B.S. was before all things a "public man," one who could love, hate, think, attack, reform, defend—could in fact do almost anything you wanted—provided he was in the full view of an audience whose attention he could confidently guarantee. There are also brilliant pictures of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and a very moving one of that most genial and frustrated of men, Desmond MacCarthy. Not all his pictures flow from his natural kindness. He gives a brief and devastating profile of Margot Asquith whom he seems to have seen through with distaste, and of Middleton Murry he says: "He was always ready to weep loudly and generously over the woes of the world, but the eyes reminded me of the crocodile's."

The main portrait, indeed the main subject of the book, concerns the author's wife, Virginia Woolf. To have been able to write this masterly account is a severe test of courage and honesty. The result can be accurately described as a masterpiece of tragic beauty. Early in life Virginia Woolf discovered that her abnormal imaginative energy was allied to a tendency toward extreme mental disorder. As she grew older she became prone to fantastic delusions, especially of guilt, and these could lead her to insane despair, and a passion to commit suicide which in the end proved fatal. Only gradually did husband and wife discover the dimensions of the nightmare with which they had to live. All this is described with the compassion and love which can only come from rigid honesty and a fearless capacity to face the facts. Mr. Woolf's treatment of this somber theme is a most remarkable achievement, and it can be said without exaggeration that it raises the book to greatness.

The author himself emerges from this record as a versatile, humorous, contemplative and thoroughly able man, not without prejudice, for like all men he is to some extent the prisoner of his period. At one point he delivers a wholly fallacious judgment on Wagner which was fashionable sixty years ago, the period of the first reaction against the Wagnerian tyranny; at another point he seems to applaud the Russian Revolution through a habit picked up between March and November, 1917. But these occasions are rare. Usually Mr. Woolf has the key to detachment and freedom of mind.

The political ideas of literary men are usually peevish and inept, but Mr. Woolf shows himself again and again to be the happiest of exceptions to this rarely broken rule. His many interesting reflections on political matters make it clear that he learned political wisdom in study and administration. Many of his epigrammatic pronouncements deserve to be remembered; here are two: "The view that everything that has not happened was always utopian seems to me false—it is one of the commonest forms of stupidity after the event." In 1918, he acted as spokesman for a deputation to the Colonial Office from Ceylon. They were seeking for revision of some manifestly erroneous court sentences. The Colonial Under Secretary was the historian W. A. S. Hewins, and remembrance of the episode moves Mr. Woolf to say as follows: "We all did our best, but all we got from Mr. Hewins was the inevitable and expected refusal. Who killed imperialism? I, said the imperialist, with my imperialism and my Hewinses and my refusals."

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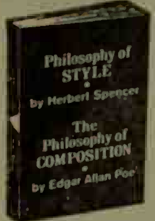

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THEATRE

R. J. Schroeder

ANTIC HAMLET

On Sunday evenings at the 13th Street Theatre, a troupe assembled and directed by Michael Alaimo (he was the dumb show King in Joseph Papp's Central Park *Hamlet*) is prancing through the First Quarto version of the play in, of all things, Commedia dell'Arte style. This farcical view of Hamlet and his playmates, running so counter to the carefully focused introspective offerings of recent experience, seems, at first, sacrilegious. But acceptance and utter enjoyment follow hard upon, for the play emerges, from this unaccustomed vantage, in a broad antic humanity which the audience explores and enjoys on its own, freed by Commedia from the constricting interpretive definitions to which it has become so conditioned.

The style is obviously appropriate to Hamlet's assumed antic air, but when the Hamlet who knows a hawk from a hand saw is nevertheless portrayed *a là Commedia*, and when uncle, mother, prime minister and the rest are played in pratfall, amazing, unfamiliar personalities appear. The slapstick entices a whole-human response, and the tragedy of Hamlet's, and his fellow inmates', loss of life's potential is mourned anew in sardonic, capering caricature.

Relieved of psyche-probing and redemption, the brother-murderer King is a crude, crooked cracker who snatches what he wants and belches it. His Queen is a hard, fun-loving broad who's been around and likes it, and who's going to wiggle her way into more of the action, whatever and wherever it is. It's lots of fun, but it also makes a lot of good sense. I'll venture that this thirsty Queen, who thoughtlessly drains the poison cup, is closer to the Queen the first Elizabeth saw than are our recent repentants. Horatio as buffoon foil and Polonius (Corambis in the First Quarto) as Ass and Ophelia as Blondie are comic and ring true. And these sensible, palatable truths stand delectably apart from any attempt at interpreted Truth, for which fact, among others, I loved the evening.

But, most interestingly, the off-beat perspective of Commedia allows us to view Hamlet himself through an ancient lens which has become all but forgotten. Our modern glass has been carefully curved to center upon Hamlet as aspect. We are shown finely rendered but restrictive angry, or else indecisive, or else oedipus-complexed Hamlets, in contexts so specialized, so individually and preciously interpreted that Richard Burton found obstructive to his own aspect, and therefore deleted, the "stamp of one defect" lines which Olivier stressed as the very theme and center of his interpretation. The wide-view lens of Commedia displays a clay-footed Hamlet, a fumbling Chaplinesque character who can no more overcome the foibles of his mind and body than can you or I. There is life and fun and comic beauty and softly bleeding tragedy in his plight, even as there is in yours and mine. I relish this view of Hamlet as I relish Chaplin and Molière because all of life is there. Nobody is screwing a lens into tight focus to the surrounding view.

The choice of the First Quarto as vehicle for this revealing exploration was apt. Theories regarding this version abound. But whether the First Quarto is, as some say, an abbreviated version approved by the master for his provincial following, or an early version later embellished by Shakespeare in the manner so deplored by Ben Jonson, or simply an inept piracy, it does provide a perfect platform for the Commedia rendition of Hamlet in his underwear.

What language is there is poetry, save the soliloquy, so garbled in this text that dumb show is substituted by the players; but the First Quarto omits, of course, a great many of the beloved, fulsome passages, and they are sorely missed. Let no reader misunderstand. This Commedia version of First Quarto is not the *Hamlet* one wants to live one's theatrical or poetic life with. It is not preferred, from any literary standpoint, to the complete play as we know it. But there is available to our view, on 13 Street, an anachronistic view of *Hamlet* which even in this abbreviated de-tuned version is most illuminating.

The Commedia style was certainly well known in Elizabethan England. It grew out of and as a part of the humanistic upsurge in Italy which was the precursor of England's own Renaissance. Shakespeare's players' own style may have been much closer to Commedia than to method, and it may well be that the Alaimo troupe's version of Hamlet gives us a unique opportunity to taste an ancient flavor.

But the historical or dramatic relevance of Hamlet *a là Commedia* is secondary to the sheer fun of the portrayal. All else aside, the players offer an entrancing evening of theatre. They are individually well trained in the Commedia art, and they play well in ensemble. They prove, anew, that there is more in Shakespeare and in *Hamlet* than is dreamed of in some philosophies.

R. J. Schroeder is a free-lance writer on business management whose avocation is the theatre.

ART

SPECTRUM OF SCULPTURE

A group of exhibitions during the present few weeks encourages one to put together some observations about modern sculpture. From "The Artist's Reality" at the New School for Social Research, to the displays of Pol Bury (Lefebre) and Günter Haese (Museum of Modern Art), to David Smith (Marlborough-Gerson) and the Jewish Museum's "Recent American Sculpture," the range is wide and illuminating. One can contrast, to an extent, European and American sculpture, the difference between a respected member of our older generation of sculptors and an echelon of younger ones, and finally, perhaps, learn something of the relation of sculpture to painting and the other arts. The following are my sketchy thoughts on these rather large subjects.

"Artistic," overly self-conscious sculpture knows no national frontier these days, but whatever its origin, it evinces one common trait: closure or huddling over space, frequently accompanied by smallness of scale. Whether carved or "modeled" (a term which now must stand very loosely for practically unlimited new methods of agglomeration), these works show a consistent hesitation or fear about getting out into the open. Why this should be I have no definite idea except that the responsibilities of a truly spatial statement preclude a traditional fascination with surface effects, as well as possibly offend a lingering humanism that would keep sculpture discrete and measurable in our lives. The New School show is rife with every cliché of this humanism, whether in bas-reliefs, truncated animals, totems, or the more chic cast or real objects. The packaging of this affair, with its pretentious catalogue foreword, and quotes about man and creation, spiced here and there by reference to cosmic menace, diminishes whatever was once credible in "The Artist's Reality." Worse still, Baskin, Ipousteguy, Chadwick, Marini, Pavia, Wines, Fontana and innumerable others, old and young, are what might be called stylists, who give inert matter an elegant or pleasingly abrasive coiffure, but who never really search its inner forms, or take risks with the visual readability of their work.

Of a comparable, but more subversive, order is the art of the Belgian Bury, and the German Haese: comparable because of its preciousness and spatial timidity, and subversive by dint of an up-to-date kineticism. It should be admitted that their work—Bury's wooden constructions and plaques with electronically activated filaments or balls, Haese's mesh or gridded cages imprisoning wrist-watch gears and coils—is enormously attractive and beguiling. All that the operation of taste can accomplish in refining and accenting meager formal materials, is duly accomplished. To their relative credit, neither of these two men concerns himself with shapeliness of elements, or "interesting" relations (the malaise of European sculpture), because they want to focus all attention on special tremblings and mysterious tropisms. The more an inorganic medium can simulate animal irritability, the greater the potential entertainment. The embodiment of these toys, upon which are bestowed a maximum degree of craft, has been conventionalized, while their minuscule movements are individualized.

If there is something disingenuous about Bury and Haese, almost the opposite might be said of David Smith. This veteran, active on the American sculptural scene since the thirties, has preserved through an amazingly varied career, a simplicity of expression that seems almost involuntary. Smith is a borderline case, his vision hovering between schematization (which is reductive) and synthesis (which is compressive). One's judgment depends a little on one's knowledge of Cubism in sculpture, and a great deal on one's awareness of American experience in art.

As for the works themselves, they can be described easily enough. Tall or blocky rectangles of glittering white steel, their surfaces scored by a small buffer, are perched or cantilevered precariously on a cylinder or shaft pedestal. Although occasionally structured on the vertical, they are more often assembled and welded into superficially unstable diagonals, which are pivoted so little that each piece can more or less easily be read as a profile. Just as one is not encouraged to move around these three-dimensional assemblages (they have only two real faces), so Smith intimates a lightness—by hollow boxes and reflective surfaces—that belies the massive size of his sculpture. Finally, these works are meant to be seen under the diffused light of outdoors: optimistically urban and overgrown ciphers, contrasting with rural wooded settings.

As against the implausibility of such creations, one can find in them a great dignity. Smith's refusal to be "inventive," his restrictions of vocabulary, may very well coincide with a native conservatism which he has never hidden. (He speaks of his background as Calvinist.) But it is also token of a conceptual pressure, of which individual works are allusions more than they are testaments. Though his highly abstract, oracular statements recall the situation of geometric art in the twenties, his mentality is gestural rather than utopian, and he takes his place beside the leading members of Abstract Expressionism who are his contemporaries. Adolph Gottlieb and David Smith are obviously members of the same artistic atmosphere—as is witnessed by their cryptography—but these latest Smiths are also comparable to current de Koonings in their broadness, sleekness and suppression of all drawing. I would also figuratively link the new series with the easygoing attitude of Hans Hofmann, who evinces a similar joy of creation and emits as great a proportion of awkward or even silly productions as Smith. Ultimately, I think of the Marlborough-Gerson show as schematic, but I am still grateful for its peculiarly dauntless spirit, even as I miss a certain strength of feeling.

It is an irony that sculptors of the present generation should reflect far more of the actual look and feel of Abstract Expressionism than does a man like Smith, but betray that ambiguity inherent in the current reaction against it. Looking at the leviathan work of John Chamberlain, Mark di Suvero, aspects of Richard Stankiewicz (especially the latest pieces), and even George Sugarman, one sees a physical belligerence and aggrandizement that hark back to postwar action painting. (A condition also true of an important sculptor not shown at the Jewish Museum, David Weinrib.) On one hand, there is a patent aura of exploration and daring, and on the other, an environmental immediacy that constantly sweeps up the spectator in the play of sculptural processes. We owe to these men (if we except such anticipations as Kiesler's and Ferber's) the clearest definition of the dividing line between sculpture of the fifties and the early sixties: the break out into space and the sense of the ensemble as a controlled flinging in which there is no dominating mass or center but instead a constituency of accents and a proliferation of episodes. It would be as much a mistake, however, to call the present development Neo-Baroque, as it would be so to characterize action painting.

And though the affinity between Chamberlain and de Kooning, or di Suvero and Kline, couldn't be more obvious, their relationship is easily exaggerated. One cannot, after all, overlook the difference between the effects of collided brush strokes and automobile parts (Chamberlain), or the buoyancy of a paint swath and that of plaster balloons (Peter Agostini). In the end, if painting reiterated its concern with the dynamics of muscular performance, and spontaneous (though anxiety-ridden) self-revelation, current sculpture deliberately confuses the identity of works of art and artifact, symbol and form. Compared to its mentor, this sculpture is emotionally colder, and sometimes optically, as well as chromatically, sharper. Also, its space-entangling inclinations are more a demonstration of interdisciplinary insights, and of the collapse of metaphoric into actual existence, than it is of a keyed-up *joie de vivre*.

Aside from certain anatomical similarities, one is impressed by stylistic differentiation in the Jewish Museum. But what these well-installed exhibits have in common is their unseductive, anti-virtuoso treatment of surface. Stankiewicz's work is coated with gritty rust, Bontecou's constructions are made of old canvas and welded metal armatures, and Sugarman's laminated,

(Continued on page 316)

While in the South Negroes and Whites Are Dying To Secure the Right to Vote, It Is Unthinkable For Anyone to Sit Out This Election

America Has No Other Choice . . . Goldwaterism Must Be Defeated!

The Goldwater candidacy presents an unprecedented and critical danger to the lives and liberties of all Americans.

For the first time in America, the most sinister, racist, war-provoking, anti-labor and anti-democratic forces have captured the leadership of a major political party and are seeking power openly on a national level.

The election of Goldwater would:

- place the awesome power of atomic war in the hands of those who equate bombs with "conventional weapons."
- unleash an onslaught against the whole civil rights movement and the legitimate protests of the Negro people under the guise of maintaining "order in the streets."
- entrench in power McCarthyism, with all its witch hunts, prosecutions and victimization of Americans who assert their democratic rights to differ, to speak, to organize.
- bring to power the most rabid enemies of organized labor.
- destroy the hard-won social gains of the last 30 years, chiefly those of the New Deal.

The victory of Goldwater would mean a basic change in the nature of governmental policy. It would put our nation closer to the brink of fascism and nuclear war.

Why Has the Extreme Right Decided to Make Its Bid for Power? Because

- At last there are important signs of ferment and protest. There are movements and actions for peace, civil rights, jobs and social legislation.
- In response to these pressures, the Kennedy-Johnson administration has taken some timid steps toward ending the cold war, such as the limited treaty to ban nuclear testing, the establishment of a hot line telephone connection, the sale of wheat to the Soviet Union, the closing of some military bases, and the expressed recognition by Kennedy and Johnson of the catastrophic nature of nuclear war.
- Certain sectors of the business community are becoming receptive to a diminution of the cold war and see world trade as an alternate way of maintaining an expanded economy.
- A Civil Rights Act was finally passed which, despite serious limitations, provides the legal basis for further advances and continued action toward full equality.

We are aware that Goldwaterism is the culmination of 20 years of bipartisan policies—the cold war and its nuclear arms race, McCarthyism and its witch hunts, the denial of first class citizenship to Negroes, the erosion of labor's rights.

WE ARE NOT UNMINDFUL OF THE SERIOUS SHORTCOMINGS OF THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION

- We oppose the continuation of the cold war, the suicidal nuclear arms race, provocations and intrusions in the airspace of other countries, "refugee" assaults on Cuba, and intervention in other nations as in South Vietnam, the Congo and Cyprus.
- We condemn the tendency to compromise and waver on full citizenship for Negroes.
- We deplore the failure to propose far-reaching programs of social welfare and public works to reduce unemployment and minimize the impact of automation.

But it will be tragic if progressive and democratic Americans are so blinded by the faults of the present administration that they under-estimate the catastrophic nature of the Goldwater threat. We must not fall into the trap of mistaken conclusions that: "It can't happen here." . . . or "A plague on both your houses."

In the face of the common danger, a new opportunity for united and independent action is available to all those who prize peace, democracy and progress. The common ground of resistance to "Goldwaterism" must produce continued and independent action . . . not only during, but after the election . . . for a program that calls for:

- A foreign policy geared to a peaceful world, trade and jobs.
- First class citizenship for the Negro people and all minorities through stronger legislation and enforcement of the law.
- An end to the arms race and a drastic reduction of the military budget.
- A massive program of social legislation including expansion of social security, health, housing, education, public works and welfare legislation.

BUT FIRST WE MUST DECISIVELY DEFEAT GOLDWATER BY AN OVERWHELMING VOTE FOR JOHNSON-HUMPHREY

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(Continued from page 313)

contorted wood shapes are harshly house-painted. Partly, of course, this has to do with the initial choice of a medium whose malleability or resistance is considered before its tactile nicety; but partly also, it is the result of a masculine and puritannical approach to the life of the senses which is typically American. One reason for the power and impact of this sculpture is that it provides us with a very controlled stimulus for our appetite for sensuous denial—that curious state of moral well-being issuing from a taste or need for the austere or uningratiating. (Only Chamberlain's recent small pieces executed in California with "apple candy" surfaces, has gone somewhat against this taste, and they earned in some quarters a disapproval I am not at all sure was deserved.)

The man who perhaps best exemplifies the spirit of recent sculpture is 31-year-old Mark di Suvero. Of all his colleagues, his ruggedness is the most natural, his surfaces the least studied, and his groupings the most concentrated. A few years ago, he assembled great wooden beams or planks —the most homely lumber imaginable —in gangling compositions which had no common point of orientation. Yet this drunken carpentering, which spread every which way in space, imposed upon the beholder such a need to connect and integrate its various segments that a fantastic tension was elicited. More recently, that tension is retained and concentrated in pieces where bent steel beams alternate with clots of metal handwriting, uncompromising planks and huge rubber tires. In two of the late pieces, parts are movable in a rotary fashion which resembles more a centrifuge than a carrousel: one can ride silently round, but also unpredictably up and down on one of them. If his trajectories no longer give an elephantine vertigo, they still trace a disjointed, but weirdly graceful path in three dimensions.

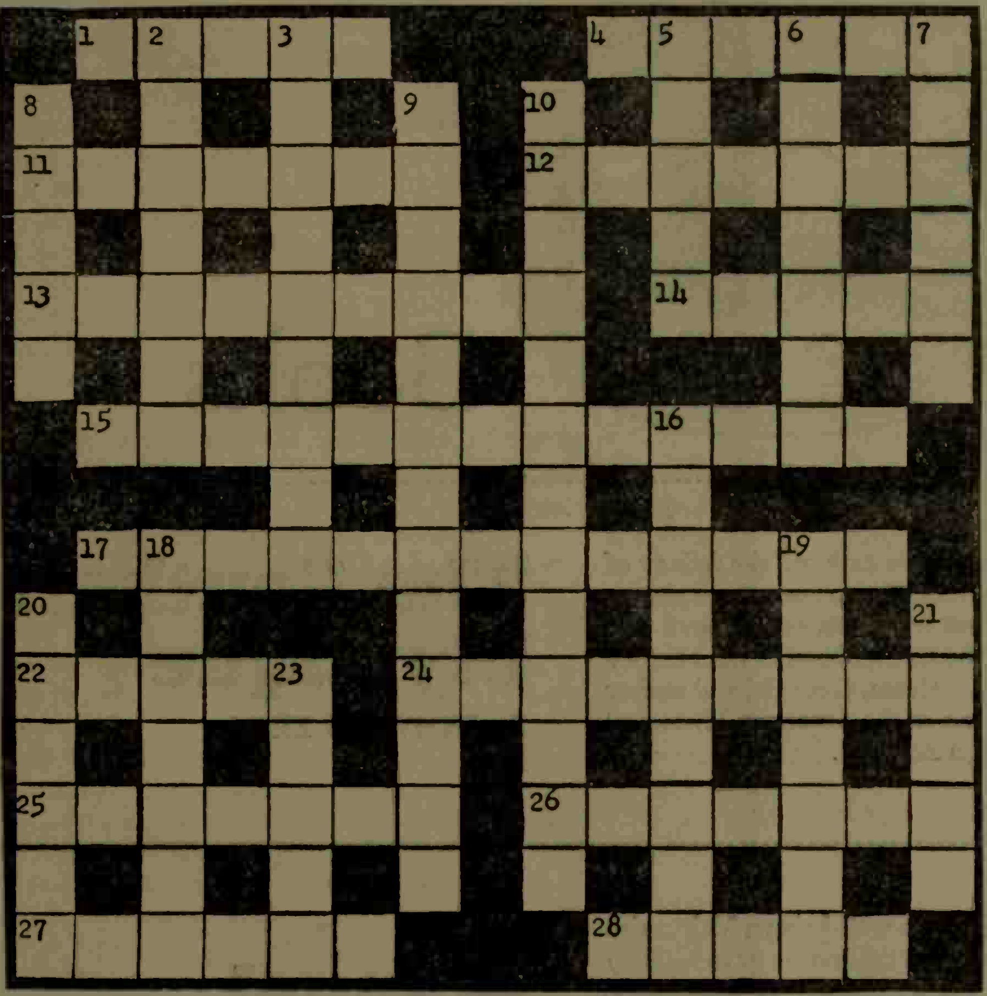
It is interesting to juxtapose di Suvero and Smith. Their obdurate materials, physical expansiveness and sculptural aspiration align them in the same tradition. And though my own sympathies, as a member of di Suvero's generation, lie with his made-in-a-loft sensibility, rather than Smith's archaic and mythic associations, I can see them both as exponents of an, at times, almost unconscious romanticism. When Smith speaks of his desire to create sculptures as big as locomotives, when di Suvero sees poetry in tires, the two seem childish, intractable and noble, all at once. But here the similarities end. There is nothing in the least Cubist or frontal about di Suvero, nor has he any of that old-time craftsmanly rectitude and respect for American technology that distinguishes Smith. Even when Smith incorporates castings from the factory or foundry in his work, they are amalgamated into a homogeneous structure; di Suvero's use of objects, on the other hand, is so direct and differentiated that Smith, by contrast, always appears to work aloofly in sculpture land. Finally, in di Suvero one feels a tautness and intensity, which he invests into each work by treating it always as an individual problem. In Smith, the works are evenly conceived, their variations of intervals and spacing merely footnotes in a continuing *jeu d'esprit.*

Perhaps ambitious sculpture will always find itself in a maladroit, suspended position, halfway between its allegiance to a quite earlier set of pictorial terms and its participation in a very contemporary moment of consciousness. If so, "Recent American Sculpture" is more schizophrenic than usual. The complexity of working out genuinely three-dimensional ideas seems to delay any comfort with a vocabulary typical of advanced painting. George Sugarman's sculpture is remarkably similar in its external forms to the art of Stuart Davis, and yet the sculptor is extremely tough, and in the end, unpainterly, despite his polychrome units. In fact, that insinuating hybrid of the two media, Jasper Johns's sensitive plaster flashlights (otherwise conceptually responsible for much that has happened), is shunned by sculptors whose impulses are profoundly anti-pictorial. (How little does shadow play a role in their art!) But comparisons between the arts are invidious, anyway, and only serve as an index to measure certain progressions. Those of younger sculptors in New York were perhaps initiated by the "junk" assemblages of Stankiewicz, expanded magniloquently by the bright, crushed metal aggregations of John Chamberlain, and are now being honed down with brilliance by Mark di Suvero. It is through these oscillations between indulgence and sacrifice, and between their current situation and their ties with the past, in both sculpture and painting (which their European confreres destructively neglect) that American sculptors enter into the great dialogue of modern art.

Max Kozloff

Crossword Puzzle No. 1078

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It's of little account, but this side of London has a way of its own. (5)
4 Places a lot of confidence in what some liked to see busted. (6)
11 Break the root and wind with a circular motion. (7)
12 Did some have trouble with it because of a garble? (7)
13 Is such a trial ever a specialty with some dogs? (9)
14 If you're a musician, shake! (The same to you!) (5)
15 Macbeth wouldn't have numbered Banquo's ghost among his. (6, 7)
17, 20 down and 5 down If this be true why should the buyer beware? (3, 8, 2, 6, 5)
22 A subsidiary proposition of the problem, mathematically. (5)
24 One might have reposed on it, in a sort of cell. (9)
25 Does it take most of the month to get to bed? (You might get it, in a jam.) (7)
26 Certainly not a well-done portion of food! (7)
27 A strong Union man would never have wanted to do it. (6)
28 A poetic forger? (His overhead was evidently spread around.) (5)

DOWN:

2 An animal in the sort of state suggesting one whose philosophical dreams didn't include everything.
3 Reverting to type. (9)
5 See 17 across
6 Is it heavenly "Unter den Linden"?
7 Firm associated with stock, possibly. (6)
8 Begin to jump. (5)
9 Take advantage of the valley trails—they should be getting better.
10 A fleet getaway implied by them. (7, 6)
16 A mixture of the 22 sort might be dangerous. (9)
18 Descriptive of the quality of Winslow's paintings? (7)
19 There's a variety of bird in it which should be out of this world! (2, 5)
20 See 17 across
21 Short-tempered from conducting the experiment? (5)
23 Jumped the gap? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1077

ACROSS: 1 Hagiographers; 10 Headset; 11 Arapaho; 12 Whitlow; 13 Lithium; 14 Regency; 15 Dry cell; 16 Uncivil; 20 Aquatic; 23 Thrones; 24 Undergo; 25 Intrude; 26 Rattail; 27 Understanding. DOWN: 2 Abating; 3 Insulin; 4 Getaway; 5 Availed; 6 Healthy; 7 Realize; 8 Shower curtain; 9 Normal schools; 17 Carotin; 18 Venture; 19 Listens; 20 Aquaria; 21 Undated; 22 Terrain.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014.

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Recently, Alan Sillitoe, whose *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* put him at the head of a generation of suddenly articulate spokesmen for the English lower classes, spent a month in Russia as a guest of the Soviet Writers' Union. His observations link what he saw there (in locales as different as Moscow and Siberian Bratsk) with his memories of the roles played by Russians in World War II. *Road to Volgograd* is full of impressions of a big, raw energetic country whose dynamic, positive outlook on life and the future appeals very much to a young man whose work has always reflected a pessimistic attitude toward authority in his own country.

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LETTERS

Racism in the Crescent

New York City

Dear Sirs: I dissent from Mr. Slattery's statement, "There were some lunch counter sit-ins, but nothing more serious," in William Ellis' "The Brain Ghettos" (*The Nation*, Oct. 19).

Before my retreat to New York, I sat-in a couple of times at Woolworth's in Huntsville. True, there's nothing very serious about being sprayed with insecticide or having the heat turned off and the air conditioner turned on in dead winter. . . .

It is serious, however, when one is kidnaped there at gun point, is driven out to a desolate country road, and sprayed with a painful chemical—and serious is the 10,000 years of fear experienced while riding to that forsaken spot, being blackjacked and threatened, envisioning a thousand deaths and mutilations. . . .

It is serious, perhaps, to civil liberties when the local police obtain permission to search your home (permission granted while deeply under the effects of morphine) for evidence against the kidnapers, only to confiscate personal belongings for *their* agitator files. And it is serious when the county solicitor subpoenas you to take a lie-detector test against the possibility . . . that the kidnapers were actually publicity-starved civil rights agitators. The result, of course, is much harassment and complete inability to catch the pranksters. . . .

No, contrary to Mr. Ellis' optimism, the Huntsville power structure is still committed to racism. His silly statement that the brainy scientist doesn't care about the color of his brother-in-law's skin, provided he speaks the secret language, is hogwash. Integrated circuits, yes; but an integrated South?

Marshall Keith

Cuban dream

Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: On reading Arthur Hoppe's "Cuba: The Girl and the Slogans" (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) I was struck by one outstanding fact. The people of Cuba (especially the young people) know exactly what they want and what they are trying to accomplish, and are willing to undergo any hardship or any sacrifice to achieve it. They also seem to feel that the only real obstacle standing in the way of their reaching this goal is the extreme hostile attitude and action taken against them by the government of the United States (not the people of the United States). . . .

If they could turn Cuba into the paradise they dream of, if given the chance, what do we have to lose? And if they are wrong and their dream backfires, who would want to follow their example? Until they are given the chance to sink or swim by their own efforts, who will know who is right and who is wrong? I sincerely hope that we will review our Cuban policy in the very near future. . . .

Reynolds Moody
Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

Clurman and Ionesco

Sunnyvale, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Apropos of Harold Clurman's two articles, "A Critic's Credo" (*The Nation*, Sept. 14 and 21), it is perhaps more than a little significant that this stimulating critic expresses a definition of responsible criticism which has much in common with the views of the playwright Eugene Ionesco, as expressed in the September *Encounter*.

Clurman states: "The critic's main job . . . is not to speak of his likes or dislikes as pleasure or distaste alone, but *to define as exactly as possible the nature of what he examines.*"

Ionesco agrees: "In applying himself to the description of the work, which he should understand in its most intimate functioning, the critic should not even say whether he likes or dislikes it. . . . *Description ought to be his only form of judgment; criticism is the registering of the reality of a work, of its logic; it is a task of verification and confirmation.*" (Italics mine in both cases.) *E. S. Rock*

Global poker

New York City

Dear Sirs: The mordant irony of the Chinese bomb for Americans is that it is exactly what we would have done in like circumstances. While military experts decry its delivery potential, and politicians and preachers bemoan its immorality, I cannot escape the suspicion that the man in the street harbors a secret admiration . . . for the underdog who fights back. In his simple credo, nothing stops a bully better than a loaded gun and he is uncomfortably aware, of late, that his Uncle Sam is swashbuckling dangerously around the world. . . . After all, he knows that 200 million white chips could never outbid 700 million red ones in a showdown. . . .

Lyndon Baines Johnson, a coolheaded hombre in a game of stud with the joker wild, understands this as well as most Americans. Now that he's done with electioneering, I think he'll let the Chinese into the "club" (in disguise and through the back door) and work out some rules that will make the game a little less suicidal. *Taylor Adams*

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Volume 199, No. 14

In this issue

EDITORIALS
317

ARTICLES

320 Chile: Revolution of Good Intentions
Mark Wyman

322 Criminals, Cops and the Constitution
Yale Kamisar

327 Sugar: Market and Supermarket
Desmond Smith

329 Starving for Science
David Cort

331 Politics and the Polls
Norwood Russell Hanson

332 Windfall for Conspiracy
Richard J. Barber

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

334 The Visible Ellison
Peter de Lissovoy

336 The Beat Voznesensky
Robert Creeley

337 On Translating Voznesensky
Bernard Koten

338 Air, to dream in; My ancestors; Age: Four (poems)
Anselm Hollo

339 A Surrender To Symbols
Leonard Kriegel

340 Theatre
Harold Clurman

341 Art
Max Kozloff

342 Music
Benjamin Boretz

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 344)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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MAY 17

EDITORIALS

What Happened to the Dream?

The campaign now mercifully over was certainly the dirtiest thus far in the century which Henry Luce hopes will be remembered as the American Century. In its loathesome course this campaign disgusted the great majority of thoughtful Americans. In its strident reiteration of distortion and disparagement it was a caricature of democracy. If the world had ever been ready to accept us as a spiritual model, the chance disappeared in the three months preceding the election.

Campaigns degenerate in this fashion when the key issue is not raised or, if raised, is not discussed with any higher aim than to cadge votes. Yet the issue was there, and it was brought to the fore—and characteristically manhandled—by Barry Goldwater in his Madison Square Garden speech. "I believe in the great American Dream," said Barry. He then equated the Dream with freedom from government by the Democrats. He proved, and Lyndon Johnson proved it with him, how right Brooks Atkinson was to complain that neither man possessed "the power to exalt the nation."

Goldwater had a following among extremists, racists, fanatics and so on, but he was supported also by many decent conservatives and independents who sensed that something had gone wrong with the Dream and who thought it might be restored to its one-time purity by a candidate who ran on a platform of protest—and retrogression. They probably had not read W. Lloyd Warner's definition of the Dream in *American Life: Dream and Reality*, but it was something they felt even if they had never seen it in words. Warner put it this way:

> *The American dream is not a mere fantasy that can be dismissed as unimportant to those who think realistically, for it does provide the motive power for what Americans do in their daily lives. It is the basic, powerful motivating force that drives most of them and makes all Americans partners in the well-being of each, since each feels that, although he is competing with the rest, he has a stake in the common good.*

If this is too mystical for some, let them look at the obverse, the negative side. In the absence of a feeling of commonality, of a meaningful life-experience shared with other human beings, of a goal transcending the transitoriness of human lives, society disintegrates. The cohesive force which keeps a society together, despite all the frictions and frustrations that beset its individual members, is as vital as the economic order which regulates exchange relations and the integration of occupations and skills. Mystique and money interact, of course — man lives not by bread alone but bread he must have. The breaking down of the Dream does not result in immediate chaos, but it is the beginning of a disease process and only fools will ignore it.

The signs that the American Dream is breaking down are all around us—juvenile delinquency, school dropouts, racial strife, crime and violence, drug addiction, and so on. If Goldwater sought the remedy in social nostrums, Johnson failed to convince the American people either that he understood what was happening, or that he was looking for a way to reverse the process. His concept of the Great Society seems to be one in which every American, although he cannot be as rich as Lyndon Johnson, can pursue wealth and power as Lyndon did. What he has not suggested, what *no* party has suggested, is that the continued remorseless pursuit of wealth in the form of individual loot, illimitable luxury and comfort, is individually self-defeating and socially disastrous. We have neither a counterbalancing concept of social wealth nor one of social purpose.

We cannot cut back to colonial America: only the machines keep our present population from starving. Goldwater's prescription of a state of minimal government is a fantasy as morbid as the condition it seeks to cure. The necessity now is for a politics that will match the ineluctably transforming scientific and technological revolution to ends that are as meaningful in our day as were the ends of the American revolution in another time. The re-creation of the Dream still lies ahead, and this campaign did nothing to bring it nearer.

The Grand Alliance

Our military forces and those of Generalissimo Franco's Spain are practically blood brothers. While the British Labour government marks its accession to power by canceling joint British-Spanish naval exercises (in what can be regarded only as a calculated snub), the United States and Spain are engaged in amphibious assault training maneuvers which are heralded as the largest peacetime operation of this kind ever held—and which has already cost the lives of thirteen U.S. Marines. The code name is Steel Pike I; it involves eighty U.S. vessels, fourteen Spanish ships, 50,000 U.S. Navy and Marine Corps troops, a Spanish marine battalion and Spanish army and air force units —indeed a very large undertaking, and one which the Pentagon is as eager to keep out of the papers as Franco is to publicize.

With mixed pride and resentment, the Spanish diplomatic information service quotes from a West German *Suddeutsche Zeitung* reference to Spain as a "semi-member" of NATO. Spain, the Spanish diplomatic press agents say approvingly, takes part in a NATO mission without belonging to NATO. However painfully this may rankle, the Spanish military never lived so well before Uncle Sam poured those billions into bases in Spain, nor was the economy ever in such, relatively, splendid shape. The Pentagon is supplying the Spanish army with antiaircraft missiles so that the Spaniards can defend "our" bases against Soviet bombers—which are not momentarily expected. A protocol of the renewed U.S.-Spain military treaty provides for equipping the Spanish air force with F-104 fighter planes, and there are rich goodies for each and every one of the other Spanish services. Lt. Gen. Rafael Cavanillas, chief of the general staff of the Spanish army, has just returned from a tour of U.S. military establishments, during which he was the honored guest of his opposite number, U.S. Army Chief of Staff Gen. Earl Wheeler. The same courtesies are extended to visiting Spanish admirals. Such cordiality must warm the bleakest heart.

But when it comes to trade, things are different. Franco and Fidel Castro may not be quite as happily united as Cavanillas and Wheeler, but a growing togetherness has been noted. While the United States pleads with Spain to join in blockading Cuba, Spanish-Cuban trade has been rising—from $8.4 million in 1962 to $30.8 million in 1963, and, if the rate of the first four months continues, to about $60 million this year. With Spain's economy expanding under U.S. nourishment, its capitalists are happy to sell agricultural machinery, electrical equipment and other products to Marxist-Leninist Cuba. Spanish shipyards are building twenty cargo vessels for Castro. Spanish food is also being landed on the docks of Havana—how could Spain, tied to Cuba by ancient bonds, allow the Cubans to starve?

For the most part, Spain's trade with Cuba has no military significance. High on the list of exports to Havana are such nonlethal items as dolls and *turron* (almond candy). Cuban interest in Spanish dolls and candy has a long history and is further evidence that the Castro regime remains in some degree a captive of its past.

When anything happens to disturb these renewed ties, the Spaniards can be as nasty to us as we were to them in 1898. When some anti-Castro Cubans fired on a Spanish freighter in the Caribbean, a violent anti-Yankee demonstration took place before the U.S. Embassy in Madrid. We were indignant when the British sold buses to Castro, but we have been rather quiet about Spanish defiance. It does seem, however, that our war-games playmate has his own ideas, and may in some future crisis double-cross us in really spectacular fashion.

Bark Like Dogs

In Cleveland, Ohio, there are no "For Whites Only" signs on public facilities, school segregation is *de facto* and citizens of all races vote at the polls. But in Cleveland, if you are a Negro, and if for any reason you fall under the eye of the police, you stand an excellent chance of being beaten, and it is not impossible that you will lose your life. The policy of the Cleveland police force is to employ terror and brutality toward Negroes, and to do so systematically. This is a charge so extreme as to seem absurd; we make it on the basis of information submitted to us, which we have verified through independent sources.

For example: At 4 in the morning of May 28, John Hill and Glenn Marks, Negro students employed part time by the local bus terminal, had completed their night's work and were waiting at the terminal for a bus home. The patrolman on the beat entered the waiting room, asked Hill for his identification and began to kick him when Hill reached into his pocket for his draft card. Marks went off to try to find a terminal official, returned to discover that he and Hill were under arrest. At the police station they were taken to the fourth floor where a patrolman, identified by badge number, first removing his coat and his gun, began to beat Hill, knocked him to the floor and then dropped a table on his face. The young men were made to bark like dogs, they were threatened with death if they were seen in the streets again, their genitals were abused. They were held in jail until the following night without benefit of doctor or lawyer, and later charged with disorderly conduct.

Or, for example: Last August, a police call went out just after midnight that a white woman was being dragged into a house by Negroes. Two policemen answering the alarm saw a pair of young men entering the premises next door (one of them lived there, the other was his friend). They cried "halt" and when the Negroes ran, the police fired and dropped them both. Larry Greene, now paralyzed from the waist down, has never been charged with any offense; his companion, James Olive, a heavyweight boxer who has had to abandon the sport as a result of being shot, was charged with malicious destruction of property (some windows were broken in the melee), later reduced to a misdemeanor and dismissed by a jury.

The young Negroes should not have run, cooperation with the police being a basic civic duty. But consider what they knew. All of these episodes involve Negro citizens and white policemen:

- In November, 1961, Albert Rugley, while attending a private party, was killed by a detective who, quite mistakenly, thought he had held up a filling station.
- In November, 1960, Jeff Perkins was killed by a motorcycle policeman as he sat in front of his own house in his own car. The patrolman said he was reaching for a gun in the glove compartment, but there was no gun and Perkins' right hand was so frozen to the wheel that it had to be pried off.
- In 1959, a postal employee was dragged from a taxi at the point of a gun, pushed around, searched and told that "too many niggers had been robbing cabs lately."
- In 1960, Robert Cummings committed a traffic violation. He was put in a police van, beaten on the way to the station, forced into a cold shower with his clothes on, beaten with blackjacks by policemen standing in a circle, released on his own recognizance, and his case dismissed.

- In 1962, a young Negro, being beated by whites for alleged car theft, was rescued by the police, taken to a hospital, and on the examination table beaten by the police.
- In 1963, a Negro, attacked by whites, appealed to the police to take him to a hospital; they refused, although he was severely injured.

This record of hate and sadism is the more remarkable in that the scene is Cleveland, Ohio, not Philadelphia, Miss. The Cleveland police force, in its treatment of Negroes, is a national scandal, and right-minded citizens of other cities—New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, to say nothing of Birmingham and Little Rock—will want the natives of Cleveland to know how they feel. Before venting their righteous scorn, however, protesting whites will be well advised to ask the Negro in their own communities whether they are in a good position to cast the first stone.

Two Good Choices

The layman frequently cannot appreciate the worth of creative scientists and physicians, and when the Swedish Academy awards a Nobel Prize in these categories, we must assume that its members knew what they were doing. Two of the current awards are, however, within the purview of the perceptive newspaper reader: the peace prize to Martin Luther King, Jr., the literature prize to Jean-Paul Sartre.

It is a far cry from President Theodore Roosevelt, who received the peace prize in 1906 for mediating the end of the Russo-Japanese war, to the gently forceful Dr. King, who has never held public office and does not seek it. The award to King shows a commendably broad construction on the part of the nominating committee. Nonviolence in pursuit of domestic aims that almost irresistibly lead to violence is conducive in the long run to international peace as well. Nonviolence went from Thoreau to Gandhi and back to America with King. Nor is it altogether accidental that the upsurge of the Negro protest movement, which King has tried to hold within nonviolent channels, coincided with the abatement of Soviet-American tensions. We had permitted the cold-war frenzy to blind us to racial injustice in America. We came to our senses, some of us at least: whether enough of us, and whether too late, remains to be seen.

At any rate, when a Southern sheriff arrests King the next time, he will have the unusual distinction of laying hand on a Nobel laureate. As for King himself, he could in good conscience accept the award, since it was made not only to him but to the movement he represents; and the money and publicity will go to the movement and strengthen it.

The choice of Sartre, and his refusal to accept the award, constitute a civilized episode creditable both to the donors and to the artist. The fact is that Sartre is a great engineer of self-revelation in a form which, as Paul Valéry said of any word that is honestly spoken, cannot but be universal. He has offered the only substitute for revealed religion acceptable to many scientists and intellectuals. He urges man not to depend on a God, who for Sartre and these "atheists" is mythical, but to choose between good and evil according to their own unaided consciences. Human freedom, he has said, is a curse, "but that curse is the unique source of the nobility of man." These are not the words of an ordinary writer nor are Sartre's acts those of an average human being.

Sartre does not believe in prizes, and he rejected this one also because, since his career in the French Resistance in World War II, he has striven for East-West *rapprochement*, and the Nobel Prize in literature is essentially a Western award. He warned the Academy in advance that he would refuse it. The Academy properly paid no attention. Its only duty is to choose the best man. That it did, and thereby Sartre may come to the attention of some who would otherwise have lived in his time without knowing him.

Multilateral Muddle

Since the end of World War II, and with the exception of U.S. policy in South Vietnam, there has probably never been such an exhibition of confusion, hypocrisy and myopia as the attempt to establish a Polaris missile-firing multi-national surface fleet (MLF). Twenty-five vessels, flying a distinctive flag but disguised as merchant ships, are to roam the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, each mounting eight 2,875-mile-range Polaris missiles aimed against Soviet targets. The crews are to be of mixed European and American nationality. To prove that it is feasible to man naval vessels in this fashion, an American destroyer, the *Claude V. Ricketts*, equipped with Tartar antiaircraft and Asroc antisubmarine missiles, is even now being operated by a crew of Americans, Britons, and English-speaking West Germans, Dutchmen, Italians, Greeks and Turks—with the Americans safely in command. Tied up at the Washington Navy Yard, the *Ricketts* was hailed by Secretary of State Rusk as "a promising venture in alliance military unity"—and of course a move to "strengthen peace."

The principal push to pile another 200 megatons or so atop an already overwhelming preponderance comes from West Germany and is discussed in *Der Spiegel* for October 14. Chancellor Erhard not only faces an election next spring; he and his fellow "moderates" must also reckon with Franz Josef Strauss and other "Gaullists" of his own party—a curious term in this connection, since de Gaulle himself will have no part of the MLF.

The other countries that comprise NATO are almost as leery as the French but Washington, under pressure from Erhard, has contemplated a bilateral Polaris fleet arrangement with the Germans, in the hope of forcing other Europeans to join. Of course the Americans will not admit it, *Der Spiegel* says, but when Erhard visited President Johnson in June, a memorandum agreement was concluded providing that, if the others did not sign up by January 15, 1965, Germany and the United States would go it alone. This possibility frightens even a good many Germans, but it provides useful domestic leverage for Erhard.

The role of the British Labourites is ambiguous. During the campaign Harold Wilson kept reiterating Labour's opposition to the MLF and complaining that the Conservatives were letting the Germans get their finger on the nuclear trigger—although the Conservatives were almost equally cool toward MLF. He now seems to be trying to scuttle MLF without offending the U.S. State Department and the Pentagon. Under the 1962 Nassau agreement between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan, the United States is to sell Britain Polaris missiles for arming nuclear-powered submarines. Wilson is now sending up trial balloons to test a proposal for reducing the MLF fleet to ten or fifteen ships, and to bring the British Polaris submarine fleet, and perhaps also some British strategic bombers, under the same multilateral command. According to the Labour balloonist, Alan Gwynne-Jones, this would "bring West Germany into the nuclear councils without giving it a disproportionate or provocative influence. . . ."

Gwynne-Jones sees other advantages, but this is all wishful speculation. In Germany the moderates have a way of being overwhelmed by extremists, or turning into extremists themselves at the next explosion of the *furor Teutonicus*. The Russians are well aware of this historical tendency and have no intention of standing idly by while the MLF weapon is forged against them. Khrushchev may be deposed, Brezhnev and Kosygin may be the bosses for the time being, but, as under Stalin, the perennial Russian fear is a two-front attack on their homeland. Thus the MLF, or any similar contrivance, is perfectly calculated to drive the Soviets back into an alliance with the Chinese. That is not the purpose—far from it—but that will be the effect, unless the British take a resolute stand. *(For a detailed analysis of MLF, see* The Nation, *October 12.)*

CHILE

Revolution of Good Intentions . . .

Mark Wyman

Santiago de Chile

Chile's new administration, which took office November 3, provides all the elements of a TV serial: Will the forces of young, energetic Eduardo Frei defeat poverty? Will the giant American copper companies yield to "Chilenization"? Will the Christian Democrats displace Fidel Castro as the model for Latin America?

But anyone heading for the exit on the supposition that he's seen this before in Latin America should be advised that Senator Frei's September 4 victory over Communist-backed Salvador Allende could indeed mean more than a change in the Palace Guard. Both candidates campaigned to upset the existing order in Chile—Allende with a far-reaching Marxist program, Frei with a "Revolution in Liberty" that generally paralleled his opponent's. Not surprisingly, Latin America's leaders of the "democratic left" rushed to congratulate Frei, while from the United States came the felicitations of such liberals as Hubert Humphrey and Jacob Javits. Italian Socialist Giuseppe Saragat and even the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* had some surprisingly kind words.

But still wilder praise was lavished on Frei by Chilean and Latin American right-wing politicians and editors, with Brazil's Castello Branco and the Cuban exiles in Miami joining the applause. The confusing spectrum of the good-will messages—all the way across from Right to Left—reflects the contradictions of Chile's new government. For Eduardo Frei is tackling Chile's towering economic and social problems as a revolutionary while receiving the support of his country's Establishment. A careful examination of his program evokes the feeling that he faces a dubious future, simply because of the goals he has promised to reach in his six-year term.

There is no doubt that he merits Washington's support. But instead of receiving the automatic three cheers that go to anyone who fits—however awkwardly—the classification of anti-Communist, Frei's contradictory situation and mountainous problems need to be understood by U.S. policy makers. From his coming achievements and failures they might learn why Latin American reformers usually make so little progress.

For a man who campaigned for a revolution, Frei, aged 53, received a lot of rather nonrevolutionary support. After a special provincial election last March had upset Chile's right-wing government coalition, two of its three parties fell in with Frei, regarding him as the last hope to stop Allende. (The Radicals stuck with their own hopeless candidate.) Later an ex-Nazi quit the Presidential race and his group also joined the Christian Democratic march.

Thus Frei's "revolutionists" entered the final months of the campaign with the support of the right-wing press, almost every leader of the extreme Right, and the eleven big business groups that control commerce in Chile.

The contradictions of Frei's campaign alliances pushed nearer the surface as inauguration day approached. Did he stress a thorough tax reform to make the wealthy—instead of just salaried workers—pay taxes? No; beyond brief mentions of "tax reform," Frei has said little. Neither has he emphasized programs to stop the flight of capital to foreign banks. Instead of drawing more money from wealthy Chileans for industrialization, the "Revolution in Liberty" intends to pull it out of the foreign copper firms which already pay the world's highest mining taxes.

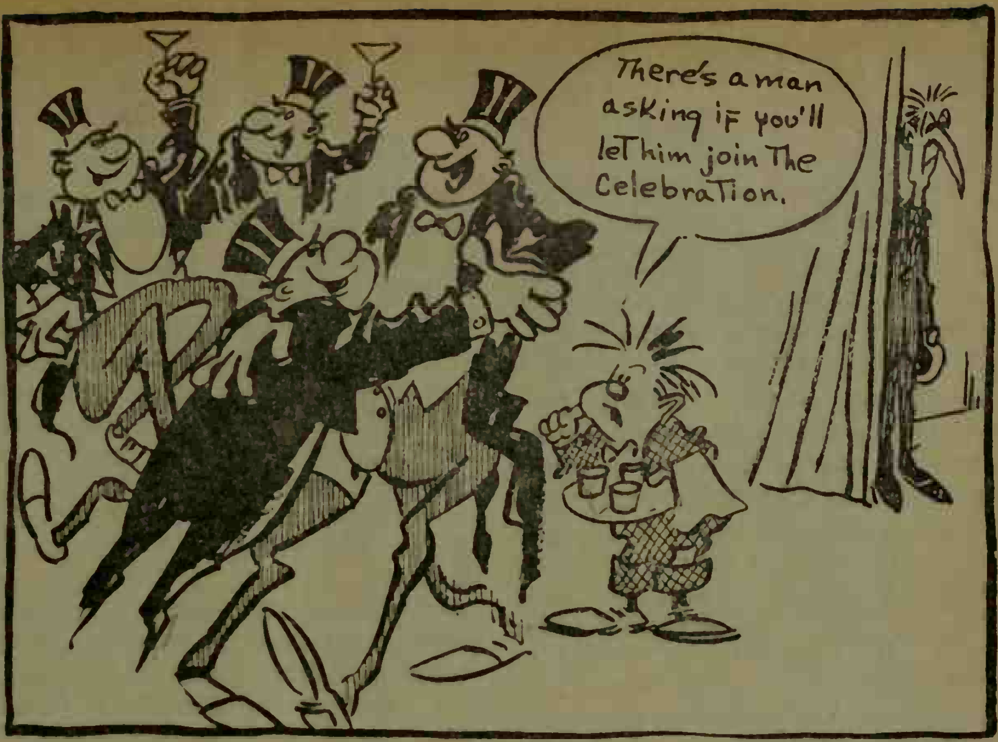
And in agrarian reform, where

Mark Wyman, on leave of absence from the Minneapolis Tribune, *is in Chile to study the politics of that country.*

he has promised to make landowners of 100,000 *campesino* farm workers, Frei is largely silent on the subject of how he would break up the large estates. (A 1962 church report said that 4.1 per cent of the landowners hold 77.6 per cent of Chile's agricultural land.) The Establishment is content with such Frei promises as 360,000 more houses, 200,000 new classrooms, more highways, stoves and sewing machines. The money for these will come from taxes, paid mainly by the middle class.

Not that the right wing itself admits to a blank record: those parties, backing former President Jorge Alessandri, pushed through "reforms" to qualify for Alliance for Progress funds two years ago. Thus came about Chile's much publicized agrarian reform—which since 1962 has taken over only twenty-four large tracts of land, eight of which already belonged to state agencies. A government official admitted that only 1,354 plots had been distributed, and added: "This is not heaven. Expropriation is a tool we should have." And expropriation is a tool which was carefully ignored by the same groups that now support Eduardo Frei.

Critics have noted that Frei's roots lie with the Conservative Party, which he left in the mid-thirties to form the National Falange. In 1958, this group became the Christian Democrats, and the party is now third largest in the Chilean Congress. Frei received a surprising 56 per cent of the vote in the September election, becoming the first Christian Democratic President in Latin America.


There's a man asking if you'll let him join The Celebration.

El Siglo, Santiago

Eduardo Frei in the Wings

Beyond his problems with the Establishment, trouble awaits Frei as he attempts to "Chilenize" the copper mines owned by Anaconda and Kennecott, both United States companies. His projects are ambitious: forced doubling of copper production to more than a million tons yearly, creation of a government corporation to market copper, a requirement of new company investments of $200 million yearly, a stipulation that all refining be done in Chile, and government representation on the companies' policy-making boards.

Chile's desire for more control over its copper rests on the fact that 60 per cent of its foreign exchange comes from sales of the metal; the two U.S. firms supply approximately 12 per cent of all government revenues. (Chile produced 18.4 per cent of the world's copper last year, second only to the United States.)

One of Frei's projects—refining in Chile—can probably be carried out. Doubling the mines' production in six years is considered technically impossible. "If we had new mines, yes," said Anaconda's top official in Chile, Vice President Ed Tierney. "But we couldn't double production in the present mines. We could increase it—but never double it." Kennecott officials say flatly that it would be impossible, and mining experts not connected with the firms give similar statements.

Talk of government marketing—which includes price-setting — also draws scowls from copper company officials. They quickly recall 1952, when the Chilean Government intervened to play with the world market—and more than 150,000 tons of unsold copper piled up. The United States finally came to the rescue, buying 100,000 tons for its stockpile.

Kennecott, represented in Chile by its Braden subsidiary, has grown increasingly pessimistic about its Chilean operations, largely because of innumerable wildcat strikes and the government's rejection of its 1960 offer to match $200 million in new investments against a twenty-year tax stability guarantee. Under the current law favoring new investments, Braden's taxes are 87 per cent of profits, Anaconda's 65 per cent.

Robert M. Haldeman, a Braden vice president and highest Kennecott official in Chile, is not subtle in expressing his dislike for the firm's treatment: "Say you're a widow in New York, and your husband left you Kennecott stocks earning $6,000 a year. Then one day the company tells you that because of Chile's taxes you'll only get $4,000 this year. What do you do? You say to your broker, 'Sell this stuff and get something else!'" Added another Kennecott official: "You can't run a company without stockholders."

Regarding Chile as a hostile environment, Kennecott put its 1964 expansion funds into projects in Utah and New Mexico. President Frank R. Milliken's report to Kennecott stockholders in May was not unexpected: profits from Chile were down again: reason, high taxes. An omen of conflict between Frei and Kennecott is the fact that only 11 per cent of the firm's profits comes from its mines in Chile, compared to more than 66 per cent for Anaconda.

Frei's weapon in his battle with the Yankees is the threat of nationalization, and to keep it a threat without causing panic he has been slippery. To a German magazine reporter, for example, he said that if

(Continued on page 344)

Criminals, Cops and the Constitution

Yale Kamisar

The more complicated life becomes, the more people are attracted to simple solutions; the more irrational the world seems, the more they long for rational answers; and the more diverse everything is, the more they want it all reduced to identity.

James Reston was talking about domestic politics when he wrote the sentence quoted above in a recent column. But to a large extent this all too common reaction to complex problems accounts for the prevalent cry that the courts are "handcuffing" the police and breeding crime waves. It is no surprise, therefore, that Barry Goldwater, "the Great Simplifier," has picked up the chant.

Drastic denunciation of the Supreme Court is not new; indeed, it is as old as the Court. And the intemperate criticism the judges have provoked by expansively reading the constitutional-criminal procedural safeguards and by exercising supervisory powers over federal criminal justice goes back at least twenty years—to the *McNabb* case (later reaffirmed in the *Mallory* case), which "automatically" excludes confessions obtained by federal officers during prolonged pre-commitment detention, and to the *Ashcraft* case, which prevents state courts from using confessions secured as the result of protracted "relay questioning." As the Court has increasingly heeded the warning that "federalism should not be raised to the plane of an absolute, nor the Bill of Rights reduced to a precatory trust," as it has more and more operated on the premise that to the peoples of the world the criminal procedure sanctioned by Mississippi or Alabama is the procedure sanctioned by the United States, the voice of the police-oriented critic has grown louder and shriller.

Much current criticism reflects a "populistic mentality"—an identification of justice and morality with the will of the people; an impatience with barriers erected by lawyers and judges; a proclaiming of great crises and announcements of disbelief in the capacities of ordinary institutions to resolve them. Such criticism overlooks the point that if the popular will were completely unfettered in a democracy, if there were no "rules of the game"—if democracy were that simple—then, as Professor Charles L. Black, Jr., of the Yale Law School has remarked:

> *Our Bill of Rights is a thoroughly undemocratic document. . . . One need read no further than the first five words of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law. . . ." Since Congress could be presumed never to make a law which its majorities did not believe to be desirable, the only possible force of such a prohibition is to forbid laws which the elected representatives of the people believe to be desirable. If the Bill of Rights does not operate to thwart the temporary will of the majority, then it does not operate at all.*

When O. W. Wilson, the head of the Chicago Police Department, protests that appellate courts ponder the alleged infringement of the rights of an accused "as a legal abstraction" without regard to guilt or innocence in the particular case, when he argues that appellate courts are less qualified to resolve these matters than legislators because they are less "responsive" to the desires of the public, he is missing the whole point. It is one of the distinct *advantages* of judicial review that an appellate court is better able than a trial judge (let alone the legislature) to withstand "outpourings of indignation" and public demands for "a redress of the wrong done." Courts are *supposed* to resist such pressures when they consider an alleged violation of a constitutional or statutory right. What else are procedural rights all about?

The police fear—and not without cause—that the public will blame *them* for the increase in crime. Whenever the newspapers carry a sensational headline about the rising national tide of juvenile delinquency, or about some shocking local youth-gang depredation, the question likely to be raised in countless homes is: "Why don't the police put a stop to it?"

But no police force can "put a stop to it." The men on the "firing line" do not greatly affect the crime rate—nor do the courts. Here, as elsewhere, it is tempting to reconcile our delusion of omnipotence with our observation of limited power by explaining failure in terms of incompetence, even betrayal. Here, as elsewhere, a "mood of irritated frustration with complexity," as Dean Acheson once called it, finds expression in scapegoating. The irony is that although the police—quite rightly — resent being made the scapegoats, too many of them have too few qualms about making scapegoats of the courts.

In a recent speech, one in which he seriously doubted that the public "can live" with the exclusionary rule —i.e., the rule which prohibits the use in court trials of evidence illegally obtained—Chief Wilson voiced dismay at the persistent increase in crime. The fault, he suggested, lies with the courts. But in the very same speech he took pains to point out that a major source of antagonism against the police is "a tendency to blame them . . . for a high incidence of crime causes, such as slum conditions, narcotic addiction, lack of parental responsibility, unemployment, cultural inequalities, and other social factors over which the police have no influence or control." Does the chief suppose that the courts have influence or control over any of these "social factors"?

Today, the head of the Los Angeles Police Department, William H. Parker, is one of the harshest critics of the courts. Ten years ago, he seemed to appreciate the complexities of the "crime problem":

> *Despite the technology that has been acquired through no small effort and expense, the police service today fulfills its task with no greater success than it did a quarter- or half-century ago. This is a damag-*

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Topics dealt with in this article are more heavily documented in Professor Kamisar's law journal writings, notably "On the Tactics of Police-Prosecution Oriented Critics of the Court," Cornell Law Quarterly, *Vol. 49, p. 436; and "Public Safety vs. Individual Liberties: Some 'Facts' and 'Theories,'"* Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology, *Vol. 53, p. 171.*

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ing accusation, but it is susceptible of proof. As inaccurate as our statistics are, they leave little doubt that the crime rate has been on the increase for the past several decades—the identical years in which the American police have shown their greatest technical progress. It is highly doubtful that our present crime rate is any lower than that which accompanied the brawling, lusty period of the nation's formation—years in which organized police protection scarcely existed.... Indeed, our most accurate crime statistics indicate that crime rates rise and fall on the tides of economic, social, and political cycles with embarrassingly little attention to the most determined efforts of our police.

A short month after he made these observations, the U.S. Supreme Court (in the case of *Irvine* v. *California*) castigated Parker's department for planting a hidden microphone in an alleged bookmaker's bedroom. A year later, in the case of *People* v. *Cahan*, the California Supreme Court adopted the exclusionary rule in search and seizure cases.

These decisions furnished Chief Parker with the easy formula for preventing crime he had once thought nonexistent. He continued to talk about the steady rise in lawlessness, but now it occurred only because "misguided" courts and "starry-eyed" liberals had "handcuffed" the police. As before, he bemoaned the fact that technical progress was not reducing crime, but now the reason was obvious: the ban on wire tapping and electronic eavesdropping. The chief no longer called attention to "economic, social, and political cycles"; he chose to forget his admission—made *prior* to the inhibitions imposed by the aforementioned cases — that improved technology had failed to lower the crime rate, and the apparent fact that "the crime rate has been on the increase for the past *several decades*."

When the California Court adopted the exclusionary rule in 1955, Chief Parker complained about what he calls "tighter restrictions" on police powers. Most police and prosecutors reacted the same way when, in the 1961 landmark case of *Mapp* v. *Ohio*, the U.S. Supreme Court imposed the same rule on all states as a matter of due process. What law-enforcement officers were really bristling about was tighter *enforcement* of long-standing restrictions. Not *Mapp*, but state and federal constitutional provisions that had been on the books for decades, banned arbitrary arrests and unreasonable searches. The police *never* had the authority to proceed without "probable cause," only the incentive. And the principal contribution of *Mapp* was to reduce that incentive.

Opponents of the exclusionary rule in search and seizure cases had long insisted there were other adequate protections against unreasonable search and seizure. Examples given were tort actions by the victims of police misconduct, or internal discipline by the police department itself. The best refutation of this argument is the reaction of many law-enforcement officials to the adoption of the exclusionary rule. They talked as if the guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure had just been written, as if the exclusionary rule *were* the guaranty against unreasonable search and seizure! What disturbed them was that the courts were now operating on the same premise.

The response of the District of Columbia police to last year's ban on "arrests for investigation" is another illustration of how compliance with existing norms can be confused with a change in them. When a special District of Columbia committee of three distinguished lawyers, headed by Charles A. Horsky (now Presidential Adviser on National Capital Affairs), concluded its sixteen-month study of the problem with the finding that "arrests for investigation" were "unconstitutional, unwise and unnecessary" and recommended that they be stopped immediately, Robert V. Murray, Chief of the District of Columbia Police, was stunned. He recalled:

> *Back in 1947 a study was made by a committee from the Bar Association of investigative arrests. At that time they said investigative arrests were unconstitutional, and recommended that such arrests not be continued. Nothing was done about it.*

Why, Chief Murray seemed to wonder, was something being done about it now? The Chairman of the Senate District Appropriations Subcommittee was similarly puzzled. He warned District officials, including Board of Commissioners President Walter Tobriner: "I hope no action will be taken to implement this report."

Several months later, Commissioner Tobriner stated: 'There is no doubt in any of the Commissioners' minds that 'arrests for investigation' are unconstitutional." He added, however, that the police would be permitted to continue the lawless practice until some "acceptable constitutional substitute" was found.

After some halting starts, and in "defiance" of a House District Committee resolution urging still further delay so that legislation to increase police interrogation powers could be considered, the long-debated "ban" finally went into effect on March 15, 1963. The ranking Republican member of the House District Committee branded it "an arrogant action on the part of the Commissioners" and a surrender to "political" and "racial" pressure.

How many people realize that the order prohibiting investigative arrests does not affect prior legal norms one whit, but only effectuates them? How many comprehend that, although it has only recently been enforced, "the ban" has *always* existed? Not, I suspect, many among the millions of *Look* readers who were told that "a *new* city rule imposes *additional* restraints on Washington police. Arrests for 'investigation,' a fruitful source of information on crime, are *now* banned."

Those who seek additional powers for the police readily identify their demands with "national interest," "public welfare," "public necessity," or some other generalized value symbol. More often than not, when someone invokes such a symbol, he is urging a decision, not offering a reason for arriving at it. These symbols are "society's most effective analgesics" — "anchor rationalizations for policy-caused pain." It has well been said that "the most discouraging aspect of totalitarianism is not the powerlust of its leaders, but the ease with which people adjust to losses in political freedom when that loss is explained in terms of public necessity."

When a United States subcommittee asked Chief Murray to appraise the effects of an order prohibiting "arrests for investigation," he retorted—as might be expected from past utterances: "There is no question in my mind that it will just about put us out of business."

The record shows, however, that during the two years 1960-61, only 5.7 per cent of those arrested for investigation were ever charged; to put it another way, about seventeen out of every eighteen persons so arrested were ultimately released. The record discloses, further, that generally speaking the longer a person was held the less likely he was to be charged. Thus, of the 1,356 persons held for eight hours or more in 1960, only 1.2 per cent were charged; of the 690 held for more than twelve hours that year, a shade under 1 per cent were charged.

It is interesting that in the first full month of the Horsky Committee's existence the number of "arrests for investigation" in the District dropped by two-thirds, and remained at that level for the rest of the year. If the practice was so "necessary," why did the mere publicity given to the Committee lead to its sudden, drastic curtailment? In the month following the issuance of the Horsky report, the arrests under study dropped still further and stayed low for the rest of the year, during the "debate" over implementing the report. If effectuating the ban would "just about put us out of business," why, in the face of an alarming and ever worsening crime problem, were the District police rapidly and "voluntarily" putting themselves out of business?

Since the Horsky report did not deal with "arrests for investigation . . . in the field" (although one would never have known that from the newspapers) but *only* those which resulted in a person's being taken to a police station and "booked," the legal problems raised by the practice were relatively simple. The same cannot be said for matters of post-arrest detention and police interrogation. Thus, here, police claims of "necessity" pack an extra wallop.

At the 1963 Senate Hearings on the *McNabb-Mallory* rule, police officers from various parts of the country gave the impression that the *McNabb* rule is wreaking havoc throughout the land (where in fact it affects only federal officers), and they talked as if the issue at stake were whether the police could question suspects *at all.*

The *McNabb-Mallory* rule (which narrowly avoided being repealed) permits an hour or two for questioning. Moreover, the time runs from the point of arrest, not from the time when the first question is asked. And as the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has said (the very court upon which law-enforcement officers have showered so much abuse), "it would be absurd to suggest that the police must arrest a person before they can ask him questions." U.S. Attorney Oliver Gasch told Chief Murray and his men some years ago: "Interrogation of suspects *prior to arrest* is a valuable technique, and it is widely used by the FBI."

How much interrogation time do the law men want? How much do they need? "Whatever period of time may be necessary to accomplish the purposes that society has in mind," answers Chief Wilson. Forty-eight hours is reasonable, suggests a member of the Board of Governors of the National Sheriffs' Association. "Frequently, even 48 to 72 hours is not enough," warns J. F. Coakley, often called the "dean" of American prosecutors. "At least 24 hours, excluding days when courts are not in session," insists Chief Schrotel of Cincinnati, the head of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Six hours would be "a reasonable time," a period in which "the police could do an effective job," contributes Chief Murray. David Acheson, the U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia (whose sober testimony before the Senate was a refreshing change from the semi-hysterical outbursts of too many of his brethren) points out: "At the present time, for all practical purposes if a suspect can hold out for 2 hours, 2½ hours, he is pretty well in the clear; but very few of them do."

Whether or not conditions warrant, the claim of "necessity" is not easily decided, for often the facts by which such a plea must be weighed consist of vague references to "experience" put forward by men whose original predilections or present interest control their conclusions. But when the "needs" of police interrogation vary from six hours or less to forty-eight or more, the "necessity" plea no longer looms impregnable. Indeed, when "necessity" varies so widely, one recalls the words of Chief Justice Marshall in *McCulloch* v. *Maryland:* "A thing may be necessary, very necessary, absolutely or indispensably necessary. The word frequently imparts no more than that one thing is convenient, or useful."

If one opposes the exclusionary rule in search and seizure cases and the aforementioned *McNabb-Mallory* rule, it is helpful to believe that they exact an exorbitant price in increased crime and diminished law enforcement. Police- and prosecution-minded critics of the measures have worked hard to create this illusion, but in the two jurisdictions which have held the spotlight in recent years, the District of Columbia and the state of California, there is no solid evidence that the rules have done anything of the kind.

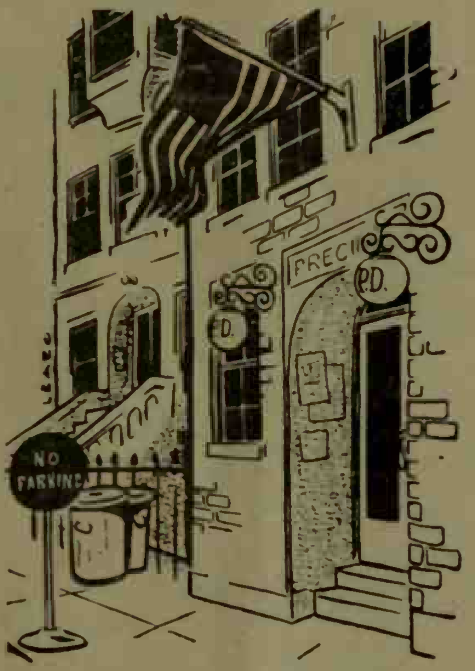
Of course if you approve the exclusionary rules, it is comforting to believe that their cost is or will be minimal. I do not know that to be so. I think I do know that opponents of the rules have not established their alarmist case. They have made shrill noises about the "catastrophic" price we are paying to maintain constitutional liberties, but they have yet to furnish convincing evidence to this effect.

Only three weeks ago, it is comforting to know, the prosecutor whose jurisdiction has borne the brunt of "restrictive" court rules, David Acheson of the District of Columbia, dismissed the suggestion that "the crime rate will go away if we give back to law-enforcement agencies 'power taken from them by federal court decisions,'" assuring law-enforcement agencies that:

> *The war against crime does not lie on this front. Prosecution procedure has, at most, only the most remote causal connection with crime. Changes in court decisions and prosecution procedure would have about the same effect on the crime rate as an aspirin would have on a tumor of the brain.*

Of course, a number of Mr. Acheson's brother prosecutors, to say nothing of many police chiefs, would differ violently with him in this respect.

Even if by some miracle we could cleanly disentangle the rules of evidence from the many other factors that cause crime or reduce police-prosecution "efficiency," I suspect the liberals and the police-minded critics would still disagree. One side would contend that the data proves "we can't afford" the rules and the other side would insist that "it's cheap at the price." The two sides, in other words, would still differ sharply over the value of the commodity purchased. It matters a good deal, for example, whether one views the Fourth Amendment as a fundamental safeguard against serious abuses or merely as a provision dealing with a formality.



Prosecutor J. F. Coakley insists that we learn whether or not "the emphasis on civil rights and privileges has been distorted"—whether or not "the pendulum has swung too far to the left"—by asking those engaged in law-enforcement work. Deputy Chief Edgar Scott suggests that "we recognize that each branch of the government is the proper authority to regiment its 'own troops' and to enforce its own ground rules."

Unfortunately, these spokesmen overlook that, to quote from the recent Horsky report:

> *"Efficiency"* [*in the narrow sense*] *cannot be the touchstone for criminal procedure. The proudest traditions of common-law criminal procedure hamper efficiency to some extent—because we wish to protect the innocent as well as convict the guilty, and because we wish to treat all prisoners, innocent or guilty, in ways that fit in with the kind of society we want.*

It is understandable that many police officers should resent the control or influence of judges, to say nothing of the "interference" worked by citizens' committees and law professors. Psychologist Hans Toch recently pointed out:

> *Since the police officer obtains his rewards and satisfactions from the successful identification of persons responsible for misconduct, and since such success is "confirmed" through prosecution, conviction and sentencing, any interference with this sequence may be experienced as terribly frustrating. In instances where the law itself blocks the road from suspicion to disposition, the law becomes an enemy of its ostensible servants.... Police can no more be expected to subscribe to the premise that persons whom they perceive as violators must be protected, than decided hunters are likely to grant the immunity of deer.*

No doubt similar unhappiness about control or influence from "outsiders" and "amateurs" led delegates to the Air Force Association's Fifteenth Anniversary National Meeting to adopt a ringing statement that "national policy must prescribe that the choice between nuclear and non-nuclear weapons is neither moral nor political, but is essentially a military consideration." No doubt similar frustration over "outside interference" caused the resigning coach of a losing Iowa basketball team to protest: "Recruiting has become tougher and tougher. We can't get a lot of good kids in school . . . because the entrance requirements seem to get higher each year. Every time you turn around there is another rule staring you in the face."

Too often the specialist who bristles at "outsiders" or "amateurs" only manifests his indifference to the values and goals he was supposed to be taking into account all along. We should welcome the specialization which furnishes a man with "the skill and knowledge as well as the motive for doing a task up to a moderate level of efficiency," writes Professor Edward Shils. But, he adds, we should resist the specialization that reaches the point "where understanding and sympathy for the other realms with which collaboration and a sense of affinity are necessary are obstructed."

To a police- and prosecution-minded critic the courts are no doubt manned by "amateurs." But, as the late Karl Llewellyn put it, "we have a legal system which entrusts its case-law-making to a body who are specialists only in being unspecialized." To a body designed "to reach a judgment which adds balance not only . . . against the passing flurries of public passion, but no less against the often deep but too often jughandled contributions of any technicians."

Senator J. William Fulbright was talking about "our easy reliance on the military establishment as the foundation of our foreign policy," but he could as well have been talking about our domestic policy against criminal defendants when, in his thoughtful little book, *Old Myths and New Realities*, he called attention to

> *our national technological bias, which leads us to place extraordinary faith in the ability of "technicians" to deal with matters that we ourselves find incomprehensible.*

And to make a final analogy to the military—with a tip of the hat to Clemenceau — law enforcement is too important a business to be left to the police and the prosecutor.

The police-oriented critics of the Supreme Court are bent on establishing (as one officer of the National District Attorneys' Association recently put it) that "this country can no longer afford a 'civil rights binge.'" There is a danger that they will succeed. But there is also the danger that they will only make the Court even more impervious to criticism, driving legitimate and scholarly criticism underground and evoking extravagant and excessive praise. Gresham's law of debate seems to operate here, with emotion-laden attacks and counterattacks driving out informed and thoughtful comment.

Probably the most fundamental and pervasive issue in constitutional-criminal procedure today — one remaining as unilluminated after the *Gideon* decision as before —is "when the right to counsel begins." In other words, at what stage in the proceedings between arrest and trial should the man who has retained counsel be allowed to consult with him and at what point ought the man who cannot afford counsel be provided with one? To reason, as most police and prosecutors do, that the early presence of counsel will "cripple" law enforcement—and that *therefore* the accused must be subjected to intensive police interrogation without such guidance—is not very satisfactory. This approach ignores the argument that an accused often needs the talents of a lawyer in the back room of a police station much more than he does at the trial. On the other hand, to argue that an accused needs—and therefore should have—a lawyer the moment he is arrested, as the Court appears to have reasoned at one point in the recent *Escobedo* case, is not much better. This is also to resolve the dilemma by pretending that none exists.

Escobedo cannot be blamed for "crime waves" or lowered "police efficiency." Not yet. It is only four months old. And if it is understood in all its implications, it is unlikely to be so blamed for years to come. One suspects that, like the first great right-to-counsel case of *Powell* v. *Alabama*, the opinion contains sweeping language at some places and limiting language at others,* because, like the *Powell* Court of 1932, the present Court recognized it was opening a new chapter in constitutional-criminal procedure and was uncertain how to write it.

To protest, when the Court does write this new chapter, that it is "making law" is to contribute nothing to the discussion. Neither the history nor the language of the Bill of Rights or the Fourteenth Amendment points to a plain answer, one way or the other. When the Court grapples with the "beginnings" of the right to counsel it must "make law," whichever way it goes.

However, if that is something critics of the Court forget, it is also something too few "liberals" care to remember. If I were a policeman or a prosecutor making honest and intelligent arguments (some can and do) to the effect that the Court had not sufficiently considered law-enforcement needs in handing down a certain decision, say *Escobedo*, nothing would infuriate me more than the retort that the founding fathers made the choice for us and "if it is found that the choice has been a poor one, we should resort to constitutional amendment to correct it."

Some choices were made for us by the draftsmen of the Constitution, but not nearly as many as defenders of the Court like to think. For example, it is nonsense to claim that when our ancestors wrote the privilege against self-incrimination into the Fifth Amendment and the right to counsel into the Sixth, they thereby resolved the *Escobedo* question in favor of making counsel available as soon as a man is arrested.

This is not to say, as some spokesmen for the police have said, that the Constitution *precludes* the Court from resolving the question in this way. It is only to say that the Constitution does not *demand* it. To resist *Escobedo* by denying that the Court has the power or the right to "police the police" (I prefer to call it enforcing the Constitution)—to greet the arguments for "starting" the right to counsel at the moment of arrest with shouts of "usurpation," exercise of "raw and naked power," etc.—is unfair and unfortunate. But the same may be said for the view that *all* criticism of *Escobedo* is an attack on the Court as an institution, a refusal to accept the Constitution as the law of the land, a blaspheming of Madison and Jefferson.

A man's reaction to *Escobedo* should not be taken as a measure of his desire for "law and order," or his hatred of rapists and dope peddlers, or his confidence in and support of "our police." But neither should it be regarded as a test of his affection for the Court or devotion to the Constitution or commitment to the "American way of life."

One may regret that the Court did not reverse Escobedo's conviction on straight "involuntary confession" grounds (it appears that it could have done so), one may fret that the opinion was so slushy, one may balk at its potential for expansion—one may do all this—and still revere the Court. Indeed, one may do all this *because* one reveres the Court.

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*Notwithstanding repeated *requests* by both Escobedo and his *retained* lawyer, they were not permitted to consult with each other during the course of a long interrogation. Nor, at any point, did the police effectively warn the accused of his constitutional right to remain silent. There is language in the opinion purporting to confine the ruling to these facts—language few lower courts will miss.

SUGAR

Market and Supermarket . . . . . . Desmond Smith

All through 1963, and until very recently, commodity speculators in this country have been gambling in sugar, to their own great profit and at the expense of the consuming public. The instability of recent sugar prices, which has made this situation possible, has been brought about by two factors: the failure of Congress to revise drastically the archaic 30-year-old Sugar Act, and the failure of the Agriculture Department to regulate trading in sugar futures.

This point of view has been denied by Earle T. MacHardy, president of the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. In 1963, he thought the fantastic rise in the price of sugar was "purely the result of world supply and demand." The facts are otherwise. An Agriculture Department investigation—conducted after some hard prodding by Rep. Leonor K. Sullivan, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs—found that "excessive speculation in sugar futures last spring (1963), particularly on the part of persons not connected with the sugar trade, contributed materially to the price spiral."

Until 1962, Cuba, the world's greatest exporter of sugar, supplied nearly 40 per cent of our sugar needs. The remainder was made up by domestic cane- and sugar-beet growers. Under this long-standing arrangement, prices were relatively stable and there was little incentive for a commodity speculator to gamble on sugar futures. The situation changed abruptly in mid-1962 when the administration broke off trade relations with Cuba. This sudden, yet surely not unexpected, development necessitated an immediate revision of the 1934 Sugar Act. The legislative procedures were in the hands of House Agriculture Chairman Harold Cooley of North Carolina, and Mr. Cooley soon found himself in the middle of a power play. On one side were the big Eastern refiners (whose basic interest is in processing foreign-produced cane) and a score or so of foreign sugar growers. These sugar producers (mainly in Latin America) wanted to take over the Cuban quota — including its preferential price clause. And on the other side, with Cuba out of the picture, a number of domestic sugar-beet growers and refiners made themselves heard in Washington. They wanted to add the 1½ million ton Cuban quota to their own production. The fight boiled up quickly, but its background goes far into the past.

Historically speaking, the price of sugar has always been notoriously volatile. The Coca-Cola company—a tremendous user of sugar—almost foundered in the 1920s because of losses directly caused by swings in the sugar market. Since then, almost all big industrial users have safeguarded themselves through contract clauses tied to the price of sugar. Other big users have actually gone themselves into the business of sugar production and refining.

Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Ass'n.

Governments, for their part, have moved to protect national needs and maintain stable prices through all-embracing trade agreements. There are plenty of examples: the United States with Cuba, Great Britain with the British West Indies, the Soviet Union by the encouragement of large-scale sugar-beet production. The existence of these "tied" marketing arrangements has created an exceedingly narrow "free" (uncommitted) sugar market; in fact, only about one-seventh of total sugar consumption is sold at the free market price. In times of plenty, free-market sugar has a hard time finding a buyer. But at the least sign of political unrest or natural disaster, the price of free-market sugar rockets.

As it happens, the change of government in Cuba coincided with a steadily rising world demand for sugar. This has come about partly through continued global population growth, partly through better living standards. No country, of course, can match America's sugar consumption (100 lbs. per head per year), but even famine-stricken India absorbs 14 lbs. of sugar each year for every man, woman and child within its borders. The result has been a world shift from sugar surpluses to sugar shortages. So far the gap has been small (less than 2 million tons in the 1962-63 crop year), but since it exists demand for the free-market supply soars.

It becomes clear, then, that the loss of Cuba—America's sugar warehouse—was a matter of great interest in the world sugar market. When Cuba was on our side of the business ledger, the United States had handled its sugar through a quota system. While it is perfectly possible for the country to grow all its own sugar requirements, it has never done so. During the Batista regime, the United States consistently subsidized Cuban sugar pro-

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duction by paying a premium based on the domestic price. Since this was considerably above the free-market price (these were the days of world surpluses), Cuba was glad to supply all the sugar called for under its quota. In 1962, with Cuba fallen from grace, the Cooley committee was under great pressure to come up with a replacement in a hurry.

The House Agriculture Committee's solution made nobody happy. Half of the former Cuban quota (3 million tons) was set aside against a possible return of a "free" Cuba. (Had Representative Cooley been informed of the administration's Bay of Pigs plans?). The other half was labeled Global Quota and was available to any non-Communist nation that was prepared to supply the United States on a nonpremium basis. The effect of this, of course, was to put us into the free market at a time when world demand was outrunning world supply. If the Latin American bloc was peeved, its protests were as nothing compared to the ruckus created by the domestic sugar-beet forces. While the Latin Americans argued that their "special relationship" (Alliance for Progress) ought to have entitled them to quotas at the premium price, the domestic producers argued that the loss of Cuban sugar ought to have brought home the hazards of a policy based on foreign sources.

There was a third consideration. Alone among commodities, coffee and sugar are traded on an exchange that is not regulated by Agriculture's Commodity Exchange Authority. Observers who remembered the 1954 wild speculation in coffee, asked what safeguards were being taken to prevent the same gyrations in sugar. There were no answers. The Cooley—plague on all your houses—revision of the Sugar Act passed into law in the fall of 1962. Within hours of the bill's passage commodity tipsters were advising their clients to switch their attention to sugar. Anybody can get into the commodity market. Most brokerage firms have a commodity specialist who will initiate a would-be plunger into the arcane mysteries of gambling on shell eggs, frozen poultry or Maine potato futures. In December, 1962, many people who had not the remotest intention of taking delivery, began buying sugar contracts.

Then came the lucky break that all commodity gamblers hope for. By January of 1963, the commodity market was being deluged with rumors of an impending sugar shortage. There were stories about Cuba's crop-harvesting troubles, and a severe winter in Europe was supposed to have knocked out a good deal of its sugar-beet crop. Even when there was no news, a major brokerage house could issue a newsletter that said "No further reports from eastern Europe have been forthcoming, but informed sources are quite definite in their belief that Russia's crop has undoubtedly suffered from drought conditions. . . ." (As it happened, Russia's crop that year was excellent.) Trading volume in sugar futures soared, and worried but impotent officials in Washington noted that by February sugar had replaced soybeans as the darling of the speculators.

Meanwhile, though American farmers were being told not to plant sugar beets—on the ground that the domestic quota was already full—the United States was having a hard time persuading foreign producers to part with sugar at the domestic fair-return price. Ironically, the Latin American growers who only a few months earlier would have been glad to settle for the domestic fair-return price (6.6c) now decided to hold out. "The Dominican Republic had 300,000 tons on its hands," one sugar executive told a *New York Times* reporter, "but they finally offered to supply only 20,000 tons under the global quota—and I don't blame them a bit."

Two different kinds of raw sugar-cane contracts are traded on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. The first is the No. 7 "domestic" contract; this is meant to cover sugar intended for consumption in the United States. The second is the No. 8 "world" contract, which covers any free-market sugar transactions. With the United States shopping for free-market sugar, and encouraged by rumors of a world shortage, speculators kept forcing up the price of the No. 8 contract. It seemed difficult to lose money. Until March, when the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange raised its margin requirements, one could buy a No. 8 contract (a contract is for 112,000 lbs. of sugar) for as little as $400 margin. The leverage *was* incredible. Each 1c rise in the price of free-market sugar meant a windfall profit of $1,120 per contract to its owner. As one broker said at the time, "This is the biggest crap shoot in town." Between January and May, 1963, the price of raw sugar doubled—from 6.6c to 13.2c.

Sugar refiners — passing along all charges—reacted to the volatile market by issuing fourteen price increases during this period. Because sugar keeps, refiners with old stocks reaped huge profits by charging the market price for their pre-January inventory. By June the cost-of-living index had risen sharply. The main reason, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, was a 32 per cent across-the-board increase in supermarket sugar prices. As usual, the shopper eventually paid the bill. By May even Representative Cooley was getting a little upset, and no wonder—three Congressional committees were investigating the high jinks in sugar. Finally, the Agriculture Department (did the President speak?) announced in early May that it was lifting acreage controls on sugar-beet production. The market, which had hit a forty-three-year high, finally collapsed on May 23. On that date Agriculture Under Secretary Murphy announced that the United States had filled its needs—10.4 million tons—for 1963.

The Agriculture Department's subsequent investigation revealed that of the participants in the No. 8 "world" contract on May 23, 1963, 91 per cent were nonindustry speculators. Among them were "housewives, brokerage-house employees, chemists, bankers, lawyers, doctors, dentists, salesmen, insurers, realtors. . . ." Representative Cooley's dismal attempt to rewrite the Sugar Act had satisfied no one in the sugar industry; worse, it had cost the buying public millions of dollars.

During the past summer the inept Mr. Cooley held more hearings.

By now almost the entire history of sugar in our economy has been explored by the weary House Agriculture Committee. This December the foreign-quota portions of the Sugar Act will expire. Nevertheless, Mr. Cooley could not get a new bill through Congress. Unless something is done quickly the United States, on January 1, will have no foreign provisions in its Sugar Act for the first time in thirty years. Meanwhile, the last Congress also managed to avoid action on a measure that would have finally brought coffee and sugar under the regulatory power of the Commodity Exchange Authority.

Can Cooley and Co. do better next session? Most sugar experts doubt it. The best solution might be to take the problem out of Congress entirely (or more accurately out of the lobbies on Capitol Hill). In a leading editorial last month, *The Washington Post* suggested, ". . . the ideal approach would be for President Johnson to appoint a top-level commission to re-consider every aspect of the sugar economy. The virtue of such a commission is that it could take the debate away from the lobbyists and encourage the formation of a national policy for what is a national problem. On such a commission, there is even the remote possibility that consumer interests, too, would at last get a break." Amen.

STARVING FOR SCIENCE . . . . **David Cort**

Science is at its best when it faces up to really fundamental questions. Such an occasion was the University of California's last symposium on "Food and Civilization" (May, 1964). The most searching of the papers presented was one on "Food as an Essential" by Prof. Josef M. Brozek. At the end of the experiments on human beings which he described, he was able to conclude with reasonable certainty: "[The experiments] clearly indicate that food is, indeed, an essential."

This judgment is a great improvement over the offhand attitude toward the matter that has prevailed since life began, but it invites the speculation: suppose the conclusion had been that food is not an essential. If food were, say, an occasional luxury, we could let most of the earth revert to a wild, green paradise. Elimination of farms, herds, flocks, fisheries, packing houses, supermarkets, delicatessens, restaurants, and also sewage disposal systems, calls up a vision of utopia almost beyond conception.

Apart from the crude satire in the thought, one must remember that the chief function of civilization is to reduce the time spent on getting and consuming food. Most creatures spend their entire waking time eating (except some predators which make one great gorge last several days, and then gorge again). Many birds eat several times their own weight every day. Shrews are so infatuated with food that they have no time to sleep, and die young, all worn out, eating.

But civilized man has reduced eating (and shopping at the A&P) to barely 10 per cent of his time. He has thus reduced his dependence on food as a total way of life, and is constantly working to reduce it still further, as in TV dinners and survival rations and the harvesting of marine algae.

Dr. Brozek's paper was concerned in part with the starvation experiments conducted by the University of Minnesota's laboratory of physical hygiene for more than a decade.

"Starvation experiments"? What grisly joke is this? The world is full of starving people, and they are not experimenting. However, these skeletal millions would have been unsuitable for the experiments because they are not starving systematically, and there are no "control" data on them. Soldiers and college boys were tried at first, but proved unsatisfactory because of various extracurricular, nonstarving activities. Complete concentration on starving and high motivation seemed to be requirements. Finally, these were found in 1943 among conscientious objectors serving in the Civilian Public Service. They volunteered for the experiments, and some seventy normal, fit young men were selected.

It may sound incredible, but the scientists took twelve of these fine, high-minded young Americans, and for four days gave them no food at all (but all the water they wanted), while each day they walked for three hours on an uphill treadmill and ran fifteen minutes, or to exhaustion. Constant tests were made—sensory, motor, intellective and personality—of their responses to these drastic conditions.

The results were in every way fascinating. All twelve men completed the torture course. Their intellectual capacity, measured by six short tests such as the word game of "Categories," remained about the same. Certain physical abilities, measured by handgrip and back-pull dynamometers, remained constant; in fact, handgrip strength increased slightly.

On the other hand, the subjects displayed an onset of depression, hypochondria and hysteria, sleepiness and decreased initiative and concentration. Nausea was common after, and once during, the run on the treadmill. Though they had plenty of water, the men discovered that their desire for water was twice as great as their desire for food. This was because the extracellular fluid of the body was decreasing, and the plasma volume dropping as much as 18 per cent.

Blood sugar at work, sampled at the end of the first hour's walking, was fairly normal the first day, dropped sharply the second day and recovered somewhat the third and fourth days. There was a loss of 4 lbs. the first day and 6 lbs. more, spread over the next three days. Ketones accumulated in the blood, as in diabetes. The total deficit of calories for the four days was estimated at 14,500.

If we look upon a man so deprived as a famished animal, his ability to survive had definitely not been destroyed by the brutal starvation aggravated by the pointless work. In nonscientific terms, he showed signs of desperation. In a brief life-or-death struggle he would have

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David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

been very effective; in a prolonged struggle, probably not. He would have had to win quickly, or not at all.

He lost, however, some efficiencies that may be less relevant to survival. He could tap a plate ten fewer times in ten seconds, trace a pattern less accurately, make fewer arm movements in a minute. His body-reaction time was slower, and he swayed a little more while standing.

Another, more reasonable, experiment fed thirteen men for twenty-four days on 1,000 calories a day in jelly bars and a carbonated soft drink (which?), with salt and vitamin supplements—nothing else except plenty of water. All carbohydrates, no proteins or fats. Here the daily energy deficit was about 1,700 calories, about half that in the preceding experiment.

This diet of jelly bars and soda pop is just what children dream of. It also represents a level of malnutrition far below the diet of the world's undernourished people. And yet, over this period of only twenty-four days, its effects were amazingly slight. The results were described by Dr. Brozek as "exhilarating" or "disappointing," according to one's point of view.

Each man lost about 15 lbs. Blood-sugar levels remained satisfactory; sight and hearing showed no deterioration; adaptation to darkness was poorer because of vitamin A deficiency. There was some decline in the ability to rally maximum strength quickly, as measured in thigh movements. On the personality questionnaires, there were again increases in hypochondria, depression and hysteria.

Of course, actual famine as a fact of life differs fundamentally from these calorie insufficiencies in the Minnesota laboratory. In real life, the calorie deficit comes on gradually, there is complete uncertainty as to how long it will continue, and a consequent disruption of the whole society. There is no certainty, as in Minnesota, that tomorrow will bring even 1,000 calories.

And so the scientists projected another experiment, this one lasting for twenty-four weeks of semi-starvation—a fair span for a normal famine. Thirty-two volunteer conscientious objectors had their diet reduced from 3,492 to 1,570 calories for nearly half a year. And at last we get some results that the starving peoples of the world would recognize.

This time the men became physically weaker, by a measurable third, in handgrip and back pull. Running to exhaustion on the uphill treadmill decreased from a top of four minutes to less than a minute; the men just did not have the strength to go on. There was some, but not much, deterioration in reaction time, arm-movement speed and table tapping.

In general, the intellect was not crippled at all. Perception of spatial relations, word fluency, immediate memory, number facility, inductive reasoning and perceptual speed remained fairly constant.

The personality, however, was affected profoundly for the worse. The subjects rated themselves as having, in this order, increased tiredness, appetite, muscle soreness, sensitivity to noise, irritability, apathy, hunger pains, moodiness, depression, muscle cramps, dizziness, salt craving, apprehension, fainting and nausea. They also admitted corresponding decreases in such things as concentration, sex drive, etc. There was one odd result: hearing improved, possibly because of the production of less ear wax and the thinning of the fleshy walls of the ear canal. The subjects typically marked themselves as somewhat more normal than the observers thought was the case. People in a real famine situation, lacking the artificial morale factor and ultimate self-assurance inevitably associated with the experiment, would probably exaggerate the other way.

The symptoms are noted above as averages. Some of the subjects had some of the disabilities even before semi-starvation began; a few escaped some of them even after half a year of starvation. Here, as in all other affairs, there was a separating of the men from the boys. At the end, some of the volunteers were still enjoying life; others had all but despaired. In a real famine, this differentiation must certainly be carried to extremes.

Half a year's famine, as I have said, is a fair example of a famine. Still, it is not quite possible to compare the Minnesota subjects, who were young, fit, dedicated, and knew when they were going to start eating again, to men, women and children of all ages who are starving, they know not why, until the unnamed date when they will die. Morale is the difference. It is probably also the factor that selects the survivors of the great famines that, along with war, have scourged man from the beginning of his history.

It is not sufficiently realized that, as modern hygiene has lowered death rates in the underdeveloped nations but done nothing to retard the birth rates, perpetual semi-starvation has become more, not less, endemic. The mere incompetence of the new governments, and the natural avarice of their leaders, interfere with outsiders' attempts to solve famines in the direct and simple way (by feeding the starving). Semi-starvation is well established in Haiti and Indonesia, in the Congo and Tanganyika, and is spreading southward and westward in Africa. The calorie deficit, as the wonderful phrase goes, has always been a fact of life in the Middle East and in large areas of Latin America.

From starving men come no revolution, Eric Hoffer once said, in substance. But the Minnesota starvation experiments suggest a revision of that law. Much depends on how long a man has been starving and how high his morale remains. A man who has been starving for only twenty-four days sounds to me quite dangerous. Half a year later he is a very different man, most particularly in his personality aspects. It would not be entirely safe, however, to assume him harmless.

Food, as was said at the beginning, seems to be an essential, both physically and spiritually. But what a wonderful world it would be if mankind, alone in the whole kingdom, could free himself of this terrible necessity. Once perceived, the thought refuses to go away.

Politics and the Polls . . . .

Norwood Russell Hanson

Many objections have been lodged against political opinion sampling. Some critics feel that the Gallup and Roper polls do not distinguish between a subject's statement of how he will act and the deed itself. Two individuals may both say "Yes, I'll vote for Barry," but the one will do so come rain or snow; the other may not venture forth if one cloud darkens the sky. Yet from the pollster's point of view, their positions are identical.

It has also been said that many citizens float through life with no well-formed attitudes on any subject—politics included. An opinion sampler puts the question, and lo! — a most forceful opinion is expressed, and a determined posture adopted. This, although ten seconds earlier the respondent's mind was blank on the subject of inquiry.

Such uneasiness, however, reflects too little understanding of the refined techniques employed by social scientists who design these surveys. Given a large enough sample, well planned and diverse, objections such as those above will disappear "in the mass." For every respondent who says "yes," but lacks the energy to vote, there will be another respondent who says "no," and proves equally short of energy. For each man whose attitude is formed by the very posing of a question, there will be another whose position is shaped in the opposite direction. The technical achievement of our modern, statistically oriented, opinion pollsters is that they can determine reliable estimates of general trends within the polity.

Still, there are grounds for concern about the polls and their associated forecasting which cannot be met simply by reference to the properties of statistical aggregates. Few will object to a politician's having more information about the electorate to which he is campaigning. As Dr. Gallup said recently: "A politician who does not know what his constituents feel about current election issues is like a general who does not know whether the enemy is behind the hill to the left or the hill to the right." Ideally, when the electorate is found not to understand fully a candidate's position on some vital issue, he should set out his views more clearly. Or should they collectively wish to hear his as yet unexpressed conviction on some matter, he should let them hear it. Information gathered from opinion polls will, when so employed, encourage a more intimate and receptive relationship between constituency and candidate.

Can we be quite certain, though, that an unscrupulous candidate for office (there are some) will not actually *change* his views when statistics suggest that they are producing a hostile reaction among voters? Is there no precedent for thinking that some politicians will say *anything* to curry votes? Of course, such a politician might have behaved thus under *any* circumstances. But, by the pollster's own claims, it seems that they now have a most efficient means of discovering (quickly and accurately) what is the "mood" of the electorate. This information, in the hands of a "vote grabber," seems to negate the original objective of *voting* for our democratic representatives. Ideally, the candidate makes up his mind on various issues, then publicly expresses his considered views in a clear and forthright manner. As a consequence, Election Day is an occasion for genuine choice between well-articulated, alternative positions. This cannot be achieved when politicians simply reflect the predominant sentiments of a polled electorate that has remained unaffected by argument either way. Is it just some mythology of the democratic process that good reasons argued in favor of a political position can actually persuade the citizenry to declare themselves in support, when before they had been

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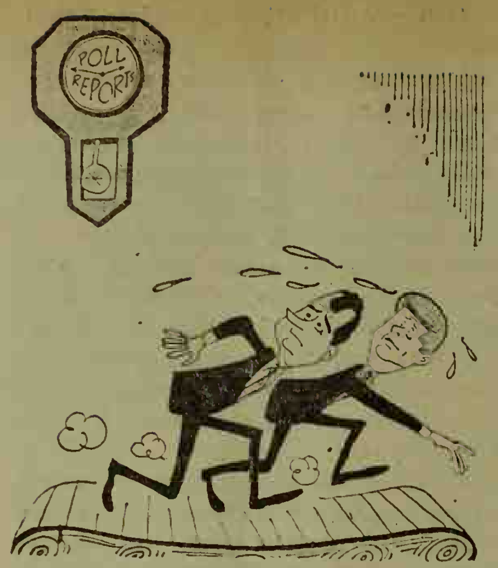
opposed? How can reasons, and stands on principle, be effective on Election Day if the candidates have become simply mouthpieces for the generalized and largely unreflective —but so precisely measured—views of the electorate? How can we have a citizenry of informed and reasonable men when their representatives may only be articulating views that constitute the lowest common denominator of the electorate as the whole? There have always been trimming politicians, but today, because of the speed and accuracy of opinion polls, they are potentially more dangerous to the democratic process than ever before.

Political virtues and vices to one side, however, there may be a case for candidates having *all* possible information on the disposition of their electorate. Opinion polls are established instruments for collecting and conveying that information. But what of the voters themselves? What need of theirs is satisfied by information of this sort? Of what interest is it to a Dakota farmer that the Jersey samplings show strong support for the incumbent? How does the citizen of Los Angeles better fulfill his role as an American voter through having received the final results of voting in New York—before he has even gone to the polls?



Green: Providence Journal

Last Lap in 1960

Is there a "bandwagon effect" in national elections? Do some on-the-fence citizens cast their vote in the hope of ending up with the winning team? If there are such voters in appreciable numbers, the high-speed propagation of polling booth statistics may tip the verdict one way rather than another—and not in terms of arguments and issues, but of numbers and percentages alone.

It is not yet proved that advance statistics have no such bandwagon effect. Given the pernicious possibility, perhaps we should all be protected from the worst that may be in us. In the absence of *complete* certainty that the bandwagon does not collect passengers, we might well suspect that it does—and that most of them come aboard because of broadcast opinion samples and Election Day statistics during the first week of November.

Therefore, I urge a moratorium from November 1 to Election Day during which no polling information and no Election Day statistics can be disseminated. This will leave the period immediately before the election free for reflection on the issues — something our founding fathers would have desired.

It might be argued that such a moratorium is a proscription against knowledge. It shows no faith in the integrity of the average citizen to suppose that his neighbor's behavior would sway him on matters of principle. Let us say only that I have a realistic view of the average citizen—I am one of them. There is no good reason for disseminating this gossip about what others are thinking, and there is reason for suspecting it may do harm.

However accurate football scores are, they would be out of place if announced during a church sermon. And however scientifically well established, opinion-poll samples and Election Day statistics are out of place when each of us should be thinking about the issues that concern us, as individuals and as citizens.

Windfall for Conspiracy . . . . . . Richard J. Barber

In an unpublicized ruling, officially released on August 17, the Internal Revenue Service quietly presented a select group of business taxpayers with a gift whose price to the Treasury will probably come to much more than $150 million. The lucky recipients of this rare act of IRS generosity are those firms which have violated the antitrust laws and as a result are compelled by law to pay damages—among them General Electric and other companies convicted of price-fixing and similar offenses.

The IRS succeeded both in diverting millions of dollars from the Treasury and in thumbing its nose at the nation's antitrust policy by proclaiming that "amounts paid or incurred in satisfaction of claims for treble damages" brought pursuant to the antitrust laws "are deductible as ordinary and necessary business expenses" for tax purposes. That may sound innocuous in the technical language, but its implications may produce some indignation when it is viewed in the context of the electrical conspiracies.

Back in 1960, a federal grand jury in Philadelphia indicted twenty of the nation's principal producers of heavy electrical goods, led by General Electric and Westinghouse, and a number of their high-ranking executives, for allegedly engaging in a massive conspiracy to fix prices and rig bids on sales to government agencies and to the country's privately owned utilities. Shortly thereafter, the companies conceded their wrongdoing, paid a token $2 million in fines, and watched as some of their officers went off to serve thirty-day jail sentences.

While this largely ended the affair insofar as the press and the public were concerned, the battle had in fact only begun. Since the conspiracies had boosted prices or held them at artificially high levels, those who had made purchases were entitled to sue for damages pursuant to the antitrust laws. And sue they have, with nearly 2,000 cases initiated so far against GE and the

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other defendant companies. A few cases have been settled, but to date only one has been tried to a finish in court. On June 2, a Philadelphia jury awarded three electric utilities damages of almost $10 million. When trebled, as is required by law, the judgment came to nearly $30 million.

No one can now predict what GE, Westinghouse and the rest will eventually be required to pay as damages stemming from their price-fixing conspiracies. GE recently estimated that settlements with customers who made two-thirds of the relevant purchases will amount to roughly $80 million. If its other customers settle at the same rate, GE will pay out $120 million; and since it reportedly accounted for about 40 per cent of the business involved in the conspiracies, the total bill for the industry would come to $300 million. But this could well be on the low side. GE so far has been settling on the basis of less than a 10 per cent overcharge; the June 2 jury verdict, however, is based on a finding that the conspiracies forced customers to pay 25 per cent more than they would have paid in the absence of that conspiracy.

The price-fixing and bid-rigging of the 1950s thus may begin to hurt the perpetrators, just as it is supposed to. When it passed the Sherman Act in 1890, Congress recognized that private damage suits could play a key role in achieving compliance with the substantive legislative policy. Not only did it specifically authorize damage actions but, to accentuate the impact, it also required the courts to treble any damage award won by a plaintiff after trial. In this fashion private claimants would obtain redress for their damage, and the culprit would be severely punished.

Regardless of how much the electric-goods manufacturers are ultimately obligated to pay in judgments for damages traceable to their price-fixing conspiracies, the tax treatment is of critical importance. If they can deduct these payments in the guise of "ordinary and necessary" business expenses, the practical result is to shift half the burden to the nation's taxpayers. In a short opinion accompanying its ruling, the IRS tries to justify its interpretation, but its arguments lightly dismiss substantial adverse judicial precedent and legislative history.

First, the courts have long been reluctant to allow the deduction of payments made by a taxpayer when these amount to "penalties." The IRS tries to avoid this hurdle by saying that private antitrust damage suits are "remedial in nature"; they are that, of course, but they also represent a severe sanction. The whole history of the damage provisions in the federal antitrust laws—as is most obviously reflected in the requirement that damage awards be trebled—shows that they were intended to punish as well as to offer a means by which injured parties could recover their losses.

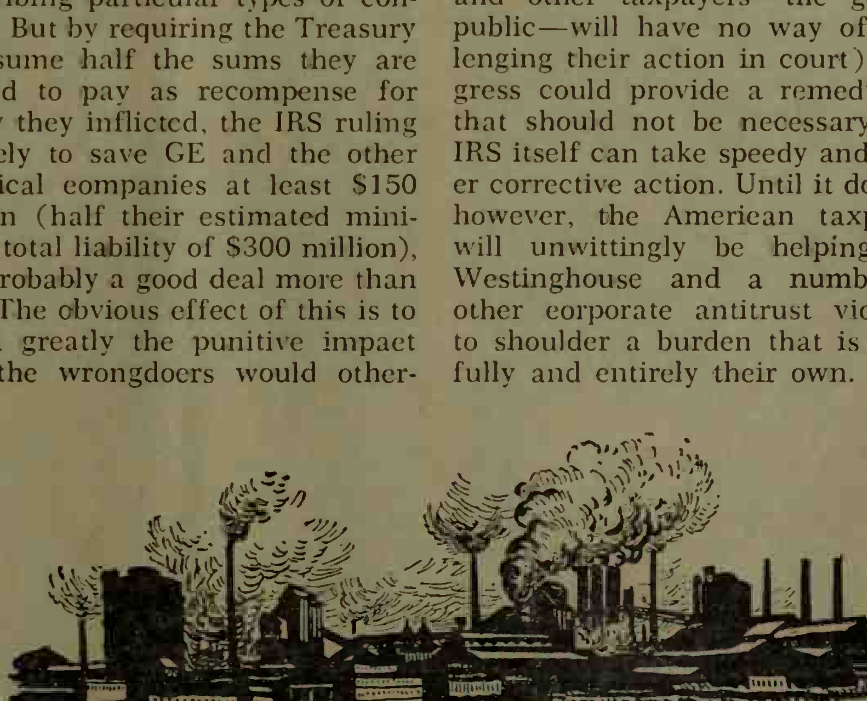
Second, the IRS holds that damage payments made to the United States Government, unlike payments to other recipients, are not deductible. It tries to rationalize this incongruity by saying that damage payments to the federal government, "although resembling restitution, are in effect punishment for injury to the public occasioned by the violation of law." Yet this reason is equally applicable to damage payments to private parties. Apparently the IRS could not swallow its own argument when it came to sums paid directly to its employer.

Third, the courts have long refused to allow deductions where the effect would be "to frustrate sharply defined national or state policies proscribing particular types of conduct." But by requiring the Treasury to assume half the sums they are obliged to pay as recompense for injury they inflicted, the IRS ruling is likely to save GE and the other electrical companies at least $150 million (half their estimated minimum total liability of $300 million), and probably a good deal more than that. The obvious effect of this is to lessen greatly the punitive impact that the wrongdoers would otherwise suffer. And, of course, the IRS ruling is applicable not only to the electrical companies; it applies to all who have violated the antitrust laws, and the long-term losses in tax revenue are incalculable.

Four days after its release, the IRS ruling drew fire from Senator Philip A. Hart, Chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, and from Rep. Emanuel Celler, Chairman of the House Committee on the Judiciary and of its Antitrust subcommittee. A statement issued jointly by the two Congressmen, said in part:

> *The ruling is likely to hamper effective antitrust enforcement both by mitigating the penalties which Congress has prescribed and by its tacit assumption that a hard-core criminal price-fixing conspiracy is "ordinary and necessary" business. . . . The new ruling appears flatly contrary to existing law as declared by the Supreme Court and the lower Federal Courts. Accordingly, this ruling seems most unfortunate both as a matter of law and from the viewpoint of tax and antitrust policy.*

If the IRS, admitting that its ruling is ill-advised, were to repudiate it promptly, any taxpayer would still have the right to go into court in an effort to deduct its damage payments (the converse, though, it should be noted, is not true: as things now stand, GE and its cohorts will be allowed the deduction and other taxpayers—the general public—will have no way of challenging their action in court). Congress could provide a remedy, but that should not be necessary. The IRS itself can take speedy and proper corrective action. Until it does so, however, the American taxpayers will unwittingly be helping GE, Westinghouse and a number of other corporate antitrust violators to shoulder a burden that is rightfully and entirely their own.



BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Visible Ellison

SHADOW AND ACT. By Ralph Ellison.
Random House. 317 pp. $5.95.

Peter de Lissovoy

Against his protests, Ralph Ellison's novel *Invisible Man* has been called an autobiography. It depends of course upon how loosely one uses the word. But now, in his collection of essays, *Shadow and Act*, we have some intentionally autobiographical sketches. And there is a likeness, though it lies deep. Differences of fact and event are plentiful, certainly. But what really obscures a similarity in purpose is the difference in tone. It was Ellison's achievement in *Invisible Man* that he created a hero in a classic American tradition (the youth who journeys from naïveté to wisdom) out of the Negro American's ironic and tragicomic sense of the gaps between this nation's myths and realities. The autobiographical essays are singularly—even intentionally—humorless.

When, in his introduction to *Shadow and Act*, Ellison recalls that "Renaissance Man," mastering everything about him as he masters himself, was a boyhood ideal, he warns us immediately that he is not about to say anything funny. As a boy in Oklahoma City, he read and played and dreamed with the sort of booming eagerness that doesn't stop to wonder why. He *very naturally* had the highest ambitions and he saw no irony, let alone wrong, in trying all the styles and heroes on for size. Not that the town's good white folk didn't mean him to know his place. But within the segregated life and against its dictate that his experience run narrow and controlled, Ellison found reasons for wanting, and expecting, a great deal more.

In the drugstore where he worked, old men gathered on rainy days to smoke and talk, and then he heard tales of Negro U. S. marshals and cowboys and black Indian chiefs, and richnesses and possibilities rose up tall as the ceiling. He studied and dreamed over discarded books and castaway copies of *Vanity Fair* and the *Literary Digest* that his mother brought home from the white houses where she worked. And later, in the home of a friend whose parents were teachers, he read Shaw and Maupassant and the Harvard Classics, and touched life in ways far beyond the reach of society's managers. More, his first contacts with whites were pleasant, even friendly ones. With a little white boy named Hoolie, a friend made by accident or by a plan known only to small boys that we call accident, Ellison first tinkered with the mysteries of the radio. And such contacts left a warmth, he says, which worked to counter later bitternesses. All this time, too, he was getting a musical education. In high school, he studied classical harmony. And outside of school, he had jazz. Long before he was old enough to attend the public dances, he lay listening in his bed, awake to the night-tearing eloquence of blues-singer Jimmy Rushing and to the ebullient and now-renowned Blue Devils Orchestra. With their sad, joyful, proud preachings in his ears, how could he despise or limit himself on account of his color?

Ellison suggests that Negro life in the Southwest in the twenties was frontier-full and fluid, not at all like the rigid South or "deceptively free" Harlem, and it is perhaps not strange that a black boy growing up there should have demanded so much of himself—though the boy himself deserves more credit than Ellison gives him. What *is* amazing is that a writer in the sixties should choose to represent this optimism whole—delivering this youthful enthusiasm with so little reservation or irony.

For if little watermelon-eater, tap-dancing reassuringly behind the wood sheds of the white imagination, hangs on only as evidence of a superstitious past (and South), a guilt-ridden and consciously alienated generation has accepted his transformation into the self-hating and society-convicting silhouette in the tenement doorway. And if slightly more real than Pickanin', the new stereotype is no less a literary censor. What the people want, the people get. For one successful sort of fist-shakingly righteous and angry artist, he and all his relatives and acquaintances have become stock in trade.

But perhaps this is the key; for it is precisely this kind of ideological artist that Ellison is not, and with a passion. At moments in these essays, one almost senses that he so protests the fullness of his own youth in order to confute the stereotype:

> *. . . our youthful sense of life, like that of many Negro children (though no one bothers to note it —especially the specialists and "friends of the Negro" who view our Negro American life as essentially nonhuman) was very much like that of Huckleberry Finn. . . . Like Huck we observed, we judged, we imitated and evaded as we could the dullness, corruption and blindness of "civilization. . . ."*

Invisible Man escapes being a race novel, or political protest, because its hero is large enough to represent all men or, specifically, all Americans. The reduction and categorization that the hero fights and finally becomes *conscious* of fighting is a universal condition, if exaggerated for the Negro. And it is this same effect that Ellison is striving for in his autobiographical comments: a sense of himself, first of all, as a talented American boy, seeking to be, to know, to get himself in hand. The specific conditions of his youth are not as important as his conscious desire to transcend them—and especially because this consciousness is so often slighted. In his rather straightforward portraits, it is this simple optimism—against all our preconceptions—that Ellison is trying to express.

What Ellison has is a sense for life against form. It emerges in his writing as a suspicion that people are always more complex than they are supposed to be, and occasionally it gives his prose a driving magic. The best essays in the collection are the discussions of jazz figures and American literature. But the introduction and the several autobiographical essays are interesting because, like Ellison's novel, they run around and against and above the simplistic recital of condemnation the times condition us to anticipate.

In his introduction to *Shadow and Act*, Ellison says that the essays represent the thoughtful effort necessary ". . . before I could identify the areas of life and personality which claimed my mind beyond any limitations *apparently* imposed by my racial identity." Accordingly, and because they are collected from a period of nearly twenty years, they vary considerably in subject, mood, style, direction, and even opinion. And occasionally, they are repetitious; now and again, we find ourselves going over an idea a second or third time, though in slightly different form. But taken together, these essays reveal Ellison's consistency of artistic purpose. They hang together, as upon a profound theme, around his attempt to find humanity beneath the categories, abstractions and legends through which our thought forms—indeed, beneath our silences.

Against this unity, the division of the essays into three groupings seems shallow and arbitrary. Ellison says that the essays deal with "three general themes: with literature and folklore, with Negro musical expression—especially jazz and the blues—and with the complex relationship between the Negro American subculture and the North American culture as a whole." Though of course the essays are usually dealing with two or all three of the themes, or more, this would appear to be the basis of the division. The first section, then, concerns itself with "literature," though its title, "The Seer and the Seen," might be applied to any essay in the book. The second section contains essays on music and musicians, though as its title, "Sound and the Mainstream," implies, they relate as much to the third theme. The title of the final section, "Shadow and Act," would seem to indicate a summation or synthesis, but in fact the section is only a catchall for those pieces that do not bear formally on music or literature.

Thus, in an essay located under the first title, Ellison discusses the artistic and moral consequences of the expulsion of the Negro from American art after Reconstruction, and under the last, in a movie critique, he notes some rather ludicrous aspects of the process of readmitting him. And when, in the second section, he remembers Minton's Playhouse in the thirties and forties and explores the springs and meanings of the creation of *bop*, his remarks belong at least as much to the last section.

But clearly, the categories are only the most formal and can be ignored. At their finest, the essays rise and flow from them like so much life.

In the section on music, Ellison writes of Bird:

> *No jazzman, not even Miles Davis, struggled harder to escape the entertainer's role than Charlie Parker. The pathos of his life lies in the ironic reversal through which his struggles to escape what in Armstrong is basically a* make-believe *role of clown . . . resulted in Parker's becoming something far more "primitive": a sacrificial figure whose struggles against personal chaos, on stage and off, served as entertainment for a ravenous, sensation-starved, culturally disoriented public. . . .*

And, in the section on literature, criticizing Richard Wright's limited, propagandistic depiction of Negro life, he writes:

> *Wright knows perfectly well that Negro life is a by-product of Western civilization, and that in it . . . are to be found all those impulses, tendencies, life and cultural forms to be found elsewhere in Western society.*
>
> *The problem arises because the special conditioning of Negroes in America, including the defensive character of Negro life itself (the "will toward organization" noted in the Western capitalist appears in the Negro as a will to camouflage, to dissimulate), so distorts these forms as to render their recognition as difficult as finding a wounded quail against the brown and yellow leaves of a Mississippi thicket—even the spilled blood blends into the background. . . .*

But the more opaque the object of his thought, the more brilliant seems Ellison's humanizing light. To LeRoi Jones's assertion in *Blues People* that "a slave cannot be a man," Ellison responds:

> *. . . isn't it closer to the truth that far from considering themselves only in terms of that abstraction "a slave" the enslaved really thought of themselves as* men *who had been unjustly enslaved? . . . Thus, while he might stand in awe before the superior technical ability of the white musician, and while he was forced to recognize a superior social status, he would never feel awed before the music that the technique of the white musician made available. . . . Thus, a Negro dancing a courtly dance appeared comic from the outside simply because the dancer was a slave. But to the Negro dancing it . . . burlesque or satire might have been the point, which might have been difficult for a white observer to even imagine. . . .*

The balance here is exciting and illuminating. Without losing sight of the inhumanity of slavery, Ellison gets at the life that must always have been straining at its forms. We remember that even genius got chained up in those days—and that it is not free yet. But here it is perhaps necessary to examine another judgment of Ellison's livening view, even though it may properly be outside the scope of this critique. For there is more in the balance than meets the eye.

There are those in the Negro Freedom Movement — and serious workers, not "militant" posers—who believe that one effect of Ellison's work may be to dissipate the general guilt that the movement must exploit to progress. It is *impossible,* they say, to celebrate the forms through which the humanity of an oppressed people finds expression without blurring or lightening the inhumanity of their larger condition. And people act *morally* only in situations whose conflicting terms are terribly clear, even harsh and stereotyped: the civil rights organizations are constantly working to define our society in such terms. In other words, the accurate and lively portrait of a restricted people may miss the crucial point about them. And the effect of Ellison's views may be to cool or deflect action.

The argument of the "politicians" must be as familiar to Ellison as to any artist who, during a revolutionary period, looked as if he should be aiding the rebels. The longest essay in the collection is a two-part response to an intelligent variation of the argument by Irving Howe of *Dissent.* Howe asserts that the "sociology" of the Negro writer's existence creates a pressure on his work such that he must "protest" if he is true to the reality he knows. Ellison disagrees:

> *. . . Evidently Howe feels that unrelieved suffering is the only "real" Negro experience, and that the true Negro writer must be ferocious.*
>
> *But there is also an American Negro tradition which teaches one to deflect racial provocation and to master and contain pain. It is a tradition which abhors as obscene any trading on one's anguish for gain or sympathy. . . . American Negro life . . . is, for the Negro who must live it, not only a burden (and not always that) but also a* discipline *. . . teaching its own insights into the human condition. . . .*

Ultimately, Ellison's response must be that he is a writer, and that the requirements of the craft are more important to him than any other. In another essay he says:

> *. . . One of the obligations I took on when I committed myself to the art and form of the novel was that of striving for the broadest range, the discovery and articulation of*

> *the most exalted values. And I must squeeze these from the life which I know best. . . .*

At question here are the relative values of art and political action; and, because the two are not distinct but rather related endeavors, the question is never answered. The artist may try to direct or evaluate politics. And one of the effects of political struggle is to create the kind of self-consciousness that makes and appreciates art. I remember, when SNCC opened its "Freedom Library" in Albany, Ga., last spring, *Invisible Man* was one of the first books checked out. A high school girl—a veteran of years of demonstrations and sit-ins—had heard of it, and at last, here it was to be read. We got it back—once, several weeks later, dog-eared and tattered from multiple readings. I remember I asked what had happened to it, and she smiled and said: "Well—a whole lot of invisible people been findin' out about things."

Ellison is *of* the movement, but at the level of personal consciousness. This writer (and perhaps my friend in Albany) would have to agree with him when he writes, at the end of his response to Howe:

> *. . . my Negro friends recognize a certain division of labor among the members of the tribe. Their demand, like that of many whites, is that I publish more novels—and here I am remiss. . . .*

Peter de Lissovoy was until recently a campaign writer for C. B. King, the first Negro candidate for Congress from south Georgia since Reconstruction.

The Beat Voznesensky

SELECTED POEMS OF ANDREI VOZNESENSKY. Translated by Anselm Hollo. Grove Press. 107 pp. $3.50.

Robert Creeley

It is difficult to read Voznesensky's work apart from the various uses to which it has been put, and is to some extent still serving in this present collection. Immediately there is the fact of his being Russian, and young, and —most insistently—an evidence of the political *thaw* which reached a peak in the winter of 1962. There is, further, his relation with Pasternak (emphasized in Anselm Hollo's introduction) and the implications of that fact. And, finally, his public association with Evgeny Evtushenko has emphasized the social aspects of his activity. The jacket notes say that his latest collection, *The Three-Cornered Pear* (all of which is included in this volume), had advance orders of more than 100,000 copies prior to publication. . . . Response of that order in itself defines a use of poetry rarely experienced in this country.

It is necessary, then, to make some qualification of the situation which he has shared with Evtushenko. Edward Dorn, writing of the latter in *Kulchur 8*, makes a useful (if wry) definition:

> *. . . For instance there is Yevtushenko. He is feeble-minded . . . in the way reserved for a modern intellectual, i.e., he doesn't say anything. He is precious about borders! He would campaign for a cheap international right-of-way. He likes it in the country. My My. He likes Ernest. A most exact indicator of a facetious taste. He desires the reign of the simple-minded middle class worker in enthusiasm and sensitivity and his excuse is assured him because he is Russian without the wild Russian mind, in other words he is a member of the first of the world fraternities (used in the college sense): U.S.-Russia. . . .*

If Dorn quickly summarizes what may well be a more complex instance of literary *populism*, I believe him accurate none the less. Evtushenko's poems—such as have been translated in the Penguin collection, for one—are very bland generalities.

Elements of this generality are also evident in Voznesensky's work. Here, for example, one finds an idiom derived from a loose reading of "beat" poetry, masked as "public" value:

> . . . Up into the mountains and into
> the beards
> into the sea the rivers run dry the
> fish are dying. . . .
> Rolls-Royces are fucking our
> women,
> radiatoractivity. . . .
> (*"Beatnik's Monologue"*)

But it proves a content equally vague in any idiom, and it appears in the earlier poems as "The artists take leave,/ Bareheaded, enter/ The humming fields and forests/ Of birch and oak, like a church. . ."

Such writing seems a most tired sense of what we are literally involved with, as a political entity (the "people" notwithstanding), or as an individual entity — quite distinct from such apostrophe as "O you who had plenty soul"—which is the line directly following on what I have quoted from "Beatnik's Monologue."

There is no need that I can value to read a poetry imitative merely of terms the American has so much more sharply *known*, and insofar as Voznesensky writes "like" a *beatnik* (in Hollo's translations, at all events), he is dull indeed. He is not in any sense an Allen Ginsberg (who is not, be it emphasized, a *beatnik*) nor is he possessed of like force. But there is a third point from which to measure, in the work of Lorca.

Lorca is a poet close to Voznesensky's attention—one, in fact, he particularly honors:

> *. . . I love Lorca. I love his name, hovering lightly like a boat, humming like a gallery in a theater, vibrating with the sensitivity of the moon-disk of a radio relay station; smelling as bitter and intense as orange rind. . . .*
> (*"Lover of Lorca"*)

In this prose-poem he speaks most clearly of his own sense of poetry, and the intensity with which he wants to invest his metaphors takes as its example Lorca's—"Those wildly sprouting metaphors of Lorca!"

Comparisons are deceptive, but Lorca's use of America does make clear what Voznesensky's tends to make bland. In "Ode to Walt Whitman," for example, a language specific to the literal feeling occurs, and the revulsion felt by Lorca, in the pain of his experience, is explicit: "Agony, agony, dream, ferment and dream./ Such is the world, my friend, agony, agony./ Corpses are decomposing under the clocks of cities;/ war passes with a million grey rats weeping,/ the rich give to their mistresses/ small illuminated moribunds,/ and life is not noble, nor good, nor sacred. . . ." Against this, Voznesensky's response reads weakly:

> . . . Under the firehose spouting out
> endless driveways
> my ears were turning like windmills
> O godless gasoline poisonous
> America
> Coca-Cola and tolling bells. . .
> (*"Another Beginning"*)

When metaphor becomes a recognition of something more than echoed banality, when feeling gains the active transformation of literal things in relation, another Voznesensky comes into focus, and he is not the generalized intelligence of good intentions:

> . . . My cries have been torn onto
> miles of magnetic tape
> an endless red tongue, snaked
> round a big spool
> I have been taken apart dismantled
> and dragged to interrogations. . . .
>
> . . .
>
> There I am, crucified and
> transparent, riddled with photo
> bullets
> their fingernails, rusty, are trying
> to scratch at my heart
> "Does it hurt Mr. Voznesensky?". . .
> *("An Extorted Divigation")*

It becomes a protest against all distortion, but most of all his own. Here as well it is possible to feel him one who, without sentimentality, fights for the preservation of an individual sensibility. It is from this paradoxically quieter sense of himself—the *place* I feel him finally to be—that he writes:

> . . . I have tried
> in the shooting-
> galleries
>
> for 100 points with 10 bullets
> but thank you for not letting me
> make it,
>
> for lighting up my small transparent
> guns
> illuminating them like a red fist
> appearing in a rubber glove;
>
> "Andrei Voznesensky"—enough,
> no word, no little doggie to be left
> behind. . .
> *("Autumn in Sigulda")*

Robert Creeley, recently awarded a Guggenheim fellowship, is the author of a novel The Island *(Scribner's). His* poems have been collected in the *volume* For Love *(Scribner's).*

On Translating Voznesensky

Bernard Koten

The danger sign should always be up when a poet's work arrives on foreign shores in translation. Anselm Hollo, a young Finnish-born poet now living in London, has been a devoted translator of Andrei Voznesensky's poetry for several years, and some of his English versions in Grove Press's collection do capture the mood and rhythm of Voznesensky very well. But so many of the translations are riddled with small inaccuracies and more serious distortions of idea that *the poet* Voznesensky cannot come through to the American reader.

In "Ballad of the Parabola," which is decently translated in general, one finds a prime example of the minor error. The Russian word for "canons" has emerged as "guns"; a very curious slip-up between dictionaries indeed. More reprehensible than this kind of blooper, which could happen to any non-Russian, is Mr. Hollo's indifference to the poet's deliberate choice of one word over another. In "Who Are You," Voznesensky has a line: "Lilliputians or poets!" which becomes, in English: "Pygmies—or hipsters, passing the word." There is a word in Russian for pygmy, but Voznesensky chose to say "lilliputian" which has quite a different connotation.

The introduction of "hipster" leads us to another tendency in the translations: to use beat lingo or American slang when Voznesensky has used nothing like its equivalent in Russian. In "Motor Bikes," for example, "philistines" is translated as "squares"; the meaning may be the same, but Voznesensky has not used a Russian slang word. Again in this poem, Mr. Hollo interjects a whole colloquial phrase which gives Voznesensky an entirely different tone of voice: the one-word line ". . . intrigues" becomes:

> "God, all that
> Backstage stuff . . ."

The translator has also changed or misinterpreted Voznesensky's meaning on a broad scale. In "Who Are You," the Russian says:

> Starlings try to crow
> Architects to become poets

which comes out in English:

> Starlings scurry to mate with strong
> crows
> Architects! open your mouths to
> build a new poem.

Mr. Hollo has not only changed the meaning, the mood and the style, but in addition he has lost the irony of the original — an irony characteristic of the poet. Voznesensky, who is an architect by training, is mocking himself here, and far from issuing Hollo's manifesto.

A similar distortion occurs in the last stanza of one of the American poems, "Negroes Sing" (in English, "Negro Voice and Bongos"). Speaking for the Negro, the poem says simply:

> And so we lie, like sacks, full of
> stars and legends . . .
>
> When we are kicked
> It is the firmament they are kicking.
> Under your boots
> The universe roars!

Look how heavy-handed and apochryphal Voznesensky becomes in English:

> When we lie in our beds we are
> full of legends and nebulae . . .
> You won't keep on walking over us
> for long
> No man can be deaf to the roaring
> universe!

At the end of "Who Are You," the translator again adds words where few are necessary. The Russian reads:

> I wander about with you, Vera,
> Vega!
> I too am here at the heart of an
> avalanche
> Like the Snowman
> Absolutely elusive

But we read in English:

> But I am with you, lost with you,
> Vera, Vega!
> Even I am impossible, among the
> avalanches of white —
> As impossible to track down as the
> Snowman
> In the great Himalayas.

The result here is a flabbiness which does not exist in Voznesensky, and an unwarranted impoverishment.

Over and over again, the translator loosens the tight, image-packed construction which characterizes Voznesensky's work and distinguishes him from other poets of his generation. Any translator faces the problem of the untranslatable, the necessity of making compromises, but in Mr. Hollo's case many of the changes seem to lack rationale. He frequently alters even the external form of the poems for no visible reason and with real damage to the poem's idea. "You Sit There," a poem consisting of ten stanzas of two short, balanced lines each (some of them rhymed), becomes a poem of five stanzas of irregular length, some as long as six lines and none of them rhymed. The text is worth quoting in full as a final example of how a poem's effect can be totally changed by the translator. Here is the poem in English:

> You Sit There
>
> You sit there, big with child and
> pale.
> There have been changes made.
> You sit there, tugging at your skirt
> and
> Wanting to cry.
>
> Yes. What on earth
> Do they get out of it? Women

Bernard Koten is director of the Library for Intercultural Studies and teaches Russian at New York University.

Falling, letting us enter as they fall
Upon us — then, later, running to see us
Go by at the crossing, then, later, staying
Staying, when the last carriage has passed.

How you ran, after that train.
Staring at windows blurred into streaks of black glass.
Khabarovsk, Lyuberetzk
Express trains, mail trains, all go
Rumbling by.

And from Moscow to Ash'khabad
— stricken: to the point of muteness
Stone-like, these women stand
Offering their big bellies to the moon,
And, as it is turning toward the light
In its nightly existence, unlived,
How well it can understand them,
That planet
Heavy with an enormous pale belly....

And here is an almost literal translation of the Russian:

You Sit

You sit, pregnant, pale.
How you've changed, my poor girl.

You sit pulling at your dress,
And you feel like crying, crying . . .

How the women spoil us
And, falling, give us their lips.

And how they dash out from behind the barriers
And race along behind the trains?

How you ran after the train,
Peering through the ribbons of windows rushing by . . .

The local trains rumble on, the expresses,
The Khabarovsk trains, the ones to Liubertsy . . .
And from Moscow to Ashkhabad,
Struck dumb,

The women stand as if carved from stone,
Pushing their bellies out to the moon.

And revolving around toward the light
Amidst the uninhabited night

How well our planet understands them,
With its own enormous belly.

Whether one likes Voznesensky's poem or not, it is a very different poem from that of the translator. And so it goes, all too often in this volume. The result is finally more depressing than infuriating, for Mr. Hollo has surely approached his task with the best of intentions since he is himself a poet and one of considerable skill (see below).

Air, to dream in

Leave it, leave it

behind the dark
window the owls
calling out to each other
my voice to you
only heard
there in the dark
treetops of the sea

red the moon rose
cooled off shrunk
to a coin in the blue

alone it is if it is
a poem for you

My ancestors

They sat him down
at table's head
drank to him merrily

hey Old Man Bear
you dead and stuffed with hay

while eating his insides
joined hands and sang
riding the wooden bench

long poems with short lines
to remember them by

Age: Four

1

"switch on the light
so it gets dark outside
and we can go
to bed"

2

Yes he wants a gun
like everybody
but at least he
doesn't claim it's
"for protection"

3

BURST
the balloon

His face,
poor tribesman

all that joy
he bartered

for this
worthless thing

4

Nursery rhymes
I don't even know
the tunes
so play the record
over & over

he sits
flushed face
eyes glitter
listens
listens

"ecstasy" to me
the word
now flesh

Anselm Hollo

A Surrender To Symbols

THE ITALIAN GIRL. By Iris Murdoch. The Viking Press. 213 pp. $4.50.

Leonard Kriegel

Iris Murdoch once promised to become one of the truly important novelists of postwar English fiction. *The Bell*, published in 1958, was a powerful work, one of those rare novels which create a reality to which we are forced to surrender. It pulled our atomized age inside out, and it did so in a setting that was not the world of power politics but that of an Anglican convent in contemporary England. *The Bell* was allegory built upon the very real dissolution of those qualities which are most meaningful in our lives if only because they are most human and most absent—compassion, love, charity, all those rich words which we now palm off as meaningless rhetoric because of the demands they make on our overstuffed selves. Since *The Bell*, however, Miss Murdoch has become increasingly cute and increasingly clever; in fact, she now shows signs of becoming a contemporary prototype of those dreaded lady novelists who have served as the maiden aunts of English literature for the past 200 years.

The Italian Girl has pattern, unity and symbols; all it lacks is life. It is a dry and constipated novel, and in writing it Miss Murdoch's imagination must have been seeded with the necessities of technique and little else. It all works out in the end, like an Agatha Christie detective novel. The Freudian trappings are there (as they rarely are in Agatha Christie) but they appear to be little more than a natural consequence of Miss Murdoch's growing fascination with the ridiculous made sublime. Had *The Italian Girl* been written as a romance a hundred years ago, we might have been forced to accept it. But it was written in our age, ostensibly as a statement about our problems. And it fails, for ours is not only a much more terrifying world than Miss Murdoch imagines, it is also a much more meaningful one.

Miss Murdoch sees us as being exiled from our very selves, which, admittedly, we are. What she fails to see is that the exile is real, all too real. And what one finds in *The Italian Girl* is what one has been finding in increasing measure in all her novels since *The Bell* — characters whose suffering is told, not felt. The world they inhabit is a product of their creator's penchant for mysterious gardens and Gothic romanticism, a world in which even fantasy seems automatic and vitiated. The distortions are not meaningful; they are simply clever, in a way that quickly becomes boring. Clever novelists are never adolescent, never embarrassing, never silly, as, let us say, a novelist such as D. H. Lawrence so frequently is. They are content to be voyeurs of the soul.

The novel deals with the discovery of self of one Edmund Narraway, an aspiring saint in an unsaintly world, who becomes humanized when he returns home to attend his mother's funeral. An engraver by profession, a man reticent of human contact and somewhat disgusted by the world's fleshiness, Edmund's counterpart is his brother, Otto, a stonecutter, who sees the possibilities of all existence in that same fleshiness. Having been locked out of the house when he arrives for the funeral (for *house*, naturally, we are to read *self*), Edmund finds that the door has been opened by one David Levkin, a mysterious Russian Jew who seems to have been flushed out of the recesses of Anglo-Saxon mythology to serve as the novel's symbol of life and also—just in passing — as the lover of Otto's wife, his daughter, and perhaps even of Otto himself. David also has a prophetically mad sister who is Otto's mistress and who, between sessions with her lover, runs into the garden at night to watch worms dance. Finally, there is the Italian girl of the title, an overly symbolic presence in this overly symbolic novel. It is she in whom Edmund and the reader are meant to find salvation, this last of the Italian servant girls in the Narraway family who had come north in search of "a dream of strength." All of these characters begin to knock poor Edmund around with their demands that he truly live, kneading him as if he were no more than a piece of dough as they force him to all the follies that flesh is heir to. Edmund eventually makes it. Our fallen sexless Adam eats of the fruit and opens himself up to the south, to flesh, to life.

But it doesn't work, because the Italian girl herself isn't really there. A Lawrence might have been able to create her, but Miss Murdoch has neither the language nor the belief. She may be adequate as Eve; she is not, unfortunately, a very adequate Italian girl. For one thing, she's not fat enough. For another, she insists on being a philosopher and a moral center. For a third, even her hair is symbolic, a "black snake." What Italian girl can make it against odds like that?

This novel leaves one wondering whether its very talented author is not suffering from that excessive concern with the manipulation of symbol and technique that all too frequently makes true creativity impossible. In a novel that seems to be about the discovery of self, we find that the author has not created any selves to be discovered. Having embarked upon a Freudian novel, she should have recognized that fate is real and that it grows out of what we are. Despite the mysterious Russian Jews and stealthy Italian girl, there is no true revelation in this novel; there is little more than a number of personality strip teases interspersed with dreams derived from textbooks, a love goddess sacrificed for love, and stale symbols left over from the days of Walter Pater. One hopes that *The Italian Girl* is no more than a temporary impasse, for Miss Murdoch is good. One need only go back to *The Bell* for proof of that.

Leonard Kriegel is the author of The Long Walk Home (*Appleton-Century*).

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THEATRE

THE SIGN IN SIDNEY BRUSTEIN'S WINDOW
THE PHYSICISTS
GOLDEN BOY

Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* (Longacre) suffers from sincerity. This is not to condemn it but to point to a vice that stems from a virtue. She means to say *everything.*

Miss Hansberry undertakes to describe a milieu—Greenwich Village—and to express an attitude. I do not decry the description; the first and best act conveys a feeling of an ambiance less true in its particulars than in its flavor. But the rest of the play bogs down in a "philosophy" which, though sympathetic, is slush.

Sidney Brustein, a Jewish young man in his early 30s, is one of those semi-intellectuals lacking any special craft or ability. He has opened a night club which is designed as a gathering place for kindred spirits in free thought. The enterprise has failed. Sidney then plans a magazine of frank but nebulous opinion. He is urged by a local politician, whose campaign promise is to sweep the neighborhood clean of corruption, to make the magazine an organ for the reform candidate. In the part of the play that deals with the magazine (the thematic subject is commitment) we are introduced to a representative of "*avant-garde*" painting and there are a few tongue-in-cheek quips at his expense.

Sidney at first resents the attempt to engage him politically; he is propaganda shy. He is converted in the interval between acts one and two: we cannot tell how or why. A young homosexual playwright, who is preparing an off-Broadway bombshell in the "absurdist" vein, is also introduced. Miss Hansberry is scornful and on her behalf Sidney debunks homosexuality, seeing no special grace or sin in it, but only another form of pleasure. A young Negro, an embattled radical of unhappy family antecedents, is still another specimen. He has fallen in love with Sidney's younger sister-in-law, a call girl. Sidney's wife, Iris, is an actress full of pep and frustration; she quite sensibly complains that she can't stand spending her time with the company her husband keeps: people who are constantly discussing Camus! She wants to get ahead in her career; she is on the verge of leaving Sidney.

The "reformer" Sidney has supported wins the election. He is jubilant; it confirms the possibility of a successful idealism. But Iris tells Sidney that his reformer friend has sold out to the "bosses." (We must take her and Miss Hansberry's word for this: no dramatic evidence is offered.) Sidney breaks down and gets hysterically drunk.

So it goes: each character in turn summarizes his or her "problem" or wretched condition. The call-girl sister is the last. When she hears that her Negro fiancé has thrown her over, on learning of her profession, she commits suicide. If there were more characters, there would be more confessions—each of them typical or trite.

What Miss Hansberry aims at is first a depiction of the "morass of our times," the pretentiousness, the confusion, the disillusionment of urban life among the "intellegentsia" and then the suggestion of a "cure" through common sense, kindness and understanding. Nothing is dramatized; self-explanation takes the place of revelation. One figure does come to life: Sidney's middle-class, cushily married older sister-in-law. She says, "There are no more squares. Everybody is his own hipster." The overlong play* contains several such lively sallies but they bedeck a rickety story structure and function not as substantial characterization but as wisecracks and facile editorializing.

The text is helped by Peter Kass's emotionally vehement direction; it holds the interest and he is aided by a good company in which Gabriel Dell, Alice Ghostley and Rita Moreno are especially effective. The play might have an audience among folk to whom its truisms would seem boldly topical, but does such an audience still exist at Broadway prices?

The Physicists is a clever play (Martin Beck). I cannot speak with certainty of its author Friedrich Düerrenmatt because his plays *The Visit*, *Romulus*, *The Physicists* (*The Deadly Game* was a dramatization of a novella) were adapted in text or by performance in such a way as to enfeeble their potential bite. Still my impression is that Düerrenmatt is a shrewd popularizer of prevalant ideas about our time being one of farcical tragedy, or about science having become dangerous, or about the futility of socio-political effort. I hear echoes—smartly orchestrated—of other men's voices.

Düerrenmatt knows the stage. The intellectual content of his plays is usually impacted into mystery melodrama with an edge of satire. This makes for readily digestible entertainment. *The Physicists* provides a fair example, but it is not a play to see twice. I say this because it struck me more forcibly when I saw it first in England, though both the London and the New York productions were directed by the extremely able and often brilliant Peter Brook. Whether the London cast was more suitable to the play's crisp and witty excitement than are Robert Shaw, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, George Voskovec and Elizabeth Hubbard, or whether the play's meaning has become less cogent through repetition, I cannot say.

It is none the less an intelligent thriller which aims to be a sardonic shocker. It tells us that nowadays we are all at the mercy of lunatics, in this case, of an insane female psychiatrist. More crucially it declares that "what has been thought cannot be unthought"; in other words, having discovered how to split the atom, no amount of caution, good will, diplomatic sagacity will spare us the doom immanent in that discovery. We ought to come away from the theatre in a state of panic. Instead we smile, applaud and think no more about it.

It may be supposed that because I directed the original production of Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*, I would "hate" the musical which has been made from it by William Gibson, with music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Lee Adams. I liked it.

It is a well-made show, lean in dialogue, streamlined in execution, and by no means stupid in "message." The general lineaments and dabs of the original writing have been retained. In Odets' play an Italian boy, Joe Bonaparte, whose father hoped he might become a fiddler, takes to fighting because he resents his family's poverty and wants to achieve fame and fortune. In the musical the Negro youth Joe Wellington (!) is tempted by the same goals and takes to fighting, though it is against his true nature. Fair enough.

---

*It was reported last week that the author has made revisions in her text which reduce the playing time by some twenty minutes.

Beyond this there is no need to draw parallels. Sammy Davis (hoarse on the third night with a voice further distorted by a defective public-address apparatus) gives a relaxed, simple, physically rhythmic, likable performance. The rest of the cast ranges from the adequate to the very pleasant. The slightly buxom blonde Paula Wayne as Joe's girl, sings agreeably and is easy to look at. Jeannette DuBois as Joe's sister is winning as well as pretty. Louis Gossett as Joe's brother (a member of CORE; he was a union organizer in the Odets play) is a sound actor. Jaime Rogers who helped with the choreography is an excellent dancer.

Because of the lyrics and their delivery *Don't Forget 127th St.* is an engaging number; because of the group singing and its sentiment a spiritual shout called *No More* is rousing.

The best things in the show are two "ballets" choreographed by Donald McKayle: the opening—a boxers' workout in a gymnasium—and the finale—representing Joe's last bout. These are first-rate dance adaptations of athletics. Admirable too are Tony Walton's sets in which views of the city—Harlem, Queensboro Bridge, etc.—are projected in the background with handsomely functional and practical properties in the foreground. They give the show a spare, taut and attractive environment. The entire occasion rings a bell.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ART

PITTSBURGH GRAB BAG

About those great ecumenical councils of international art, the *biennales* at Venice and Sao Paulo, and the affair every third year at Pittsburgh, there usually hovers an air of chaos. To write of these archaic rituals as serious gatherings of the contemporary—improbable, in any case—is to be defeated instantly by their diffuseness. But if they are so little endearing aesthetically, they almost always redeem themselves by maintaining a high incidence of scandal. Only too happy to escape boredom, critics have perfected a special kind of *biennale* column which can be broken down into the following departments: the politics of the market and the maneuvers of the dealers; the sociology of judges, directors or national committees; the injustice and obsolescence of the prize system, and finally, a moving plea for the abolition of all such events in the future.

In discussing the Carnegie International which has just opened in Pittsburgh, I am tempted to follow that hatchety formula. But, to begin, we can rule out the market and the dealers as being operative in Pittsburgh. In contrast to stylish Venice, which is an open and shameless conclave of commercial enterprise, the American show is a dull dog. Its director, Gustave von Groschwitz, spent some years traveling around the world, perhaps here and there picking works from galleries that are fashionable, but in general remaining indifferent or, probably more accurately, ignorant of the merchandizing aspirations of his suppliers. His purpose was not to provide a fair, or to run some kind of sweepstakes of the art world, but to give the highest quality, most democratic cross section of current art, to afford the Carnegie Institute an opportunity to add to its collection (by purchase awards), and to provide a rather isolated public with a triennial look at the art of its time. The Carnegie tradition which he is responsible for maintaining dates back to 1896, and the reputation which he must uphold is of one of the few and most generous international centers for the recognition of artistic talent.

Such, at least, can be inferred from the catalogue of the retrospective exhibition of previous Carnegie internationals. Since it lists all past prizes and juries in the institution's long history, this is an incriminating as well as a revealing document. Among the first prize winners, for instance, there is a liberal sprinkling of names whose repute in modern art has been about as estimable and lasting as the pictures in old-time Balaban and Katz theatres. The name Cecilia Beaux has a certain period charm, but it is not known to historians of 20th-century art. Before 1923, the only two awards of any stature whatsoever went to Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. The former, however, was given only an honorable mention, and the latter ran second to one Gaston la Touche. Picasso, Braque, Matisse and Bonnard were either recognized belatedly, or for innocuous efforts. And of those who received no medals from the Carnegie, a partial list would include: Cézanne, Gris, Gauguin, Modigliani, Mondrian, Klee, Leger, Kandinsky, Ensor, Munch, Gonzalez, Miro, Boccioni, Nolde, Gabo, Soutine, Giacometti, Pollock, Gorky, Duchamp, Ernst, Davis—but why go on? None of these painters has even received that most modest of the Pittsburgh awards, the Garden Club Prize. As a gauge of pictorial and sculptural accomplishment in this century, as an index of anything but the most sterile and provincial taste, the Carnegie has been nil. To this tradition, whose chief liability has been the absence of a historical sense, Mr. von Groschwitz is faithful.

However, before remarking on that cataract of nonentity which is the present show, I wonder if it isn't proper to question the function of all such shows. They are unexcelled, of course, as stimulants of controversy. But their incomparable scale and incomprehensible prestige also serve to lift those few elected from the mass to a Valhalla presuming to exist above controversy. Artistic values may be always changing, but this very reason should prevent us from supporting and giving credence to the decision of any corporate or bureaucratic structure. Their compromises of judgment are the least reliable and flexible that can be made—a condition which often includes the museums as well as the internationals. (Although, in this respect, both would have to go quite far to equal the wasteful effect of grant-awarding foundations like the Guggenheim.)

As for the giving of prizes, nothing is in a more obvious impasse. If financial recognition is to be conferred upon elder statesmen, or even well-established practitioners (as is more or less the present situation), this recognition is so insultingly beneath the price such an artist can receive for his work on the open market that its effect is almost the opposite of its intention. (This happened to Giacometti at the Guggenheim Museum International Award show last season.) If, on the other hand, discovery of new and young talent becomes the justification of international prizes, then the *biennale* system, so alien to the *avant-garde*, has to be abandoned. In point of fact, reputations of artists are made by their impact on other artists, and by the acknowledgment of this by certain collectors and critics—but only in an enviornment in which an artistic dynamic exists in the first place. Official canonization at a large international show thus falls neither into the category of patronage nor of insight, and would be perfectly redundant did it not tend to convince the public of the "blue chip" status of this or that particular figure (as it is doing of Rauschenberg through his prize at Venice last summer).

It is by this pandering to public response that events like the Carnegie stand most condemned. *Biennale* organizers have long since given up selectivity and abdicated judgment in their attempt to meet an at best dubious social responsibility. They present everything that is available—good, bad, foreign, local, conservative, advanced—hoping thereby to escape the onus of being unfair or unrepresentative. Even film festivals are not half so timorous. It would be hard to find anything more inimical to artistic understanding or to contemporary art than the conformist, egalitarian syndrome of these mammoth exhibitions. Far from facing up to a civic obligation, the *biennales* only reveal the insecurity of their perpetrators, and disseminate the most confused, erroneous picture of what is happening. Without focus, without point, without any viable authority (as is witnessed by their past records), these recurring artistic fiascoes undermine at each appearance the idea that society should put any value whatsoever on art.

One would like to investigate, also, the feeling prevalent at such shows that cosmopolitanism as such is a virtue. Before communications became so efficient, international displays brought home some new information; perhaps even now the location of these affairs in cities completely undistinguished by art of their own benefits disadvantaged native artists—assuming them to have enough discrimination to make sense out of the morass. But the premise of representing as many countries as possible (when artistic vitality or even sophistication favors so few countries) is untenable. As late as the fifties, one could almost substantiate the existence of an international style, however unevenly it was embodied. But today, the United States and Britain are seen to have broken away and taken on the burden of artistic exploration in highly indigenous styles, while the Esperanto of the last decade stagnates in Europe and in those newly emerging countries for whom Europe is still a center of visual art, e.g., Israel. It is in the nature of *biennales* not to recognize these shifting patterns, and to ignore the imbalances of energy and ambition which divide art into lively and moribund. At the moment, it is as provincial to honor continental art as it would have been, fifty or thirty years ago, to ignore it.

These are the circumstances under which the director of the Carnegie Institute has mounted an exhibition which is phenomenally retrograde, even for events of this kind. It consists of 401 works from thirty-five countries, and is thought by its organizer to be limited in the number of pieces that could be included. Those that made the grade tended to be exhibited alphabetically by artist's name, at least in the American section. There was, however, some naive confusion between the citizenship and the working place of various exhibitors: thus Kokoschka, a British citizen, is in the British section; but Zao Wou-Ki, a School of Paris painter, is listed from the National Republic of China. Six prizes of $2,000 (they have eliminated hierarchical distinctions this year), were awarded on a dutifully international basis: Saura, Soulages, Kelly, Pasmore, Chillida and Arp. In the catalogue foreword by Mr. von Groschwitz, which ranges in reference from Egyptian statues to laser beams, one finds the statement, "The difference between Rembrandt and Kline is that the former paints an easily recognizable subject and Kline does not." Aside from such *aperçus*, there is no awareness of art in 1964, and I am afraid that all the time, effort and money poured into the Carnegie International has emphasized, rather than minimized, this drawback.

In the American section, for instance, are discovered squadrons of regionalists and realists (Gwathmey, Burchfield, Cameron Booth), favored in anthologies of the forties, and one is surprised, and a little touched, to see that they are still working. Lost in the swamp are a few Abstract Expressionists, and fewer still of their successors. One will not learn from this exhibition that American art is a dialogue between pop, various forms of abstraction (color field and optical), and assemblage, or that there is any advanced work in Washington, Chicago and Los Angeles, or that sculpture is in the hands of a generation younger than David Smith, who wasn't included anyhow. (The British are comparably misrepresented.) It is not that issues are fudged; there has simply been no understanding that there are issues. The Carnegie has, in fact, accomplished the stupifying and herculean act of making American art look like a provincial backwater of European modernism. This is a scandal all right, but a dreary one. Until some professional common sense begins to rule the scene, I don't see why this, my first report on an international show, should not also be my last.

MAX KOZLOFF

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAL VARIATIONS

An interesting aspect of the current musical season is the unusual liveliness in orchestral activity. Perennially, this has been a vexing paradox in our musical life; the richness and quality of our orchestral resources, and the unique public interest and support they attract, have been in striking contrast to the meager advantage taken of them to provide challenging, imaginative, or even simply varied programing. But thus far this season, a new attitude seems to be asserting itself, in a variety of approaches. In New York, for example, both the Carnegie Hall International Festival of Visiting Orchestras (whose first season last year was an almost total disaster from any point of view) and the newly formed Festival Orchestra have attempted to establish themselves on the New York scene by filling the large gap which the Philharmonic leaves in the repertory between the routinely conventional and the sensationally marginal. Thus the Visiting Orchestras series includes at least one 20th-century work on each program, and offers the prospect of becoming a minor festival of 20th-century orchestral classics that have remained almost unheard in New York (including, up to now, the Schoenberg Orchestral Variations and Stravinsky's *Jeu de Cartes* on the Chicago Symphony's programs, and the Stravinsky Symphony in Three Movements on the London Symphony's). The Festival Orchestra has also scheduled some important early 20th-century works, as well as music from the choral-orchestral literature that is almost entirely overlooked by our regular orchestras, and a series of concerts to be conducted by composers (Dallapiccola, Kirchner and Schuller this season).

Outside New York, the Boston Symphony on successive weeks played two of the important American orchestral works that were commissioned for the Louisville Orchestra's recent series: Arthur Berger's Polyphony and Elliott Carter's Variations, both of which, with the exception of one previous performance of the Carter by the Philadelphia Orchestra, have been virtually ignored by all other American orchestras. Among the smaller-city orchestras, the St. Louis Symphony and the Buffalo Philharmonic have been offering extraordinarily bold programs that range over the entire literature of contemporary music, including a massive series of commissions and first performances in St. Louis, and a close correlation with the State University-Rockefeller Foundation project in new music at Buffalo. And even some of the most modest, quasi-professional, American ensembles, perhaps stimulated by their proximity to university communities, have revealed a capacity for adventure that goes far beyond their apparent means and pretensions. Thus one finds the Princeton Symphony, for example, ambitiously performing works like Roger Sessions' *Idyll of Theocritus* and Edward Cone's Violin Concerto, and the New Haven Symphony embarking on a remarkable program of commissions from composers like Dallapiccola, Robert Helps, Donald Martino, Mel Powell and Billy Jim Layton, whose *Dance Fantasy* was given its first performance by the orchestra last month.

All this, for the first few weeks of a new season, is at least impressive for its utter novelty; and although it may appear likely that the conjunction of these events is largely coincidental, the very fact that there have been so many events to conjoin seems to me significant. A far more serious and pertinent question, however, is that of the quality of the individual performances themselves, upon which, after all, the ultimate value of any of these activities must depend. From this point of view, I was particularly interested in the program given by the Chicago Symphony under its new director, Jean Martinon, on the Carnegie Hall series, partly because I remember the orchestra in its Reiner days as the best playing and most timbrally refined among contemporary orchestras, and even more because of the wonderful lucidity of the Schoenberg and Stravinsky performances under the late Hans Rosbaud that I heard in Chicago a few seasons ago. Furthermore, Schoenberg's Orchestral Variations, his first and largest orchestral work in the twelve-tone system, had been played only twice before in New York (by Stokowski and Mitropolous) in the thirty-six years since its composition, and *Jeu de Cartes*, whose remarkable intricacy and subtlety is masked by a bright "pop" surface, is nevertheless one of Stravinsky's least performed works.

Unfortunately, most of this third New York performance of the Schoenberg was hopelessly inadequate; the parts went out of synchronization in the very opening section, then proceeded through a whole range of confused articulations, muddled balances and cruder sonorities than I had imagined the orchestra capable of producing. Throughout, it was obvious that the work simply lay beyond Martinon's capacities for orchestral or conceptual control—he seemed rather to be conducting *at* the piece than really guiding it—and the decision to omit nearly a third of the Finale effectively short-circuited whatever threads of coherence might have remained. Still, there were impressive moments among the individual variations, and the clarity and accuracy of the wind playing (mainly in the clarinets and oboes; the bassoon seems now to be a markedly weak element in the ensemble) remain untouchable.

Jeu de Cartes, on the other hand, with its strong associative semblances to traditional rhythm, texture and articulation, was obviously far more congenial to Martinon; in fact, he conducted much of it with the assurance of considerable familiarity. Accordingly, the old Chicago purity of attack and sonority emerged again as though several layers of blanketing had been suddenly removed from the instruments on stage. But even here, despite many bright details and successful longer passages wherever a uniform metric and texture was maintained, Martinon's apparent inability to conduct over a rhythmic or tempo transition, or to bridge an articulative break, still proved an ultimately disruptive factor. Again, a large, gratuitous cut (after the introduction of the third movement) only deepened the overall disintegration. In the end, however, it was mainly the orchestra itself that one regretted; Stravinsky and Schoenberg will survive, but it is hard to see how the Chicago Symphony can recover from the decline in discipline and refinement that is already so unmistakable in its playing under Martinon.

Since the Festival Orchestra is a new group, no nostalgic regrets are involved; however, one may wish that money and effort of the magnitude expended on its organization would sometimes be made available to genuinely professional and responsible projects, which the Festival Orchestra in most of its aspects evidently is not. To begin with, Thomas Dunn, its "regular" conductor, clearly is not equipped to conduct music of the difficulty of the Stravinsky *Von Himmel Hoch* transcription or *l'Histoire du Soldat*. At best, his time-beating is steady, but the absence of connective control, articulation, rhythmic definition, balance—anything with which a conductor is normally expected to supplement his activities as a simple metronome—is really incredible for an enterprise that proclaims itself the quasi-official "second orchestra" of Philharmonic Hall and that has drawn some of the most prestigious financial support available in a city where the proliferation of competent conductors of contemporary music has become almost an embarrassment (the names of Schuller, Weisberg, Meier, Bloom and Farberman come immediately to mind).

In the performance of the *Von Himmel Hoch* variations, it might have been possible to attribute the bewildering non-correlation between what one expected from reading the score and what was being produced by the orchestra to one's relative unfamiliarity with the work's sound; but the completely familiar *Histoire* (familiar, that is, except for a farcical rewrite of the text spoken by José Ferrer, whose presence further demonstrated how "official" the affair was) also emerged as a dull, undifferentiated buzz, in which the players were not only kept together indifferently, but were frequently misled as to entrances, cutoffs, meter and phrasing, to the point where they revealed their utter frustration by muffing some of the simplest passages.

Unquestionably, an institution fulfilling the function designated for itself by the Festival Orchestra could be an essential addition to New York's musical resources (it might still be wondered whether the mammoth stage and audience capacity of Philharmonic Hall provide an appropriate environment). And, since the group's personnel seems to include some of the better New York players, there is every reason to expect that the composer-conducted events this season will be of great interest. But the sponsors of the ensemble cannot really expect it to be seriously regarded as a part of New York's musical life if its performances remain on the level of an ambitious *collegium musicum*, while the competition at Carnegie Recital Hall and other similarly unglamorous surroundings continues to offer a thoroughly professional standard for even the most unusual repertory against which any new activity must expect to be judged.

BENJAMIN BORETZ

A second article will deal with some of the recent orchestral performances outside New York.

CHILE

(Continued from page 321)

his program "is not acceptable to the foreign companies, it will be necessary to think of the nationalization of copper." In a campaign letter to Allende, however, he stressed that "nationalization will not be an objective of my government."

But however uncertain the future of the copper controversy, no question looms larger for Chile's new government than its relations with Washington. Frei knows that the loudest cheers from the north on September 5 came only because Communist-backed Allende had been defeated; he must know also that even if he does not nationalize copper, some of his plans will be open to attack both from the State Department and the U.S. Congress.

He will recall that a year ago Senator Wayne Morse blasted Chilean tax policies as "discriminatory" against U.S. investors, and added he would oppose aid for the nation unless they were changed. Since taxes will be one of Frei's weapons to enforce cooperation from Anaconda and Kennecott, Morse and his anti-aid friends will probably have new reasons to yell. (Chile has received $241.3 million under the Alliance for Progress in the past two years, making it, per capita, the second highest beneficiary of U.S. aid.)

On the Cuban issue — where Washington shows little tolerance toward "softies"—Frei and his party could also collide with the United States. Frei opposed OAS sanctions against Castro, begrudgingly went along when President Alessandri cut relations with Havana in August, and now says he will seek inter-American talks on the question after the American election. His goal: "a peaceful solution to the Cuban problem which fundamentally will signify respect for self-determination of people and nonintervention in their internal problems."

With his own Establishment, the copper firms, and some sectors of the United States Government besetting his future, it would appear that Frei has enough problems. Connected to everything else, however, and almost solely responsible for Chile's shift to the Left, is the nation's poverty. It can be studied in statistics, but is revealed most vividly to foreigners by the ragged armies that move from garbage can to garbage can each morning in the streets of Santiago.

Some studies have shown that malnutrition affects nearly half of Chile's 8.5 million inhabitants; meanwhile, population rises 2.5 per cent a year and food production only 1.6 per cent. More than a million persons live in miserable slums—called *callampas* (mushrooms) because they grow out of the dirt; in rural areas daily wages dip as low as 30c. As could be predicted, schooling, housing and health are major problems.

Financial burdens promise to be a continuing frustration to government planners. Each year $300 million of Chile's $500 million foreign exchange must be assigned to interest and amortization on the $1.7 billion foreign debt. Before this situation can be improved, industrialization and agricultural production must be stepped up. Expecting more money both from copper sales and from a declining need to import food as Frei's agrarian reform takes hold, Christian Democratic economists predict that they will "defeat" inflation in three years. It is a backbreaking task, for the cost of living rose 238.8 per cent from 1958-64, 44.3 per cent last year, and 33.1 per cent in the first nine months of this year. Labor groups are expected to get the 100 per cent wage "readjustment" they seek at year's end, and the resulting inflationary boost will be an awkward way to launch an anti-inflation drive.

Congressional support for a new President in his first few months of office is a Chilean tradition, but Communists and Socialists have already announced their "closed opposition" to Frei. The Socialist Party's leader delivered a scathing attack on the Christian Democrats soon after the election, and one of his top aides told me flatly that "there is no possibility" of party support for Frei. This will be another reason for the President to depend on the right wing, at least until the March Congressional elections when his party is expected to do well.

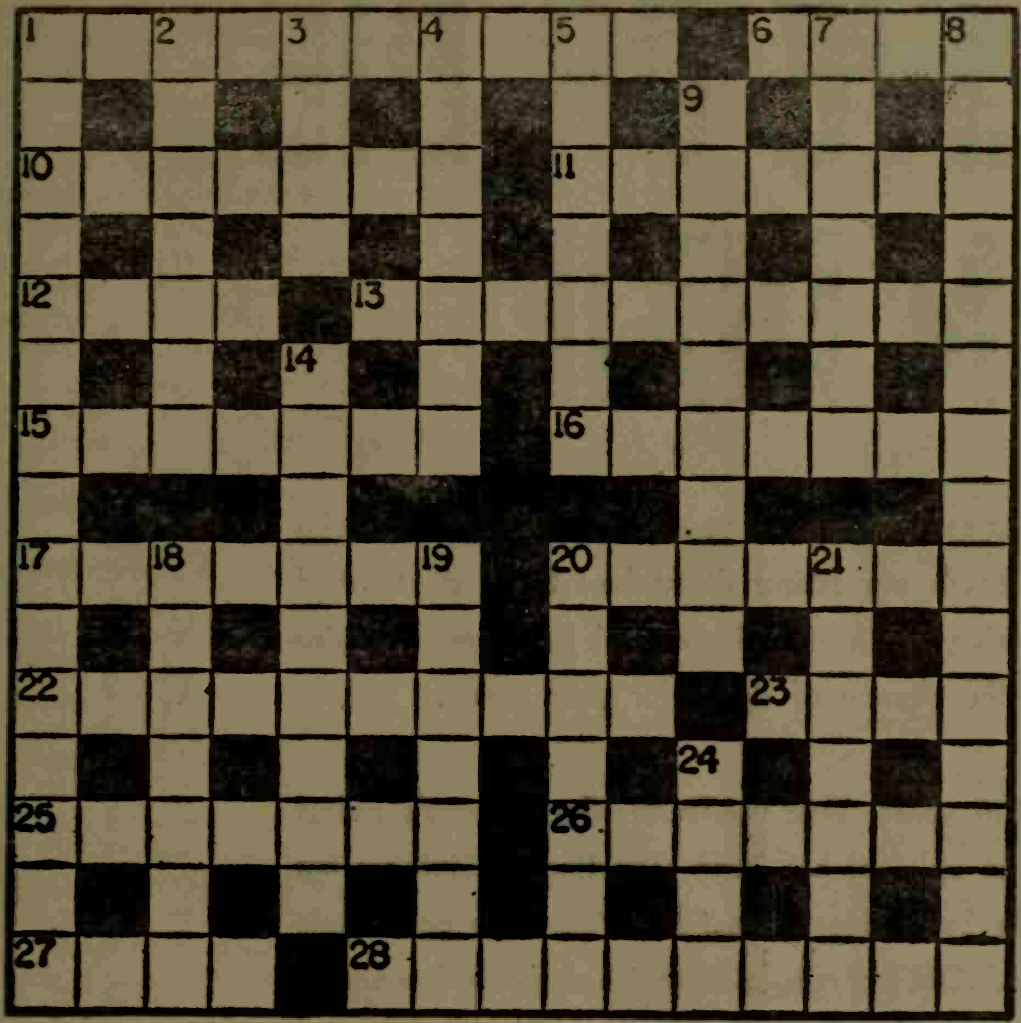
Intelligent U.S. support for this could-be revolution — rather than a blind hailing of Frei as a messiah who will deliver Latin America from Castroism—is essential in the problem-filled six years now beginning for Chile. So far, the backing has not seemed very intelligent, an example being President Johnson's congratulatory statement that "The last six months have been good for democracy in the Americas." Apparently Frei's democratic election on a left-leaning platform is equated in the White House with the Brazilian military take-over that is busily choking reforms.

Eduardo Frei must make some decisions soon. If he lives up to his revolutionary promises, he will alienate his powerful Establishment support and risk opposition from the United States; if he stands still, Chile's problems will deepen, the future will be left to the Cuba-bedazzled Socialists and Communists (whose candidate received 40 per cent of the Presidential vote), and he will betray the slum dwellers, rouse workers and urban laborers whose ballots provided his margin of victory.

Perhaps the Christian Democrats' major contribution during the next six years will be to demonstrate that a revolution is more than building schoolrooms—that it must also change some foundations. Another self-proclaimed revolutionary — one who can show some success despite an economic blockade—has challenged Chile's Christian Democrats to see who can make the greater progress. Fidel Castro, taking note of Frei's support, observed: "We shall see if the feudal and oligarchic structure of the country can be changed by good intentions."

Crossword Puzzle No. 1079

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A small, but highly vocal party. (3, 7)

6 Food and transportation paid by it. (4)

10 This old mare ain't what it used to be—it now has no connection with the territory. (7)

11 and 24 down What the better type might do, when horses don't run? (The worst types are expected to.) (2, 2, 3, 4)

12 Back order, not to sound suggestive! (4)

13 In post-paid letters, it's a way to dash hopes. (10)

15 Heckles those with good points, for the record. (7)

16 Could what might be associated with this make one a lord? (2, 5)

17 Recants what might be considered medium-level communication methods. (7)

20 Would such defense be a Brazilian favorite? (7)

22 A shaker of gin can then prove useful, for a spell. (10)

23 The song of Minos' daughter, with the back end missing. (4)

25 Certainly not a good-looking characteristic. (4, 3)

26 What's the matter? One believes indivisible elements are ultimate. (7)

27 Shakespeare told the ladies not to do it any more. (4)

28 Have some second thoughts about putting it in the side corner? (10)

DOWN:

1 Might a rebus be when set, as informers might also be? (8, 3, 4)

2 135 years in the case of Scotland. (Bolts have it, to some extent.) (7)

3 One wouldn't expect to find agreeable folk at them. (4)

4 What's left about the big pipes. (7)

5 Mean to pull your spirits up with this? (7)

7 Could it be listed in the encyclopedia under "Emmet, Leo"? (7)

8 Might one be responsible for a shocking after-dinner remark? (8, 7)

9 Where people spend the rest of the journey? (4-5)

14 Bakes cold hash, as the daring might try to run. (9)

18 The cat's back? It should be, full of fight! (7)

19 A childish rejoinder, with the drunkard present. (2, 5)

20 To an Englishman, brew trouble with the fish. (7)

21 Fenced off? (7)

24 See 11 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1078

ACROSS: 1 Cheap; 4 Trusts: 11 Tornado; 12 Algebra; 13 Retrieval; 14 Trill; 15 Mortal enemies; 17, 20 and 5 The customer is always right; 22 Lemma; 24 Endospore; 25 Apricot; 26 Rarebit; 27 Secede; 28 Smith. DOWN: 2 Horatio; 3 Atavistic; 6 Sublime; 7 Stable; 8 Start; 9 Convalescent; 10 Sailing orders; 16 Maelstrom; 18 Homeric; 19 In orbit; 21 Testy; 23 Arced.

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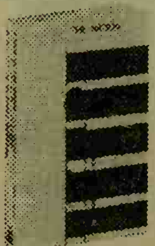

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THE MEN JOHNSON WILL NEED

Vincent P. Rock

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Roland Berger

LETTERS

No choice

Modesto, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The statement, "the poor show little initiative to break out of it (poverty) because for generations they have known no other way of life" ("Poverty's Second Generation" by Fred W. Lindecke, *The Nation*, Sept. 28) is invidious as well as reminiscent of a certain Presidential candidate. Certainly in the United States, lack of initiative is based less upon tradition or habit than simple economics.

Mr. Lindecke said so himself. A choice between doing sporadic, back-breaking work for $200 monthly and receiving welfare benefits in the same amount, is no choice at all. Rather, it is a social affliction, due largely to the unremunerative and exploitative nature of the work of our farm laborers.

This national problem will not be remedied until there is an adequate differential between all incomes and the meager welfare doles. Otherwise, vocational and literacy programs will be mere *apéritifs*, used to whet hungry appetites for a sumptuous meal never to come.

Gerald Amada

Speak up against horror

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Chandler Davidson's article, "America's 'Dirty' War" (*The Nation*, Nov. 2) makes one think about Bergen-Belsen, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Mississippi, etc. . . . Most of us think, but . . . are there only a handful of people to protest about what is happening in Vietnam or in Mississippi or wherever it may be? Are there only a handful of people fighting to stop this mass murder?... I urge every reader of *The Nation* to protest loudly; I urge every civilized person to use his political power, by writing to his Congressman, to put an end to this nightmare. I urge every person to take an active part in persuading friends and acquaintances into the battle against these horrors.

The Nation is doing its job of informing, but let us not be just "well informed," let us speak up and be heard!

Nurtan A. Esmen

Russian discipline

Cumming, Ga.

Dear Sirs: Considering the events of the past several years within our country, I find it amazing that a fine liberal magazine can in all innocence say, "The Russians will never acquire a fully developed national pride, coupled with a feeling of governmental stability, until they learn to make their transitions in leadership in a civilized fashion" ("Khrushchev the Terrible": *Nation* editorial, Nov. 2). This kind of statement belongs to the HUAC, not to the editors of *The Nation*. . . . I would say that any nation which can change its first leader without the crutch of a prior prescription (date and method), and do this with a minimum of violence and confusion, is a confident and responsible nation. That no force was used is a commendation not a slur. After all, Khrushchev was not assassinated.

The problem of Russia's "feeling of governmental stability" is not, nor has it ever been, primarily internal. The unique structure of Soviet politics was fashioned in the face of and because of the implacable hostility of (most recently) the greatest military power on earth. This anti-Christian hostility, dating from the weakness of the Soviet Union's birth, was an essential ingredient for the shaping of her present "strength" and "discipline.". . .

William N. Callaway

The real Spaniards

Davis, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Just as the most authentic Spanish music has been composed by Debussy (or Ravel, or Chabrier), it seems that the best Spanish literature has been written by Montherlant (or Hemingway, or Le Sage or Corneille). At least, this is what I get out of Paul West's review, "Spain Between the Lines" (*The Nation*, Nov. 2). What a sigh of relief is heaved when he turns from Cela and that other Spaniard to the "wintry sanity" and "intellect" and "reasoned compassion" of the *musiú* Montherlant! If only the Spaniards would get rid of their oppressors, then they would all write like Frenchmen. And then we Anglo-Saxons could figure out what they're talking about. A lot of us outsiders are still bewildered by *Pascual Duarte*, but a whole generation of young Spanish writers seems to have gotten the message.

Oliver T. Myers
University of California

Reward of virtue

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The dollar and cents value of public morality is not stressed often enough or firmly enough. . . . I refer to the last paragraph quote from Alvin B. Lewis, Jr., district attorney of Lebanon, Pa., in "The Outcast of Lebanon" (*The Nation*, Nov. 2): "I hate to see this town's name dragged in the mud. We're trying to attract new industry, and we had been moving ahead in the past few years. Now, a few people can undo all this hard work."

I believe it's worth repeating at this time—*one of the most effective ways to fight bigotry is with the reality of bad business and job loss.*

Sam Whitman

THE
NATION

Monday, November 16, 1964
Volume 199, No. 15

In this issue

EDITORIALS

345 The Morning After
Carey McWilliams

ARTICLES

348 The Men Johnson Will Need
Vincent P. Rock

349 GM Strike: Prototype for More Conflict
B. J. Widick

352 China Today: "Walking on Two Legs"
Roland Berger

355 Jefferson City: The Pen That Just Grew
Patrick J. Buchanan

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

358 Sorcery and Society
Donovan Bess

360 The Frontier Within
William H. McGlothlin

362 Defective Detectives
Vivian Mercier

364 Records
Benjamin Boretz

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 364)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Elizabeth Sutherland, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Grandin Conover, Assistant Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
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EDITORIALS

The Morning After

The key question, the morning after, was: how stands the two-party system? For the time being, the usefulness of the Republican Party as an effective opposition party has been severely limited, if not destroyed. Under the most favorable circumstances, it will take the liberal-moderates four years, and more likely eight, to recapture control. A minority in their own party in both the Senate and House, the liberal-moderates have now been thinned out still further. Conversely, the Goldwater forces have strengthened their position within the party. The new elements that have rallied to the GOP in the South will bolster the Goldwaterites; these elements would desert in a moment if the liberal-moderates ever regained control. The "new conservatives" and their allies regard modern Republicans as the real enemy; they despise them more than they do the Democrats. It is not likely, therefore, that the Goldwater wing would be willing to accept the status of a minority or faction within a reunited GOP. They would be more inclined to bolt the party. In the Goldwater movement, checking the "drift toward socialism" is the primary objective; winning elections is secondary. For this purpose, tight control of a minority party—which they have at the moment—puts them in a good position to fight a delaying and sabotaging rear-guard action. They will not give up this position without a long, hard fight.

Other factors support this conclusion. A sizable "mental migration" to the Democratic Party of liberal-moderate sentiment—and money—had taken place even before Goldwater was nominated; this silent, unpublicized shift was a factor in the inept showing which the moderates made at San Francisco. President Johnson will seek to hold the Republican vote he received in this election; he has lauded "good" Republicans and announced that his will be a bipartisan administration. He can dangle appointments before the eyes of defeated liberal-moderate Republicans and some will accept. In addition, history has overtaken the modern Republicans; by any fair test, on domestic and foreign policy issues, they have more in common with the Democratic Party today than with other elements in their own party.

Goldwater's defeat does not mean the end of the Goldwater movement. He did not father the movement; the movement discovered him. There is a tendency, which Johnson's victory will encourage, to dismiss the Goldwater movement as merely the last upsurge of political nostalgia for an America that vanished at the turn of the century; on the morning after, it was already being glibly dismissed as a sect or cult, merely another "fringe" movement. There is nostalgia in it, but the movement feeds on other sentiments. New political energies are building up; new resentments are seeking to find political expression; a new kind of "status politics" is discernible. These discontents, on which Goldwaterism thrives, are not likely to abate; many of them are by-products of an affluent society for which "welfare liberalism" has no satisfactory therapies. So the threat remains—a shadow on the future.

For the Democratic Party, the Goldwater-Miller bid for power has augmented nearly every element that made up the New Deal, the Fair Deal, and New Frontier coalitions: Negroes (not only did they vote in unprecedented numbers but in some communities they gave the Johnson-Humphrey ticket 90 per cent and more of their vote), the Jewish and other minorities, Catholics, farmers, labor, city bosses, academicians and intellectuals, independents, wheeler-dealers and fast-buck operators; only the more rabid Dixiecrats defected. In addition, the Democrats gained the support of a substantial section of the important suburban vote, a considerable segment of "Big Business," the well-to-do, and a majority of the nation's newspapers. The Democrats have also won strength for the future by attracting "new breed" white Southerners—those who are neither old-line Dixiecrats nor the phobic variety—as well as 500,000 new Southern Negro voters, with more to come.

Reapportionment, which is just around the corner, is likely to improve Democratic prospects still further.

These gains must be weighed in a long-term scale. Republicans have occupied the White House in only eight of the last thirty-two years and then only when they nominated a military hero who was notably a nonparty man; they have held control of Congress in only four of those same years, and then by razor-thin majorities. Recent Democratic margins of 2 to 1 in the Senate and 3 to 2 in the House have now been increased. These gains will enlarge the "spread" of the Democratic Party in a way that bodes no good for the two-party system. It has become what Ted Lewis of the New York *Daily News* calls the party of "the tent and the table." At the head of the big table in the big tent sits a big friendly Texan who is willing to determine "shares" of the barbecue for everyone, including liberal-moderate Republicans, on the basis of a realistic estimate of voting potencies. As long as the GOP is controlled by the elements presently in charge, the Democratic Party is likely to remain what, for the moment, it is: a kind of "rally of the Center."

The immediate problem is clear. Where, in this new view, can one find a modern, viable, effective opposition party? The criticism which the GOP, as presently constituted, will direct at the Administration will not be relevant and therefore can be safely ignored. Goldwater Republicans cannot provide meaningful criticism of welfare liberalism because they reject it; they cannot offer an alternative foreign policy because they have none. What they seek to pass off as a foreign policy is simply the "forward" military strategy of the Air Force. On many of the characteristic problems of an affluent society, "welfare liberalism" and Keynesian economics have nothing to offer but more of the same —that is, more of the same programs which are in part responsible for much of today's social pathology. But the Goldwater party simply bewails this social pathology; it has no program to cope with it. A truly conservative party could mount an extremely effective criticism of some aspects of welfare-liberalism of the Johnson-Humphrey variety. But the elements that control the GOP at the moment are not conservative; they are reactionary, "counterrevolutionary."

They cannot, in sum, offer a sharp and realistic criticism of the Johnson Administration for the basic reason that they do not believe in the conventional political dialogue. The columnist Bruce Biossat has pointed out that the gulf between the adherents of the Goldwater movement—the hard-core of maybe 6 to 7 million Americans—and the rest of us is "so wide there is almost no real communication across it."

Listen to Horace Greeley III, a member of the Birch Society and a true believer of the radical Right: "I despise the Supreme Court . . . the war on poverty is nauseating . . . civil rights is Communist. . . . There are only two choices left for the United States: rightist control of the country or it goes down the drain. It has been going down the drain for twenty years of course." Clearly Mr. Greeley no longer believes in politics.

The effect of the election, therefore, is to leave us with a crippled or deformed two-party system. Conceivably, an opposition will develop within the Democratic Party but an intraparty opposition can never be more than partially effective; there must be a real alternative. For the time being, the surviving liberal-moderate Republicans and the liberal Democrats will have to provide whatever effective opposition can be mustered, not to mention the problem of focusing pressures on the Administration to prevent its own drift to the Right. But even if the liberal-moderates were to recapture control of the GOP, and sooner than now seems likely (Nixon has already moved to destroy Rockefeller's usefulness), the two-party system would not necessarily be restored. It will no longer suffice for the Republicans to base their program on a "we could do it better" slogan. The moderns would not only have to recapture the GOP: they would have to refashion it.

"Our presidential system of government," writes Walter Lippmann, "is unworkable, mechanically unworkable, if there are more than two parties, for there is built into the system itself a compelling premium to divide the voters into two parties." In terms of population division this is no doubt true, but we have suffered under a four-party system for many years: conservative vs. liberal-moderate Republicans (Congressional vs. Presidential leadership); Dixiecrat vs. liberal Democrats (again Congressional vs. Presidential leadership in James MacGregor Burns's analysis). To put it another way, from 1932 to 1964 we had a "bipartisan" system which cut directly across the parties and within which the range of difference on most issues was one of degree and not of substance or kind. In fact the differences between liberal and Dixiecrat Democrats, between the moderates and the other Republicans, was probably as great as, or greater than, the differences between the parties. This "bipartisan" setup has now been institutionalized—for the time being—in one party. In a word, the Democratic Party has itself been "bipartisanized" or, more accurately, "Johnsonized." Out of this new and perhaps temporary amalgam new combinations or structures may emerge, but for the moment we are left without an effective opposition party.

Such an opposition to Johnson's big party of the Center would have to force the debate into the area of what it really is that constitutes a "great society." This is now a question of definition; myths will no longer suffice. In a notable commencement address last year, Dr. Grayson Kirk of Columbia University posed the problem as it should be posed (emphasis added):

> Our country has rounded a corner in its history and the road which led to that corner no longer beckons us on ahead with the same legible signposts that guided our fathers. *In one sense the American Dream is over.* Many of the cherished beliefs of our national youth no longer seem to fit the conditions of life in our time. In consequence, it is fair to say that our people appear to be in a greater state of national confusion than at any time in their peacetime history. . . . Once we were busy with the physical building of our country. . . . Our free economic system would bring us affluence, and affluence would bring us happiness and the leisure that would enable us to cultivate all the gentler arts. It was to be our destiny, through precept and example, to lead the world into a new and a golden age. . . . But now the glow of this youthful enthusiasm has faded. We have discovered that our form of government is not in every respect ideally suited even to our own present day needs, and that it is not generally regarded as a panacea for other countries. . . . We have come to realize that our physical power, though the greatest ever possessed by any state in history, cannot in our time assure either our safety at home or the automatic implementation of our national will abroad. And, finally, we have become uncomfortably conscious of the fact that, though our history is, on balance, a success-story without parallel, we continue to have a multitude of ugly and difficult domestic problems that cause much of the world to look upon us with a judgment that is far from that which we would wish them to have.

In a word, an era of politics in the grand style is upon us; the mouthing of traditional pieties will no longer suffice, nor will slogans substitute for policies. Is a "great society" one that, on an ever larger scale, continues to despoil the environment? Are present budget priorities really designed to produce a "great society" or a caricature of one? Can we continue to guide our foreign policy with compulsive slogans: "anti-communism," "containment," "the free world," etc.? How is the scale of the military budget to be determined? How is a policy of reconversion to be brought about? How should resources be allocated? Should we plan and for what? How do we propose to cope with the on-going consequences of the scientific-technological revolution? How are we to fashion the first multiracial large industrial society the world has ever known—without discrimination and with full equality of opportunity? These are some of the issues a real opposition would have to raise.

We may take comfort in the fact that the "big spread" of the LBJ party will not dominate the Center for an indefinite future. Issues of enormous turbulence are surfacing in American politics; the world scene is in a state of renewed flux; and there are many imponderables. For example (to suggest merely one of many questions that come to mind), could Hubert Humphrey hold "the big spread" together if he were to succeed to the Presidency? We simply do not know what the future of the two-party system may be because the circumstances of this election were unique. Goldwater's nomination is what brought about the present peculiar crowding at the Center (although that too had been going on for some time); millions voted *against* Goldwater, not *for* Johnson, and millions liked neither candidate. A pattern of vote switching motivated by distrust of one nominee does not reflect a fundamental realignment or true polarization. But one thing is certain: a camel with one huge hump and a rump is not a two-hump camel.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Fare Thee Well, South

In the flushed magnanimity of victory, President Johnson urged all Americans to "bind up our wounds and make this nation whole." There is one wound, however, which calls for further excision — the Dixiecrat South. A wide margin of victory gives the President a latitude that he might not have had before. It also provides guidelines for the future which a discerning politician will heed. When all of New England —including Vermont and New Hampshire! — goes Democratic, while Mississippi and Alabama switch to the GOP, it is an invitation to the President to make an end of the blackmail on which the so-called Democrats of the Deep South have thrived for decades.

Let the reality be faced: the Dixiecrats are enemies of the Democratic Party, or of any party that aspires to move with the times. They should no longer be permitted to promulgate their racist doctrines within the party, to hold their positions of seniority by virtue of membership in the party. The 1965 Johnson Administration is in a position to expel them, as they would long ago have been expelled in Britain, a country in some ways more democratic, and committed to more orderly and sensible electoral processes, than the United States.

The defecting states in the election just concluded are Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. No attempt should be made to placate the racist oligarchy in these states. Mississippi and Alabama are to all intents and purposes in a state of insurrection. The lives of Negroes who try to assert their constitutional rights, and of whites who come to their aid, are in immediate danger.

It would not only be sheer political immorality to allow present anomalies to continue, but poor politics in the most practical sense. The Negro vote in the alienated states will continue to increase. Blood may flow, but nothing will stop the drive for equality. The whites of the South who wish to see an end of Confederate conspiracies have earned the support of the Democrats of all parts of the country, including those of the Southern states which remained in the Democratic column. But with the rebels, the time for compromise and vacillation is past.

What We Owe to Barry

In the issue of May 11, 1963, *The Nation* printed an editorial, "We Support Goldwater," which suggested that a contest between Barry Goldwater and John F. Kennedy, pitting the 19th century against the 20th, would be worth the slight risk of Goldwater's winning. In the issue of October 26, 1963, in "Ticket for the GOP," we proposed that Richard Nixon run for the Vice Presidency with Barry at the top of the ticket, a blend which would give the voters the clear-cut choice that Barry later made a slogan of his campaign.

A month later President Kennedy was assassinated, but in "The Big Kazoo" (January 20, 1964) *The Nation* was still defying the lightning—if the Republicans so willed it, Goldwater against Johnson would serve. We did not rate Barry's chances very high, even for the nomination, but we were underrating the maladroitness of several of his opponents (not Governor Rockefeller, who made a gallant and workmanlike effort). So Barry made it.

Now that he has taken the pratfall that was widely predicted for him, it is only fitting to pay tribute to his accomplishments which, though unintentional, are on a grand scale. By his outlandish pronouncements, Mr. Goldwater has made "peace," "negotiation," etc., eminently respectable concepts throughout the length and breadth of the land. His contribution in this regard is probably greater than that of all the country's peace organizations combined. It marks a beginning, at least, of delivering the United States from the Munich complex which, torn out of its 1938 context, had come to mean that any negotiation with "bad people" was necessarily a sellout. In practice, the bad ones always turned out to be Communists; with others one could reason. President Johnson, with his remark that one can tell a man to go to hell but it is another thing to make him go there, deserves some of the credit, but he could never have done it without Barry's baiting.

As a result of his call for extremism in the cause of freedom, and his appeals for support from the radical Right, right-wing extremism has become a matter of national concern, with a large section of the clergy, the press and other publicity media joining in the novel pastime of shellacking somebody other than Communists. During the last twenty years one would have thought there was only one kind of extremism in the country. In a few months under the bright lights, Barry did what years of hortatory effort in the liberal press had failed to do. Now we know that in America, as elsewhere, a Center, Left and Right all exist, and that extremists may be found at both extremes.

Barry has made many other contributions to the peace and prosperity of the United States which, in the aggregate, entitle him to the thanks of his countrymen. The John Birch Society will never be the same, now that it has kissed and well-nigh killed him. Barry has liberated us from the hypnotic spell of the white backlash, which didn't lash. He exposed the myth that Texas millionaires would lavish their substance on the Right. They may have liked the cause but, with everyone else, they smelled a loser.

So Barry's role was constructive, after all; he will be remembered. But if the Johnson Administration continues to show as much sense in governing as it did in campaigning, it is unlikely that he will try again.

The Men Johnson Will Need . . .

Vincent P. Rock

What will President Johnson do? The nation has chosen, but what? In one perspective the choice is of a conservative over a radical; in another, of progress over reaction. But most important, the nation has chosen unity over faction at home, and nuclear prudence over military rashness abroad.

But the choice was one of mood; it leaves open the selection of direction. Abroad, we have quit the bipolar world and entered the era of multiatomic politics. The nation's choice of nuclear prudence is a recognition of that fact. The people have voted their anxiety, their fear of the threat to their existence. Without panic, they have voted for the man who admitted the threat. They do not expect him to eliminate nuclear weapons, but they hope he will act to avoid the catastrophe they contain.

At home, the nation has confirmed its desire to move forward toward a full sense of community. Once again it has chosen a federal union dedicated to full employment, social security, business opportunity and civil rights—with special attention this time to the rights of the Negroes. In choosing, it has left open, as always, the relative distribution of powers between the federal and state government. The relationship between the federal government and business and other institutions was hardly at issue.

In short, the nation voted for nuclear peace, national prosperity and community unity, but in what direction do these goals lie?

The President will give the lead, not by his formal pronouncements so much as by the men through whom he elects to work. His capacity for growth will be demonstrated by the men who command his attention. Three concentric circles of actors may be envisioned. First are the members of the executive team. Numbering some 200 to 300, they comprise the formal inner circle around a President. Second are the leaders of Congress, key governors and mayors and representatives of business, labor and education. Some 700 to 800 such men will have a voice. Third are the handful of world leaders: Wilson, Erhard, de Gaulle, Brezhnev, Mao, Shastri and half a dozen others—men of independent power, but also dependent on one another for survival.

The task of the inner circle is not to innovate but to smooth out the rough spots in progress, whether at home or abroad. Their timely appreciation of what is required is crucial to success. The choice of men for the Johnson Administration will be conservative. The country wants to make progress cautiously. The President's nonideological "*common sense*" leads in that direction.

Under Kennedy, the small margin of victory led to a conservative administration. Under Johnson, even with a large plurality, the same initial position is to be expected. But we may be certain that the men will change. Kennedy carry-overs who remain will do so because, by background and role, they suit the Johnson style. Sargent Shriver, for example, may rise high. But many others will drop out, not so much because of their ideas as because of their life style. The gnarled oaks of New England will remain but a Western breeze is blowing.

In the second circle are the men who will influence the substance of conservative progress. Under Johnson, the influential members of this group will be those who represent a broadening cosmopolitan elite. In Congress the group is symbolized by Mansfield, Fulbright and McCarthy; in the states and cities, by Connally, Rockefeller and Wagner; in business by Henry Ford, Henry Fowler and Robert Anderson; in education, by Clark Kerr, George Kistiakowsky and Lloyd Berkner. From men such as these will come the specific ideas which will give content and color to the Administration of President Johnson. He will look to such men for support in putting the liberal programs across—conservative adjustments to changes in the environment.

In the early period the President's attention will be centered on the selection of his men for the first group and in understanding and manipulating the second group. While he will move to make contact with the third group, they will not initially command his sustained attention. Gradually, however, as Mr. Johnson becomes accustomed to his own Presidency, he will look outward for new minds to engage. When he does, he will find a challenge not yet fully met by an American President, not even by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The leaders of the world are waiting to be led. But this is no simple part-time task—it is more demanding even than running the Senate. The world leaders, like Senators, have an independent power base. Each seeks the advancement of the men and ideas prevalent in his own area. Each has at least an iota of interest in the prospects of mankind. Each leader has power to do many things, but some goals can be achieved only by working with other leaders. The multiatomic nuclear age will produce a leader of leaders—or it will produce an explosion. When will President John-

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son turn to the challenge? The first small signs that he is beginning to do so could come quickly. But he will require help. Hubert Humphrey may again play the role of whip, but a fundamental change of outlook in the State Department is required. Science and technology and foreign policy must be joined in the creation of opportunities for leadership. The ground must be prepared. Step by step, President Johnson may then take his place in history as the leader in the forum of world leaders, the world's Senate, so to speak. But another question will then arise: whence will come the program to be pushed through the senate?

GM STRIKE

Prototype for More Conflict

B. J. Widick

Detroit

The nearly six-week shutdown recently of General Motors must be described as the most prolonged and the biggest "wildcat" strike against American industry since the sit-downs of the turbulent thirties. Neither the auto industry, nor Walter Reuther nor the Johnson Administration wanted or expected the walkout. After the generous and peaceful package won at Chrysler, and the acceptance in principle of that agreement at Ford, the almost unanimous consensus about the conclusion of the 1964 auto negotiations was summed up in the September 26 issue of *Business Week*:

> *It was all but settled by midweek. The 1964 labor pattern for the auto industry's Big Three took final shape when General Motors offered the United Auto Workers contract terms comparable to the historic settlements at Ford and Chrysler. Some non-economic issues remained to be resolved and the formal agreement probably would not take place until the Friday morning deadline. Until then, a strike was possible—but it was most unlikely.*

This miscalculation was shared by top union officials and the General Motors team headed by Vice President Louis G. Seaton, the company's main negotiator. Part of the story of the unwanted and surprise strike was told in *The Wall Street Journal* on Monday, October 5: "GM had good reason to be amazed when the strike was called. A high union officer told a top company bargainer just hours before the strike deadline that the UAW was ready to accept GM's final offer—then the deal was called off less than an hour before the deadline." The *Journal* article then gives the General Motors version of what happened:

> *GM Vice President Louis G. Seaton, the company's top negotiator, says he believes the union's long and loud demands for easier production quotas, improved grievance procedures, better handling of overtime and other general improvements in working conditions were mere propaganda masking a single key issue: More time off the job for the 1,796 company-paid union committeemen, the UAW's agents in the plants who take up the cudgels with the boss when a worker has a complaint.*
>
> *Having made this judgment, Mr. Seaton waited until the final hours of the last all-night bargaining session to make the offer that was supposed to head off a strike. The major element in the "final" company proposal was an offer to raise the minimum time that committeemen could devote to union activities during a week to 20 hours from 15. Mr. Seaton says GM also offered improvements on 50 other matters relating to working conditions, but apparently no important concessions were made on the other major issues Mr. Reuther had been pushing.*
>
> *After a brief conference among a few key union bargainers, a high UAW official informed Mr. Seaton that the offer of increased time for committeemen was sufficient and that the union would agree to a contract. Mr. Seaton, who has 30 years of experience in dealing with the UAW, was so confident the informal commitment was binding he informed Frederic Donner, GM's chairman, that a strike would be averted.*

The official who informed Seaton that UAW President Walter Reuther and Leonard Woodcock, director of the UAW's GM department, had accepted the terms was Woodcock himself. The leaders' approval was based on their sound appraisal that "We made more progress on working conditions and production standards in these negotiations than we did in the last three or four sets of GM negotiations."

That progress turned out to be the source rather than the end of troubles. For it emphasized to secondary leaders in the union how many basic issues of hours and working conditions had in the past been ignored or relegated to secondary importance while the union concentrated on fringe benefits. These issues loomed as far more decisive to the men from the locals and the plants than did the attractive economic package which was initiated at Chrysler, and then accepted by Ford and General Motors. In four areas of major importance to the men and women on the assembly lines, the previous contracts negotiated at General Motors—although they matched the economic gains at Chrysler and Ford—were far behind those signed by the other two major auto producers. The areas were: production standards, allowance of time for union representatives to handle grievances, harsh disciplinary measures and compulsory overtime. Reuther could not convince the eleven-man negotiating team from the GM locals to accept the final offer, and it was rejected by a 10-to-1 vote. The strike followed.

The astonishing situation in which the best contract in the past decade and a half turned out to be the least satisfactory to the union locals was only the first of the paradoxes that occurred in auto negotiations this fall. General Motors and the UAW were both so eager to avoid the side effects of a strike—even without a prod from Washington—that both sides readily agreed to allow as many key plants as possible to work, so that Ford and Chrysler, which use certain key GM parts in their cars, would not be affected by the troubles at General Motors. One of the immediate re-

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sults of this decision was to give Ford and Chrysler a competitive advantage, or so it seems. Both soon announced increases in their share and amount of new car sales.

Chrysler's retail total was up a fat 23 per cent from 1963 during the first ten days of October, and Ford was up 12 per cent in the same period. This was not and is not a major worry for General Motors, although its dealers are screaming for cars. During the past decade GM's most agonizing problem has been to avoid taking too *large* a share of the car market (it once hit 56 per cent of total sales). For General Motors is most reluctant to arouse any public demand for a breakup of the company—with Chevrolet, for example, becoming an independent entity. Its astonishing profits depend on practicing economies on a scale unheard of in most American industry. Few persons in Detroit expect GM to have serious difficulty retaining whatever share of the market it aims for in 1965.

That was one reason why during the first two weeks the shutdowns caused such little concern at GM. And for their part, the workers had spent so much time and energy on overtime in the past two years that a short shutdown was a welcome relief. Furthermore, a brief strike could also serve as a safety valve for "blowing off steam." General Motors officials recognize such facts of life; they were also secure in the knowledge that overtime schedules could easily pick up current production losses. However, after it began to seem that the walkouts would not quickly end, President Johnson is reported to have reminded both parties of their responsibilities. There were also signs that a prolongation of the shutdown for most GM plants could disturb somewhat the continuing economic prosperity of which President Johnson was so proud, and might have a damping effect on his 1964 Presidential campaign. At this stage the UAW officialdom decided to call a conference of the General Motors delegate council and obtain approval of the national agreement. This course of action was overwhelmingly approved by the union delegates, but they stipulated that local unions be permitted to stay out until local issues were resolved. Since ninety-five of the bargaining units had settled local matters, the end seemed in sight and the nation was informed that the General Motors strike was over on October 25.

But the fact that the General Motors strike was over didn't mean that it had ended, since the twenty-eight local union bargaining units, which had not settled so-called local issues, were in plants that produce 77 per cent of General Motors cars. That is why, although the strike officially ended on October 25, it would not in fact be settled until November 6 at the earliest. But at least GM's labor problems were off the front page during the last week of the election campaign.

This review of events at General Motors is important from two standpoints: the events are a portent of things to come, not only in auto but in other industries; and they should dispel the notion among some business and editorial writers that Reuther fomented the strike. Reuther and his associates did call an official strike but only to prevent recurrence of the embarrassing events following the 1958 and 1961 negotiations. At these times, it may be recalled, a series of wildcat strikes took place after a nationwide agreement had been made. The UAW was determined this time to have better control of events. Reuther had good reason to believe that with a gain of between 54c to 60c an hour over a three-year period, and with earlier retirement benefits, improved pensions, longer vacations and other concessions, he had won an almost irresistible package. It wasn't his fault that the members had other interests, more compelling than either he or the GM officials realized.

Perhaps the most certain outcome of the 1964 agreements is that instead of bringing peace to the auto industry, as expected, they are more likely to be a source of further trouble. Within the plants, aggravation can be expected to arise from one of the greatest gains the UAW made. The new contracts at Chrysler, Ford and General Motors provide for an additional twelve minutes' relief time daily for workers engaged in continuous operations, in theory these being the jobs on the assembly lines. This means that about one out of every three workers will receive thirty-six minutes of relief a day from what Reuther himself described as "Gold-plated sweat shops." The trouble will begin as soon as auto workers not on the assembly lines see others getting something they don't have. Chief stewards and committeemen are going to feel a heavy pressure on this issue. With local union elec-

tions coming every other year, a promise of equal relief for all workers is bound to be attractive campaign material.

Another indication of continued unrest in the auto shops was the announcement late in October by the UAW that it had now set a November 6 strike deadline at Ford. Earlier, Walter Reuther had said on TV that no such action was contemplated even after a GM settlement. This reversal in policy took place because twenty-three bargaining units out of the ninety at Ford had not reached local agreements. The UAW has had continuing difficulty over the past three years with restive members in Ford stamping plants and in some assembly plants; there have even been moves to leave the UAW. Meanwhile the Ford company has borne down hard in discipline cases. The issues there are not easy to resolve.

Perhaps the most disturbing situation is about to arise in the many parts companies that have UAW contracts. Few of them can afford the economic package won by the UAW from the Big Three, but there will be enormous pressure from union ranks in that direction. In the middle of October UAW officials were booed and heckled at a rally of the skilled trades locals in Detroit. The skilled trades, as usual, expect more, and are in a strategic position to get it. Strikes at parts plants or in tool and die shops can keep the industry in a state of uncertainty for some time.

The challenge to the auto industry and to the UAW implicit in these turbulent developments is understood by Walter Reuther, who remarked recently that "Both the UAW and GM have learned a lesson this year. We have got to create a more rational mechanism within our union and within GM to tackle our contract negotiations in the future." Not the least of the steps necessary will be to eliminate the false distinction between local and national union issues. Seaton was correct when he complained that most of the 17,000 grievances or local issues were related to a desire to change the national agreement, and for years the UAW leadership has been ignoring the obvious implications of a tendency that is at the root of current unrest.

Collective bargaining in other industries, most notably steel, will feel the effect of the auto agreements. It won't be as easy to hold the steel union to the 3.2 per cent productivity guideline for wage policy which has been set down by the Johnson Administration. Sentiment at the recent steel workers union convention for a change in leadership was outspoken. There was talk of reducing President David McDonald's $50,000 a year salary to $30,000; even more painful was an attempt to introduce a constitutional amendment forcing international union officers to retire at the age of 60. McDonald is 62. Since McDonald is extraordinarily sensitive to the needling he frequently gets about not being as effective as Walter Reuther, there is good reason to expect a most difficult round of steel negotiations early in 1965.

In addition to steel, the violent factional struggle in the International Union of Electrical Workers between the administration of James Carey and his rival for president, Paul Jennings, is another manifestation of growing unrest in union ranks. It was evident also at the recent rubber workers and coal miners union conventions.

Besides entering into a more strained period in labor relations, the industrial scene has again become the focal point for an argument about the "inflationary" character of wage agreements.

It should be noted that auto industry leaders did not refer to the chorus of editorial warnings against the inflationary consequences of exceeding the President's 3.2 per cent guideline. There were two basic reasons for industry's forbearance. First, auto production last year rose by more than 8 per cent and so far this year was up another 9 per cent —with no major changes in prices. Such a rapid rise, due to high-efficiency production, provided very generous profits and enormous rewards for company managers; it allowed as well a large flow of revenue into the depreciation allowances for new equipment, thus enhancing stockholders' equity.

Recently, Prof. James Kuhn of Columbia University made a study of profits, executive bonuses and wages in the auto industry, and his findings illuminate the second major reason why the industry couldn't argue seriously with the UAW about keeping wages within the guideline. Professor Kuhn pointed out, for example, that General Motors profits (after taxes) in 1963 were $1.6 billion, up 9 per cent from the year before, and now equal to almost 10 per cent of sales (22 per cent of invested capital). Earlier this year the company announced that the bonuses of its top fifty-six executives had gone up by 5.6 per cent, and now amounted to almost $9.5 million. Bonuses of 14,028 executives and managers had increased by 6.4 per cent, to $100 million. The press noted, but did not complain about, these increases, which are far above the national guideline. In fact, they are equal to a yearly rise of 14½c per hour for each of the 345,000 GM workers represented by the UAW.

The bonuses Chrysler executives paid themselves last year represented an even greater increase—up 400 per cent to $15.5 million and enough to finance an annual wage rise of 10½c per hour for the 74,000 UAW workers. Professor Kuhn concluded — and this writer agrees—that the increases in pay of company executives may well be deserved, as may be the $300 profit per car which the industry averaged in 1963. But if such bonuses and profits are not kept within the Administration's suggested limits, only saintly self-restraint will make the workers in the shop satisfied with lesser gains for themselves.

There is another factor. It may be difficult for outsiders to grasp, but there is no greater bargain in the auto industry than assembly line labor at $4 an hour, including fringe benefit costs. It is not the hourly wage rate that counts but the unit labor cost, and this has been steadily dropping in the auto industry. Stated another way, the annual productivity increase is conservatively estimated at more than 6 per cent, and in that context the 4.9 per cent estimated increase of the new UAW economic package falls below any productivity guideline for that industry.

To be sure the President's Economic Report in January declared that "the guidelines call for [price] reductions in those industries whose trend productivity gains exceed the national trend." The report adds, "It is fair to say that large industrial enterprises thus far have not widely heeded this advice."

Editorial writers and economists concerned about inflation should remember what the President's report said. As for the auto industry, there is no question but that more automation and technological improvement will reduce unit labor costs still further, and that price increases are not necessary unless the industry seeks profits beyond even the present fabulous net earnings.

Wage guidelines from Washington ought to be challenged on other grounds too, for they only add to the complications of the bargaining table. It is as absurd for unions to demand a 3.2 per cent wage increase in low-profit and low-productivity industries as it is to restrain unions in industries like auto and steel. Union leaders simply can't deliver guideline wage increases in some cases, but try telling that to the rank and file. And unless the Johnson Administration wants the largest turnover of union officials this nation ever saw, it had better not throttle the steel union's urgent demands for a "UAW package." Besides, how can labor get its share of the productivity increases resulting from automation if an artificial figure like national productivity is used as a guideline rather than the situation in a particular industry? The rate of introducing automation is not the same in each industry nor are productivity gains.

Under these circumstances unions in high-productivity industries would be doing less than their minimum job if they observed the guidelines. In any case, pressures from the union members make this almost impossible.

For we are entering a new stage in labor relations. It was described recently at a management meeting by Stan Brams, editor of *Labor Trends*, who has studied the industrial scene since the early thirties as a labor reporter and an industrial relations expert. Brams observed:

> *Today a Third Force is growing up in labor* [the other two being the economic environment and union leadership].
>
> *The pressure of the third force, the pressure of the rank and file membership ideas and aspirations, is directed against both the union and the company. It has been growing stronger these past few years. It is responsible for many of the apparent contradictions in labor demands and union strategy, and it will be responsible for more.*

All evidence on the industrial front confirms this insight.

CHINA TODAY

‘Walking on Two Legs’

Roland Berger

The three years of natural disasters —1959, 1960 and 1961—have left the Chinese people toughened, more confident and more solidly supporting their government—this is the dominant impression made upon me by seven weeks spent in China in the autumn of 1963 and another six weeks in the spring of 1964, my eleventh visit since 1953.

The Chinese people went through a period of considerable hardship in those three years. While there is no evidence to suggest that in any area of China there was serious malnutrition, conditions were exceedingly difficult and were undoubtedly a severe test of the social and political cohesion of the country, and a challenge to the commune organization to deal with sudden emergencies and local disasters. All the evidence indicates that China and the Chinese were strengthened by this testing period.

Now that food supplies are greatly improved (there was a heavy crop of vegetables and fruit last year, and bumper harvests of all foodstuffs and industrial crops are expected in 1964), enthusiasm and elation have passed into a mood of a different kind: a national, local and personal pride that China has been able to "take" the disasters and the withdrawal of the Soviet technicians, and has met the crisis by its own efforts and in its own way. The new phase is referred to as "The Great Leap Forward With Cool Heads."

The policy of "self-reliance" did not, however, arise from the recent difficulties caused by the natural disasters, as some people think. It was in August, 1945, in the Yenan days, that Mao Tse-tung posed the question, "On what basis should our policy rest?" and answered: "It should rest on our own strength and that means regeneration through one's own efforts. . . . Relying on the forces we ourselves organize, we can defeat all Chinese and foreign reactionaries." In an interview with Colonel David Barrett, the head of the U.S. Army Observer Group in Yenan, Mao stated: "What we have now is millet plus rifles; what you have is bread plus cannon. If you want to back Chiang Kai-shek, back him, back him as long as you want. But remember one thing. To whom does China belong? China definitely does not belong to Chiang Kai-shek, China belongs to the Chinese people. The day will surely come when you will find it impossible to back him any longer."

In the West it is usually assumed that the policy of "self-reliance" is a policy of "go it alone," but in fact it has nothing in common with notions of self-sufficiency or autarchy. The Chinese expression "*tse li gun sen*" means simply "regeneration by your own efforts." It is a policy particularly fitted to the specific social and economic conditions of China. In one aspect it stimulates local initiative and encourages the people to learn from their own experience. This feature was noticeably in evidence in 1957-58, when the cooperatives became involved in irrigation, bridge building and the other forms of local endeavor that led logically into the formation of the commune system in mid-1958.

Travelers to China have always commented on the frugality of the people, particularly noticeable in the countryside where nothing that can possibly be put to good use is wasted. This attitude helps to give material support to the policy of

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self-reliance at the grass roots. In its economic aspects the policy eminently suits a country so rich in natural resources.

Politically, self-reliance is a cardinal feature of China's domestic and foreign policy. Economic independence is looked upon as essential if economic relations between countries, whether large or small, are to be governed by principles of mutual benefit, mutual respect and true independence. The policy of "self-reliance" is seen as promoting international cooperation, not as opposition to it. In the Chinese view, the greater a country's economic strength the better the chance of economic cooperation with other countries. That "self-reliance" in the Chinese sense of the word has no absolutist overtones can be seen in China's foreign trade policy since liberation.

From 1950 to 1960 China's foreign trade steadily increased. The fall in agricultural production in the three years of the natural disasters inevitably reduced the total of China's exports and produced a drop in the total value of its foreign trade, but even in those years, by the substitution of one export for another (for example, the sale of silver bullion to Western Europe), China was able to prevent a too dramatic fall in its foreign trade. With an improved harvest in 1963 and what is likely to be a bumper crop in 1964, trade prospects with China are now much rosier, and industrialists from Western Europe and Japan are stepping up their activity to meet the new situation. China's 1964 trade with Great Britain is likely to approach, if not to surpass, the peak of 1960. Commerce between France and China has increased substantially and is likely to accelerate within the new diplomatic relations between the two countries. French exports to China rose from £16.3 million in 1962 to £21 million in 1963. Japan's trade turnover with China in 1963 increased by 62 per cent above 1962. It is likely to record an even more striking expansion in 1964.

Signs of economic recovery can be read in China's recent interest in complete installations and in increased imports of steel and machine tools. Britain has now delivered the last of its six Viscount aircraft to China; one of the leading British chemical engineering companies secured in 1963 a contract in excess of £2 million for a synthetic fertilizer plant, and last September I.C.I. and Simon Carves signed a contract in Peking for a £4.5 million polyethylene plant. From Italy, Montecatini is supplying two fertilizer plants for £7 million and Snam-Projetti (E.N.I.) a petroleum refinery plant for £3 million. The Dutch Stork-Werkspoor company has agreed to deliver a urea plant (£3 million) and the Dai Nippon Spinning Co. of Japan a £10 million plant to produce vinylon synthetic fibers. A Moroccan subsidiary of Berliet is supplying 250 heavy lorries to China at a price of more than £700,000.

Liang Yung-Tai

The number of industrial exhibitions which Japan and the Western European countries are staging in China this year is further evidence of the attraction of the China market. For example, two specialized exhibitions of British equipment—scientific instruments and mining and construction equipment—have already been held in China in 1964 and a general engineering exhibition is opening this month. Western businessmen and economists anticipate that 1965 will be a "big year" in China trade. Joseph Alsop's "remorselessly descending spiral" (*China Quarterly*, September, 1962) today looks uncommonly like a sharply ascending curve.

The notion of harmony has always made a special appeal to the Chinese. In his report on the work of the government in 1957, Chou En-lai referred to "the world of universal harmony the Chinese people have always dreamed of." Since the new regime came to power in 1949, the problem of a balanced economic policy has been a main preoccupation. Chinese planners have been concerned to maintain an effective harmony between the various sectors of the economy. Thus in framing their plans Chinese economists have tried to establish a balance between heavy and light industry; between industry and agriculture; between the advanced mammoth plants and the small local factories using traditional methods; between extensive improvisation and the use of local materials and resources on the one hand and the importation of the most advanced types of plants and techniques on the other. This policy the Chinese refer to as "walking on two legs."

As the Chinese economy has developed since 1949, this "proportionate development" has been systematically refined and improved. One of its most interesting manifestations is the policy for agriculture published in October, 1960. It is of especial interest because it clearly represents the culmination of a series of discussions in economic and political circles, taking into account not only China's own experience but also that of other developing countries, and of the results of collectivization in other Socialist regimes. The Chinese announced their agricultural policy as a "scientific

Shih Lu

summation of the experience of Socialist construction in our country," and "the most important component part of our general line for building socialism."

Although it was published during the period of harvest difficulties, the statement was clearly not prompted by immediate problems, but was designed to serve as a guiding light for economic development in general and agricultural progress in particular for many years to come. The policy in a fully rounded and comprehensive form was not produced until 1960, and in the period of economic development since 1949 the Chinese have been devoting much attention to laying a basis of heavy industry. None the less, it was never part of their strategy to play down the importance of agriculture. In fact, as early as 1934, Mao Tse-tung stated that "Agricultural production occupies first place in our economic construction" (report on economic policy, Juiking, Kiangsi Province).

The program adopted in 1960 of "taking agriculture as a foundation and industry as the dominant factor" in the economy was based upon an analysis of the links between the two most important sectors of the national economy and of the specific conditions of China. This showed that, in the period prior to 1960, farm produce had been used as raw materials for approximately half of the value of industrial output; about 80 per cent of the raw materials for light industry were derived from agriculture; about half of the country's total financial revenue was connected directly or indirectly with agriculture, and more than 70 per cent of Chinese export commodities were farm products and goods processed from these products.

The effect of giving light industry its place in the economy can now be seen in the department stores throughout China. Wherever I went during my last visits—Peking, Tientsin, Shenyang, Changsha, Wuhan and Canton—the stores were well stocked with a wide variety of consumer goods — radios, alarm clocks, bicycles and other durables—appropriate to the present stage of China's economic development. A wide range of men's, women's and children's clothing was available at very reasonable prices. Even on the communes, where the stores are naturally smaller, there appeared to be a good supply of consumer goods and a good market for them among the local people.

Most of those who have criticized the communes and tried to show that the whole commune system is breaking down pay little regard to the actual conditions of China—a vast country with a relatively undeveloped system of communications, wide variations of climate and soil, and with agriculture still at a relatively primitive level.

Given such conditions, the commune organization, by releasing local energies and initiative and employing local resources, was able to produce results in a comparatively short time which no degree of highly centralized planning and direction could possibly have achieved.

It was in fact a gigantic operation of pulling a nation up by its boot straps. It is difficult to see how the ravages of the three years of natural disasters could have been countered had it not been that these popular units of local government were able to respond to emergency conditions, to mobilize help from one commune to another, and to provide a democratic machinery by which the local populace could organize itself to meet the crisis. The commune organization is a striking example of the Chinese method of encouraging the people to learn from their own experience, and in the six years since the communes were formed certain features which in 1958 were conceived of as a national pattern have been modified. Today the communes are established as a basic form of organization for the countryside.

An aspect that particularly impresses the foreign visitor to the people's communes is their importance as a training ground for the local people—the 500 million or more peasants of China. Through the commune system, the rural population is being schooled in new techniques of agriculture: double cropping where single cropping was formerly the custom, mechanization, the development of fish-breeding stations, the use of selected seed, and the cultivation of new crops. By the introduction of light industry, the local people are being trained in techniques of cotton spinning, brick making, rice processing, ceramics and many other activities that depend upon the communes' own raw materials. Local training in farm and industrial management and in accounting has been essential as the system has become stabilized. In many cases this instruction takes simple forms appropriate to the primitive conditions that still exist. For example, the "Campaign of the Four Clearings" is a method of introducing peasants, unaccustomed to the techniques of management and accounting, to the simpler forms of administration.

Perhaps most important of all is the training in the practices of democracy implicit in the unit structure of the communes, the production brigades and production teams, and the commune committee. And it is taking place all over China—the communes are an outstanding example of community development running through the whole social, political and economic life of the countryside.

The people on the communes have been convinced, not by propaganda from Peking but by the practical results of their efforts, that the system works and works to their advantage. They see that the fruit trees and vegetable plots started in 1959 now provide the townspeople with an abundance of cheap fruit and vegetables and that the commune secures for itself a stable, indeed a rising, income. Such material benefits bring home to both sides, as no amount of propaganda could, the interests interlocking town and countryside.

The irrigation schemes started several years ago have been effective, despite drought in some areas and floods in others, in raising considerably the output of crops. The return on local industries and agriculture is providing funds which the production teams and brigades and the commune itself can invest in social benefits, in the beginning of agricultural mechanization and in new light industries and the expansion of old ones.

As I left the East Flower Commune in the Kwantung Province, the last of the six communes I visited during my 1963 tour, and looked across the well-irrigated paddies, brilliantly green with thickly planted rice, I was reminded of the propagandists in Hong Kong, Singapore and the West, most of whom have never been within a hundred miles of a commune, who had proclaimed that the system was grinding to a halt. And I wondered whether, if all the dozens of foreigners who in 1963 and 1964 visited these "liquidated" communes and found them flourishing were to raise their voices in unison, the news might come to the ears of Joseph Alsop and his fellow experts on disaster.

Jefferson City

The Pen That Just Grew . . .

Patrick J. Buchanan

St. Louis, Mo.

The Missouri Penitentiary for Men is one of the oldest and largest penal institutions in the United States—and perennially one of the bloodiest. It is deplored by campaigning politicians, neglected by entrenched officials, damned by a persevering press, and run by its hapless inmates.

It has been ever thus with the penitentiary at Jefferson City. Inaugurated during the second term of Andrew Jackson with the incarceration of one Wilson Edison, horse thief, it had exceeded its then capacity of forty within the first year. By 1854, investigators found it a "school for rogues" that rehabilitated its populace with whip, bread and water, ball and chain. In 1890, a graduate of the Kansas penal system, having been regaled by fellow inmates with past experience of Jefferson City, published *Twin Hells*, a book in which he deplored the mixing of first offenders with incorrigible criminals and questioned the practice of beating prisoners with the cat-o'-nine-tails "until the blood filled up their shoes."

Perhaps sensitive to this sort of criticism, the *Missouri Encyclopedia* of 1903 approached lyricism in its admiration of the penitentiary:

> *. . . discipline of the prison is perfect, morale of the prisoners is excellent due in large measure to the present and well-guarded system of employment and the influence of religious services and the library. Corporal punishment is almost unknown and solitary confinement is found necessary in comparatively few instances. The higher instincts of the men are appealed to through kind but firm treatment, but with salutary results.*

But Warden Bradberry was in charge in those days, and he once boasted: "I guess I have whipped more men than any man alive." And a former convict and a guard each wrote a book: *Buried Alive, or Eighteen Years in the Missouri Penitentiary* and *The Legions of Purgatory and Hell: The True Story of the Missouri Penitentiary.*

As Missouri grew, so did its penitentiary. In 128 years its plant mushroomed from 4 acres to 47 acres. Throughout the world, penal theories and methods of confinement changed, but the method at Jefferson City has remained the same: more buildings, more walls, more cells. The present product is described by the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons as "a labyrinth of buildings, tunnels, roads, enclosed passageways, and stairways. . . . Some of the buildings [are] ill-adapted units, conceived and built according to a penal philosophy no longer practiced."

In one twenty-eight-month period, ending a year ago, 145 inmates of this warren were stabbed and seven died of their wounds. Nothing radical has been done to improve the odds for survival because convicts hire no lobbyists, and cadres of graduate volunteers do not patrol legislative halls buttonholing representatives for reform. A $1 million allocation to augment the guard force is not going to fatten anybody's plurality in an off-year election, while a new stretch of black top through New Madrid or Dunklin Counties just might.

Public debate on how to meet the "rising tide of crime in our streets" ends once the men thought responsible for this lawlessness are tucked safely behind prison walls. In fact, though, the attitude is shortsighted, for nineteen of the twenty who walk into the Jefferson City prison eventually walk out again, carrying with them the habits and memories of several years' existence in a quasi-jungle.

Today, however, for the first time since the riots of 1954, the climate is conducive to reform. Both gubernatorial candidates were pledged to do something about Jefferson City. The Assembly convenes New Year's Day, and State Representative Peter J. J. Rabbitt, chairman of the interim prison committee, is devoting his Saturdays to completing a report which should assure consideration of the prison problem in the 1965 session. It was Mr. Rabbitt's low-budget committee's inspection of the penitentiary which uncovered the brutality. A year ago last September, he led his committee on the required annual tour of penal facilities. He followed this up by writing a letter to the director of the Department of Corrections, Col. James D. Carter, suggesting correction of a few outstanding abuses.

Forty-eight hours later, a perturbed Gov. John M. Dalton harrumphed before TV cameras that the committee investigation was a publicity stunt, ordered Colonel Carter to ignore its recommendations, and decried this "usurping" of his executive powers. Rabbitt re-

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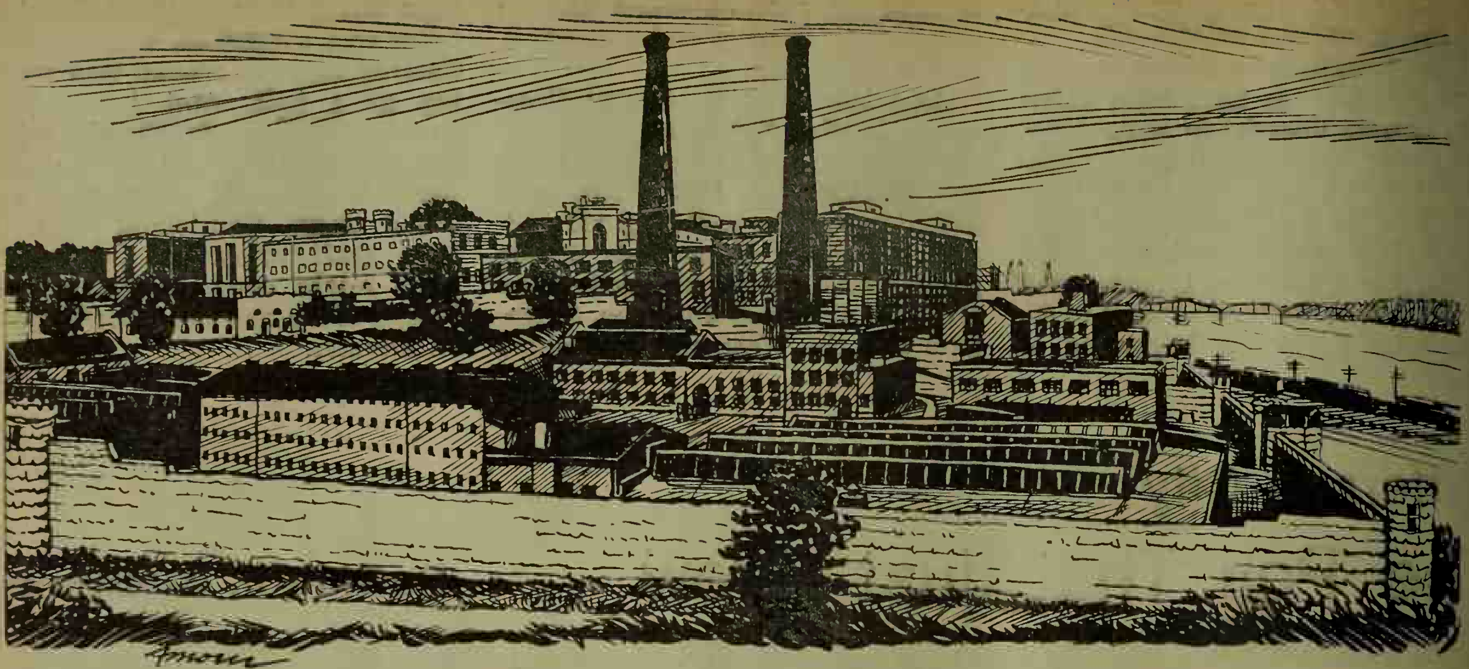


The Missouri Penitentiary for Men, Jefferson City

plied that he was only following state law, and it seemed for a few weeks that the lid was back on that embarrassing box. But then in mid-October, a 19-year-old boy was stabbed to death in the prison shower; shortly thereafter, a 24-year-old St. Louisan was cut to pieces in his cell and a third inmate, 57 years old, was knifed to death by his cell mate. This brought a "crackdown" by prison officials and the comment —"There isn't much you can do about it; these are hardened criminals"—from a more subdued Governor. Rabbitt's committee was called to the capital for an emergency session.

In executive session, prison doctor, Hugh W. Maxey, testified that an appalling 489 acts of violence had been reported during the same months that the 145 stabbings aforementioned occurred. They ranged from clubbings, burnings with acid, lye and coffee, on down to fist fights. Colonel Carter recommended that the prison be closed and a maximum security institution be constructed to house the "300 hardened criminals" in the penitentiary; meanwhile Warden E. V. Nash instituted a "stepped up" program of inmate shakedowns.

The investigating committee linked the brutality to gambling, drugs, sex affairs, poor physical facilities and low morale among the guards. What makes these problems—existing to some degree in almost every prison—next to insoluble in Missouri is the physical make-up of that 47-acre amalgam of walls and cells. The rambling, unorganized premises can conceal a thousand knives. A typical cell has two bunks, an overstuffed chair, shelves of canned goods, a homemade table, walls plastered with obscene pictures; every cell is a storehouse, causing one guard to lament, "You just can't shake one of them cells down."

Supposedly the prison is a maximum security institution, but the large population — 1,600, down from 2,200 a year ago—compels officials to run it on a medium security basis or abandon any attempt to rehabilitate the majority. Lack of qualified guards compounds the problem. Inmates act as "hall tenders" and "lever men," taking the count and overseeing the cell blocks. One ex-lever man told me that his functions had included transportation of syringes, eye droppers and dope. For four packs of cigarettes he would open doors to two cells so that inmates having affairs could visit together. He also managed the clandestine commissary.

Newly arrived prisoners have been reassigned to cells "for the benefit of other inmates," as Warden Nash delicately phrased it. One guard, recently caught at this form of pandering, was forced to resign. Rabbitt himself heard testimony that one youngster was "shifted ten times in a month."

The dope, the gambling, the commissary debts and the homosexual affairs promote the grudges; medium security allows for their violent settlement. While prison officials were rightly castigated for covering up the bloody statistics and for complacency in the face of appalling conditions—thus guaranteeing that an uninformed assembly would take no action — they are nevertheless confronted by a dilemma. If they provide movies, library and relative freedom at this prison, they have violence. If they prevent the violence by locking the place up at 5 P.M., they may also end the chances for rehabilitation. No one contends that prison officials have made the best of the difficult situation, but it is doubtful that any acceptable solution exists in the context of Jefferson City.

Thus Rabbitt's committee logically recommended considering a new maximum security prison. The Governor again took to TV, pooh-poohing the 145 stabbings as "part of a cycle," and adding, "It would be nice if we had $100 million for a new prison, but I'm not in favor of stripping away our state financial support for schools to give someone a country club."

That is the way the Southeast Missouri political mind works. While the above comment might snap the editorial pages of the big city press to indignant attention, it would strike a sympathetic chord elsewhere in the state. That the $100 million figure came out of the air, that no one had suggested a "country club," that there was no need to divert funds from anywhere, let alone from schools, failed to inhibit the Governor's politically sound pitch.

The year 1963 closed typically with New Year's Day papers carrying stories of how a berserk prisoner had murdered a 20-year-old inmate by opening his skull with a meat cleaver. January also brought Rabbitt's committee back for a surprise inspection of sanitary conditions in the kitchen and hospital. Convicts had told Rabbitt that the man to see about dope consumption in the penitentiary was James E. Carter, a forger employed in the prison hospital. But prisoner Carter was nowhere to be found when Rabbitt looked for him, and a brief investigation determined that he was no longer in residence. He had unearthed a gun in the prison and turned it over to Dr. Maxey. Prison officials had hastily called the parole board, which refused to release Carter; they then went to the Governor, who speedily commuted Carter's sentence to the time served. By the time of Rabbitt's "surprise" visit, his prime witness was headed for the Pacific Northwest, a free man and, one must assume, the bewildered beneficiary of an incredible display of executive dispatch.

In January, Myrl Alexander (now Federal Prison Director) and three experts also made a seventy-two-hour study of the prison. Their report was devastating. The guard force of 302 officers, consisting largely of former bellhops, taxi drivers, farmers and clerks, each earning $262 a month, was "underpaid, undertrained, uncertain of advancement, and unrecognized, except when trouble arises." These men were found to be "marking time along with their 2,200 charges."

Both Warden Nash and Colonel Carter expressed surprise that for eighteen months there had been no in-service training of guards. Communication at the prison "had all but broken down."

The Alexander report concluded: "The present inadequacy of the guard force . . . suggests that even a minor incident might trigger a disturbance of major proportions." To Missourians with memories of 1954 this meant only one thing—riot. Haunted by that specter, Governor Dalton demanded that the merit system for prison officials be jettisoned, that the man who was taking the responsibility should be given the power to hire and fire. Carter said Nash "had been too nice a guy" and Nash acknowledged "gross complacency down the line."

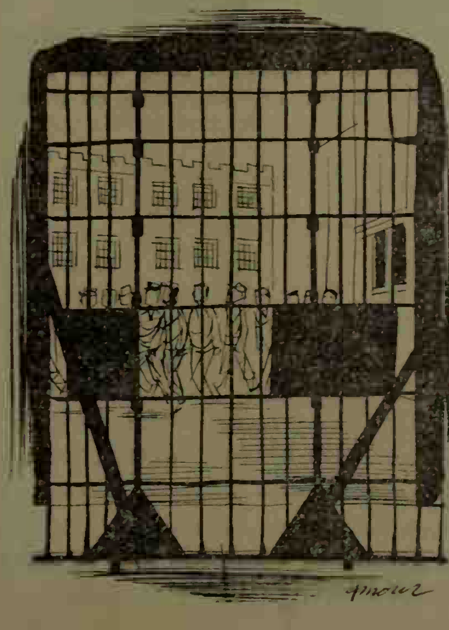
Warren Hearnes, soon to be elected Governor, then contributed to the controversy what is best described as his 2c worth when he recommended that all 1,900 prisoners not needing "maximum security" be put on parole, thus saving Missouri $2 million a year. This "idealistic" proposal failed to catch fire and has been forgotten.

But the report did produce a flurry of activity; salary hikes for guards, new sanitary standards for kitchen and hospital, new administrative and training procedures and a new coat of paint for "A" Hall. "A" Hall is a tale in itself.

If the penitentiary is a disgrace to Missouri, "A" Hall is an embarrassment to the penitentiary. Built in 1868, its three-man cells have historically housed Negro prisoners. When fire gutted "A" Hall in 1927, it was described as an "example of what a modern prison should not be." It was hastily rebuilt on the old model.

In 1938, a federal commission reported to President Roosevelt: "We cannot recommend that ["A" Hall] be continued in use at all unless alterations are made and the practice of confining six or seven men to a cell is discontinued." This summer, twenty-six years later, five and six Negroes were still being shoehorned into "A" Hall's cells. They were moved this fall, but not before one of the bloodiest episodes since the 1954 riots.

Common sense in a border state with a record of violence like Missouri's would almost dictate that prisoner integration not be attempted except in a ratio that would give the Negroes, as one white ex-con put it, "some protection in numbers." But Carter and Nash, in what must be the most savage example of token integration on record, divided eleven Negroes between two all-white halls in one cell block.



Within days of the shift, four of those Negro inmates were brutally knifed in mass and planned attack; one died. There have been no prosecutions for the murder; it would be optimistic to expect any, for the Cole County prosecutor has tried just one prison case in ten years.

The warden locked the halls up and removed privileges, but was forced to rescind his orders when the penned-up inmates became ugly. The din of their ruckus floated over the wall to Carter's house one weekend evening and he informed neighbor Nash who went across the street and shot the pacifying tear gas into the cells himself. Privileges were restored and it seemed that the inmates had decided to settle the matter themselves: the first day, as one of the "suspects" went out into the yard, he was crowned with a baseball bat.

In the last two months there has been a shifting of convicts to the new Moberly prison, to farms, honor camp and sawmill. Population at the penitentiary is down to about 1,600, but it would be folly for the new governor or assembly to think the problems have been solved.

"A" Hall is being retained as a disciplinary cell block. Convicts still hold authority, still run the prison. That means that gambling, drugs, sex affairs and violence will continue. Reducing population does not reduce the need for guards; there remain the same number of towers to man and cells to watch. The parole board needs more men; they are carrying twice the recommended work load.

The interim committee needs more than the niggardly $3,000 budget it got for inspecting prisons last session. The new committee chairman needs more cooperation from the new Governor than his predecessor got from the old one.

But in the end, an acceptable solution—one providing both rehabilitation and prisoner safety—cannot be found until that 128-year-old anachronism overlooking the Missouri River is scuttled. A fresh coat of paint for "A" Hall is not enough.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Sorcery and Society

THE MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS. By Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier. Stein and Day. 300 pp. $5.95.

MAGIC, FAITH, AND HEALING. Edited by Ari Kiev. Free Press. 475 pp. $7.95.

CAN WE EXPLAIN THE POLTERGEIST? By A.R.G. Owen. Helix Press. 436 pp. $8.50.

Donovan Bess

Many people say the magic has gone out of life. That may be because they don't know very many magicians. Right now alchemists are patiently stirring up iron ore, metals and acids in the hope of getting a new element, with the help of cosmic influences. A French investigator, Louis Pauwels, writes in *The Morning of the Magicians* that he knows several alchemists at work in France and two in the United States.

We Americans like magic. But we neglect it, except as it applies to love, religious cults, gambling or the theatre. We let the advertising agencies subject us to sorcery for the good of the economy, but otherwise pretend our choices are rational. Then comes a charismatic man like John F. Kennedy. In 1960, millions battled to touch his coat sleeve in the hope of acquiring some of his quality. Lately, pubescent girls have been scrimmaging for Beatle cigarette butts for the privilege of enshrining them. The American flag may not touch the ground, lest the nation suffer a magical loss of power.

If we would admit that we like magic, we would be less susceptible to mystical inundations like those that covered Germany in the 1930s. As things stand, any talented medicine man could take over this country if he really worked at it. A number of our public figures have been working at it; fortunately, they have no real talent.

The flying-saucer movement has shown what promise America holds for the creative medicine man. So far, pilots, highway patrolmen, shepherds and deer hunters have gotten to see more saucers than the rest of us; that is because they get out of the cities, out from under the smog. We, in front of our television sets, are cut off from the kind of adventure Buck Nelson had in July, 1954, near Mountain View, Mo. Mr. Nelson saw three large saucers, and when he tried to approach the space people, they stunned him with a ray—which cured his lumbago and neuritis. You may say this was just a lucky stroke of psychotherapy, but it pointed up a need for more study of the relationship between faith and healing.

The basic manual for the modern medicine man is finally out. It is a collection of papers on primitive psychiatric practices, *Magic, Faith, and Healing*, edited by Dr. Ari Kiev, a research psychiatrist. It indicates that these primitive peoples are better than we are at figuring out who is sane and who is insane. In some of their practices they are way ahead of us; they frequently have better techniques for safe handling of people who lose their reason.

Take the Yoruba in Nigeria. Their shamans prescribe membership in secret fraternities for persons recuperating from mental illness. The convalescents are given "the sense of 'being watched over' by one's double, one's ancestors, and one's *Orisa* (minor diety). . . ." America's craving for such services was shown in our promotion of General Eisenhower to *Orisan* status; and again in the brief, brilliant career of Barry Goldwater, who gave his followers a sense of being cared for by their ancestors (the kindly folk who had churned their own butter and, as patriotism dictated, murdered Indians and Mexicans). The same craving was evidenced a generation ago in a popular song that plugged the theme of "someone to watch over me."

America's psychotherapists and religious healers, by comparison, are seriously deficient in their repertory of ritual. Take the Cochitis, in the Southwest. They even deal ritualistically with the problem of a child whose mother has died. They adopt him into another clan and give him several "mothers," who rename him, wash his head and give him ceremonial food to symbolize the shedding of his motherless personality. Again, take the Yoruba. They have elaborate *rites de passage* for persons leaving mental hospitals. The ceremony is far more impressive than a college commencement. Why shouldn't it be? The graduating psychotic merits much more in congratulations; and when he is dressed in a robe of white (for health) and he feels the blood of a dove (for tranquillity) running down his neck, and the assembled tribe gives three cheers for sanity, what can a man do? (Our mental-hospital managers would veto this idea on the ground that it is unprofessional, if not vulgar.) The Yoruba shamans also bombard their patients with suggestions. American psychotherapists shun suggestion on the ground that a cure without "insights" is somehow illegitimate; the advertising agencies are not so sensitive about manipulating motivation.

For our country, the primitives' knowledge of witch fighting is of special value, now that our women have most of the wealth and use lipstick at the age of 80. Of course, witchcraft is more overt among the primitives. At the Ibadan witches' club, in Nigeria, tattooed old women insist on having sexual intercourse with young men coming to them for help, including the anthropologists. Ibadan witches can "see all the abdominal viscera." One witch confessed that her club-initiation banquet began with human soup. Some of the Ibadan men felt threatened, and organized an anti-witch society. That might be a thought for our country. We need some safer way of containing the woman-fearing energy that goes into motorcycle and rifle clubs.

But just as soon as you admit there are witches, and that you hate them, another danger appears. Among some pueblo dwellers in New Mexico, "practically everyone is suspected by someone at sometime of being a witch" and the "accusations are rarely specific as to the nature of the witchcraft or the identities of the victims." The people, "helpless in their lack of ritual knowledge, seek aid from the medicine societies." (The House Un-American Activities Committee certainly could make use of a staff shaman to direct its witch hating into constructive channels.)

The good American believes that his

Donovan Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle *and is a frequent* Nation *contributor.*

environment is bursting with health, and that if you don't adjust to it you must be unpatriotic. The psychotic, for instance, is often viewed as a man who malingers almost to the point of treason. This philosophy gained great impetus from the late General Patton in his relations with troops diagnosed as having combat fatigue; he nearly threatened to shoot one of them. Primitive therapists, however, recognize that the environment itself can be sick, can have illnesses such as the low-pay syndrome. In Sierra Leone, "requests are often made to the native doctors for something to increase salary, to pass examinations, or to make the boss more favorable." The secret-society spirits in Sierra Leone "have not sanctioned the emergence of urbanization" there. (Have our spirits sanctioned automation and freeways?) The Navaho hand-trembler (diagnostician) can locate the real difficulty whether it lies "in the unfaithfulness of a wife, lost sheep or some type of mental illness."

Such pragmatism contrasts with the transcendental approach of educated men like Pauwels, who hope to cure mankind itself by setting up what he calls the "awakened" state. It would be "in contradiction to all the disciplines" and contain "the methods of theologians, scientists, magicians and children." If I understand M. Pauwels properly, he would like to hold conventions of ministers, priests, scientists, alchemists and children. Would the children have equal voting power? Or would they only be seated as experts?

M. Pauwels might also invite Army Gen. Herbert C. Holdridge (Ret.), who was graduated from West Point in 1917, and now has established the Constitutional Provisional Government of the United States in Washington, D.C. (P.O. Box 19103). He recently sent newspaper editors a two-page release from his headquarters. He condemned both of our major political parties and wrote with excitement of an automobile journey in which "many invisible Indian passengers" took part and even "amused themselves by witty comments on the White Man's two-way 'trails.'" The release indicates that General Holdridge lingers in the charges of the Fifth Cavalry, his first regiment. He seems to be closer to the national past than many of us, and is certainly closer to the national unconscious mind. His interest in Indians, therefore, may be a sign that we, as a people, have a subliminal urge to bring our country's primitive wisdom into the nuclear age.

It is distressing to report that in England—a country notorious for its common sense—the supernatural is sometimes approached in a less earthy way. Take the case of Dr. A. R. G. Owen, a lecturer in genetics at Trinity College, Cambridge, who has just written a big book called *Can We Explain The Poltergeist*? The poltergeist, as you know, is an athletic spirit that behaves like a neurotic small boy with an IQ of 60. It loves to rattle dishes, ripple bed sheets, waggle furniture—to do anything to get attention. It gets plenty from Dr. Owen (436 pages). He raises such questions as: "If (the poltergeist) is a component of the 'medium's' personality, is it extroverted or introverted? . . ."

Sometimes it is hard to understand why almost everything that gets written gets published. Well, a magical belief in the written word seems to run deep in us. One of the investigators in Dr. Kiev's anthology reports that in some Turkish rural regions "we have encountered patients talking about boiling the doctor's prescription sheet and drinking the water, which is believed to absorb the curative power of the writing."

We need magic in the United States. But we do not need it to spill all over our rational life. This year, while our anthropologists, psychologists and psychiatrists were rummaging in the psyches of the Apaches, the Eskimos and the Ndembu, what were we doing? We were listening, for instance, to speeches by Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker (Ret.), and applauding him at service-club luncheons and publishing his words at length in our newspapers. A number of us from time to time were "speaking in tongues" at prayer meetings. Dr. Jerome Frank, in his introduction to the Kiev anthology, told how a psychiatric outpatient from West Virginia, who was not "in any sense psychotic," had "stoutly affirmed the existence of vampires and was convinced that her grandmother was a witch." About three decades ago, the Mercury Theatre of the Air produced an Orson Welles program on the invasion from Mars. The announcer explained three times that the Martians and the death rays were fictional. The radio listeners did not want to hear *that*. All over the country they panicked.

We need magic. We need it to use against our malignant anxiety and our

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fixation on ecstasy. (Any bliss is better than no bliss, so if you can't be in love, be in hate. It won't be long until the smash hit is: "I'm in hate, I'm in hate, I'm in hate with a horrible guy.")

We need better rites—the kind that can capture our primitivity and segregate it from the intellect. Dr. T. Adeoye Lambo, writing in the Kiev anthology, tells how he and another psychiatrist in Nigeria "have for a number of years made use of the services of African 'witch doctors.'" He is a courageous man, and he can help us, for we, too, need medicine men who will absorb our hate. Their ceremonies would damage attendance at the American Legion posts, but they might spare us another Presidential campaign like the one just past.

The Frontier Within

LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug. Edited by David Solomon. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 273 pp. $5.95.

William H. McGlothlin

This book consists of a collection of articles about d-lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD,) most of them published separately in recent years. Actually, a number of other drugs and plants are also discussed (peyote, mescaline, psilocybin, etc.), but their mental effects sufficiently resemble those of LSD so that the group may be treated as a whole.

In starting to write this review, I immediately experience the same semantic dilemma as do a number of the authors represented in the anthology. The generic term I choose for these drugs places me uncomfortably on one side or the other of a controversy. "Consciousness-expanding" and "psychedelic" (mind-manifesting) have come to connote quite positive features; the other choices, "hallucinogenic" and "psychotomimetic" (psychosis-mimicking), are equally prejudicial, as well as inaccurate. Since I prefer to maintain some semblance of neutrality, I shall use the term "consciousness-changing."

The word "drug" presents the same difficulty. The accepted use of a drug is in treating illness and returning a patient to normalcy; attempts to produce paranormal experiences with drugs is considered escapism at best, and at worst, leads to addiction. (We do not think of alcohol in this manner, although as Burroughs points out, "it *is* our national drug.") The safest and simplest way to discuss consciousness-changing drugs is to try to avoid conflict with the cultural preconceptions of the good and bad roles of drugs. Most of the literature on LSD has followed this pattern; the reader is handed a neatly packaged assessment, the gist of which is that these drugs may be beneficial to humanity in the investigation of mental chemistry and possibly for psychotherapy, but have the capacity for doing great harm if used for other purposes. Solomon has selected a group of authors who make valiant attempts to transcend these rigid semantic boundaries. In fact, a recurrent feature of much of the book is a strong emphasis on transcending not only semantic but personal and cultural boundaries: Aldous Huxley feels these drugs may facilitate "the art of cutting holes in cultural fences"; Leary, seeing beyond one's personal games; Osmond, a seeing of the universe with an innocent eye without acquired assumptions; and Watts, a cure for the separateness of man and his environment.

Since Timothy Leary is the leading proponent of this position, about one-third of the book is either by or about him. To be sure, Huxley preceded him and wrote more eloquently, but, for better or worse, it is Leary's actions that have attracted public attention and mobilized resistance. His message in an early paper, "How to Change Behavior," is that behavioral change comes by understanding and seeing beyond personal and cultural games via an altered state of consciousness. While trauma, sensory deprivation and various other methods may produce such states, Leary favors the "efficient" psychedelic drugs. While his procedures are somewhat unorthodox—such as the experimenter taking the drug with the subject—he still describes experiments with volunteers and prisoners in the traditional way—with samples, procedures and results. He stresses the set, or expectation of the subject; and setting, or environment under which the drug is given, as the primary determining factors.

In the lengthy introduction to the present book, written some three years later, Leary gives no hint of applying or advocating an experimental, scientific approach to the subject. It is not clear exactly what course of action he advocates, but he is definitely pessimistic about achieving his goals through conventional scientific methodology. He is impressed with the explosion of scientific knowledge in physics, genetics, etc., but is highly impatient with the failure of man's internal awareness to keep pace. He feels that only a minute fraction of the brain is available for use; that it may be imprisoned by something analogous to *imprinting*. He follows this analogy through a *suspension* of imprinting with psychedelic drugs and a subsequent planned *reimprinting*.

It is interesting to note that Leary's goals are no different from Huxley's. The latter writes, "We must discover, and discover very soon, new energy resources for overcoming our psychological inertia, better solvents for liquifying the sludgy stickiness of an anachronistic state of mind." Huxley goes on to suggest the use of psychedelic drugs as one approach. But he quickly asks the question of its feasibilty, "Is this a hopefully utopian dream? Experiment can give us the answer, for the dream is pragmatic; the utopian hypotheses can be tested empirically." Leary's hypothesis of imprinting is certainly not self-evident. He might do well to reconsider before discarding the most powerful method of preventing self-deception that man has discovered. It should be noted that the dozen or so articles about Leary appearing in the last year and a half have presented a quite biased picture. Whatever the merit of their criticisms, they made no attempt to present his position.

Two articles in this collection do much to restore the balance. Dan Wakefield's "A Reporter's Objective View" is indeed objective and well researched; Alan Harrington's "A Visit to Inner Space" provides a uniquely honest account of an LSD session conducted in a Leary-type setting. His subjective description is noteworthy, not because it adds one more flowery account of an LSD experience but because it has an air of life and genuineness not often encountered in such reports.

Huston Smith contributes an interesting argument on whether the mystical-religious experiences sometimes

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William H. McGlothlin is currently principal investigator for a study of the long-term effects of LSD on anxiety, attitudes and performance, sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health.

induced by consciousness-changing drugs are identical with naturally occurring phenomena of this type. He concludes that they are, and goes on to manage a delicate balance between the questions of whether this demonstrates that the natural, religious experience is in fact a psychotic-like escape from reality, or whether these drugs may not add the vital ingredient of religious experience which has been badly lacking in Western churches. Future interest in this direction may be considerable. At least one psychedelic church has recently been incorporated and others will probably follow.

Solomon offers a somewhat limited treatment of the use of consciousness-changing drugs in psychotherapy. Osmond's "Review of the Clinical Effects" is the classic article in which he coined the term "psychedelic," but it was written in 1957, and affords only a very sketchy account of LSD in psychotherapy. Cole and Katz summarize the medical position from the standpoint of the National Institute of Mental Health. They regard the psychotherapeutic value of consciousness-changing drugs as unproven, but sufficiently promising to warrant systematic study. It would have been helpful to have a review of the work done in other countries, especially England, where some hospitals have used LSD in psychotherapy for as long as fourteen years.

Unger gives an enthusiastic account of the single, high-dose technique developed for treatment of alcoholics in Canada, and reports that the Saskatchewan Department of Public Health now considers this a proven technique "to be used where indicated" in the treatment of alcoholism. One recent development in the United States is the awarding of government grants for some three or four studies of the use of LSD in treating alcoholism. Since the resultant data will provide a clear-cut criterion for evaluating therapeutic effectiveness, we should have a less equivocal assessment in this area within two or three years.

The primary theme of the book, however, is infinitely more complex than whether or not consciousness–changing drugs will prove to be an effective psychiatric tool. In Huxley's words:

> *Always desirable, widespread training in the art of cutting holes in cultural fences is now the most urgent of necessities. Can such training be speeded up and made more effective by a judicious use of the physically*

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harmless psychedelics now available? On the basis of personal experience and the published evidence, I believe that it can.

Is it possible for persons who have not had drug-induced or other experiences of this type to understand what these authors are saying? Osmond thinks not: "Those who have had these experiences know, and those who have not had them cannot know and, what is more, the latter are in no position to offer a useful explanation." I do know that it is very difficult to return to these states of consciousness even though one has previously experienced them. "Difficult" is probably the wrong word—it seems to be impossible through rational striving, but they may occur in some degree without apparent effort when rational thought is suspended. As William James noted, "they are so discontinuous with ordinary consciousness."

Meanwhile, back in the real world, Cole and Katz struggle with how to impose a Western value scale on certain personality changes which have been associated with the consciousness-changing drugs:

> . . . *how should one evaluate outcome if an individual were to divorce his wife and take a job which paid him less but which he said he enjoyed more than his previous job? If a person becomes more relaxed and happy go lucky, more sensitive to poetry or music, but less concerned with success or competition, is that good?*

I don't know. George Mills said, "Beyond good and evil there is only good."

Defective Detectives

THE ERASERS. By Alain Robbe-Grillet. Translated by Richard Howard. Grove Press. 256 pp. $4.95.

ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET AND THE NEW FRENCH NOVEL. By Ben F. Stoltzfus. Southern Illinois University Press. 166 pp. $4.50.

Vivian Mercier

The Erasers (Les Gommes, 1953) is Alain Robbe-Grillet's first novel, at last translated into English. The unprepared reader, whether familiar with Robbe-Grillet's later novels or not, will probably enjoy this one. He will begin by reading it as a straight detective story and eventually decide that it is an elaborate parody of that genre of fiction. The detective, Wallas, does not discover until too late that the supposed murder victim, Daniel Dupont, has merely been wounded and then hidden, in the hope of tricking the "murder organization" and its "mastermind" into a false step. For security reasons, neither the detective nor the local police have been informed by the authorities in the capital of the true state of affairs. Hence a train of coincidences (call it fate if you wish) culminates with the detective killing the man whose "murder" he is supposed to be solving exactly twenty-four hours after the would-be killer's failure. At the same moment, elsewhere in the unnamed provincial city, another Dupont, Albert, is being murdered by the organization.

Many seemingly irrelevant details of the urban landscape are described with that meticulous engineer's precision which has become notorious in Robbe-Grillet's later novels. In spite of my awareness that very little, if anything, is irrelevant in those novels, and in spite of the quotation from Sophocles on the title page, I accepted some of these details as the usual detective-story red herrings, intended to mislead the gullible reader. Turning to Ben F. Stoltzfus' chapter on *The Erasers,* I found that beneath the surface there lies an elaborate parallel with the Oedipus story: Daniel Dupont is the detective's father, although the book ends with Wallas still in ignorance of this fact. Still a little incredulous, not to say embarrassed by my obtuseness, I went on to read Stoltzfus' source, Bruce Morrissette's long article in *Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature,* Vol. I. I was relieved to learn that nobody except Samuel Beckett had seen the parallel when the book first appeared. The French publishers ultimately had to issue a pamphlet revealing the secret, and I think Grove Press ought to have alerted their readers by a hint in the blurb. (Incidentally, readers puzzled by the novel's title and by Wallas' constant search for a special brand of eraser should note page 126 of the translation. The eraser he is trying to match has only two letters of the brand name left: "di," the middle syllable of "Oedipus.")

Stoltzfus' own contribution to critical analysis of *The Erasers* is limited to discussing the "resolution" of Wallas' "Oedipus complex." But I understand it is an old gag in psychiatric circles to say that Oedipus was one man who never had an Oedipus complex, because he never met his father until the moment he killed him; the same applies to Wallas, who furthermore never did discover his "father's" identity.

Whatever one feels about the artistic value of the Oedipus parallel (and the even better concealed references to the Tarot deck of cards used for fortune telling) there is evident in *The Erasers* a concern with the nature of reality that links it with Robbe-Grillet's later work. Quite early in the novel we are allowed to observe the murder attempt as it actually happened and the wounded Daniel's concealment afterward. Later, as is customary in detective stories, we meet with numerous hypothetical reconstructions of the crime, all in their different ways erroneous. As Robbe-Grillet says in one of his critical articles, "*Autour de nous . . . les choses* sont là." ("Around us . . . things *are there.*") People, too, and their actions *are there.* It is our interpretations—whether of things, people or actions—that go astray.

Stoltzfus' firm grasp of this central fact about Robbe-Grillet gives his book considerable merit, in spite of repetitiousness and errors of details. His chapters on *The Voyeur* and *Jealousy* and on the published script for the film *Last Year at Marienbad* are much better than the book as a whole. In summing up *The Voyeur* as "a novel of objective subjectivity," he gives the essence of his critical position. A great deal that has been written (some of it by the novelist himself) about Robbe-Grillet's objectivity and his *chosisme*—his "thing-ism," the preoccupation with inanimate objects—has proved almost en-

---

Vivian Mercier is at present on sabbatical leave from the City College of the City University of New York to write a book on the French New Novel. It will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

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tirely misleading. Robbe-Grillet's current position is clearly stated in an article, "The Case for the New Novel," translated in the February 17, 1961, issue of the *New Statesman*. On the vexed question of subjectivity he speaks very explicitly:

> *Not only is it a man who, in my novels, describes everything, but the least neutral, least impartial of men: he is constantly engaged in the most obsessive of passionate adventures, to the point where his vision is often distorted, his imaginings often close to delirium.*

Not only does Stoltzfus understand this but he distinguishes sharply between the moments when the jealous husband in *Jealousy* surveys the banana plantation with a neutral, professional eye and those when he projects all the emotions which seethe within him into an observation of the stain left by a crushed centipede.

A preoccupation with "point of view" (who is telling the story or observing the events?, from what angle?) is one of the hallmarks of the French New Novelists. Stoltzfus deals with this in his opening chapter but manages to confuse the issue seriously by implying that until the New Novel came along all novelists were in the habit of editorializing, of commenting in their own persons upon characters and events in their fiction. What *is* new in the New Novel, as Stoltzfus himself says at one point, is "the abolition of the omniscient author": not merely the omniscient author who editorializes but the all-knowing author per se, who knows all there is to know about at least one of his characters. The New Novelists' rejection of omniscience grows naturally out of their preoccupation with realism, of which they have a more sophisticated concept than those prevailing in earlier schools of realist fiction; as Freud and others have shown, none of us can know everything about himself, let alone about anyone else.

In *Last Year at Marienbad*, for example, I feel that nothing in the movie claims to be viewed objectively, not even when the camera is aimed at the ceiling. Certainly the scenes from "last year," with their too-bright lighting, are more subjective than those from "this year," for the very good reason that the former never took place at all except in the mind of the lover. But the this-year scenes have something not quite real about them as well; it is as though they were viewed through the hallucinated eye of the lover even when he himself happens to be in front of the camera. Eventually the girl accepts his "imaginings often close to delirium" and acts as if his version of her past were the true one. Yet, Stoltzfus rightly insists, her departure with the lover is not an escape but an entrapment. Unless, as Denis Johnston has suggested in a talk dealing incidentally with *Marienbad*, the past is as open as the future and can be changed retrospectively. In a neglected book review in *Critique* (Vol. IX, 1953), Robbe-Grillet himself has written with approval of the notion of a "modifiable past." Already in *The Erasers* we find two contradictory accounts of the same conversation, each containing several identical speeches, although both seem to be presented from the same omniscient point of view. There's a fine bone for us critics to gnaw on!

The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's production of *The Changeling* will be reviewed by Lionel Abel in the November 23 issue.

YOU MUST CARE, PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Hundreds of eminent Americans care. They say Morton Sobell is innocent and must go free. President Johnson, as you start your first full term of office, act on this PETITION.

CITIZENS' FULL PARDON FOR MORTON SOBELL

IN THE NATIONAL EFFORT to end the atmosphere of immorality and malice that concerns us all, we must come to grips with the festering case of Morton Sobell.

"I am innocent," Morton Sobell has cried through more than 13 years of imprisonment. We believe him. Some of the most eminent persons in the United States and abroad have found the evidence barren, questioned the fairness of the trial, and voiced shock at the extreme cruelty of the 30-year sentence.

As responsible citizens, in whose name Morton Sobell's imprisonment continues, we cannot be associated with such a denial of justice to a man and his family, and to our nation's ideals. We wish to join in granting on behalf of the public conscience a CITIZENS' FULL PARDON to Morton Sobell.

We respectfully call upon the President of the United States to make this an official act of the United States Government.

Those who believe in Morton Sobell's innocence include: Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize atomic scientist; Lord Bertrand Russell of England; Dr. Martin Buber of Israel; Pablo Casals; Dr. Linus Pauling; Dr. Gardner Murphy, Menninger Foundation; Dr. Gunther Anders of Austria; Carleton Beals; James T. Farrell; Rabbi Philip Horowitz; Rev. Peter McCormack, Chaplain at Alcatraz; Jean-Paul Sartre of France; Prof. Malcolm Sharp of the University of Chicago; eleven Swiss Parliamentarians; six members of the Italian Parliament; eleven members of the City Council of Trieste; trade union officials from England and Australia; Hawaii Local 142 International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union, representing 22,000 workers.

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RECORDS

BACH: Four Orchestral Suites. Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard, cond. Epic SC 6047/BSC 147.

Two and Three Part Inventions. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia ML 6022/MS 6622.

The Orchestral Suites are not the profound explorations of *Klangfarbenform* that one finds in the *Brandenburg Concertos*, but rather an orchestral analogue of the keyboard suites, in their tracing of loose conventional outlines that are progressively transformed into individual compositional shapes. Nor, on the other hand, do they require the virtuosic resources from either soloists or ensembles that the *Brandenburgs* demand; in this respect, they also mirror the "amateur-performance" approach of the two- and three-part inventions, where seemingly "easy" pieces emerge from under their unsuspecting player's fingers as highly complex and ramified structures, to his presumed astonishment and delight. The Paillard ensemble's performances of the Suites are a fascinating demonstration of Bach's ingenuity in this regard, since they consist mainly of clear, but rather naive and literal, simultaneous traversals of the individual parts, whose almost fortuitous-seeming conjunction nevertheless projects many of the work's flashes of insight and imaginative relation. Otherwise, except for some tempos that are too fast for the pieces and the players, and a certain exaggeration of inner-voice details (some of which, however, like the cross-rhythmed counterpointing in the second Passepied of Suite I, are quite revealing) and accentual nuances, which tend to expose rather than conceal the underlying squareness, the playing is generally reliable, and occasionally even distinguished in accuracy of intonation and attack. In particular, the characteristically piercing, clean, but somehow timbrally unbrilliant French trumpet sound is an ideal component for the ensemble of the third and fourth Suites, spreading a clear film over the texture through which every other part can be perceived, rather than submerging everything else under the usual throaty blast. And Maxenne Larrieu's flute playing in the second Suite, although it now and again shares the nervous rigidity of the rest, is sensitive not only in its own sound but in its realization of the flute's fluctuating relation to the ensemble foreground, moving just in front and behind it, rather than ever disappearing entirely or becoming an obtrusive conventional "solo."

In his performances of the Inventions, Glenn Gould's affectation of naïveté precisely reverses the Paillard approach in its deliberate, disingenuous pseudo-amateurism. Here, everything is carefully chosen to be as drably routine as possible: characterless piano-lesson tempos, evenly punched-out articulations interspersed with inexplicable hesitations and accents that sound like awkward "mistakes," a pseudo-clavichord sound achieved by doctoring the piano (all "explained" by Mr. Gould in a whimsical program note written with the crochety abandon of a wealthy English eccentric).

All of this suggests that Mr. Gould has finally allowed his boredom with the admittedly trying routine of performance to extend to music itself, and is now impelled to amuse himself by the unlimited indulgence of his eccentricity; in this case, the game seems to be to see how much sheer dullness can be perpetrated under the pretense of a rigorous devotion to an "interpretive" idea. And just in case any listener might be tempted to attribute the lugubrious display to a decline in pianistic powers, Mr. Gould was also careful to include two or three blindingly fast performances that make no better musical sense, but do demonstrate that in the perfect execution of ornaments and the consummate control of a flood of notes, he is still untouchable.

BARTOK: *The Miraculous Mandarin* Suite.

Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta. London Symphony Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London CM 9399/CS 6399.

The *Miraculous Mandarin* is a remarkable early instance of Bartók's attempt to construct associative bridges between the new sounds and contours of 20th-century music and traditional coherence and continuity. In this, his approach resembled Schoenberg's more than Stravinsky's, but since the sound of his work was always based on strong tonal associations reheard and recombined in startling new ways, its external characteristics seem more closely to follow Stravinsky's development. The connection is particularly apparent in the invocation of traditional appearances in sound and style (such as the "fugue," "sonata" and "rondo"-like movements, and the tonal chords, "imitations" and "cadences" at strategic formal joints in the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta* and elsewhere) beginning in the twenties, and the appearance of an occasionally egregious "diatonicism" in the very latest works.

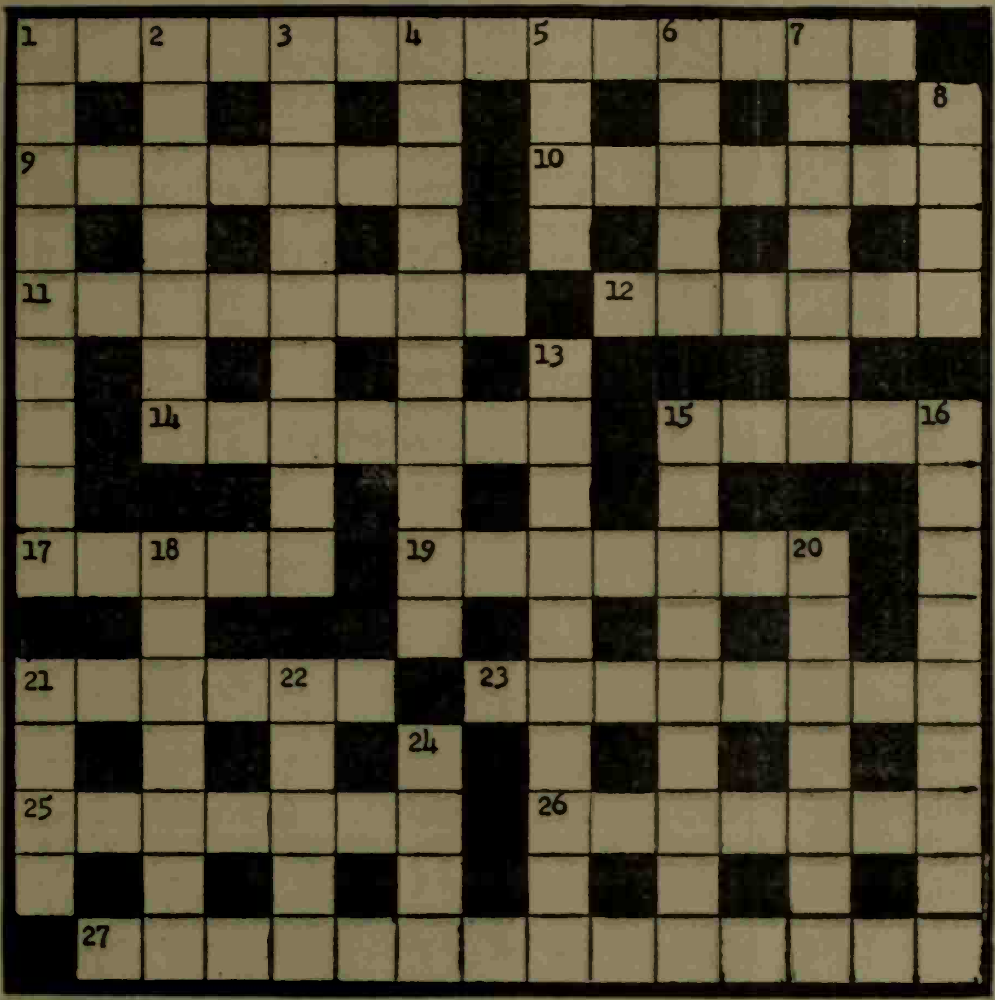
And just as in Stravinsky's work the most obviously "revolutionary" music, that of *Le Sacre*, is actually far less "revolutionary" in its compositional implications than some deceptively simple later works—the Symphony of Psalms, for example—so the obstreperous "bite" of the *Mandarin's* searing shrieks and volatile surface contours and rhythms are essentially a brittle overlay on a rather tame Straussian subsurface, while the seeming literalness and square "neoclassic" gestures of much of the *Music for Strings*, etc., provide the framework for an extraordinary relational idea. In fact, what Bartók attempted in the first two movements of the *Music* was a new synthesis of traditional coherence (such as Schoenberg attempted to re-create) and traditional sonic contexts (in the Stravinskian sense) through a non-twelve-tone serialism evolved from the techniques of both men, but uniquely formulated for Bartók's personal purposes. This is, essentially, the source of the "late-Beethoven" sound of his middle-period quartets and of the first and second movements (the "fugue" and "sonata") of the *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*—for late Beethoven, too, is in a sense a recombination of historically disparate elements, fugue and sonata, Bach contrapuntal continuity and Classic motivic articulation, into a singular personal syntax.

Solti's performances are characteristic of the prevailing tendency to comprehend and control "new" music by subsuming it within a familiar, generalized formal context, rather than by any penetration into its individually unique properties. In both the *Mandarin* and the *Music*, this results in a superficially solid and accurate performance, whose very ease and security in "solving" rhythmic and sonorous problems underscores all the conventional tendencies of the works and slights their special qualities. Thus the fugue of the first movement of the *Music* is taken at a pace that succeeds in making it as "accessible" as a trivial counterpoint exercise, although the use of a full orchestra rather than the chamber ensemble that Bartók specified introduces considerable textural confusion here and elsewhere, especially under the conditions of Solti's unusually fast tempos.

BENJAMIN BORETZ

Crossword Puzzle No. 1080

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Argentine flag? (The country is on it.) (6, 8)
9 The type of story found in the Decameron. (7)
10 Was this foreign land settled by such as Murat? (7)
11 Is study a point of the church, or just what traitors might do?
12 A common complaint of the game species. (6)
14 How can one tolerate a bad match so? (7)
15 It's an indeterminate sound, however expressed. (A musical bagpiper, and not there!) (5)
17 Muffed a grounder? (5)
19 Made par. (7)
21 Changed the course secured temporarily. (6)
23 Came over the wall, perhaps. (8)
25 Bent nail, put in what might relate to a hitch. (7)
26 What's the matter with your garden? This type might help. (7)
27 In the manner of excessive showers? (14)

DOWN:

1 Lied in it, as Daisy Bell's way of getting around. (4, 5)
2 and 21 down What people have to earn sound like one presumed to be a doctor. (11)
3 A solid mass of soil, piled haphazardly. (9)
4 They might go around well, with frequent landings. (10)
5 This ran out of the money, as well.
6 and 8 Object with violent feelings when there's an extra charge to load something. (9)
7 Ask for a second handout? (You might print, if the lines show.)
8 See 6 down
13 What the arbitrator did when the critical strike was over? (7, 3)
15 It might help you distinguish 21 down, but it takes plenty of do-re-mi! (9)
16 You might associate this with Ferdinand's domain. (9)
18 Precise directions? (7)
20 Do they make the set tend to be engaged occasionally? (7)
21 See 2 down
22 The relatively small type, by choice. (5)
24 What's the story about? One should be able to dig it! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1079

ACROSS: 1 Boy soprano; 6 Fare; 10 Earldom; 11 and 24 Go to the dogs; 12 Knar; 13 Disappoint; 15 Needles; 16 Da Vinci; 17 Trances; 20 Parapet; 22 Enchanting; 23 Aria; 25 Evil eye; 26 Atomist; 27 Sigh; 28 Reconsider. DOWN: 1 Breaking the news; 2 Yardage; 3 Odds; 4 Remains; 5 Niggard; 7 Antlion; 8 Electric toaster; 9 Stopovers; 14 Blockades; 18 Arching; 19 So there; 20 Pintado; 21 Parried.

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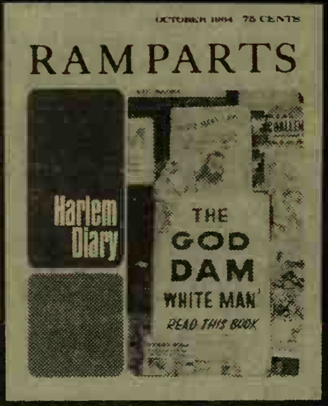
—HARLEM DIARY, RAMPARTS, Oct., 1964

A raging Negro report on the Harlem riots, looking out at a hostile white world.



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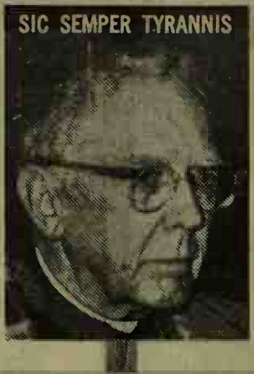

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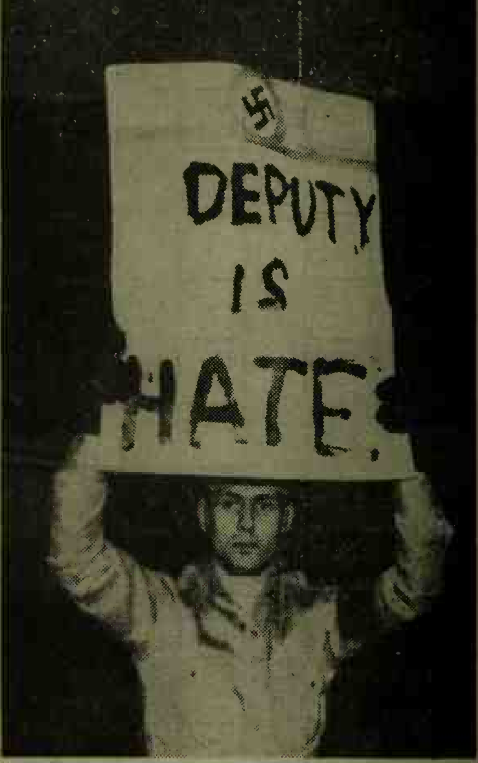
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Edward M. Keating

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LETTER FROM QUEBEC: Marc Schleifer

THE NATION

November 23, 1964 . . 35c

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LETTERS

Our "dirty" war

Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Sirs: After reading Chandler Davidson's article, "America's 'Dirty' War" (*The Nation*, Nov. 2), I wrote the President a letter of protest. . . .

To quote from my letter . . . "The atrocities that are being committed against the peasants and the torture of prisoners in this vicious war in Vietnam will leave a legacy of hate there for all Americans. Also, it is axiomatic that brutal and inhuman actions react against those who countenance and support such behavior. We shall *'reap the whirlwind.'* "

Let us hope there will be millions of protests. Sincere gratitude to Mr. Davidson and to *The Nation*.

Lennie E. Schmidt

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: After the publication of Henri Alleg's *La Question*, a group of French intellectuals signed a manifesto which advocated desertion from the army rather than participation in the Algerian war. There then appeared in *The Nation* (perhaps as a paid advertisement) a plea for American support of the French dissenters signed by a group of American intellectuals.

Mr. Davidson makes it quite clear that the Vietnam war is "dirty," and that our actions are no more defensible than those of France in Algeria.

I am not suggesting that the American writers who were so enthusiastic in their support of . . . the French manifesto now issue a similar plea for desertion by American soldiers being sent to Vietnam, but I should like to point out that the failure to do so raises some interesting questions about:

(1) The position and influence of the American intellectual compared to the French;

(2) possible reactions of the American Government toward radical dissenters who throw monkey wrenches in the war gears;

(3) the degree to which public ideology overrides private morality;

(4) a re-examination of our judgments at Nuremberg in regard to the role of the individual conscience.

George Anthony Palmer

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dears Sirs: The following is quoted from *The New York Times* of October 25:

Evidence shows that the Vietcong are well supplied with modern drugs, including anti-biotics, and their facilities include large base hospitals and medical training centers.

Government forces say they know the exact sites of several of the hospitals. Some U. S. officials are mystified at Saigon's apparent reluctance to take military action to put these hospitals out of operation. They say this would provide a major psychological setback to Communist troops risking danger in combat.

If the moral sensibilities of our officials have sunk to a level so low that such acts are considered desirable, it is imperative that we take a serious look at ourselves and at our position in Southeast Asia. . . .

Thomas Amneus

Where we came in

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A headline in the *Los Angeles Times* of Oct. 2 reads: "Tshombe, Practical Politician, Using Mercenaries, Gradually Overcoming Rebel Elements."

I can just picture a 1776 headline in the *Times* which reads: "King George III, Practical Politcian, Using Hessian Mercenaries, Attempts to Overcome Rebel Elements."

Harry Cimring

Proposition 14

Stanford, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Lest the California returns on Proposition 14 be grossly misinterpreted, it should be pointed out that the real estate lobby ran a very clever, well-financed campaign. Expensive billboards urged a yes vote to preserve freedom—something with which few people can quarrel. Thousands of radio spot announcements urged a yes vote so that we could sell or rent to whom we please — who is to say that we should be *prevented* from renting or selling if we want to and to whom we want to? In the southern part of the state Negroes and people of Mexican descent voted yes because of deliberate confusion in the advertising of the proposition. We'll never know how many voted yes when they thought they were voting to improve their own lot.

The proposition was cleverly stated (by its proponents) in a misleading fashion. Couple this with the fact that California had seventeen propositions on the ballot—many of them little understood and little studied by the electorate—and you see a little better what happened here. . . .

In the Stanford precincts, where, presumably, the voters are somewhat better informed than is the electorate as a whole, the vote on Proposition 14 was 555 against, 91 for. While there are, no doubt, many bigots in the state, there are not so many as the vote on Proposition 14 might lead you to believe.

Karl M. Ruppenthal

THE
NATION

Monday, November 23, 1964
Volume 199, No. 16

In this issue

EDITORIALS
365

ARTICLES
368 Brazil: Suppressing the Future
Ronald H. Chilcote
371 Schools in Context: The Mississippi Idea
Howard Zinn
375 Consensus Liberalism: Johnson's Eisenhower Premise
Stephen Rousseas
379 Wages vs. Benefits: Who Gains from the Fringes?
Donna Allen

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
382 Poet in a Fugitive Cause
Kenneth Rexroth
383 Comedy's Cold Sustenance
Peter de Lissovoy
385 The Ice Age
Keith Waterhouse
386 Letter from Quebec
Marc Schleifer
389 Theatre:
Why *The Changeling*?
Lionel Abel
The Old Glory
Harold Clurman
392 Architecture
Walter McQuade
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 392)
Frank W. Lewis

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Cambodia, China and the U. S.

Cambodia is a small country, but one which has the good fortune to be ruled by an energetic and sensible statesman, Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Not so long ago Cambodia was neutral but inclined toward our side; now it is neutral but siding openly with the Chinese Reds. With every passing week Sihanouk's expressed hostility toward the United States intensifies. It is doubtful that this process is accompanied by a corresponding cordiality toward China. What Sihanouk says in praise of the Chinese Reds is one thing, what he feels only he knows. It is certain, though, that he is a Cambodian patriot and an astute one, and we lost him through our own foolish policies in Southeast Asia.

In the November 9 *New York Times*, Seymour Topping tells how and why. Our staunch allies in Southeast Asia are South Vietnam, which is falling apart, and Thailand, perhaps the greatest nest of graft, with the possible exception of South Vietnam, in the whole of Asia (and, of course, at the American taxpayer's expense). These are Cambodia's neighbors, and both are in border disputes with that country. Sihanouk has been pleading for a fourteen-nation Geneva conference to guarantee Cambodia's neutrality and her borders. Washington has obdurately refused. So Sihanouk turned to Peking.

Topping's analysis of what happened and is happening is utterly convincing, and it lays the blame almost entirely on the United States. It is not the Vietcong that has used Cambodia as a base or that trespasses on Cambodian terrain and air space; government troops of South Vietnam and American aircraft are what menace Cambodia. Sometimes these incursions appear to be accidental—as in the case of the U.S. C-123 transport which the Cambodians shot down on October 24, with the loss of all eight crewmen—but that does not allay Cambodian resentment. Aside from these frictions, Sihanouk is convinced that the U.S. is losing in Vietnam. He cannot afford to back a loser, especially a loser who is allied with his enemies. He knows that the United States may extend the war to North Vietnam. He evidently feels that no amount of American military power will suffice to conquer the North Vietnamese and the Chinese, who would probably come to their aid. His opinion is worth weighing. He knows his corner of the world thoroughly and his chances of survival, if he turns out to be wrong, are very small.

Our Cambodian policy, indeed the whole pattern of our policy in Asia, stems from the John Foster Dulles policy of containing Red China, with a view to her later destruction as a Communist power. That the policy is proving unworkable has become evident everywhere except in Mr. Rusk's State Department. *The Saturday Evening Post* refers editorially to "the paranoiac leaders of Communist China," but captions the editorial, "Needed: A China Policy That Makes Sense" and inveighs against "the folly of trying to keep China's 700 million people perpetually isolated from the normal avenues of trade and diplomatic interchange." *Time* runs a lengthy report on China which discloses that Washington is betting that it can squeeze through another year without having to accept "Chirep"—State Department jargon for Communist representation in the UN—and ends: "And yet it is hard to see how the U.S. can go on indefinitely along present lines." If Cambodia is used as a gauge, it is not only hard to see: it is impossible.

A Third Force

A third force is clearly operating within the framework of the two-party system. Voters have split tickets before but never in such numbers or with anything like the gusto and precision exhibited on November 3. In Massachusetts, Johnson had a 1,100,000 plurality and Senator Edward Kennedy 1 million, but the voters re-elected Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke by a margin of 750,000 votes. In California, Johnson won by 1,200,000, Republican George Murphy by 200,000; in Michigan it was Johnson by 1 million votes, Republican Gov. George Romney by 395,000; in Rhode Island, Johnson by 230,000 and Sen. John Pastore by 308,419, but Republican Gov. John Chafee by 85,804. Johnson carried New York State by 2,400,000 and Robert F. Kennedy by 627,795 but it is estimated that 1,200,000 Democrats voted for Sen. Kenneth Keating, while Republican John V. Lindsay carried the 17th C.D. against two opponents by a wider margin than did the President.

In Hawaii, the President received 78.7 per cent of the vote but Republican Sen. Hiram Fong was re-elected by 52.9 per cent; in Wisconsin, Warren P. Knowles, a Republican, defeated incumbent Gov. John W. Reynolds with 53.3 per cent of the vote, while the President won the state by 62.1 per cent. Pennsylvania's Republican Gov. Hugh Scott managed to carry the state by 40,000 votes, while the President had a margin of 1.4 million. In Delaware, at least 24,000 who voted for President Johnson skipped over to the Republican column and voted for Sen. John Williams. In Ohio and Illinois, Republicans clearly split tickets; both Taft and Percy outran Goldwater. Montana went for Johnson and Senator Mansfield but re-elected its Republican Governor. In Washington, Republican Dan Evans was elected Governor against the incumbent Albert Rosellini by 120,000 votes, while Sen. Henry Jackson and the President carried the state by fat margins. At least 20,000 Montgomery County Democrats broke ranks to re-elect Rep. Charles Mathias in Maryland's 6th C.D., although the district has a 7-to-4 Democratic registration edge and supported Johnson in a landslide. In the South, too, vote-splitting was general. In fact in all areas ticket-splitting was massive and deft; voters knew, as Senator Fulbright observed, exactly what they wanted to do and how to do it. Technical ballot difficulties did not deter them. Just how massive the ticket-splitting was is indicated by the estimate of Walter S. Mack, chairman of Republicans and Independents for Johnson, that 13 million Republicans voted for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket.

But the results have another aspect. Preliminary estimates had indicated that the total vote would be between 71 and 72 million (total registrations were of course higher). As it turned out, about 69,169,000 votes were cast (by comparison with 68,836,385 in 1960.) When one considers that residents of the District of Columbia were voting for the first time, that there was a big increase in registrations between 1960 and 1964, and that the poll tax had been eliminated in certain states, then the total vote was not nearly as impressive as it sounds. By inference there must have been many deliberate abstentions; Mr. Mack feels that a million or more Republicans may simply have refused to vote. Whatever their number, abstentions on principle can be regarded as part of a third force. At least 186,000 voters did not vote for President; in some districts the percentage of such voters was very high. These may be added to the third-force category.

Such massive ticket-splitting, in all sections, indicates that voters not only have learned how to whipsaw the two parties but take a particular relish in the process once they get the hang of it. It adds new interest and significance to the franchise. A section of the electorate, of course, has always used the designation "independent," but the ticket-splitting of 1964 was not alone by so-called "independent" voters. Normally loyal party members have discovered that they can bring the results a little nearer to their heart's desire, if not from within, then from outside their respective parties; if not through the two-party system, then against the grain of that system. These "disloyal" party members, voting selectively, not only can influence policy; they can, as they have demonstrated, be the dominant factor in many election contests. On balance, they were the real victors in this election.

Ticket-splitting on such a scale must be more than an incidental aspect of this particular election. Informed no doubt by the television appearances of whole slates of candidates, this third force has acquired a degree of self-consciousness that represents something more than a spasm of protest. Organized in forty states, Republicans and Independents for Johnson, so Mr. Mack informs *The Nation*, will remain on call—just in case there should be need to swing into action again in the near future. Even within a "me-too" consensus, where the choices are not always clear-cut, this third force can make intelligent selections on a scale that can be decisive; in a way it has more potency in a nominally two-party system than a third party would have. Given anything resembling a clear choice, it operates on all levels with a force and precision that measures a new political maturity.

The Brothers

The Nation supported Kenneth Keating against Robert Kennedy in the New York Senatorial race and, to judge by our mail, the great majority of New York readers supported *The Nation*. Senator Keating himself (and Senator Javits) adduced *The Nation's* stand as proof that Keating was indeed deserving of help from the liberal side. Keating lost, nevertheless. In New York City and its suburbs he was overwhelmed, and even in the Republican strongholds upstate he could not prevail, although the margin was narrow. There was no withstanding the Johnson avalanche.

The Nation is not sorry that it supported Mr. Keating. He made a gallant if somewhat inept race. The debacle which overtook the Republican Party was none of his making, and if certain other anti-Goldwater leaders had shown half of Keating's independence there would have been no debacle. In a campaign which scarcely added to the stature of either participant or edified the electorate, Keating's was an honorable defeat.

The Nation congratulates Robert Kennedy on his victory, and does so in no perfunctory spirit. He won on his own merits as the voters saw them and, above all, by invoking the memory of his late brother. It was good politics, and not unfitting. As the first anniversary of John F. Kennedy's death approaches, the country still mourns him. He made his mistakes, but as President he brought to American politics, one hopes not altogether transiently, an idealistic impulsion which it usually lacks. During his brief tenure, the atmosphere of Washington attained an intellectual and cultural level to which the city is scarcely accustomed. That golden life—ended so abruptly and with such pathos—will linger as a bright remembrance in an area of activity that is often sordid and repugnant.

About Robert Kennedy's ability and energy there has never been the least doubt. John Kennedy leaned on him for counsel more than on any other man. *The Nation* wishes Senator Kennedy well. May he, as a Senator, acquit himself as his brother did in the Presidency.

Ecumenical War Games

The Ecumenical Council, now meeting in Rome, has stated ("The Church in the Modern World") that any use of weapons "whose effects are greater than can be imagined and therefore cannot be reasonably regulated by man" is to be condemned as wicked.

A lay reader, aware that statesmen, scientists and military leaders the world over, Communist and non-Communist alike, are tormented by the destructive potential of nuclear energy, aware also that China has recently joined the group of nations capable of exploding an atomic device and that India, ludicrously and pathetically, is debating the merits of joining this apocalyptic club, might suppose that a world congress of churchmen could hardly say less.

That, however, is not the opinion of two prelates attending the council: The Most Rev. George Andrew

Beck, Archbishop of Liverpool, and Msgr. Philip Hannan, Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, D. C. These two servants of the Prince of Peace enter what might be called dissenting opinions. The American priest, invoking that most obsolete of clerical equivocations, the "just" war, takes issue with his colleagues on the vertiginous ground that nuclear technology has now advanced to the point where damage can quite accurately be predicted. Monsignor Hannan is apparently not troubled by the prospects of escalation that so haunt his neighbors in the Pentagon; but aside from that factual flaw in his argument, one wonders how he would expand his implied view that the slaughter of God's children is less reprehensible if the corpses can be counted in advance.

Archbishop Beck, for his part, defends the use of even very large devices to "repel" satellite missiles, thus cruelly cutting the moral urgency from under the world leaders who until now have kept nuclear terror out of space. The spiritual leader of Liverpool also enunciates the doctrine that the admonition to "turn the other cheek is a counsel of perfection addressed to individuals, not to governments. . . ." This shocking distinction comes at a moment when all nations are grappling with the moral imperatives essential to their individual and mutual survival.

Is should be emphasized that these high ecclesiastical sentiments from Liverpool and Washington are aberrations: the consensus of the Ecumenical Council, expressed most eloquently by Maximos IV Saigh, Melchite Patriarch of Antioch and the Orient, is that the Church has an obligation to lead mankind out of the "state of dread because of the ever imminent threat of nuclear warfare." Nevertheless, one wishes that Pope John XXIII were still God's Vicar here on earth, to turn on the "war games" mentality of his fellow churchmen the purifying fire of his incorruptible love of man.

On the Way Out

Social progress may be achieved in two ways. The community may march into the future, singing and waving banners, or it may back into the future, quietly, with an occasional stumble. The speed is less; the direction, however, is the same.

Capital punishment, against which humanitarians have inveighed over the centuries, is not being abolished; it is just falling into desuetude. An exception is the state of Oregon, which on November 3 chose to march rather than to back. The national press has given little space to the Oregon referendum that abolished the death penalty by an overwhelming 60.7 per cent (about the same as President Johnson's share of the popular vote). The tally on the day after the election stood in round numbers at 323,000 for abolition, 204,000 for retention. Unofficial returns showed that all but two of Oregon's thirty-six counties voted for an end to capital punishment. Credit goes to the Oregon Council to Abolish the Death Penalty for an aggressive and politically intelligent campaign.

This is the second time that Oregon has voted to put an end to legal killing. The death penalty was abolished in 1914 and reinstated in 1921. In 1958, an attempt at repeal failed. By all indications this time the death penalty will be outlawed in Oregon for good—the whole trend is that way, and not only in the United States. Capital punishment has been abolished in most of the countries of Western Europe and Latin America, and a plank in the Labour Party's platform calls for abolition in England.

In the United States last year there were twenty-one executions; that may be twenty-one too many but the figure compares favorably with 1962's forty-seven. Most of the 1963 executions were in Texas, New York, Ohio, Georgia, Mississippi and Arizona. The lead in executions changes from year to year, but the most consistently bloodthirsty states are California and Texas, with California well out in front. Since it achieved statehood, it has executed 500 persons, 190 men and four women in the gas chamber alone. But the chamber has now stood idle for twenty-two months. Forty-five men are in the death row of San Quentin, but it is doubtful that any of them will be executed. California is not forthright like Oregon, but a kind of *de facto* repeal seems to have taken place.

This is largely the work of Governor Brown, a man of character and humanity. Pat Brown has always adhered strictly to the law. As a district attorney, he demanded the death penalty in murder cases, then he put his political life at stake in an abortive and maladroit effort to save California from the shame of Chessman's execution. After Chessman went to the gas chamber Brown tried to get a moratorium on capital punishment, but the legislature turned him down. The voters, however, had been exposed to the spectacle of decency in action and clobbered Richard Nixon when he ran against Brown in 1962.

American public opinion is swinging more and more against capital punishment. The Biblical injunction dies hard, but a technique has been evolved for evading it [see "And the Penalty is (Sometimes) Death" by Ralph Slovenko, current issue, *Antioch Review*]. The murderer is sentenced to death, but he is not executed. Often the courts intervene, but even when they do not prevent the carrying out of the sentence, the warden of the prison where the execution is to take place often has the power to stay the sentence. (If, however, the man in death row has been made notorious by the press, if, as with Chessman, his name has become a byword, then he must hang, or burn or strangle on the cyanide fumes.) All he need do is raise a doubt as to the prisoner's sanity. If the murderer was not insane when he committed the crime, he may become insane while awaiting execution, or he may feign insanity. Executions are a nuisance and a hazard for wardens who are in charge of large communities that are difficult enough to keep in order without the stress of executions. Therefore, the psychiatrists are called in and, as Dr. Menninger says, "I don't think we psychiatrists are very interested in acting as assistant to the executioner." But it would be more honest to do it Oregon's way.

BRAZIL

Suppressing the Future . . . . . Ronald H. Chilcote

Six months of authoritarian military rule in Brazil do not bear out the distorted impression presented to us by an approving U.S. State Department and a generally badly informed American press that revolutionary changes have been effected and that order and progress have brought stability to the country's political system. The so-called revolution began as a military coup that uprooted the pragmatic yet legitimate regime of Joao Goulart. The present reformist or "soft-line" government (supported by the moderate military officers who tolerate congressional opposition) of former Army Chief of Staff, Humberto Castelo Branco, is neither revolutionary nor progressive. While successfully pushing some reforms through an obstructionist congress, the military rulers have nearly destroyed the intellectual milieu that has characterized the Brazilian political culture for nearly two decades. Political dialogue and activity have been ruthlessly suppressed.

Brazilian developments today are not revolutionary because there has been no profound modification of the political, social and economic structures. There have been no major shifts in the relations among sectors of society. Those groups that demanded structural changes now find their activities declared illegal and their leaders imprisoned or exiled. The present military rule has delayed and obscured the real Brazilian revolution that some day may make possible the changes requisite for modern development.

Political reform has had little impact on the nation. During the Goulart period moderates and leftists called for a program of "basic reforms," including the enfranchisement of illiterates. But such broadening of the electoral base would have challenged the oligarchic interests dominating the legislature. The present regime violated the constitution by allowing an interim President to replace Goulart, who never resigned; by defying a provision that forbids active military personnel to stand for political office, and by promulgating the Institutional Act that automatically establishes as law any Presidential bill not acted upon by congress within thirty days. Under Article 10 of this act, the political rights of some forty congressmen and hundreds of other Brazilians were suspended for a period of ten years. Several thousand federal, state and municipal employees charged with subversion were affected by Article 7, which provided for the suspension of their life-tenure privileges and, after investigation, for their possible dismissal. Articles 10 and 7 remained in force until June 15 and October 15 respectively, but other repressive provisions continue in effect and there is the continuing threat from ultraconservative "hard-line" elements (supported by the military officers who are most responsible for the suppression of intellectual life) that the expired legislation will be reactivated. A reform recently debated but not acted upon would have revived the parliamentary system that reduced Goulart to a figurehead President during the first half of his administration and would similarly limit such Presidential hopefuls as the ultraconservative demagogue, Carlos Lacerda. Also discussed was the reduction of Brazil's thirteen political parties to two, and possibly to one "revolutionary" party.

Perhaps the most important social reform of the present regime is the proposed controversial agrarian legislation that provides for taxation and possible expropriation of unused land. Although the bill seems likely to pass, it is doubtful that much land will be expropriated and distributed to the millions of landless peasants. Furthermore, large landholding interests in the heavily populated states of Sao Paulo and Minas Gerais have threatened "to take up arms"; these influential groups are aligned with the conservative military officers and may in the future challenge Castelo Branco and his soft-line supporters.

Among the "basic" economic reforms advocated during the Goulart period were the expropriation of privately owned oil refineries, government control of the petrochemicals industry and the right to cancel mining concessions. No such reforms have been enacted by the present government. In fact, much criticized United States business interests, notably the Hanna Mining Company of Cleveland, have been encouraged by the government to increase investments in Brazil. Anti-inflationary policies have been introduced (inflation was up 50 per cent in 1962 and 70 per cent in 1963). Tax revenue has been increased, the banking system reorganized, and the issuance of currency controlled. This stabilization program, supported by the United States, has resulted in widespread unemployment and decrease in production. By early August, more than 300,000 workers were reportedly unemployed in Sao Paulo and another 50,000 in Belo Horizonte. The iron and steel industry, automobile production, and iron-mining operations were at a standstill.

Structural development is usually accompanied by an awareness of social problems. The will of society to effect change is cast into an ideology which if effective offers a critique of the existing order and draws the outlines of the ideal substitute. Brazil's ideology of development is nationalism. Although in the past individual interests have undermined national interests, emerging nationalistic currents have served as a unifying force. Nationalism before the Goulart ouster had not, it is true, been molded into a guiding set of principles and objectives, but the concept had awakened many Brazilians to seek solutions to national problems. As manifested by some politicians, intellectuals, students, workers and the peasant masses, nationalism had set in motion a broad-based movement designed to effect structural reforms. This nationalist ideology of development and its adherents were struck down by the March-April military coup. The intellectual institutions of contemporary nationalism were destroyed or suppressed: the Instituto Superior de Estudos Brasileiros (ISEB), a government institute whose objective was the formulation of national ideology for develop-

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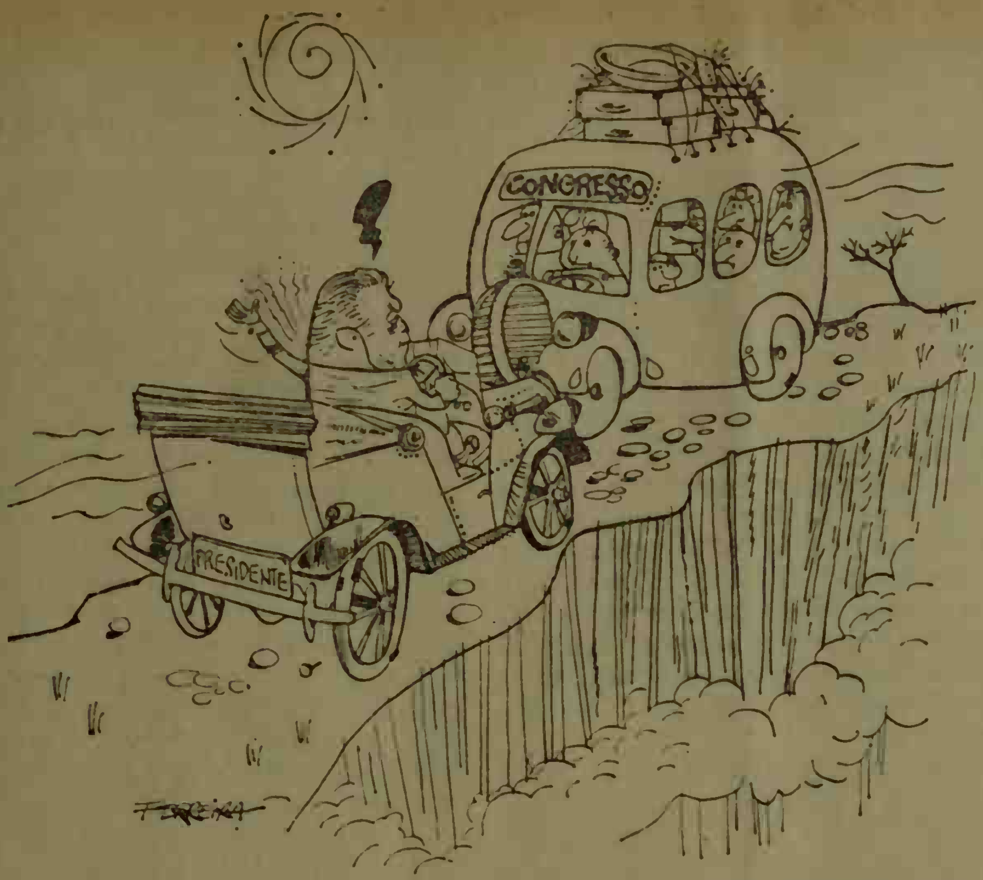
Ronald H. Chilcote, assistant professor of political science at the University of California, Riverside, has recently returned from Brazil.



From Visao, Sao Paulo

Castelo Branco Confronts Congress on the Very Narrow Road to Reform

ment, was shut down; arrests of editors and writers resulted in the suspension of important nationalist organs like the Sao Paulo bimonthly *Revista Brasiliense* and the Rio weekly *O Semanário*; and the stream of nationalist writings of the Sao Paulo publishing house, Editôra Fulgor, was halted by police and military investigation of alleged subversive activities.

The moderate and Left Brazilian nationalists were crushed by the military because they lacked effective and unified organization. Nationalism as an ideology is worthless unless it becomes the basis of a unified movement. Before the Goulart ouster, the Frente de Mobilizaçao Popular (FMP), which comprised all the revolutionary tendencies of the military, Church, political parties, students, workers and the peasants, almost succeeded in coalescing the diverse nationalist elements of the political Center and Left. The weekly *Panfleto* from January to March became the rallying point of these nationalists. The FMP failed because it was broadly based and included within it pragmatic, reformist and demagogic tendencies, all of which served to immobilize effective opposition to the rightist coup. It also failed because of the mistaken tactic of supporting as its figurehead the demagogic, indecisive and weak President Goulart.

Since the dominance of the moderate and conservative military has dispersed, suppressed and destroyed the important institutional forces that embraced the nationalist ideology of development, the post-Goulart intellectual and political life may be evaluated by examining the impact that government intervention has had upon intellectuals, politicians, bureaucrats, progressive military, progressive Catholics, students, workers and peasants.

The Intellectuals. Among the estimated 5,000 Brazilians purged from government positions (by July 15, according to an official source, 378 of these had lost their political rights for a period of ten years) have been well-known scholars and university professors such as the economist Celso Furtado, the sociologist Josué de Castro, and Darcy Ribeiro, former president of the University of Brasília, who was dismissed along with the entire faculty of the Department of Politics and Sociology. Others, like the University of Sao Paulo sociologist Fernando Henrique Cardoso, escaped arrest by fleeing to exile. University libraries and private book collections were methodically searched for "subversive" propaganda, and the search extended to the bookstores. Police removed an invaluable collection of 400 books about the Northeast from the premises of one book dealer. In the name of anti-communism, press freedom has been threatened. Editors and journalists have been arrested and questioned. The single, consistently critical voice of the moderate nationalist opposition, the daily *Correio da Manha*, appealed in late July for the release of many imprisoned journalists. At one point the military initiated a preliminary investigation into the activities of *Correio,* but the daily enjoys very high prestige and thus far has not been touched. However, one of its columnists, Carlos Hector Cony, was held briefly by police who allegedly threatened to confiscate all copies of his anti-government bestseller, *The Act and the Fact*. Intimidation and the threat of reprisal have kept other dailies in line. A government cut in subsidies for the importation of paper has reduced Brazil's once prolific publishing programs.

Politicians. Three former Presidents, Juscelino Kubitschek Jânio Quadros and Goulart, have been deprived of their political rights for ten years. Among governors impeached and still imprisoned are Miguel Arraes of Pernambuco and Seixas Doria of Sergipe. The governors of Acre and Rio de Janeiro were also impeached by the military. Most of the "Bossa Nova" left-wing deputies of Goulart's labor party were purged from congress. Paulo de Tarso, a Christian Democrat and former education minister was arrested in early October, and a few weeks later five state legislators of Ceará were indicted on charges of corruption. Military pressure forced the resignation of the mayor of Nitoroi. In early November the military challenged congress to take action on charges of tax fraud against senate president Auro de Moura Andrade and chamber of deputies president Ranieri Mazzilli. In many cases the military investigation of corruption may have been justified, but countless politicians who are thought to be corrupt but who have supported the government have not been implicated.

Bureaucrats and Military Officials. Thousands of public servants have been dismissed or retired by the military investigators. Some 920 public officials were accused of corruption or subversion in a final purge before the lifting of Article 7 of the Institutional Act in mid-October. Hundreds of military officers who supported Goulart, including generals and admirals, have been forcibly "retired"; many were stripped of their political rights. Little is reported about the nationalist, reform-minded sergeants who revolted in September, 1963, and later supported Goulart's reform measures in February and March, 1964; nor about the 1,400 sailors and marines who went on strike in March and received an amnesty from Goulart.

Progressive Catholics and Students. Before the coup, the national student Uniao Nacional dos Estudants (UNE) was controlled by a coalition of Açao Popular (AP), a Left Catholic student group, and Communists. The AP was supported by radical Christian Democrats and priests who worked with slum dwellers and peasants. Their views were presented in the now defunct weekly, *Brasil Urgente.* The Catholic youth became the vanguard of the UNE's struggle for university reform. The students found themselves to be the revolutionary militants committed to agitate for real improvement of society. Also active in the student movement was an independent Marxist group, Política Operária, which advocated the radicalization of urban labor in order to effect structural change. All these groups were disbanded by the military in April. Student leaders were jailed, went into hiding, or fled to exile. The UNE headquarters in Rio was ransacked and burned. With leftist leaders purged, a UNE congress of moderates met in July to elect officers and reorganize. However, in early October, the government sent to congress a bill calling for the permanent dissolution of UNE and all other student organizations; student activities were to be controlled thereafter by the ministry of education.

Urban Workers and Peasants. Since 1945, the main political forces in organized labor have been the Partido Trabalhista Brasileiro and the Brazilian Communist Party. Leaders of both these parties and of the trade unions have worked together and through the ministry of labor in order to gain small concessions for their members. Financially, the unions have always been controlled by the labor ministry; politically, the government has had little difficulty in maneuvering the leaders, and intervention into the unions has been possible with legislation dating from the Getúlio Vargas dictatorship of the 1930s. In early 1964, there were signs of labor independence from government control. However, the military regime since April has intervened in more than 10 per cent of the 4,000 unions, in at least two of the federations, and in most of the national confederations. After a purge of the Communist leadership of the industrial workers' confederation, elections held in June resulted in a "democratic" slate of officers. Intervention in the bank workers and the maritime and agrarian national organizations continues, and their leadership is suppressed or imprisoned.

The well-publicized activities of Francisco Juliao and his Northeast peasant leagues were halted by the military coup; Juliao and other peasant leaders were arrested and remain in prison. Elated landowners joined the military in reprisals; the leagues were outlawed and disbanded. At first, radical Catholic priests like Father Antônio Mello were taken into custody; later they were freed, and in early November, Father Mello was reported to be reorganizing the peasants' defense of their rights against the usurpative landowners.

United States support for the authoritarian, nonpopular regime in Brazil is of a piece with overall U.S. hemispheric policy. Prior to the coup that ousted Goulart, the State Department had reported significant Communist gains and mounting leftist agitation in Brazil. Thomas C. Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, had endorsed the view that the United States might not oppose the military overthrow of democratic regimes in Latin America. Within twelve hours after Goulart's ouster, President Johnson offered his "warmest wishes" to the military leaders. Secretary of State Dean Rusk indicated his satisfaction with the new regime, and diplomatic recognition followed soon thereafter. By May, the Brazilian military had conformed with U.S. policy and broken diplomatic relations with Cuba. A month later a loan of $50 million confirmed Washington's confidence in the Castelo Branco government. One United States official in Rio, in an interview with this writer, expressed delight in the purge of economist Celso Furtado, who had "obstructed every U.S. effort to assist the drought-stricken Northeast."

American policy seems to be based on the tenuous assumption that the military has unified and stabilized the Brazilian political system. But Castelo Branco and his "soft-line" moderates have taken a precarious middle course. While tolerating opposition within the congress, Castelo Branco must struggle, on the one hand, against the large landowners and the private monopolists and, on the other, against those who prefer state capitalism to foreign private enterprise. Both tendencies are merged into the core of "hard-line" conservatism which advocates a new Institutional Act, the dissolution of congress, a state of siege, a strong executive, and a thorough cleanup of corruption and subversion—in short, a renewal of widespread tyranny and suppression. Hard-line conservatives like Lacerda, whose attacks on Castelo Branco are voiced through the daily *Tribuna da Imprensa,* and militarists like army General Oswaldo Correiro de Farias and Admiral Sílvio Heck seriously threaten to oust Castelo Branco and to institute a dictatorship of their own.

The link between the hard-line conservatives and the present "moderate" rulers is defense minister Arthur da Costa e Silva, whose defection is assured once the hard line issues its ultimatum. In the center, moderate nationalists opposed to the present regime express displeasure through *Correio da Manha;* representing the remnants of the intellectual opposition, they plan to launch a weekly opposition paper. In interviews with this writer, Left nationalists expected Brazilian politics to shift to the far Right. If such a shift occurred, they argued, the splintered Left would coalesce and join with the moderates, assuring electoral victory in the general election of late 1966.

The Brazilian political system is in flux and unstable, and new shifts in power relations may be soon expected. Our policy makers would do well to reflect on the past six months of repressive rule and to examine the political undercurrents that undermine the present regime.

Schools in Context

The Mississippi Idea

Howard Zinn

The triple murder last summer in Mississippi probably would not have taken place if there had not been plans to set up a school at the Mount Zion Baptist Church near Philadelphia. It was the visit of three young civil rights workers to the burned-out school site which led them to arrest, and then death. That a school should frighten a band of Americans into committing murder is not totally credible; that those particular killers made a deliberate mental connection between their act and the establishment of a "Freedom School" in the area is unlikely. Yet education spells danger to certain people at certain times, and what happened in Mississippi last summer suggests a continued sensing of peril.

This article will be concerned, however, not so much with the danger the Freedom Schools represented to some in Mississippi but with the promise they opened for the rest of us, throughout America. For eight weeks, more than 2,000 Negro youngsters, averaging 15 years of age but ranging from 6 to 26 and older, went to schools which violated all the rules and regulations of educational orthodoxy. They were taught by teachers who met no official qualifications; they assembled in church basements or on the streets or in the fields; they came and went without attendance records, grades or examinations.

It was an experiment that cannot be assessed in the usual terms of "success" and "failure," and it would be wrong to hail it with an enthusiasm which would then lead it to be judged by traditional criteria. But that venture of last summer in Mississippi deserves close attention by all Americans interested in the relationship between education and social change.

The idea, and the term "freedom school," were first brought before the civil rights movement by a slender Howard University student named Charles Cobb, who several years ago interrupted his studies to plunge into the Mississippi Delta as a field secretary for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Cobb pursued his scheme with quiet, slow persistence, and when plans were laid last fall for a big "Mississippi Summer," with 1,000 or more volunteers to arrive in the state, Freedom Schools were on the agenda. Bob Moses, director of the Mississippi project, has a Masters degree from Harvard. He gave the idea close attention, and when Northern students were recruited during the spring many of them were told to be ready to teach.

The man who took charge of the summer Freedom School project for COFO (the Council of Federated Organizations: a union of SNCC, CORE and other civil rights groups in Mississippi) was Staughton Lynd, a young historian whose field, some might have noted warningly, is the American Revolution. He had spent three years in north Georgia in a rural cooperative community, and then three more years at Spelman College, a Negro women's college in Atlanta. He had just resigned from Spelman in protest against restrictions on the academic freedom of both students and faculty, and was then immediately hired by Yale University. From the orientation session at Oxford, Ohio, in early June to the end of August, Lynd was a dynamo of an administrator, driving into the remotest rural regions of Mississippi to keep the schools going.

At Oxford, the Freedom School teachers were warned about difficulties: "You'll arrive in Ruleville, in the Delta. It will be 100°, and you'll be sweaty and dirty. You won't be able to bathe often or sleep well or eat good food. The first day of school, there may be four teachers and three students. And the local Negro minister will phone to say you can't use his church basement after all, because his life has been threatened. And the curriculum we've drawn up—Negro history and American government — may be something you know only a little about yourself. Well, you'll knock on doors all day in the hot sun to find students. You'll meet on someone's lawn under a tree. You'll tear up the curriculum and teach what you know."

They were also told to be prepared for violence, injury, even death. But they hardly expected it so soon. The first batch of teachers had just left the orientation session for Mississippi when word came that one of the summer volunteers (Andrew Goodman), a white community center director (Mickey Schwerner) and a local Meridian Negro youth (James Chaney) were missing. A publicity stunt, said Mississippi officials. But the SNCC veterans of Mississippi disagreed. "Man, those guys are dead," Jim Forman said.

The summer volunteers got into cars and into buses, and moved into Mississippi. Two hundred Freedom School teachers spread out over the state, from Biloxi in the Gulf Coast up into Ruleville in the Delta, and farther north to Holly Springs, covering twenty-five communities. Day by day, more and more Negro kids came around to the schools, and the expected enrollment of 1,000 rose to 1,500, then to 2,000.

One of the Jackson Freedom Schools opened in early August in a church basement just a short walk from the state COFO office on Lynch Street. Its combination of disorder and inspiration was very much like that of the other schools in the state. The "faculty" was more experienced than most: a young high school teacher of English from Vermont acted as "coordinator"—a combination of principal, janitor, recreation supervisor, and father confessor. Another youthful junior high school teacher of mathematics was from Brooklyn; there was one college professor of history who had taught for a number of years in a Southern Negro college; also, an enthusiastic young woman named Jimmy Miller, whose husband, Warren Miller, had written in *The Cool World* about young Harlem Negro kids. The teachers lived in spare rooms, or spare corners of rooms, in Negro houses of the neighborhood.

Two days before the school was set to open, in close to 100° heat, the teachers canvassed the neighborhood for students. Each asked one of the Negro youngsters hang-

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ing around the COFO office to go along with him, so as to establish from the start that these were friendly visitors walking up on the porches, knocking on the doors, asking: "Do y'all know about the Freedom School starting on Wednesday over at Pratt Memorial Church?" No, they mostly didn't, and so the information passed across the threshold: "It's for teen-age boys and girls, to learn about Negro history, and the Constitution, and the civil rights movement, and mathematics, and maybe French and Spanish, the way they don't get learning in the regular school." Kids on bicycles stopped, and one friend told another, and the word was passed on.

No one paid attention to details like age requirements, so that at the opening of school, sixty kids showed up, from 6 to 19; Jimmy Miller marched the 6-to-10 children off to a corner, to read with them, and teach them freedom songs, and sound out French words whose English equivalents they had not yet discovered, and painstakingly correct their spelling.

With the older ones—14 to 19—any idea of going in an organized way through an outline of Negro history or American government was soon dropped. Beyond a core of seven or eight who came faithfully every morning at 9 and stayed until mid-afternoon, there were a dozen others who came and went as they liked. So the history professor started each day from where the mood struck him, from some point on which he thought the students' recognition might be fastened just long enough to pull them onward.

One day, it was an editorial in that morning's *Clarion-Ledger*, charging that civil rights workers were teaching people to break the law. "What do you think about that editorial? Is it true? If you could write a letter to the editor about it, what would you say? . . . Here's paper and pencil, go ahead. We'll pick out one or two and *really* send them to the editor." This was not education for grades, not writing for teacher's approval, but for an immediate use; it was a learning surrounded with urgency. And the students responded with seriousness, picking apart the issues: Are we for the law? Is there a higher law? When is civil disobedience justified? Then the teacher explored with them the differences between statutory law, constitutional law, "natural" law.

On another day the teacher told his students about the annual fair he had visited the previous afternoon. It was held in Neshoba County where the bodies of the three murdered civil rights workers had just been discovered. A strain of tension and fear had pervaded the fair grounds. The teacher reported what speakers had told the crowds that day at the fair. Gov. Paul Johnson had said: "It is not Mississippi's obligation to enforce federal statutes." A representative of the John Birch Society had said: "I am for the Constitution, for freedom, for the open Bible." The students were asked: Do you disagree? Aren't you for the Constitution? For freedom? The discussion became heated. Distinctions were drawn, and became more and more refined, all by the students themselves, the teacher just listening: "Which Constitution does he mean, U.S. or Mississippi? . . . Maybe we're for different *parts* of the U.S. Constitution. . . . Well, maybe we're for the same part, but we *interpret* it differently."

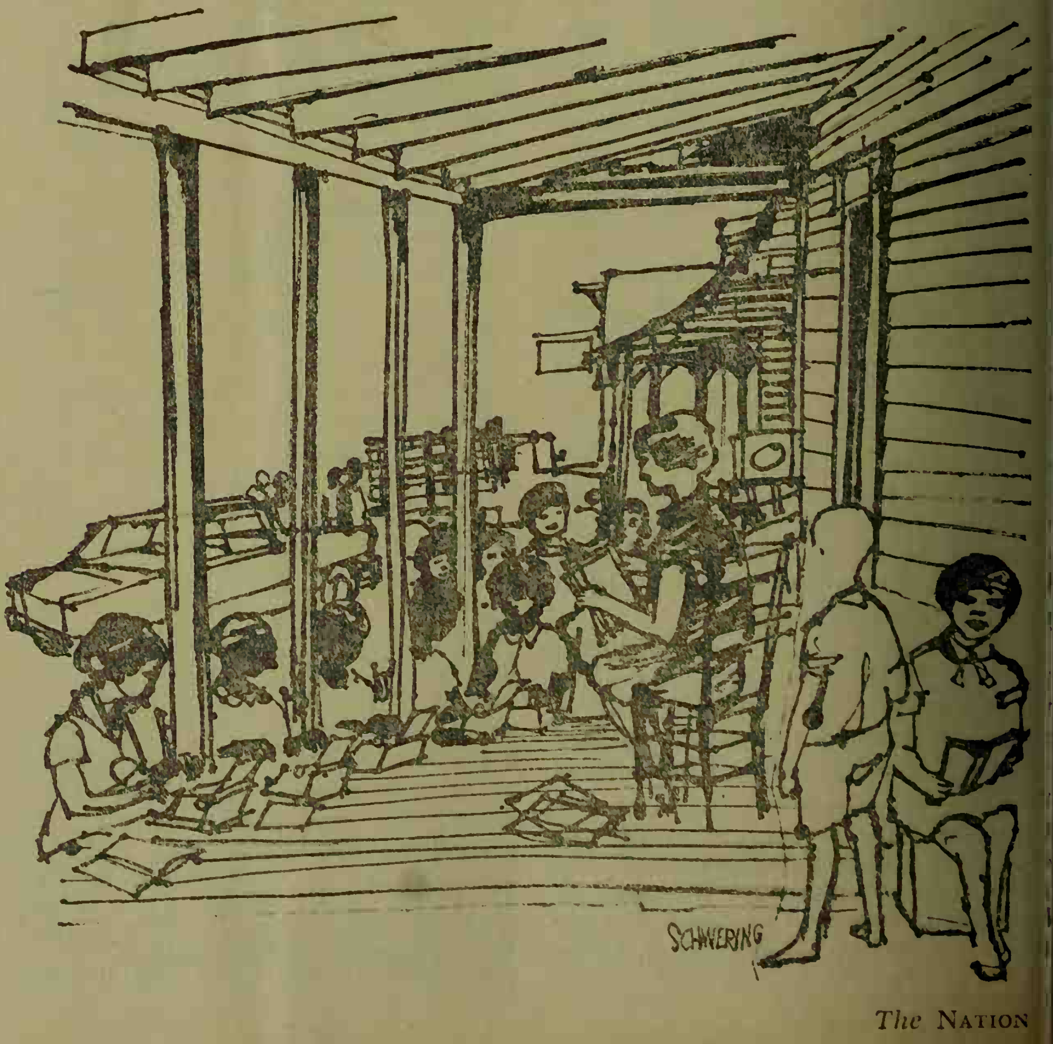
Teachers and students ate lunch together in the church basement, sang together, then separated into various activities. In a creative writing class, a teen-age girl named Lillie Mae Powell wrote a poem "The Negro Soldier":

One day while I was visiting a certain
City this is what I saw. A Negro
soldier with a broken arm who
was wounded in the war.

The wind was blowing from the
North; there was a drizzle of
Rain. He was looking from the
Last place; his arm was in a sling.

The Negro soldier didn't go
Home. He was looking to the east
And to the west. His broken arm
was in a sling.

The Jackson Freedom Schools faced only mild harassment. Early in the session, while canvassing for more students, two teachers—one a slim, blonde Skidmore undergraduate—were picked up by the police, held for several hours, then discharged. Violence spluttered around the COFO office in Jackson one ugly Saturday night: a young man building book shelves for a Freedom School bookmobile on the street across from the office was clubbed to the ground by a white man who fled in a car; a dance hall



where teachers and students were spending the evening was sprayed with bullets by a passing car, and a Negro boy was wounded; crosses were burned. But by Mississippi standards, Jackson was peaceful.

In the rural areas of the state, the danger was greater. A church used as a Freedom School in the little town of Gluckstadt was burned to the ground (when the teachers arrived on the scene, fifteen youngsters were waiting under a tree for class to begin). A Northern doctor who spent the summer in Mississippi with the movement told of the two white girls who lived alone in a hilltop house out in the country, 30 miles from Canton, and held a Freedom School there. In McComb, so dangerous that the Justice Department pleaded with the Mississippi project not to send anyone in there, a Freedom School was started by a Washington, D.C., speech teacher, a young Negro named Ralph Featherstone. Two days after the first contingent arrived, a bomb exploded in the midst of sleeping SNCC workers. But 100 children came regularly to attend the McComb Freedom School.

Violence took the headlines, but behind it a phenomenal thing was happening to Mississippi: 2,000 young people were having experiences that would—for some in a small way, for some drastically—change their lives.

The kind of teaching that was done in the Freedom Schools was, despite its departure from orthodoxy—or, more likely, because of it—just about the best kind there is. For the teachers were selected not by any mechanical set of requirements but on the basis of general intelligence, enthusiasm and the kind of social conscience that would drive them to spend a hot summer in Mississippi without pay. They taught, not out of textbooks, but out of life, trying to link the daily headlines with the best and deepest of man's intellectual tradition.

Their object was not to cram a prescribed amount of factual material into young minds, but to give them that first look into new worlds which would, some day if not immediately, lead them to books and people and ideas not found in the everyday lives of Mississippi Negroes. They didn't always succeed, but even their failures were warmed by the affection that sprang up everywhere between teachers and students — both aware that they talked with one another inside a common cradle of concern.

One afternoon in Jackson, a visiting folk singer brought the students of a Freedom School out into the sun-baked street back of the church, formed them into a huge circle, and taught them an Israeli dance chant imploring the heavens for rain to help the harvest. Older Negroes passed by, sat on porches, listened to their children utter strange words and dance this strange dance. The young ones seemed to understand; they were beginning, for the first time in their lives, to reach beyond their street, beyond their state, to join in some universal plea.

A Stanford University professor of English told how hard he had to work to make contact with these young boys and girls, so different from his regular students. But it came. He walked into class, put them at ease with some foolery, got them to talk about the events in the morning newspaper. Then: "Who would like to read a story?" One girl stubbornly had her back to the class. He asked her to read and she turned around. "She then read this story by Eudora Welty, 'The Worn Path,' and read it beautifully; it could have been a staged performance. And this was back of the church, the only place we had for my class, with the noise of traffic all around."

When the girl finished reading, the teacher asked the class: "Did you like the story?" There was a chorus: "Yes!" "Why?" They responded. He told them about subject and plot, about description and dialogue, how in general one analyzes a story. He asked how the story made them *feel*, and one said sad, and another said it made her laugh, and he asked how could a story do both at the same time, and spoke to them of *irony*. "God, how they understood!"

He bridged what they read and how they lived. He read to them from Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. This was written, he said out of a Negro boy's personal experience. "Now I'll tell you a story of my personal experience." And he told of a wartime incident involving himself and Negro soldiers, in Charleston, S.C. And then, to the class: "Who else wants to tell a personal story?" The next day, one girl brought in a story which, he realized, was prose as good as that written by any Stanford freshmen he had encountered. And so, literature was read and created at the same time.

In these classes, discussions of democracy, of the philosophy of nonviolence, were hardly academic. In one Jackson school the class met to elect delegates to a convention of all the Jackson Freedom Schools. An older fellow named Jimmy, age 24, had been hanging around the class for the past few days. He spoke breezily of having recently spent three years in jail for a knifing. The teacher suggested that Jimmy sit up at the desk and chair the meeting. He laughed and complied. "O.K., now, I'll choose the delegates," he announced. There were objections from all over the room: "We've got to *elect* them!"

"What kind of resolutions are we going to propose to the convention?" a girl asked. One was suggested: "If any kid is treated brutally in school in Jackson, all the kids in the Jackson schools walk out; we'll have a chairman in each school; we won't act just on say-so; we'll get written affidavits and witnesses before we take action. It's something like a student union."

The teacher was curious: "Do students get beaten up in your schools?" A girl answered: her principal had beaten a boy until he bled.

Jimmy then told how he'd been beaten by a teacher when he was younger. And how he and some friends had then found the teacher alone and taken revenge. "We had a nice understanding after that." He hesitated. "But I don't know what I'd do now. You know this nonviolence we're talking about. If it happened now I might beat him. Or I might just laugh and go away. I was young then and full of hate. At that time, I see something I want, I take it. Now, I *ask*. It's the movement I guess. . . . I want my son to come up different."

Role playing was used very often in the Freedom Schools. "Kids that age are natural actors," a teacher explained. "And it puts them in other people's shoes. We don't want to win easy arguments over straw foes. They have got to be tough thinkers, tough arguers." The teacher listed on the blackboard Barry Goldwater's reasons for voting against the civil rights bill: (1) It is unconstitutional. (2) No law will end prejudice ("We cannot pass a law that will make you like me or me like you."). (3) It can't be enforced. (4) It violates the idea of States' rights. The class went over the arguments, with one boy portraying Goldwater, and defending his points powerfully, another trying to break them down.

Outside on the street, in front of the building, an energetic, redheaded teacher was pointing to a blackboard propped up in the sun, the kids sitting in rows in the shade of the building. "O.K., we can build any kind of community we want now. What will the rules be?" This was a hortatory kind of teaching, but a kind the schools fostered: constantly talking with students not just about what *is*, but about what *should be*.

A Harvard graduate in literature who had taught in Israel worked in a Vicksburg Freedom School.

> *It was hard. Youngsters hung around the school, slept there. Every morning, they were like corpses on the floor. To start class, you had to clean them out. The school was cramped, noisy. We used role playing a lot. Kids would portray three generations of Negro families, and we learned history that way. We sat in a circle rather than the usual classroom format, to stress the equality of teacher and student. I read to them from Thomas Wolfe's* You Can't Go Home Again *and from Martin Luther King's* I Have a Dream, *then had* them *write speeches as if they were Senators urging passage of the civil rights bill. I tried to extend the idea of oppression beyond race. If you pick on a small kid with glasses and beat him up, aren't you acting the same as these white segregationists? I asked them.*

One teacher spent a whole hour with his students discussing the word "skeptical." He told them: "This is a Freedom School and we should mean what we say. We should feel free to think as we want, question whomever we like, whether it's our parents, our ministers, our teachers—yes, me, right here. Don't take my word for things. Check up on them. Be *skeptical*." For these youngsters it was a new way of looking at the classroom. They told how in their high school in Jackson the rooms were wired so that at the flick of a switch the principal could listen in on any class in the school. Teachers were afraid to discuss controversial subjects.

The blonde girl from Skidmore College taught French to teen-agers in her Freedom School. "I try to do the whole class in French, use pantomime a lot. . . . I soon realized these kids had never had contact with a white person before; maybe that's the greatest thing about this whole experience. If nothing else is accomplished, it's been a *meeting*, for both student and teacher. . . . We have a Freedom Hour at 11 every morning. They run it themselves, make their own rules." She was asked if the Freedom Schools were not, in fact, *indoctrinating* the children. She paused. "Yes, I suppose so. But I can't think of anything better to indoctrinate them with. Freedom. Justice. The Golden Rule. Isn't there *some* core of belief a school should stand by?"

A green-eyed, attractive Radcliffe graduate, interpreter now for an international agency, whose field was Latin American history but who had not a day of teaching experience or education courses to her credit, went to work in a Freedom School:

> *My kids were 9 to 13. I told them about the Spanish background of Negro slaves in the United States, about the Caribbean islands and the slave plantation system as it developed there, and compared that system with the one in the English colonies. I spoke to them about life in Brazil, about the multiracial societies in Latin America where people get along fine. I told them about the problems of kids their age in Venezuela, in Puerto Rico (where I've spent some time). Yes, it did something for them psychologically to know that there are people in the world worse off than they are!*

Without a strict curriculum to follow, the schools capitalized on the unexpected. A class held out in the sun would take advantage of passers-by, draw them into discussion. One day, three Negro women came by who'd just been trying to register to vote and had been rebuffed. The teacher beckoned: "Come over here and tell my students what happened." And so the children learned about the registration procedure, about voting, about what to tell their parents about going down to register. One of the middle-aged women, her anger still fresh, told them they must become educated if they wanted to change things.

It was risky, teaching without an ordered curriculum. And because it was risky, the Radcliffe girl said, it led to treasures.

> *I could experiment, do what I wanted, try things completely new, because I had no one to answer to, no reports to make. Nothing could happen to me or to these young people that would leave us worse off than before. And I could go off on tangents whenever I wanted, something I'd be afraid to do in a regular school setup. Wherever thoughts and discussion led, we followed. There was nothing we didn't dare turn to.*

The road from study to action was short. Those who attended the schools began to come to mass rallies, to canvass for registration of voters, to question things around them for the first time. In Shaw County, "out in the rural," when the regular school began its session in August (Negro schools in the Delta open in August so that the children will be available for cotton picking in the fall), white Freedom School teachers were turned away from the regular school cafeteria, where some students had invited them to a lunch. The students then boycotted the school and flocked in large numbers to the local Freedom School.

The Freedom Schools' challenge to the social structure of Mississippi was obvious from the start. Its challenge to American education as a whole is more subtle. There is, to begin with, the provocative suggestion that an entire school system can be created in any community outside the official order, and critical of its suppositions. But beyond that, other questions were posed by the Mississippi experiment of last summer.

Can we, somehow, bring teachers and students together, not through the artificial sieve of certification and examination but on the basis of their common attraction to an exciting social goal? Can we solve the old educational problem of teaching children crucial values, while avoiding a blanket imposition of the teacher's ideas? Can this be done by honestly accepting as an educational goal that we want better human beings in the rising generation than we had in the last, and that this requires a forthright declaration that the educational process cherishes equality, justice, compassion and world brotherhood? Is it not possible to create a hunger for those goals through the fiercest argument about whether or not they *are* worth while? And cannot the schools have a running, no-ideas-barred exchange of views about alternative ways to those goals?

Is there, in the floating, prosperous, nervous American social order of the sixties, a national equivalent to the excitement of the civil rights movement, one strong enough in its pull to create a motivation for learning that even the enticements of monetary success cannot match? Would it be possible to declare boldly that the aim of the schools is to find solutions for poverty, for injustice, for race and national hatred, and to turn all educational efforts into a national striving for those solutions?

Perhaps people can begin, here and there (not waiting for the government, but leading it) to set up other pilot ventures, imperfect but suggestive, like the one last summer in Mississippi. Education can, and should, be dangerous.

Consensus Liberalism

Johnson's Eisenhower Premise

Stephen Rousseas

American political campaigns are usually identified with some particular catch phrase expected to rally the voters around a particular candidate's flagpole. Each, in its time, looked to the future and painted a picture which, though lacking detail, exuded an aura of good will and produced the illusion of forward motion. The Democrats, who have excelled in this sort of thing, have given us the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier and now the Great Society.

Godwinites among us see in all this the inevitablility of progress, using as its vehicle an enlightened consensus liberalism that avoids the extremes of either side and stands foursquare in the Center. This vital Center, however, is seen as drifting slowly toward the Left, and only occasionally being slowed down, but not reversed, by the more liberal elements of the Republican Party—which elements alone seem able, at times, to capture the Presidency. President Eisenhower's Great Crusade marked time without reversing it. And the modern Republican Party of the Scrantons, the Lodges, the Romneys and the Rockefellers are even willing to move forward, though in very measured steps. The disastrous failure of Goldwater is taken as proof of the impossibility of political success except within the context of a consensus liberalism. Apparently there is no phantom vote, and the virtual abandonment of Goldwater by the liberal wing of his own party during the last campaign merely contributed to the mounting national chorus of American liberalism: "Sit down! Sit down! You're rocking the boat!"

But this seemingly leftward drift of consensus liberalism is an illusion. Indeed, if anything, an abrupt shift to the Right has taken place in both parties. The Republican Party, under the leadership of Goldwater, has shifted toward the far Right, and the Democratic Party has, in response, moved to occupy the ground once held by the Republicans. Should the liberal Republicans succeed in removing Goldwater and Dean Burch from leadership, they will find, to their embarrassment, that they have been pre-empted by the Democrats who now look more like the Republicans of an earlier day than they do themselves. As the recent campaign more than amply illustrated, President Johnson is a man graced with one of the most remarkable senses of political strategy in the annals of American history. He has, in effect, cut the ground from under the liberal Republicans.

If we want to measure the magnitude of the Democratic shift, we have only to go back to the party platforms of 1960. The Democrats in that year showed a great deal of concern over the low rate of economic growth and, in good political terms, laid this failure at the door of President Eisenhower. There was nothing wrong with the American free competitive enterprise system. Indeed, they regarded it as "the most creative and productive form of economic order the world has seen." The failure was one of national leadership, and what the country needed most was John F. Kennedy to get it moving again. The Democratic Party committed itself to doubling the growth rate to 5 per cent, and pledged to achieve this goal without inflation. It promised to reverse Republican reliance on monetary policy (which is concerned with changes in the availability of credit) by easing the credit situation and lowering the general level of interest rates in order to promote long-term growth. Its main reliance was to be on fiscal policy (which works through changes in the revenues and expenditures of the federal budget). Budget practices were to be reordered in favor of increased welfare expenditures for education, medical care and aid to small business and to farmers.

Clearly, no promise could be made to cut taxes, but neither was it proposed to finance the additional expenditures through a tax increase in order to keep the budget balanced—and budget balancing was

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a major preoccupation of President Kennedy throughout most of his three years in office. Instead, a four-point program was proposed to achieve the best of all possible worlds: a balanced budget and increased social expenditures without a tax rise. The first two points in Kennedy's program were the old political standbys of ending the gross waste in federal expenditures and increasing the government's revenue by a more vigilant enforcement of tax laws. The last two points, however, were of a different order. There was to be a closing of the loopholes in our tax laws which favored the privileged classes, and the realization of further tax revenues from the economic growth that would be induced by the government's expenditures on social capital. The important thing to keep in mind is that the Democratic platform of 1960 pledged an increase in federal expenditures, a shift from monetary to fiscal policy, an increased growth rate to bring down the chronic level of unemployment, a balanced budget and a body of unaltered tax schedules.

The Republican Party of 1960, on the other hand, avoided any specific blueprint and stated its principles in the broadest of terms. It recognized the need to "raise employment to even higher levels and utilize even more fully our expanding, overall capacity to produce," and it agreed that "we must quicken the pace of our economic growth," but did not specify any particular rate as a goal. Although giving high priority to vigorous economic growth, it maintained that the mainspring for this growth must lie in the private sector of the economy. Above all, and in flat opposition to the Democratic Party of 1960, it rejected "the concept of artificial growth forced by massive new federal spending and loose money policies." The Republicans proposed to stimulate growth in a predominantly private-enterprise economy by a "broadly based tax reform to foster job-making and growth-making investment for modernization and expansion, including realistic incentive depreciation schedules."

The difference between the two parties in 1960 is to be found, therefore, in the Republican reliance on monetary policy plus tax incentives to business, and the Democratic eschewal of tax cuts in favor of an increase on the expenditure side of the federal budget, with monetary policy reduced to a decidedly subordinate role. In the four years of the Kennedy-Johnson administration, however, we have seen not only a sharp reversal of the 1960 Democratic position, but an actual takeover of the Republican platform of 1960. Though it is true that monetary policy has been made more difficult by the gold-outflow problem, fiscal policy has been seriously and unnecessarily compromised. There is little talk nowadays about a major increase in government welfare expenditures. Primary reliance has been put on the Republican call for tax cuts. The tax cut of 1964 favored the upper-income groups generally and reduced personal income taxes from a maximum of 91 per cent to 70 per cent, with the upper reaches of the corporate income tax also reduced from 52 to 48 per cent. And the Kennedy proposals to close those tax loopholes which favor the privileged classes were abandoned without even the semblance of a fight. Business, furthermore, received an investment credit in 1962 which reduced its tax liabilities by more than $1 billion a year and had its depreciation guidelines revised to increase its corporate cash flow by $1.5 billion. The emphasis was on increasing output and growth through fiscal-policy actions designed to influence personal consumption and private investment.

In the event of a recession, President Johnson has made it clear that efforts to stimulate the economy will be restricted, first, to cuts in federal excise taxes, and then, if necessary, to a second-round reduction in personal and corporate income taxes. Public works and new federal outlays are to play a decidedly secondary role and are to be confined "within the bounds of efficient government expenditures." In any event, there is to be a comprehensive control over government expenditures: low-priority and outmoded programs are to be cut back, and every attempt will be made to cut out the fat and "get a full dollar of value for every dollar spent." In short, government expenditures are to be severely limited and the tax system is to be used in such a way as to raise "revenue equitably without blunting the incentive and efficiency of the private economy." Beyond a doubt, the Republican platform of 1960 has been swallowed whole, and it is a bit difficult to understand the business community's reluctance to embrace the Kennedy-Johnson administration.

If no recession materializes to reverse the current fourty-four-month-long expansion, the Administration's current views on fiscal policy will prevail. The Democratic platform of 1960 envisaged the accumulation of large surpluses during an economic upswing and a movement into deficits during recessions—thus balancing the budget over the cycle. It proposed, furthermore, to finance the increased social expenditures out of part of the increased revenues resulting from the general growth that these very same expenditures were to accomplish. The thinking of the Democratic Party in 1964 is somewhat different. As the economy continues to expand there is a tendency, given the tax structure, for the automatic increase in government tax receipts to generate a budgetary surplus. But the longer the upswing, the smaller need each year's surplus be. And the smaller each year's surplus, the longer will be the upswing. Apparently we are riding on a convenient little merry-go-round that unscrews itself upward as it revolves, while the mechanical chords of the calliope emphasize our progress in counterpoint. If, for example, the automatic increase in federal revenues is not matched by appropriate increases in private or government spending, a fiscal drag is created which tends to slow down the rate of economic recovery or expansion, and so affects entrepreneurial expectations as to bring about an untimely and unnecessary downturn in the economy. The merry-go-round, in other words, will lose some of its circular momentum and with its upward thrust gone it will settle down to a lower level of performance.

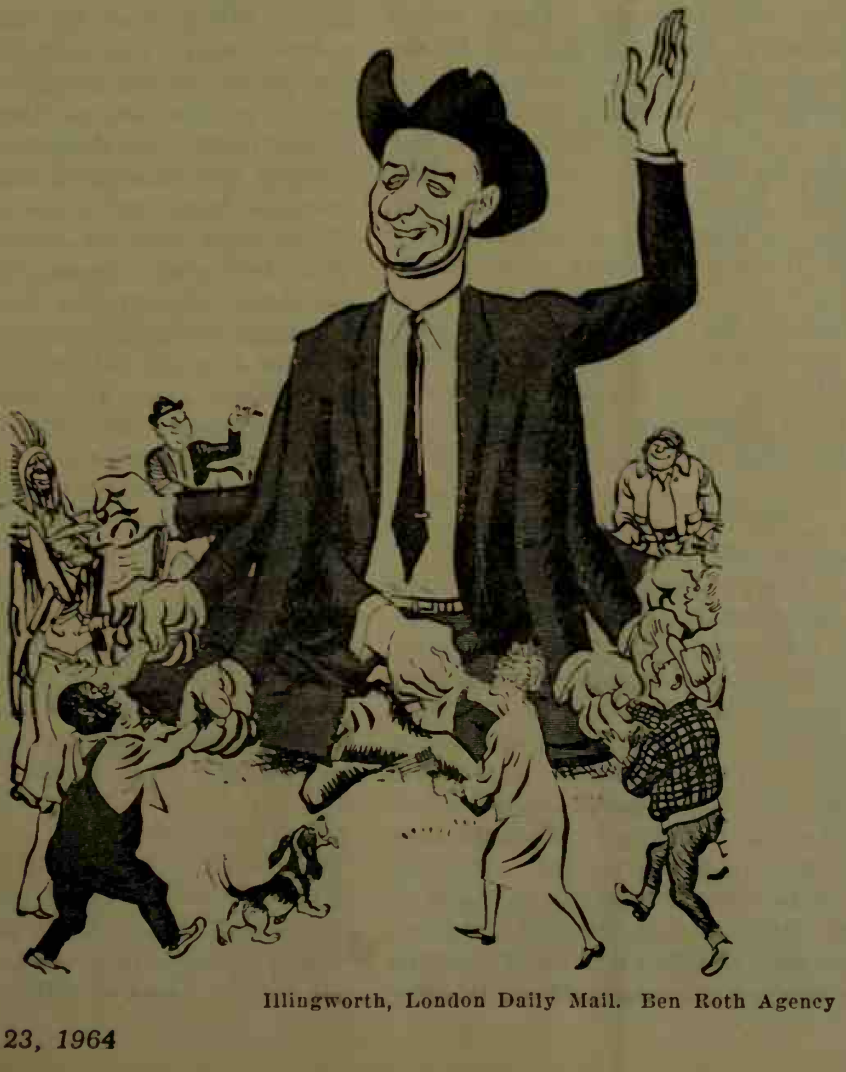
It is estimated that the current average annual revenue growth approximates $6 billion at present tax rates. But increased government expenditures to counter the expected fiscal drag are not now acceptable —despite the need for more schools, hospitals and other forms of social capital, not to mention the opportunity this affords for a truly massive attack on the "pockets of poverty" which so concern the President. Since there are now political obstacles to getting these programs through Congress, the course of least resistance is to recommend policies that Congress finds palatable. And that is precisely what the Johnson Administration proposes to do. Rather than exercise leadership, the President (like his predecessor) has chosen to cloud his vision of the Great Society and to swim with the tide of consensus liberalism.

The President sees the Great Society as one providing abundance and liberty for all. A City of Man in which education is within the reach of all, and where leisure exists to build and to reflect. Mammon and Moloch are to be dethroned and the quality of our goals is to take precedence over the quantity of our goods. Commerce will be tempered with social conscience and man will once again be able to commune with Nature and all that is good in it. In one mighty crack the materialistic structure of our existence will split asunder and a community of people will once more emerge like a chrysalis to transform itself before our very eyes into the City of Light. And all this is to be achieved by a primary reliance on tax cuts!

There is, however, yet another aspect to the program that proposes to supplement tax cuts with an indirect method of increasing national welfare expenditures. Presumably, the federal government's direct responsibility for achieving the Great Society is to be a limited one; the actual approaches to it are to be built at the lower levels of state and local government. Of the $6 billion annual growth in federal revenues, approximately $2 to $3 billion will be returned to the states in unrestricted grants requiring no matching funds. The details of the plan, which is credited to the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Walter W. Heller, have not yet been released. News of the plan was first reported in *The New York Times* on the 5th of July. More recently (The *Times*, October 28), some additional information was made available. The underlying purpose of the plan is twofold: to supplement tax cuts in easing the fiscal drag, and to increase state and local responsibility for hospital, education, sewage, and highway construction, and for the administration and allocation of welfare assistance. A fixed proportion of the increase in federal income taxes would be held in escrow for the states by the federal government and placed in a trust fund for distribution to the states at the end of every year. In this way, the monies allocated will not be regarded as federal expenditures, and will thus not be a part of the federal budget. The amount each state receives will probably be determined on a per capita basis, and the redistribution of wealth from richer to poorer states will therefore be negligible.

At any rate, no strings will be attached, and the fifty state legislatures will be free to use the monies in any way they see fit—the expectation being that local governments know better what their real needs are than do the bureaucrats sitting in Washington. In the words of the White House statement, "The national Government, as a constructive partner in a creative Federal state, should help restore fiscal balance and strengthen state and local governments by making available for their use some part of our great and growing Federal tax revenues over and above existing aids." Again, this is a clear choice over the alternative of increasing government expenditures along lines to be determined by the federal government. The fiscal drag of an anticipated budgetary surplus is to be offset by a second round of tax cuts and by rechanneling a given proportion of any increase in federal revenues to state governments.

The idea behind the Heller-Johnson plan is not new. John Kenneth Galbraith in *The Affluent Society* also was in favor of having state and local governments undertake a major responsibility for shifting resources from the private to the public sector. Only he was not in favor of tax cuts. On the contrary, he proposed an increase in state and local sales taxes. Of course Galbraith was not much concerned with the regressive aspects of his proposal, since in his view we *are* the affluent society and, therefore, the distribution of income is no longer an important matter with us. But in Galbraith's proposal, if the states were to finance increased public expenditures out of increased sales taxes, the total output of the economy would expand by some multiple of this public investment, and the federal government would then realize an increase in its revenues even though its tax-rate structure remained unchanged. And if this potential surplus were to generate a fiscal drag, we could then have the increase in state sales taxes matched by a *decrease* in federal income taxes. Who



Illingworth, London Daily Mail. Ben Roth Agency cares about increasing the regressivity of our tax structure? After all, we are the affluent society in operation, aren't we?

President Eisenhower, however, is the man who should be credited with the first attempt to move along these lines. On June 24, 1957, addressing the Governor's Conference in Williamsburg, Va., he proposed that the federal government shift some of its powers to the states on a *quid pro quo* basis; that is, the states would take over these social services financially as well as administratively. In effect, the Governors were told, this would eliminate the federal overhead "freight charges on money being hauled from the states to Washington and back" and "would save the American people a tidy sum." Indeed, President Eisenhower went so far as to promise a net reduction in taxes since, in his opinion, the increase in state taxes would be less than the reduction in federal taxes by the amount of the "freight charges."

The Johnson and Eisenhower approaches have certain obvious differences. The Johnson plan sees no need to increase state taxes to finance state expenditures; the funds would come out of the normal growth of the economy, and as the economy grows the total absolute amount of dollars available would increase, since a fixed *proportion* of increasing federal revenues would be allocated to the states. The one great similarity, however, is the emphasis to be put on state governments for social welfare expenditures; it supports my thesis that the Democrats have now pre-empted many of the economic and social philosophies of the pre-Goldwater Republican Party—though it is difficult to see where Senator Goldwater would object to this scheme.

Writing in the Sunday Magazine Section of *The New York Times* (October 11, 1964), Milton Friedman, economic spokesman for Goldwater, views the size of federal expenditures as a threat to the continued existence of a private-enterprise system. "The more of the nation's resources the federal government absorbs," he argues, "the less is left for other units of government and for citizens in their private capacity." Goldwater's proposal to reduce taxes across the board by 5 per cent for each of 5 years is therefore endorsed. The reason given is a familiar one: "As the economy grows, federal tax receipts grow even more rapidly." The concern now, however, is not with the possibility of a fiscal drag but with the tendency of Congress "to spend the proceeds—and a bit more." The automatic tax reductions will not only strengthen private incentives but also "put steady and effective pressure on Congress to hold down spending."

Friedman-Goldwater share the Heller-Johnson desire to cut taxes (though the techniques differ—one being automatic, the other discretionary), with Heller-Johnson willing to give only a part of the budgetary surplus away in the form of lowered taxes, and Friedman-Goldwater quite willing to give it all away, and then some. The closeness of the Democratic and Republican positions can be seen even more clearly in the Friedman-Goldwater proposals for revamping the federal government's welfare programs. They oppose all attempts to redistribute income through differential grants to states according to need (and, as we have seen, Heller-Johnson favor a per capita allocation to the states which would have a nominal redistribution effect). Indeed, the Friedman-Goldwater approach is remarkably in keeping with the Democratic proposal. They favor "separating the provision of funds from control over their use" and the consolidation of most grants-in-aid programs into "lump-sum cash grants to the states and localities roughly equal to the amounts now going to them: local communities would then be free to use the funds at their own discretion." It appears, therefore, that Democratic thinking on this score has not only occupied the liberal Republican position—it is even competing with the Goldwater wing of the Republican Party.

Several objections can be raised to all these proposals. It is well known that individual states are notoriously perverse in scheduling their expenditures for a contracyclical effect. And even if they were not, the problem of synchronizing their activities in an effective manner becomes almost impossible in the absence of some overall guiding body, namely, the federal government, operating not through the demonstrable ineffectiveness of moral suasion but through the power of the purse strings. To the extent, therefore, that the financing of nondefense expenditures is pushed over to the various states, our ability to control the business cycle will most probably be impaired. Furthermore, it is naively romantic to assume that nation-wide problems can be resolved adequately on a state and local level. The federal government has the power to tax and to reallocate its tax receipts through matched aid-expenditures to local and state governments on the basis of need, taking into account regional differences in economic well-being. As it is, the percentage of the federal budget devoted to nondefense social expenditures is relatively small. To attempt either to reduce it, or to stabilize it at current levels by pushing the responsibility for the development of our social resources onto the states, borders on political irresponsibility. And the degree of irresponsibility becomes magnified many times over when we take into consideration the corruption and dishonesty usually found on these lower levels of government, as well as the racist views of some state and local authorities.

Paul Samuelson, economic adviser to Democratic Presidents, in his widely read answer to Milton Friedman, in *The New York Times'* Magazine Section (October 25, 1964), referred to "the 'court house' gangs around this country and the corruption of the big-city organizations," in contrast to "the technical competence and dedication of the Federal and local civil services." Indeed, he goes so far as to say that in his own state of Massachusetts, "the influence from Washington has been one of the factors most responsible for introducing a modicum of honesty and efficiency into operations like the unemployment compensation administration." It would be interesting to know Mr. Samuelson's reaction to this latest proposal of the Johnson Administration. Though news of it was out as early as July of this year, Mr. Samuelson makes no mention of it in his article. Rather, he favors additional "grants-in-aid to the hard-pressed states, which have limited tax capacities and burgeoning needs for schools and roads." The best that can be said of the Heller-Johnson proposal is that it represents a "spill out" theory of public finance —though undoubtedly some of the funds allocated to the states will be wasted, some part is bound to "spill out" in the form of improved public services. But it can safely be predicted that in such states as Mississippi, the "spill out" will be nonexistent for the pressing needs of its Negro residents.

It is difficult to entertain any great hope for economic reform. The thinking of the Democratic Party, now dominated by a superlative political tactician, has taken a turn toward the earlier Republican approaches. And when it is realized that "liberal" Republicanism became "liberal" as a belated response to the Democratic innovations of the 1930s, it is not difficult to see that the Democratic Party is actually turning against itself. Neither major party is doing any fresh thinking; they are intellectually bankrupt and stagnating in the politically safe traditions of American consensus liberalism. What is most disturbing is the Democrats' apparent espousal of some modified form of States' rights in the area of economic policy. And the Administration's views on fiscal policy can be regarded only as a concession to the basic political and economic conservatism of American liberalism.

Man has dreamed of the Great Society since time immemorial. But dreams are dreams and ideals the standard by which we measure our accomplishments. To achieve the possible it is always necessary to reach out for the impossible, but even the possible becomes impossible when the means are inappropriate to the ends. It is simply not possible to move forward by walking in the opposite direction, and that is exactly what the Johnson Administration is attempting to do. It has held out the vision of the Great Society while refusing, at the same time, to reorder its economic thinking along lines consistent with its vision. It is the supreme example of what is wrong with consensus liberalism in the United States—its failure to assume the risks and the responsibilities of leadership.

Wages vs. Benefits

WHO GAINS from the FRINGES? . . . Donna Allen

Hard upon the United Auto Workers' negotiations, in which fringe benefits rather than wages made the headlines, have come newspaper reports that the demands now being prepared by the Steelworkers will also give benefits precedence over money in the pocket. [See "GM Strike: Prototype for More Conflict" by B. J. Widick, *The Nation*, November 16.] This time it sounds like the ultimate demand: "Above all," the press quotes the union resolution, "we must strive for a total realization of the principle that a steelworker is a person entitled not to just this protection or that, this benefit or that, but total protection of his income, his dignity and, yes, his career."

After twenty-two years, the fringes are more popular than ever, dominating the collective bargaining news from companies large and small. Business publications confirm the headlines: "Fringe costs are rising faster than wages!"

Is this bad? Do employers really oppose fringe benefits? Would they prefer to grant the same amount of money in wages? Would they be better pleased if social gains were won through legislation? Why do the unions emphasize fringes at the expense of wage increases? Are they worth more or less than wages to the worker? To the employer? Is the public interest served by these bargains?

Fringe benefits, as a part of collective bargaining, date from World War II; indeed, they followed within months upon the "wage freeze" imposed in July of 1942 by the War Labor Board. With tripartite unanimity, industry, labor and public members of the War Labor Board agreed that fringe benefits were less inflationary than cash wage increases. Each time it allowed such a benefit, the WLB carefully pointed out why it was non-inflationary. It said, for instance, that a paid vacation merely gave the worker time off; it did not increase his total cash income. And the vacation's cost to the employer was offset by the increase in production he might expect from a well-rested worker.

Historically, unions were uninterested in benefits employers offered, usually outside the negotiated contract. They had so often heard the plans described by the employers as a way to increase productivity, to raise employee morale, to reward certain employees or certain employee behavior, or, sometimes, to discourage unionism, that they looked on the fringe as of more benefit to management than to labor. Moreover, the unions had seen many of these benefit plans come and go: mutual benefit associations, savings plans, and even a few unemployment compensation plans were introduced before the 1920s; and during the 1920s new ones arose, among them group life insurance and stock purchase plans and many pay-as-you-go pension plans. Some were discontinued after a few years' experimentation; the rest vanished in the depression.

Neither workers nor their unions had had any control over these plans, and they therefore welcomed the contractual nature of the WLB-granted fringe benefits which were assured (at least for the duration of the contract) and whose terms and conditions were negotiable. But their real preference was still, as it had been during the 1930s, to win their social benefits through legislation. Benefits so won became clear and legal rights, and were not conditional on the whim or compensating benefit of an individual employer. The unions intended that the war be no more than a partial and temporary interruption to the winning of further social gains by political means.

Accordingly, when controls were lifted after the war and unions were free once again to strike, they concentrated on wage increases in the 1946 "first round" of negotiations, and presented to Congress a broad political program for new so-

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cial legislation. But it did not take them long to discover that that door was closed to any further progress. At the same time, they found that another door stood slightly ajar. Thus, when the "third round" of postwar negotiations was held in 1949, the fringe-benefit demand was "in full bloom," as the Chamber of Commerce reported in its annual survey.

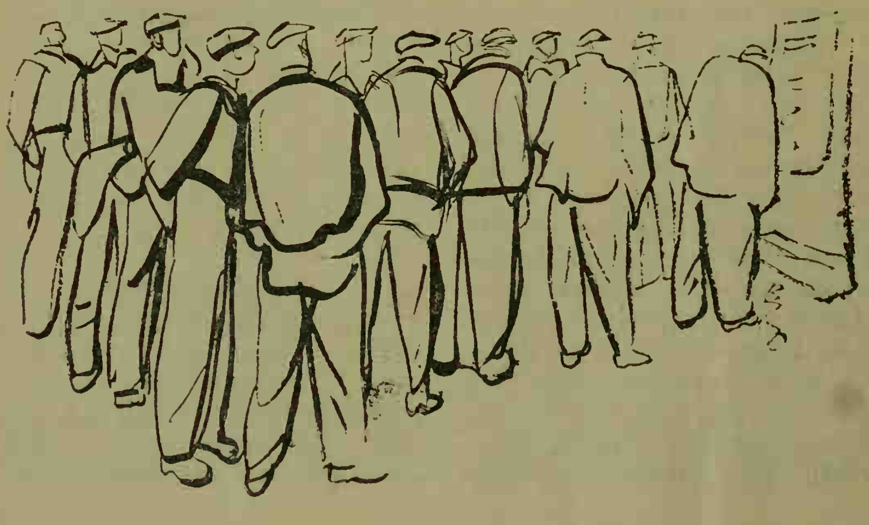
Divided by attack and hobbled by new laws restricting their political activities, the unions found themselves no match for a Congress that had little disposition to pass either social legislation or the business taxes to finance it. The money was there. The long period of prosperity that had begun with the war was what made the fringe-benefit movement possible; it could as well have financed social legislation.

As it became clear that national health insurance was dead, health and welfare plans began to flourish. Today they cover more than 100 million workers and their dependents. After repeated attempts to make social security benefits more adequate, private pension plans gained popularity and today cover some 23 million workers. When efforts to improve unemployment compensation failed year after year, private plans arose to supplement the public benefits.

Encouragement came from all sides. The Supreme Court ruled that pensions were a negotiable union-management issue; the Internal Revenue Service granted favorable tax treatment for certain fringes; the public, fearing inflation and believing fringe benefits to be less inflationary, applauded the "package" settlements; employers yielded. Thus, as time went on, the workers came to depend upon the fringe-benefit plans and to demand more.

For employers, the choice between wages and fringes is easy—and for the same reasons that had moved them to put forward such plans on their own volition. When an employer says that a bundle of fringe provisions (including their extra administrative expense, but adjusted, though perhaps conservatively, for mortality and turnover rates) will cost him 15c per hour, he is figuring their cost as if paid out in a wage increase. But paid out as fringe benefits, their actual cost is appreciably less than 15c per hour, because almost all fringes offer compensating savings. There is immediately the saving from the more favorable business tax treatment accorded certain fringes—for example, those paid through trust funds: pensions, health and welfare benefits, some vacation plans, supplementary unemployment benefits and the like. In addition, paid vacations, sick leave, and perhaps to some extent all fringes that free workers from worry about illness, accident, old age or unemployment, add to employees' productivity. These and other fringes also help the employer to attract more productive labor and to keep it, thus reducing the cost of turnover.

In another category of fringe benefits, the employer receives a specific and carefully negotiated *quid pro quo.* Call-in or reporting pay and various overtime premiums allow management to schedule work according to production demands and without adhering strictly to normal working hours. In return for granting an in-lieu-of-notice payment, the employer may keep his workers on a given job up to the last day he needs them, and thus avoid expensive short-term replacements. The employer negotiates on the amount of each of these payments with the estimated saving firmly in mind.



However, the greatest advantage to the employer of granting fringe benefits is that by assuming these social costs himself he may keep them out of legislation, where he would have control over neither cost nor benefit. Private fringe items are negotiable at each contract renewal date, and, as in the prewar decades, employers still find certain employee-benefit plans "not worth it" and seek to be rid of them. Thus, American Motors Corporation said recently that it wished to drop its profit-sharing plan, adopted in the 1961 negotiations. Finally, the money that the employer pays for private fringe benefits goes entirely to his own employees; each one knows the source of the funds that will keep him in his old age, that is paying for his and his family's illnesses. This point was covered by George K. Barrett, Manager of the Employee Relations Division of the Ohio Oil Company, at a management conference on fringe benefits held at the University of Michigan a few years ago:

> *I suggest the sixties must be management's decade so far as employee plans are concerned. The needs for improvement and better design of plans are obvious. We know our employees want protection against emergencies. . . . The cost of such emergencies has always been paid, in one way or another. The question for us is "How can the burden best be paid by our society?" I believe the best way is to have the cost appear as close as possible to the individual who benefits.*

In short, employers had good reason for leaving the door to fringe benefits slightly ajar, however loudly they may have complained about high fringe-benefit costs.

For his part, the worker's desire for fringe benefits is genuine, even though he may not have had an altogether free choice between private plans and social legislation, or between fringe benefits and further wage increases. The 103-day Chrysler strike for pensions was dramatic proof of labor's commitment on that issue.

Workers value fringes not just because it is obviously more advantageous to pool their social costs than to take more in wages and buy their benefits individually. Presumably, they could realize this saving (at some income-tax loss) by taking the money in wages and negotiating wholly contributory pension, health and welfare, and other plans. But they do not.

They choose to give up an alternative wage increase, or even a vested right to the money in their benefit funds, in order to get protection against the major economic hazards of life *at their employer's expense*. They seek management's acknowledgment of an industry responsibility for certain social costs which heretofore have been considered their personal responsibility. They seek, in other words, the same industry obligation that social legislation, through taxes, imposes on industry to contribute to the cost of these social needs.

The obverse of the management obligation is the worker's "right" to the benefit, and it grows in the public mind with the prevalence of the benefit. In 1948, when provisions for paid vacations had been instituted by 90 per cent of industry, a board of arbitrators found a paid vacation to be a "right" that superseded even management's "right" to stay in business:

> *In present day labor relations the granting of a vacation period to workers is so widely accepted that no industry or company can claim to be exempt from the propriety of this practice. . . . The company claims that it is not financially able to grant vacations with pay. Today, however, common practice decrees, in general, that those who employ workers assume the general obligation of granting them vacations.*

Two decades of bargaining on fringe benefits as a right of the worker and a social obligation of the employer have transformed the employer-employee relationship. The employer once had only one obligation: to compensate the employee for his actual work. Now he must additionally assume responsibility for certain social costs of the employee and his family.

Fringe benefits are of three types. There are those that provide *time off*, without loss of income, for some social use: to recover from illness, to get an annual rest, to vote, to celebrate patriotic and religious holidays, to attend a family funeral, and so on.

A second type, the *penalty-premium*, is intended to discourage an employer from deviating from an established standard of work scheduling, length of work day or week, or a normal provision of vacation or holiday. Conversely, the payment is a premium to the worker who is forced to accommodate himself.

The third type provides *protection against certain economic hazards* such as accident or illness or unemployment due to old age, downswing of the business cycle or technological change. These fringes are the health and welfare funds, pensions, severance payments and the like. It is in this category that the Steelworkers seek protection through their insistence upon a "right to continuance of income" and "total job security."

But what of his lack of control over employee benefits that taught the worker his original distrust of them? It can be shown that some of these fringe benefits are illusory, or likely to be dropped altogether if the employer chooses. That is particularly so for the unorganized millions whose fringe benefits are provided voluntarily by the employer, but even contractual benefits can disappear. Although it would be difficult for an employer to drop a benefit that all workers and the public had come to consider an inherent right of employment—and some employers would always find certain fringe benefits worth their cost—the fact remains that fringe benefits are good only as long as the employment relationship, or the contract, lasts. If a plant closes, or technology displaces workers, or a depression arrives, the workers may have nothing left of their health and welfare plan, for instance, except the high cost of medical care. Many pension plans, especially those set up on a company basis, are proving—most noticeably when a company goes out of business—to be inadequately funded. [See "The Pension Mirage" by Merton C. Bernstein, *The Nation*, June 15, 1964.]

This lack of control, complained about in earlier decades, is today *the* problem and what the negotiation on fringes is all about. The question at the bargaining table is no longer whether to have fringes, but who is to control them in order to maximize the benefit—for company or employees. In this struggle the unions often argue that the fringe benefit is part of the worker's wages for his service, and that therefore his right to the benefit cannot be restricted as the employer would like. At other times, the employer finds advantage in arguing that fringe benefits are wages. Whether or not, or when, or which fringe payments should be viewed as wages are questions that particularly baffle arbitrators, courts and state and federal administrators because the many laws that define "wages" were all written before the fringe-benefit movement began: the Bankruptcy Act, the Social Security Act, the Fair Labor Standards Act, the Labor-Management Relations Act, state unemployment insurance laws, the Walsh Healey Public Contracts Act and others. Until there is more understanding of the nature of fringe benefits, and until an attempt is made to update the wages concept in existing laws, the worker will find that gaining full control over his social benefits is not easy.

What of the future of fringes, and what of the public interest? As long as the money holds out, there is no end to the number of social needs that the worker can seek to have met for him—and at higher and higher standards of benefit. Currently, the threat of technological displacement keeps union research departments busy devising private plans to meet this newest economic hazard. If medicare continues to be rejected by Congress, more unions may follow the can industry plan of extending their health and welfare plans to cover retirees. Continued Congressional indifference to education and housing would stimulate private proposals in these areas.

Is this entirely good? What about those beyond the fringe? While private plans are being devised to cushion the economic effects of downswings or technological unemployment, what of those who, due to either cause, never find jobs in the first place? For this growing segment of our population, the emphasis on fringe benefits may indeed be too great. Should social benefits depend, first, upon having employment and, second, upon an individual employer's ability to pay? The steelworker is not to be blamed for his desire for total security and career protection. But others have the same dream. The public needs to reconsider its interest in these dreams.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Poet in a Fugitive Cause

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Collected and Edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts. The Viking Press. Two volumes, 1,072 pp. $15.

PAINTINGS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by Mervyn Levy. The Viking Press. 104 pp. $12.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

D. H. Lawrence is one of those people like Emma Goldman, Isadora Duncan, Henry Miller, whom the aged persist in assuming appeal to youth. Youth have never heard of Emma Goldman or Isadora Duncan. Henry Miller makes them giggle. Lawrence, I am afraid, exasperates them. So many revolutions have been won in our century and found not worth the winning. As Paul Mattick once remarked, Hitler fulfilled the entire emergency program of the Communist Manifesto and in addition made May Day a legal holiday. Few people are prepared to face the fact that the concentration camp (not the extermination camp) represented juridically, on paper, the most progressive penological notions. Of all the revolutions which have come home to roost, the Sexual Revolution has turned out to be the most unwieldy cuckoo of all.

It was D. H. Lawrence's great misfortune that he permitted himself to be swept up in a fugitive cause and to become the prophet and polemicist of a religion which could not, by very definition, outlive the generation which gave birth to it. What we call Victorian morality was remarkably short-lived and more honored in the breach than in the observance. Prior to the appearance of the Prince Consort, British life was the wonder of Europe for its sluttishness. Debauchery was institutionalized in the highest and the lowest places. When Lawrence started his attack on Victorian morality, Edward VII had already lived in lechery and died in ignominy. Lawrence, himself a provincial, was unaware that he was beating in a door which had long since been removed from its hinges, and that his novels only reflected the curious customs of Lady Ottoline Morrell's circle or the reserved *banques* of the Café Royale. Throughout his career he tried valiantly to etherealize what was in fact foolishness. His courage was a function of his naïvité. This incongruity and the ill temper which it engendered in Lawrence exasperates those readers who have come to maturity long after the Sexual Revolution was over.

During his residence in Taos, Lawrence carried on an affair with a very beautiful and passionate woman, tubercular like himself, which for complicated, clandestine subterfuges could not be surpassed in all the annals of the small-town ministry. Nevertheless, at parties at Mabel Dodge's when everybody was full of sugar moon and dancing around half or all naked and whooping and hooting and making like Geronimo, if anybody told an off-color joke Lawrence would turn beet red and then snow white and leave the room, speechless with rage. It is this incongruity which corrupted him as a man, as a prophet and as a stylist.

He suffered another corruption too, a literal one. If one of the major factors in the tragedy of Sinclair Lewis was pustular acne, tuberculosis was equally a factor in that of Lawrence. He was a sick man and neither he nor his wife nor his friends would face the simple medical facts of the disease. They all acted like peasants who believed that if you refuse to admit the existence of disease, it will go away. As Lawrence lay coughing out his lungs, his family and friends persisted in saying to one another, "Well, you know; Bert always *was* bronchial."

Lawrence's irritability, his revulsion for society and his sexuality in fact reflect morning faintness, 4 P.M. fever and night sweats. These are facts that must be coped with in a literary diagnosis of Lawrence. Koch's bacillus did not invalidate Lawrence as an artist any more than spirochetes invalidated Baudelaire or Nietzsche. The men were destroyed by the microorganisms over a period of time and the ravages are manifest in their work. The poets and the philosopher survive, but cannot be evaluated without taking their condition into account. It is simply ignorant to discuss the philosophical significance of Nietzsche's delusions when his brain was being eaten up.

A very great deal survives in Lawrence. Along with Guillaume Apollinaire and William Carlos Williams, he is one of the major poets of the 20th century. He was one of the leaders in the rejection of rhetoric and Symbolism and the return of poetry to colloquial honesty and presentational immediacy. This was one of the remarkable *bouleversements* in the history of the human sensibility. It put to rest once and for all many of the major aesthetic quarrels that have dogged literature since Euripides and Sophocles, the conflict of classicism and romanticism, form and content, architecture and emotion, and fulfilled countless programs of the sort promulgated in the preface to Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* or in the Imagist Manifesto.

The critic whose apparatus prevents him from recognizing this accomplishment is hardly the sort of person qualified to introduce his *Collected Poems*. Vivian de Sola Pinto is as whimsical a choice for this task as one could ask for. Mrs. de Sola Pinto is worried because D. H. Lawrence writes free verse, but she bravely attempts to defend his new-fangledness against the traditionalist strictures of an academic critic, Prof. R. P. Blackmur. She is under the impression that the colloquial clumsiness of his rhymed verse is not deliberate. Her preface as an introduction to Lawrence for people who have never read him is completely misleading. It resembles nothing so much as an argument overheard on the sunny piazza of a Confederate Old Soldiers' Home.

Lawrence was not only a consummate artist but an exquisite sensibility. He was able to weigh and measure that sensibility with amazing exactitude until fever distracted his poise; and it is only this lack of balance that injures his later poems.

Several of his poems in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* and his death poem, *"Blue Gentians"* are the perfect expression of what in England was called the Imagist aesthetic. They are quite the equal of anything by Apollinaire, Reverdy or William Carlos Williams. The only English poem of the period that compares with them is Ford Madox Ford's "L'Oubli, Temps de Sécheresse." Lawrence may have been sick, but poetry like this will always be a life-giving metaphor for literature, a mithridate for the young poet. For the layman it will continue to be a permanently memorable experience, more real than real. That, after all, is all Lawrence wanted.

There is another aspect of Lawrence which needs to be discussed and is usually dodged by everyone except the more tendentious Marxist critics. Like Yeats, Stephan George, T. S. Eliot, Valéry, Unamuno, Ezra Pound, von Hoffmansthal, Lawrence was a dedicated spokesman for what Joseph Freeman thirty years ago called the fascist unconscious. Note the "f" is in lower case. Lawrence did not live to see the horrors of Nazism, but the Nibelungen *geist* that haunted Frieda's relatives aroused in him only amused contempt, as did the more trivial popinjay antics of Mussolini's minions. Nevertheless, Lawrence was anti-humane, anti-humanist and anti-humanitarian, like most of the leading poets of the international community of the first half of the 20th century. In Europe the exponents of humanism were proved frauds by the First World War. In America, where by a historical accident they were given the chance to act personally in committees, they were proved malevolent frauds by the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But this does not mean that humanism is a fraud. Nor does it excuse an anti-humane way of life. Lawrence once remarked that the beastliness of man to man increased in proportion to growth in membership in the S.P.C.A. and the perfection of painless dentistry. This is probably true, but it does not excuse Ernest Hemingway's attendance at bull fights.

This question is usually dismissed as one of the out-of-date concerns of the thirties. It is not, and some day it is going to be necessary to revaluate book by book and almost sentence by sentence the moral meaning of the leading poets of the first half of the 20th century. Since Lawrence occupies so exposed a position in this context, he would make an excellent subject for the first chapter. The polemics of the thirties, far from settling the matter, confused it further, since both sides of the controversy were in fact militant anti-humanists, whatever they called themselves. In America one sect of them did in fact call themselves Humanists — as of course did Zhdhanov in the last bloody hours of Stalin.

There's not much to say about the book of Lawrence's paintings, although Viking's edition is good to have if one is a Lawrentian. Like most famous people, Lawrence was indulged and self-indulged. Like Henry Miller, he was persuaded that he was a painter. Painting is hard work and the business of professionals. Lawrence was not as skilled an amateur as Winston Churchill or Dwight Eisenhower—much less Estlin Cummings. He painted for relaxation, not least the relaxation of sexual tensions. His paintings are rather silly as are the verses he wrote for such purposes. Some of them, with red naked males with Abyssinian faces, and mountainous women with Brünnhildean bottoms are diagnostic Krankenkunst, slightly crazy fantasies of himself and Frieda. The whole book is one of those embarrassing, historically important documents so vital to the history of literature but so expendable by good taste.

As for the *Collected Poems*, as a final *editio princeps* it leaves nothing to be desired. Juvenilia and variora and *dismembra rejecta*, all are here, edited, collated and printed with loving care. It is hard to see how this edition will ever be superseded.

Kenneth Rexroth's Selected Poems of D. H. Lawrence (*New Directions, 1948*) *was the first editon of Lawrence's poetry to be published in this country since 1929.*

Comedy's Cold Sustenance

NIGGER. By Dick Gregory with Robert Lipsyte. E. P. Dutton & Co. 224 pp. $4.95.

Peter de Lissovoy

Negroes have called one another "nigger" ever since the white man slurred the epithet into being, but it doesn't mean what it used to. Jokes and insults that once worked to restrict and reduce a people get turned around in a revolution, and expose the malicious and straitened mentality that created them. These days, "nigger" is seen to be a *white* man; when a black uses the word, he affirms, ironically, his own humanity, and—by the same twist—anticipates a time when that humanity will be generally acknowledged. Not that this is anything really new. The African, chained down and sailed away, was feeling it every time he shook his head in terror or in disbelief. And there were slaves who felt it, who challenged and recognized their fantastic fate, and started rebellions and started the blues. But recently, the irony has become quite public. A cold silver sustenance of the heart has climbed out of hiding and become familiar even to whites. The title of Dick Gregory's new book is shocking, as was intended—a matter of sales. But it is more than this. It is full and large in a way it could never have been a decade or two ago—a promise and a claim and, disappointingly, much larger than the book itself.

Nigger begins impressively with a comic, poignant account of Gregory's youth in the slums of St. Louis. The style is reminiscent, easy and rolling:

> *. . . Once a month the big gray relief truck would pull up in front of our house and Momma would flash that big smile and stretch out her hands. "Who else you know in this neighborhood gets this kind of service?" And we could all feel proud when the neighbors, folks who weren't on relief, folks who had Daddies in their houses, would come by the back porch for some of those hundred pounds of potatoes, for some sugar and flour and salty fish. We'd stand out there on the back porch and hand out the food like we were in charge of helping poor people. . . .*

And we get the "boy" as well as the "black":

> *We went to the movies a lot. . . . Once we had a riot . . . when Tarzan jumped down from a tree and grabbed about a hundred Africans. We didn't mind when Tarzan beat up five or ten, but this was just too many, a whole tribe, and we took that movie house apart, ran up on the stage and kicked the screen and fought the guys who still dug Tarzan.*
>
> *. . . We used to root for the Indians against the cavalry, because we didn't think it was fair in the history books that when the cavalry won it was a great victory, when the Indians won it was a massacre. We always cheered for the American soldiers and booed the Japanese and Germans. . . .*
>
> *We had joys back there in St. Louis, joys that made us want to live just as surely as the pains taught us how to live. . . .*

The temptation to quote is great—as it always is after a Gregory performance. (Robert Lipsyte probably put it all to paper, but the storyteller's style is Gregory's.) What really tips the scales for the first section of the

---

Peter de Lissovoy, a frequent Nation *contributor, was until recently a campaign writer for C. B. King, the first Negro candidate for Congress from south Georgia since Reconstruction.*

book is the reconstruction of how Gregory began developing his fast-draw humor:

> *. . . I got picked on a lot around the neighborhood; skinniest kid on the block, the poorest, the one without a Daddy. I guess that's when I first began to learn about humor, the power of the joke. . . .*
>
> *"Hey Gregory, get your ass over here. Want you to tell me and Herman how many kids sleep in your bed."*
>
> *"Googobs of kids in my bed, man, when I get up to pee in the middle of the night gotta leave a bookmark so I don't lose my place."*
>
> *Before they could get going, I'd knock it out first, fast. . . . Everything began to change then. Once you get a man to laugh with you, it's hard for him to laugh at you. . . .*
>
> *. . . Sometimes the big guys would come after me. A guy twice my size would grab me and push me against a wall and be all ready to knock my face in. I'd roll my eyes and look down at his feet.*
>
> *"Baby, you better kill me quick. If you don't, I'm gonna steal those cool shoes you wearin'."*
>
> *Now who could beat up a guy who said that?*

Gregory made a weapon of humor in order to become a man on the block. The block is nearly always a little-America. Negroes have long used the joke to become and remain men in a society that would reduce them to something less. Gregory's mother taught him that "man has two ways out in life—laughing and crying. There's more hope in laughing." These first chapters say something about how a whole lot of black men have stayed sane and grown, and under Gregory's enriching comic gaze the boy that he was emerges large and real.

After the first hundred or so pages, the book begins to slow and weaken. Gregory leaves Southern Illinois University, where he has studied and run track on an athletic scholarship, and moves into the frenzied world of the small-time entertainer. Now he is not casting back into a period of his life for significant anecdotes and memories, but is trying to explain how he got from here to there to the Big-Time. The comic style that has worked so well grows thin, and he begins to rely heavily on the sudden reverse or punch line to provide the necessary movement. At only one point does the book rise again to the level of the first chapters. Like a gem turned up in common rock, half a dozen pages are devoted suddenly to what Gregory calls "one of the greatest lessons in show business"—the problem of talking race, or America, to predominantly white audiences:

> *. . . A white man will come to a Negro club, so hung up in this race problem, so nervous and afraid of the neighborhood and the people that anything the comic says to relieve his tension will absoutely knock him out. . . . I've seen a white man in a Negro club jump up and say "Excuse me" to a Negro waitress who just spilled a drink in his lap. . . . But . . . in* their *neighborhood, some of them are going to feel sorry for me because I'm a Negro. and some of them are going to hate me because I'm a Negro. Those who feel sorry might laugh a little at first. But they can't respect someone they pity, and eventually they'll stop laughing. Those who hate me aren't going to laugh at all.*
>
> *I've got to hit them fast, before they can think, just the way I hit those kids back in St. Louis who picked on me because I was raggedy and had no Daddy. . . . I've got to make jokes about myself before I can make jokes about them and their society—that way they can't hate me. Comedy is friendly relations. . . .*

At his best, Gregory exploits an old discipline—the comic tradition that informs the blues. Humor, in the Negro community, is much more than a means to survival. As a way of living and seeing it is as valid for the white man as for the black. Gregory is an instructive, sometimes great, humorist because he finds ways of expressing his and his audience's humanity at a comic level really common to both. He neither makes fun of himself in the post-minstrel Rochester tradition (the Jack Benny days) nor succumbs to the temptation of attacking his audience with a funny hatchet, but laughs at us all and brings the audience up to his level.

Most of this middle portion of the book is straight, narrative autobiography—interesting only if you are curious about how Gregory met his wife, got started as a comic, and began having kids. The relatively even irony of the first pages breaks down, and a little vein of sentimentality, just apparent at first, begins to bleed, copiously. After all his bleak and perilous times, he gets his break. He appears at the Playboy Club—and then on the *Jack Paar Show;* and now he can buy a color television set that is so big that doors must be unhinged to get it into his apartment, and he can buy his wife, who can't drive, a Thunderbird. ("That's getting back at the system.")

> *. . . I was growing by the minute, meeting fascinating people, like Hefner and Paar and Bob Hope. I was flying first class to California and New York. One day one of the biggest record companies called. . . .*

Fascinating people. . . . Now he even gets to put down his non-Daddy, who once deserted his mother, and the girl friend who was once too good for him shows up at a performance and he gets to crack on her. "That was a big year, 1961." He celebrates it at Christmas and gives his wife a long list of things. "It's get-even time, Santa."

It sounds like a bad Marxist caricature of a *nouveau riche.* Just about the time we are thinking, my God, he can't be leading us *here,* we discover that, in the back of his mind, Gregory has been thinking the same thing. He begins to do shows in prisons, and benefits for CORE and the NAACP. And this isn't enough. He goes South and marches with SNCC in Selma, Greenwood, Jackson. The Grand Reversal. *Here* is America the Beautiful—in the faces of "those brave, beautiful kids . . ." who never sleep, and sacrifice so much, and so on. The rest — the denouement — is old-hat movement rhetoric.

This is really too bad. Because there *is* a grandeur in the Southern Negro Movement. The civil rights struggle *is* creating heroes in a society whose herolessness is celebrated in a hundred novels. Gregory himself has made large sacrifices—one of a small but important group of celebrities who have given of their time and stature. But, with the exception of a couple of good anecdotes, Gregory's account of his experiences in the South is sentimental, mechanical, undiscovering—another page in the tourist brochure that the publishing business is writing for the Movement.

And the failure is a bit deeper yet. There is the climax, the big reversal—money isn't everything, and so on. Unfortunately, it doesn't work. Gregory has elaborated too enthusiastically the meanings of his show-biz success. Of course, he has built it all up partly in order to knock it down with his conversion to Freedom. But the tone of his commercial success hangs on in our minds and, like an echo, up rises the question: In what will success for the Movement consist?

> *. . . we're ready to change a system, a system where a white man can destroy a black man with a single word. Nigger.*
>
> *When we're through . . . there won't be any niggers any more.*

But when nigger — and whitey —

have disappeared, who will replace them? Who will we be then? Fascinating people like Bob Hope? Gregory suggests nothing to the contrary. But if Gregory's thinking stops short of an important question, so does the thinking of many of us, involved or sympathetic, in the Movement. *Nigger* is a small book. Years from now, when the civil rights struggle has run out more of its course, it may be the book's limitations that seem most eloquent.

The Ice Age

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. By Hans Koningsberger. Simon & Schuster. 190 pp. $3.95.

Keith Waterhouse

If every writer had Hans Koningsberger's compactness of expression there would be no need of microfilm in the public libraries. He can start and finish a chapter within the space it took Henry James to reach the first semicolon. His entire output probably runs to about a quarter of the length of one of those fat epics about fornication in a small American town. In this space he has managed to say more about the human condition than many reputable authors could achieve if they wrote until the end of time.

Consider a fairly familiar theme in the modern novel: a single girl is involved with a married man, and during an unguarded moment he talks of marrying her. This is surely good for a new typewriter ribbon, half a dozen freshly sharpened pencils and a brisk walk around the block before starting into the big scene:

(*1*) Man tells girl he would like to marry her.
(2) Reaction from girl.
(3) Decision by girl to play it cool.
(4) Reply from girl showing that she is playing it cool.
(5) Reaction from man.
(6) Reaction from girl to reaction from man.
(7) Decision by man to play it cagey.
(8) Cagey reply from man.
(9) Editorial summing up of the situation at half time.

And so on, through all the tense pauses, averted glances and all the rest of it to the coda with the girl as likely as not wandering through a rain-swept street and wondering whether to get herself picked up.

This is how Mr. Koningsberger deals with the situation in his new novel, *I Know What I'm Doing*:

> *He lowered his paper and stared at me. Then he went back to it and said without looking up, "We'll get married one day."*
>
> *"We will?" I asked. "Are you proposing?"*
>
> *"Would you accept?"*
>
> *"Try me."*
>
> *He shifted in his chair. "I'm not free," he finally muttered. "I will be one of these days," he said.*
>
> *"Well, you just missed your chance," I said.*

End of scene. In other words, unlike so many novelists, Mr. Koningsberger does not write in the apparent belief that his publisher is about to do a book-club deal with Mars and that everything which human beings think and say and do has therefore got to be *explained* as in that tedious parlor game where one has to describe a chair to someone who has never seen one.

As in Koningsberger's earlier novels (*The Affair, A Walk With Love and Death, An American Romance*) *I Know What I'm Doing* is written in a very modern way, using the film director's technique of cutting into the guts of a scene, describing it at its climax and getting out again without any flimflam. And he keeps the writer's notebook a healthy ten paces away from his typewriter. Part of the present novel is set in Hollywood—as good an excuse as you can find for the travelogue stuff—but his only observation on that over-observed town is that Sunset Boulevard is lined with beer bottles. Mr. Koningsberger gets on with the story.

The interesting thing is *why* he keeps it short. I once wrote of *An American Romance*, that he couldn't have written it with the economy he used had not millions of words about love already been written before it. Looking at his latest novel I realize that this isn't wholly true. It's what we have lived rather than what we have read that enables Mr. Koningsberger to jump in at the deep end.

The fact is that as the world has grown more complicated and hope-

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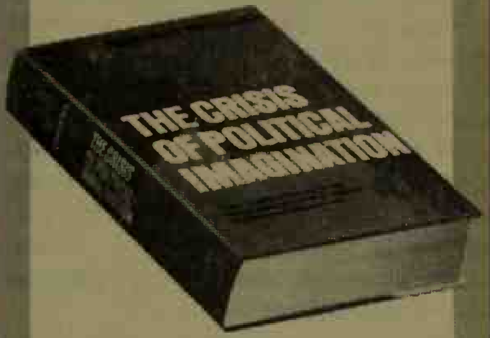
Keith Waterhouse is the author of Billy Liar *(Norton) and* Jubb *(Putnam).*

Why traditional politics have failed the individual in his estrangement

THE CRISIS OF POLITICAL IMAGINATION

Glenn Tinder



This book is concerned with the problem of regaining our bearings in a post-Marxian society in which not one of the older major concepts—liberalism, democracy, socialism and conservatism—seems entirely relevant.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

less we have become more involved with one another. We know a lot more about human relationships than did earlier generations because we spend a lot more time having them, because we more desperately want them. We're veterans. For any novel to go back to square one and start describing motivations and intentions and all that this-is-why-it-was stuff would be as ridiculous as a handbook on the hydrogen bomb which begins with a description of the Lewis machine gun. Mr. Koningsberger writes handbooks on human relationships. He pays us all the great compliment of assuming that we know already the great mess we're in with one another. And that is why he starts from that point, where other authors leave off.

I Know What I'm Doing concerns an English girl, just turning 20, who arrives in the United States to work as a secretary. She is a girl very much of this age, sexually adroit but emotionally frigid, with a self-protecting cynicism which prevents her from feeling strongly about anything. Happiness is a happy thing while it lasts. A job is a job, period. Politics is "phoney baloney." If she thinks anything about the world outside, she dismisses it:

> *Who cares? Is it so important to be happy, or loving, or loved? To hell with me. I should be of service somewhere, be a nurse, or a teacher, or work for the* revolución. *She shrugged. If it's unimportant whether I'm happy, she thought, then it's equally unimportant whether a million me's, a million Korean orphans or Bolivian tin miners are happy.*

The thing that has emancipated her is not female suffrage or economics but the pill. She has a series of affairs which cause her neither great pleasure nor great disgust. She has a frightening experience with a sex maniac, becomes afraid that she has contracted venereal disease, and gives up her promiscuous life—not out of revulsion but because she feels that she has grown past that "stage of innocence." She becomes involved with a married man in New York and a single man in Hollywood. She has feelings of a kind for both but her emotions, although real, are like Kleenex: disposable—weep hard and throw away. She vacillates between the two and eventually settles for marriage in Hollywood.

> . . . *Every day that goes by, the world is in a bigger mess anyway and what they tell us about it is mostly phoney, or that's how it seems to me.*

Much of the strength of Mr. Koningsberger's earlier writing has been in his ability to get inside a woman's mind; he is unusual among writers in never tipping the scales in favor of one sex or the other but always giving a fair hearing to both. This is something that's easier to do now than it was a generation ago, for men and women tend now to think in a more similar way and to want the same things. Mr. Koningsberger obviously realizes this and perceives that this is what the trouble between the sexes is very largely about; his realization helps him, in this novel, to present his young heroine with an astonishing depth and veracity. We're able to identify with her completely. When, for example, she spends a promiscuous evening going from one man to another we don't require any phony justifications about her unhappy childhood or her insecurity or whatever; we accept, immediately, that:

> *She felt singularly pleased with herself as she got back into her apartment. She drew a bath and stayed in it for a long time, not in the least because she felt "dirtied" but because she thought she owed the care to her body which had been used so much.*

In other hands *I Know What I'm Doing* could have been just one more cut length of fiction about maladjusted youth in a maladjusted world. But Mr. Koningsberger is not basically writing about youth at all. As always he is describing the pretty awful search for understanding, and in this novel he is talking about someone who at the beginning of the search perceives how hopeless it really is. When his heroine speaks about "phoney baloney" she is not talking sub-Salingerese but is expressing the great lethargy that comes over most of us when we try to emote for any length of time; when we suddenly see clearly how far and how long we've got to go on climbing. It's not a problem of communication, it's a problem of staying the course. And the novel ends:

> *So you might just as well concentrate on yourself. . . .*
>
> *I do think about* [the married man] *and wonder what became of him.*
>
> *But not too much. As the song says, bless 'em all.*

There has been a good deal of talk in the last few years about the emergence of the international novel, which usually turns out to be some heavy Central European allegorical plum pudding. I would say that with this novel Hans Koningsberger, with his lithe, uncluttered prose, his compassion and his deep X-ray understanding, entrenches himself as a truly international writer.

LETTER from QUEBEC

Marc Schleifer

It is better to start with Montreal. Quebec is too vast: three times the size of France, sixteen times the size of Cuba. But Montreal, the world's largest inland port and the unofficial capital, is the center of that complex of contradictions that define the province and its Renaissance.

Here is a maturing North American city sharing all references with New York, San Francisco, Chicago. Montreal has its "uptown" of finance, mass media, smart restaurants and chic bars; universities at the edges of the city; its Bohemian quarter in a rundown district where the artistic *avant-garde* coexists with the resident recent immigrants from Greece and Eastern Europe. And it is also a colonial city, closer to the *Tiers Monde* than to New York, where an Anglo-Canadian minority directly manages the provincial economy and indirectly manipulates the French-administered political structure for the Anglo-American interests who own Quebec. This Anglo-Canadian minority resides on a mountain overlooking the "native" city. They barely speak French, the "native" language, and at best, patronize its culture. Like other minorities of this type throughout the *Tiers Monde* they have had cause to be nervous in recent years.

And then there are Quebec's French (and some English) intellectuals and artists who, during the fifties, tended to group themselves

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Marc Schleifer, former editor of Kulchur, *contributes frequently to various literary and political publications.*

around a publication called *Cité Libre.* A monthly which can be described roughly as a cross between *The Nation* and *Partisan Review, Cité Libre* challenged the corrupt "nationalist" provincial regime of Duplessis; supported the Montreal Film Festival; and demanded a redefinition of Church-state relationships. In 1960, Duplessis was defeated by the Provincial Liberal Party and enlightened middle-class opinion throughout North America hailed "the quiet revolution" in Quebec. The original editors of *Cité Libre* became part of the new establishment. In March, 1963, the bombings began.

D'obtenir une bonne daobbe *il faut parler anglais.* "To obtain a good *job* it's necessary to speak English," is a popular expression in *joual*, the corrupted French idiom of the province. Culture and political economy are thoroughly intertwined in the Quebec Renaissance and the misunderstandings that we, the outsiders, bring to this "province" are based on our knowledge of a past shaped by their one-time mutual isolation. Thus French Canadian nationalism *seemed* to be represented by Maurice Duplessis and his *Union Nationale* government or by the major French institution in Canada, the Church, renowned for its puritan bigotry and anti-Semitism. But what meaning has the past when young separatists who openly identify with the Algerians as their revolutionary brothers tell you that Duplessis was the Tshombe of Quebec? Or when Cardinal Léger of Montreal, considered the outstanding liberal at this year's Vatican Council, can state, as he did recently in a public speech, "We have to admire the young people in Quebec who have the courage to be agnostics and Marxists." The Cardinal is more than a symbol of the desire of a portion of the hierarchy for an "opening to the Left." In recent years the most militant strikes in Quebec have been led by the independent and formerly Catholic French Canadian trade-union movement (CNTU) which is (unlike the dominant Canadian Labor Congress and Quebec Federation of Labor) unaffiliated with the AFL-CIO.

Possibly the Quebec Renaissance began on August 30, 1960, with the publication of *Les Insolences du Frère Untel* (The Impertinences of Brother Anonymous). Written by a 32-year-old Marist teacher, later identified as one Brother Pierre-Jerome (and later required to go to Rome to further his theological studies), *Les Insolences* has to date sold over 125,000 copies in a province of 5 million. It is dedicated to a Ukranian-Canadian Communist "friend and fellow patriot."

Brother Anonymous asked: "What can we do? The French Canadian society is foundering. Our merchants show off their English company names, the bill-boards along our roads are all in English. We are a servile race; our loins were broken two hundred years ago and it shows. . . . 'We are proud of being vanquished, we play and work as vanquished men. We laugh, we weep, we love, we write, we sing as the vanquished. All our moral and intellectual life can be explained by this single fact, that we are cowardly vanquished men.'" Brother Anonymous ends with a quote from Leon Bloy.

Among the first targets of the vanquished men turned "terrorists" were Canadian army recruiting centers, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police H.Q., and five mailboxes in the Montreal *colons'* suburb of Westmount. Liberal opinion, the older generation, the editors of *Cité Libre* — everyone in a state of shock asked the same question, Why? In October, 1963, the young generation of Quebec artists and intellectuals replied with the publication of the first number of the monthly, *Parti Pris* (roughly — "Position Taken"). In the lead article, entitled "From Revolt to Revolution," the writer Pierre Maheu declared: "*Decidedly*, nothing ever changes in this land of Quebec."

The position taken can be summarized as Independence, Socialism, and Secularism. *PP* has already begun to shift from its original emphasis on cultural criticism, fiction and poems, to direct political action. In the September, 1964, issue the editors state they will continue to

> *publish certain literary works and essays . . . the revue itself will try to be a work instrument. . . . What is involved is giving the national liberation movement a popular and socialist content, the clarification of the social and political needs of the revolution. . . . The work that we propose is no longer romantic. . . . The task is great and our means minimal. Above all perseverance is needed and no doubt a kind of madness as well. We invite all those who have this decision, this endurance and this madness to join us. For the madness of those who wish to believe in the future of men will prove correct. In all of Africa and Asia and soon in Latin America, men like us are attempting this madness with us.*

Still another new magazine was in the making during this same period. Back in September of 1963, Pierre Valliers, a respected Montreal journalist, had been appointed co-editor of *Cité Libre* to revive the tired tone that came as the price of victory. M. Valliers' editorship was brief: it is possible these days in Canada to be a Socialist and still be part of the liberal community, or to be a separatist and still be respectable in the French bourgeois community—but to combine the two doctrines! In March of this year M. Valliers and many of his associates, young French-Canadian intellectuals, separated themselves from *Cité Libre* (which in its September issue features three articles, two of which are by writers with Anglo-Saxon names). In September they brought out the first issue of *Revolution Quebecoise*, whose viewpoint is similar to that of *PP* but whose writing reflects a style of popular journalism rather than that of artist turned activist. *PP* and *RQ* both maintain a circulation of around 4,000. In a state of 5 million people of whom 4 million are French-speaking, it is as if an American Socialist magazine such as *Monthly Review* (circulation 10,000) had a following of 180,000.

In the district surrounding the Ecole les Beaux Arts are found the *avant-garde* cinemas and theatres, Bohemian coffee shops, and the headquarters of the Front Republicain Pour L'Independance (FRI)—a barely legal group opposed to participation in elections and constantly in trouble with the Mounties and local police for eulogizing the armed underground in its publications. According to one of its spokesmen, the FRI supports Quebec socialism — "a socialism adopted to our own needs." The two coffeehouses in the district, La Paloma and El Cortigo, are closer in style to pre-tourist MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village than to St. Germain or Boule Miche. Local historians credit La Paloma as the locale for the formation of the underground FLQ-ALQ (Liberation Front of Quebec and its military wing, the Quebec Liberation Army). Many of the students demonstrating in Quebec City on the day of the Queen's visit were students at the Beaux Arts College.

It is clear that as the Independence movement moves in the direction of espousing Socialist goals, it has gained rather than lost adherents. The RIN (Rassemblement pour L'Independance Nationale), which is the largest and most respectable of the separatist groups, has already named the nationalization of all public services and natural-resource monopolies as part of its immediate program. And at the University of Montreal, where the student body reflects the middle-class composition of RIN, the student newspaper *Le Quartier Latin* declared in its first editorial of the new semester (September 15th):

> Le Quartier Latin *has discovered itself to be socialist. It doesn't declare itself socialist. We don't want to be doctrinaire. We are not a journal in the service of the socialist ideology. We don't want to make our essential work advancing socialist thought. We say we are socialist because we are frank . . . it is in the heat of action that we found ourselves socialist.*

But then, part of the Quebec Renaissance is that everybody finds themselves radicalized.

Irving Layton is considered the major poet of English-speaking Canada. (A recent collection of his poems, *A Red Carpet for the Sun*, has been published in the United States by Jargon Press.) He is also a Jew who grew up among the French Canadians of Montreal where he still makes his home. He is a man apart; on one hand his neighbors are the Quebecoise, and then there are *les anglais* with whom he is in intimate contact as a controversial but prestigious figure in the English-speaking communities of Anglo-Saxons and Jews. He expressed his feelings to me in a taped interview:

> *. . . It would be very exciting to have a French Canadian domain, where French culture with all its diversity and complexity would radiate throughout the North American continent.*

I asked Mr. Layton if he were for the independence of Quebec. He said, "Ideally, yes, practically, no." There were two practical considerations. First, he considered that the major area of discontent came from the students, the sons of the rising French Canadian middle class, and that the Anglo-American corporations were already wisely opening their executive doors to this class. And he is convinced that independence would lead to a breakup of Canada. "The political dissolution of this country is something that no responsible statesmen will entertain. . . . Will the French Canadians be willing to embark on a course if it leads to civil war? They should be able to achieve all the rights they are clamoring for without breaking up the Confederation dreamed of in 1827 and installed in 1867!"

Not all the young revolutionaries are artists and students. Recently the police netted fourteen members of an ALQ commando group. Seven were students but the others were young workers, generally unemployed, and several with families. The Quebecoise's share of Canadian unemployment is steadily rising. Although they represent 25 per cent of the Canadian population, their share in national unemployment has risen from 37 per cent in 1961 to 38 per cent in 1963 to 41 per cent so far this year. "*Nous sommes les blanc-Noirs de Canada*"—another popular Quebecoise saying.

"Pierre V." is a merchant seaman, 22 years old, working-class family. He has already been held for questioning by the police on suspicion of FLQ-ALQ association. He had been arrested in Quebec City during the Queen's visit, and we shared the bus ride back to Montreal Sunday night. I noticed that he was reading André Malraux's novel, *L'Espoir*, and I asked what he thought of the book. "It's magnificent," he said. "You see these sections that I have underlined," holding up the book and pointing to passages of revolutionary rhetoric, "I like the sentiment and I use them in my speeches." Pierre is a militant of the Chevaliers de l'Independance (The Knights of Independence), one of the most incredible formations to grow out of the Quebec Renaissance. The Knights, a legal self-defense society for the Independence Movement, are the creation of 31-year-old Reggie Chartrand, a former leading contender for the Empire welterweight title, and a favorite of Canadian boxing fans.

Chartrand is a dynamo; short, stocky, powerful and gifted with an intelligence and sensitivity that extend far beyond his limited formal education. He is a charismatic figure to the Montreal youth. "There are people who hold that the sport of boxing can in the long run weaken the intelligence, the 'reflexes' of a boxer. But I think it's modern capitalist society, with all its aimless amusements and frustrating tensions that ends up sapping a man's intelligence. Here we have a boxing school because French Canadians need to get in shape if only for the great day of Quebec's liberation."

L'Ecole Reggie Chartrand, located in the heart of Montreal's working-class district, serves as headquarters for The Knights. During the day the school functions as a boxing school and gym (membership in The Knights entitles one to use of the facilities). At night the punching bags come down and the workout machines are pushed to the side; rows of portable chairs are set up around the prize ring as if an exhibition bout were about to take place. The seats are quickly filled with 300 to 400 young working-class men and women. Above the ring flutters the flag of Quebec—a white cross in a field of blue with a white fleur-de-lis in each of the four blue rectangles. In back of the ring hang two black flags of mourning—"1867" is painted in white on the upper left-hand corners.

The walls of the hall are decorated with photos of famous fighters—Rocky Graziano, Joe Louis, Reggie and Sugar Ray Robinson shaking hands, Marcel Cerdan. And signs—"Vive Le Quebec Libre." Several of The Knights in the audience are wearing the special sweat shirt designed by Chartrand for his organization—a black jersey with the legend "Quebec Libre" printed in white on the front. Every evening at The School begins and ends with the singing of *The Hymn of Quebec*. The audience rises and salutes: the Roman salute, but with only two fingers extended, to form a "V"—"One finger stands for *liberté*, the other for *égalité*, together the victory," says Reggie.

A microphone is placed in the center of the ring for whoever is to speak. During debates the speakers will lean against the ropes like contenders waiting their turn. The audience listens carefully, with intensity but always ready to respond with humor, especially when Chartrand is speaking.

Chartrand was one of the first to be brutally beaten and arrested on "Bloody Saturday" (the day of the Queen's visit) in Quebec City.

Why did "Bloody Saturday" take place? Nobody seems to know. Over a thousand members of the international press, on hand for the Queen's visit, witnessed the carnage; six Canadian reporters and photographers were among the hundreds of victims. "People think this weekend was shocking," says Chartrand, "but for at least ten years I have seen the police of this province beating and torturing us." Some of the conservative papers, seeking an explanation for what they themselves admit was an unprovoked assault, remind their readers of the effect that tension might have on a security force: overreacting to the much publicized rumor of an assassination attempt against the Queen by the ALQ underground. But then, how to explain the following item in *La Cognée* (*The Stroke*), the mimeographed fortnightly organ of the underground (possession of *La Cognée* is said to be considered grounds for arrest in Canada), which appeared last summer:

> *When certain individuals have hallucinations and declare that we will kill the Queen they get the front page. But when we say that there is no question of our doing the slightest thing to her the papers remain mute. Because of the limited distribution (for obvious reasons) of* La Cognée, *a large number of Quebecoise still believe that we want to kill the Queen. Here is a case in which the conduct of the newspapers has been criminal.*

On my last evening in Montreal I stopped in at Le Bistro, a smart bar where the "uptown" artists tend to gather. A member of the Socialist Workers League came over to the table with news. *Parti Pris*, *Revolution Quebecoise* and *Socialisme 64* had just agreed to invite Malcolm X to Montreal the following month for a speaking engagement. "But Malcolm probably can't speak French," groans someone. "Don't worry, for Malcolm they'll listen to English." A minute later a man who prefers not to be named slides over: "The ALQ held up a couple more banks this month. But they're not admitting it in the newspapers any more."

Two well-known young Anglo-Canadian artists standing across from our table are pointed out to me. I join them at the bar. One is a director who works with the National Film Board (". . . an instrument of colonialism. . . . The documentary is the truth as seen by the regime." *Parti Pris* No. 7.). The other is a painter. We talk about films and painting, but I quickly turn the talk to Independence:

Film-maker: *You're not that much excited by it?*

Painter: *Oh yes, it's sort of old-fashioned but it's so anarchist.*

Film-maker: *Well I think it's a bore—those shrill voices at* Parti Pris, *trying to revolutionize a bourgeois people. A lot of these groups are semi-Fascist anyway. . . . No, I don't feel alienated by it; after all the French are really the only community for people like us, artists who are either disoriented Anglo-Saxons or Jews. We're on the fringe, not really accepted, but it's our only place here. All our women are French.*

Painter: *I'm very sympathetic to this, in contrast to homogenized Canadian society.*

Film-maker: *The terrorism has alienated a lot of people who would have been with them . . . I'm not for anarchy for anarchy's sake.*

Painter: *I am. Listen man, there'll always be a few delinquents in every revolution.*

Film-maker: *Really, I'm sort of a mild liberal Socialist. And I'm too serious to be involved in politics. Anyway, I'm leaving soon, for New York.*

THEATRE

WHY 'THE CHANGELING'?

The troubling thing to me about Elia Kazan's production of Thomas Middleton's *The Changeling* is not the manner in which Kazan directed the play; it is the play itself. For *The Changeling* is an inferior work even by Elizabethan standards. True, T. S. Eliot has called it ". . . an eternal tragedy as permanent as *Oedipus* or *Antony and Cleopatra*." Having seen the play, as I would guess Eliot had not when he judged it, I know his judgment to be wrong. There are indeed some fine lines in *The Changeling*, as for instance:

> *Why 'tis impossible thou canst be so*
> *wicked*
> *Or shelter such a cunning cruelty*
> *To make his death the murderer of*
> *my honor!*

rightly cited by T. S. Eliot as great. However, there are not many more lines of such quality; moreover, there are not more than two good dramatic speeches in the play. There is one striking character, and there are two powerful scenes. But *The Changeling* is without unity of theme and is without a real climax. It cannot compare in interest with even the least of Shakespeare's plays, or with any success, by Marlowe, Jonson or Webster. And whatever Middleton's play is about—this is not easy to determine—it has little relation to any modern interest or problem, aside, that is, from the notion—surely banal—that one crime is likely to necessitate another. The length to which Beatrice is willing to go to hide from her husband on her wedding night that she is no longer a virgin is something few moderns will be able to sympathize with or even understand.

Beatrice is being forced by her father to marry a man she does not love. And she is strongly attracted to another suitor. Does she really love this man whom her father has not even considered, having already made up his mind who her husband must be? In any case, her feelings are strongly stirred; she accepts the offer of De Flores, her father's steward, whom she despises, to kill the suitor her father supports. This De Flores does, and by so doing becomes Beatrice's master; in a sense, her true husband. She is now free to marry the man to whom she was attracted, but not before she has submitted to the lust of De Flores and become his sexual slave.

De Flores is a strong character, and, as played by Barry Primus, makes an unforgettable impression of sullen implacability. He has the strength of a man willing to go to any length to attain his desire. Beatrice, on the other hand, has the weakness of a woman willing to go to any length—and without knowing what she really wants. In the two moving scenes between Beatrice and De Flores it is De Flores who dominates; Beatrice is scarcely even present in these scenes. Or rather, she is present only to the degree that she is overcome by the force of De Flores' passion. She has referred constantly to De Flores as ill-favored, unprepossessing and ugly; but when he offers to kill her unwanted suitor, she finds him not without attraction. This is, to be sure, a great moment. There are no others.

Let us distinguish the weakness of Beatrice as a character from the dramatic weakness of the author who put her in his play. A true portrayal of human weakness may be a very strong expression of the dramatist's art. Beatrice, let it not be forgotten, is an invented character. The question is: Was there invention in her weakness or weakness in her invention? I should say the latter. Certainly it is hard to believe that she loves the young man she says she wants to marry, and with sufficient passion to solicit the murder of the man who has secured her father's favor. On the other hand, she is not represented in the play as being capable of ordering another's death out of sheer superficiality or indifference as to whether anyone not herself lives or dies. She seems not to be involved in the murder which she asks for and condones. De Flores, on the other hand, is entirely involved in the murder he commits, and from his involvement in it shows his superiority to Beatrice and to everyone else in the play. The truth is that Beatrice has no character at all. And if Barbara Loden gave no force to the role, as most critics noted, I cannot but wonder why they assumed—as I cannot assume — that some other actress might have given plausibility and force to a character lacking in both. Of course, it is easier, given the present state of criticism, to attack Kazan than to attack Middleton.

There is a subplot paralleling, or compromising, the main plot of *The Changeling*, and this subplot is just a bore. What could any director do with it? Elia Kazan decided—I do not know what other decision he could have made—to treat it with comic bawdiness. Alibius keeps a madhouse—it also has accommodations for fools—and thus exposes his wife, Isabella, who wants to sleep with anyone but Alibius, to the sexual assaults of two lords, one of whom pretends to be a fool, the other a madman. So exposed, Isabella yields to the lust of the fake fool, even as Beatrice yields to the lust of the authentic villain, De Flores. But the theme of bawdiness does not go with the theme of murder. Bawdry can induce hilarity in us, but never the sense of sin. In *The Changeling* Middleton has tried to excite our laughter with senseless actions ending in sex. But he has tried at the same time to excite our feelings of pity and terror with a murder also aiming at and ending with sex. There is no common ground for the two actions, the two themes.

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But to return to the main plot. Once De Flores—is his name meant to suggest a deflowerer?—has made Beatrice submit to him, the whole play deteriorates. There is, of course, a second murder, just as in *Macbeth;* but while in *Macbeth* the murder of Banquo follows both logically and psychologically from the murder of Duncan, in *The Changeling* the murder of Beatrice's waiting woman, Diaphanta, is psychologically implausible. Macbeth, ordering the murder of Banquo, is much the same Macbeth who killed Duncan in his sleep, though at this point he is more hardened to the act of murder. Beatrice, asking De Flores to kill her lady in waiting, is an entirely different person from the woman who asked him to kill her fiancé. Her motive in soliciting the first murder was presumably to marry and be possessed by a man she loved. That she should go to such lengths would be inconceivable unless her love were real. Once she has paid for the act of murder by submitting to De Flores, her problem becomes to hide the fact that she is no longer a virgin. Thus she persuades her lady in waiting to take her place for the first part of the nuptial night. Beatrice expects to replace her in bed. But this kind of calculation does not seem possible or believable for a woman who has involved herself in murder to get the man she desires. Would she surrender him then on her wedding night, whatever the consequences, to another woman? Of course, there is the suggestion throughout the play that the only man Beatrice is capable of loving is De Flores. This is the profound suggestion in the play, its subterranean theme, and this theme is never explored. Had it been, Beatrice might have been a real character, the play would have had real stature, and Barbara Loden, I suggest, would not have been chosen for one of its two main roles.

LIONEL ABEL

THE OLD GLORY

A new confederation calling itself The American Place Theatre has opened its first membership season in a building owned by the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York at 423 West 46 Street.

According to the playbill, "The American Place Theatre exists to foster good writing for the theatre. It hopes to accomplish this by providing a place, a staff and a broad program of practical work to American writers of stature: our poets, novelists and philosophers who wish to use the dramatic form, and to serious playwrights."

I heartily approve of this purpose because I always wish to encourage every effort to break the bonds of Broadway. (I am also in favor of increasing production on Broadway by making its organization less burdensome—probably an even more difficult task.) I dispel from my mind the fact that very few modern poets, novelists and philosophers writing in English have written viable plays. Playwrights have often proved themselves poets; poets, novelists and philosophers rarely become effective playwrights. Still I am convinced that it is highly desirable that writers not primarily identified with the theatre be pressed into service so that they may help freshen the field. One further thing should be said in this connection: just as Mallarmé warned Degas that poems were not made with "ideas" but with words, so drama is not made with ideas or words but through the development of human action given live within certain specific technical limits.

The American Place Theatre has begun its official existence well by offering the work of Robert Lowell. One listens with respect and, in regard to language at least, with pleasure, to every word this poet sets down. Lowell's *The Old Glory* is a triptych of three one-act plays related to early American history from 1630 to 1800. There is throughout a thread of feeling and thought characteristic of the author's spirit.

Since the presentation of the three plays was found to be too long for comfort, the first of the series, "Endicott and the Red Cross," has been dropped. That is a pity because, while it doesn't have the "kick" of the last and longest piece, "Benito Cereno" (from a story by Herman Melville), "Endicott and the Red Cross," as a clue to Lowell's statement, is perhaps the most telling of the three plays.

I cannot say much about "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," the second section of *The Old Glory* (but the first of the evening on 46 St.) because, while its form and import are evident in the production, only one or two of the actors who play it are wholly intelligible. I could make out no more than half of the spoken text.

When the performance of "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" was over, I murmured to a friend who sat in front of me, "This is a subversive play; I'm going to report it to the authorities!" I suspect that my feeble quip represented a certain intuition. There is a subtle and gnawing skepticism in Lowell's soul—and all skepticism is subversive!

After a somewhat extended prelude of talk — *good* talk, though the suspense it is meant to engender verges on the self-defeating because we are not made sufficiently aware of what portends—"Benito Cereno" ends with the slaughter of Negroes on a Spanish slave ship. The Negroes had mutinied against their captors, killed the ship owner and taken over the rule of the vessel. They plan to force the captain of an American merchant ship to sail them back to Africa. When the massacre (at the hands of the American captain's sailors) is over, the leader of the Negro mutiny defiantly proclaims, "the future is black." Delano, the American captain replies, "This is your future," and empties all six barrels of his pistol into the Negro's body.

An exciting conclusion. But what is "the future" Lowell suggests? That murderous suppression of Negroes will continue for 160 years and more? History has corroborated this. And it goes without saying that Lowell is a man of good will who abhors violence. Yet the play is ambiguous. It is ironic and disturbed. It is not tragic as much as pained and bewildered. It leaves us shocked and strangely dissatisfied. Lowell, it would appear, is no kin to the American captain; nor, though he understands him, is he really sympathetic to the Negro rebel. Lowell is more like the overpowered Spanish grandee, Benito Cereno, sensitive, lofty, impotent.

"My Kinsman, Major Molineux" (in which only Thomas J. Stubblefield is wholly distinct of speech) is called a "political cartoon." A cartoon is a simplification or an exaggeration of a supposed verity. In this short piece (it takes place on the eve of the Boston Tea Party) the activists on both sides, those opposed to the king as well as those loyal to him, are shown to be pimps, prostitutes, fairies, hypocrites, turncoats—all more or less covered with slime or gore, sometimes both. Are we to understand that, like all revolutions, ours came about through such agencies? Perhaps so. Certainly we are not made to believe that Lowell "regrets" the upheaval which made us independent. What then? The question hangs in the air. Lowell is not telling: he smiles and is troubled.

The piece omitted in the production of *The Old Glory* is, I repeat, the most significant and the most admirably written. It too represents the conflict in early colonial times between the Puritans who will forge the new world unfettered by England and the more cultivated Anglicans who are to be driven from power. Endicott, the Puritan leader, plagued with doubt, speaks such pithy lines as: "I now understand statescraft: a statesman can either work with merciless efficiency and leave a desert, or he can work in a hit-and-miss fashion and leave a cesspool." Endicott, in whose every utterance we detect an element of indecision, finally takes a stand against the English because they would impose a royal governor. He exercises the necessary severities on the milder and more compliant colonists. Before doing so, he promises to make a speech denouncing the Stuarts, the Pope, with additional talk about liberty of worship and the like.

When he is assured that these points will make a noble speech, he says: "No, it turns my stomach/It will be a hollow, dishonest speech, half truth, half bombast . . . but my speech will be practical." When he has concluded the speech and is complimented on it by a fanatic community Elder who declares that it is "the finest speech I've ever heard outside the pulpit," Endicott says: "I don't suppose so, I wasn't really listening." He hadn't spoken from conviction but from a need to prevent his own breakdown. He anticipates the much more pragmatic American captain of "Benito Cereno" who admits: "Nothing relaxes order more than misery. They [the slaves] need severe superior officers."

Liberal, Lowell is an aristocrat to his very marrow. He is incapable of, as well as horrified by, the "merciless efficiency" needed for strong rule, and he is disquieted by the "cesspool" which results from leniency. Dismayed by the equally appalling courses of action, Lowell as a poet turns inward and reveals the terms of his distress obliquely.

Such men cannot govern. A hesitancy in decision and discipline makes them similarly ill at ease when they try to exercise the definition and command of the stage. Still one hopes Lowell will be impelled to continue his theatre writing, for his is an authentic voice. I should be glad to have him attempt to dramatize his disquiet more amply. He is not alone in his searing and sacred dilemma.

It would be wrong to say that Jonathan Miller has directed the two plays with "merciless efficiency"; but it is none the less true that his meticulous direction, though it lends his production a very polished, even handsome, surface (no point is slighted, no intention is permitted to escape our notice) tends to sacrifice certain values. The sharp stylization of the "political cartoon" appears to obstruct the actors' diction. More practiced actors compose the cast of "Benito Cereno"—everyone speaks well—but the stringency of direction tends to rob the actors of a certain "humanity," thus reducing the possibility of a warmth which might add a larger dimension to the play. Nevertheless, Miller has managed to catch some of the hard, dry, tight cleanness of Lowell's writing. The overall mechanics of staging (including the treatment of sets, make-up and costumes) are thoroughly skilled.

Roscoe Lee Browne, Lester Rawlins and Frank Langella make us look and listen. They are faithful to their masters, Lowell and Miller.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Forthcoming Reviews and Essays

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ARCHITECTURE

NEW URBAN FORMS

Even *The New York Times* could offer only a necklace of bright quotations by way of covering the City Planning Commission's recent three-day symposium, "The Future of Design." The fact that the symposium was held at all is evidence that enough important people (including The Lavenburg Foundation, which financed it) feel that something simply must be done about the morose mess that we are making of our city, but the focus was elusive. The subject, suffering a little from what plagues the city itself, sprawled from organizational concepts in government to park design. The best exposition of the total problem was by Allan Temko, once of New York but now (to his very evident relief) of San Francisco, who said, "Since Galileo first demonstrated that forms may not be proportionally enlarged without limit, that a tree for example cannot go beyond a maximum computable height, men have known that increased dimensions ultimately must result in new forms. Indeed, such forms have appeared in our vast urban regions. . . ."

Not in New York. For we have specialized in old patterns, deepened or heightened. At the symposium, August Heckscher said something so shrewd that it was stirring: "La Guardia alone managed to convey to the people a sense that the greatness and prosperity of New York depended upon intellectual and spiritual qualities. . . ."

With this said there remained a certain pathos all through the talks in the implication that the solution to New York's self-torture may have to be a man, not just a plan. Daniel Bell cited the "administrative failure of the City Planning Commission to exercise leadership in the city. . . ." Yet who can blame planners for failing administratively, if they lack the power to succeed? The power resides higher, in elective office.

What did Temko mean by new forms? The suburbs, of course, are the most evident ones—insistently ambitious middle-class dream worlds—but they are defiantly anti-urban, or at least intend to be. Temko did point, scolding, to one chance for a new urban form which has just passed silently by in Manhattan: in the past five years Sixth Avenue from 50th Street up to Central Park, has been rebuilt into a copse of skyscrapers—totally unrelated except by the old avenue itself. Here, at the very least, was an opportunity to sink the street level and create a pedestrian plaza; or, better, to conjoin all the new structures, starting where the composition of Rockefeller Center left off and adding a new chunk of environment to Manhattan, perhaps a pedestrian version of the old Park Avenue, not just a billion dollars or so in new rental space upstairs. (I have heard that architect Max Abramovitz did attempt to get something moving in this direction by calling a meeting of architects and clients for the upper Sixth Avenue buildings when they were still in planning, but without success. It was an opportunity for government, too big to remain private.)

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The down side of living in New York certainly was brilliantly voiced at the meetings. Listen to Adolph A. Berle:

> *The blunt fact is that in New York, one of the most prosperous places in the world, our resident gets less for his money than perhaps anywhere else in the world. Not that he pays more for the goods and services that he buys—prices are the same. The difficulty is that some element of these services—quiet, repose, the familiar meeting of friends, serenity of life in a group tnat he knows and that knows him, even elementary needs like clean air—are not available at all, or at any price. Anyone who has recently visited Great Britain, or the Netherlands, let alone Scandinavia, can bear witness to the fact that an urban resident there may be poorer than here, but he has many things we, with all our wealth, cannot get. We are rapidly creating a city in which everyone suffers the privations of poverty no matter how well off he is or how good an income he may have.*

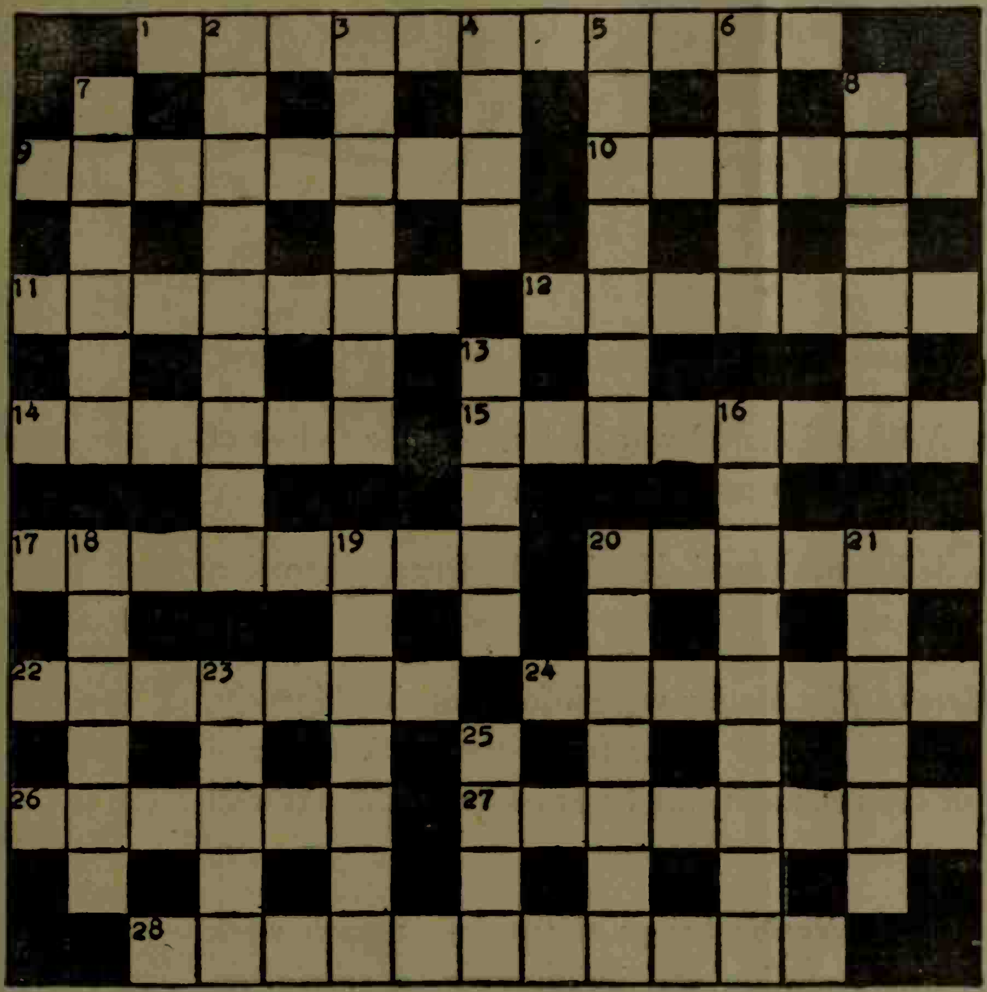
Berle was one who did not seem to imply a great new leader, in absence of other solutions. Instead, he briskly called for decentralization of planning or, at least, widening of the function. He reminded his listeners that a city is merely a collection of neighborhoods which should become involved in their own fates. He was persuasive. Any good neighborhood should be cherished, but I wonder if those new forms are not going to be necessary in the many sinking neighborhoods. Old and new can be combined—that is one of the historic functions of cities. To face a fact, even a redevelopment of the lower West Side of Manhattan need not wipe out Jane Jacobs' West Village, while adding interestingly made residential space around it. I suppose, though, we had better not use that word, redevelopment; it has become a dark one, especially in New York City. Substitute for it the construction of a deliberately varied group of scattered Mitchell-Lame middle-income apartments, schools and shopping by good architects, with some federally assisted low-rise walk-up housing, and, for the affluentials, some row houses and opportunities to redo high-ceilinged warehouses. And there should be parks, of the kind favored by William H. Whyte at the meetings—small, usable ones, salads with the roasts. All ordered by a man who knows what architectural quality is, and insists upon it.

We know such things can be brought about, even under existing financial methods. I have a feeling that there may soon be a wide, perhaps a volcanic, political pressure to get them done if the right politician should happen along. There are signs. One is the obdurate success of the West Village itself in keeping out conventional redevelopment. Near New York, the first Democrat to be elected to Congress from Westchester County in a long time, Richard Ottinger, characterized himself appealingly as an intelligent, concerned man, by commissioning a plan that would help save the shores of the Hudson River from further degradation—save something the voters see every day, live with, even vote for. In downtown Manhattan itself Washington Square has recently been replanned by a volunteer group of local architects in a way that preserves the Victorian quality of the place, while adding trees and closing streets (and saving the city some $300,000 over the plan rejected by the neighborhood). President Johnson touched the nerve of the nation last spring with his Ann Arbor "Great Society" speech in a way which perhaps startled him—and certainly should have startled any other politician who thinks that environment is a word pre-empted by interior decorators.

WALTER MCQUADE

Crossword Puzzle No. 1081

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A 12 should make one sound, in judgment. (5-6)
9 Where many used to worship many disconnect the phone, with a busy one inside. (8)
10 What tubes did for Kipling. (6)
11 See 20 across
12 You may have seen one with take-offs on navy types. (4-3)
14 and 4 down A yawn here implies it's late. (10)
15 "Dance of the Apprentices"? (A court function, no doubt!) (8)
17 If washers drip, these should be placed under them. (4, 4)
20, 24 and 11 What is sometimes found on rye, with slaw on the side? (6, 4, 3, 7)
22 Consider the difference, if any — what you expect guests to do is about equal. (7)
24 See 20 across
26 There isn't a single speaker that can give it. (6)
27 Get the devil out! (8)
28 Eyes right? Not with this! (11)

DOWN:

2 This sable is found in unusual circumstance. (9)
3 Rose out of water. (7)
4 See 14 across
5 and 23 down March past under the Arc de Triumph, evidently. (5, 2, 5)
6 Ever tell how to turn out without measure? (5)
7 Where some put the caraway, if there is space. (6)
8 Property found in the spring, perhaps. (6)
13 Cold settling here? Not if it's the ice type. (5)
16 Comprising the naked truth? (4, 5)
18 Animal found in Chicago, Utica, and Washington zoos? (6)
19 Type of evidence supplied by the religious leader's admission. (1, 6)
20 Proving a cigar is expensive overseas, and still going up! (7)
21 Hemingway at least sounds sincere! (6)
23 See 5 down
25 Cut out the middle of the paper? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1080

ACROSS: 1 Silver standard; 9 Novella; 10 Sumatra; 11 Conspire; 12 Grouse; 14 Stomach; 15 Schwa; 17 Erred; 19 Equaled; 21 Tacked; 23 Defected; 25 Nuptial; 26 Organic; 27 Ostentatiously. DOWN: 1 Song cycle; 2 and 21 down Livingstone; 3 Ellipsoid; 4 Staircases; 5 Also; 6 and 8 Demurrage; 7 Retouch; 13 Shouted out; 15 Solfeggio; 16 Archduchy; 18 Recipes; 20 Detents; 22 Elite; 24 Plot.

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ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The Obsolete Filter

Donald A. Meyer
Max Nathan, Jr.

SOS from the Merchant Marine

Desmond Smith

How Nations Drink

PUZZLE OF ALCOHOLISM . . . M. E. Chafetz, M.D.

LETTERS

The new Baconians

San Jose, Calif.

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* (Nov. 2) has all but dissipated the esteem with which I formerly viewed the magazine. . . . Herbert L. Packer's article, "The Warren Report," was simply sickening. . . . I do hope that *The Nation* will not fall to such low depths on topics of such importance in the future.

Gordon B. Willson

New York City

Dear Sirs: As one who is saddened *and* surprised by the sanctimonious endorsement that *The Nation* has given to the Warren Report, I find a new definition for my skepticism in Mr. Packer's article—"die-hard revisionist." My lingering doubts about the Dallas tragedy just won't die! *Rodger Larson*

La Crescenta, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I regard your issue featuring the article on the Warren Report as one of the worst things you have ever done. You smear liberals and fail to examine evidence obtained by "amateur private eyes." I have been a long-time subscriber, but one more smear issue and I am through. *William Kizner*

Translation trap

Paris, France

Dear Sirs: In these days when every teen-ager (at least in England) can buy *Lady Chatterley*, I am not easily shocked. Even so, when I found Robert Creeley quoting the following in all seriousness as poetry by Andrei Voznesensky ("The Beat Voznesensky," *The Nation*, Nov. 9), I rubbed my eyes:

> *Rolls-Royces are fucking our women.*
> *radiatoractivity. . . .*

This purports to be a translation of the end of the passage in Voznesensky which, literally, says this:

> *Naked we dive into the water,*
> *But the rivers run dry, or else*
> *The fish die in the seas. . . .*
> *And women give birth to Rolls-Royces.*
> *Radiation!*

There is nothing here about "fucking," and while "radiatoractivity" may be a frightfully funny pun, Hollo's version is a shocking distortion of both the text and the thought of Voznesensky's lines. The Russian poet is (in this poem, as in so many others) clearly obsessed with the atom bomb and with *radiation* which gives birth to monsters. These, the Rolls-Royces, do *nothing* beyond being born, and to assign a role to a harmless automobile radiator is to distort the poem out of all recognition for the sake of a cheap verbal juggle, and for an even cheaper four-letter-word effect. I think Bernard Koten's criticism of Hollo not nearly strong enough. *Alexander Werth*

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Robert Creeley's review contains as good an example as any of those cited by Professor Koten (in another article of the same issue) of the difficulties of reviewing poetry in translation. The passage as quoted by Mr. Creeley is:

> . . . *I love Lorca. I love his name, hovering lightly like a boat, humming like a gallery in a theatre, vibrating with the sensitivity of the moon-disk of a radio relay station; smelling as bitter and intense as orange rind. . . .*

On the evidence of the translation into English, Mr. Creeley is led to speak of ". . . the intensity with which [Voznesensky] invests his metaphors. . . ." However, translating a few key words back into Russian, one would probably get something like

> . . . *I love Lorca. I love his name hovering like* lódka, *humming like* galyórka, *vibrating with the sensitivity* of lunaya árka, *smelling as bitter and intense as orange* kórka. . . .

What now appears is not "wildly sprouting metaphor," but a whimsical play on words. *Marcia G. Rucker*

SPU

New York City

Dear Sirs: The Student Peace Union, one of the country's largest progressive student organizations, has been reorganized with headquarters now in New York City, the center of SPU's largest region.

Closed down in Chicago by a June convention because of a temporary financial strain and lack of adequate personnel, the SPU national office was re-established at a convention held in New York the Columbus Day weekend.

The SPU maintains its traditional broad-based peace position and continues to require of members only that they agree with the Statement of Purpose "that neither war nor the threat of war can any longer be successfully used to settle international disputes," and that while acting "independently of both East and West . . . the SPU works toward a society which will ensure both peace and freedom and suffer no individual or group to be exploited by another."

We urge all students who wish to join or remain affiliated with the Student Peace Union to communicate with the new national office at 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10007.

Roget Lockard
National Chairman

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Volume 199, No. 17

In this issue

EDITORIALS
393
ARTICLES
396 Electoral College: The Obsolete Filter *Donald A. Meyer* and *Max Nathan, Jr.*
399 NATO Today: The Great Poker Game *Alexander Werth*
401 How Nations Drink: The Puzzle of Alcoholism *M. E. Chafetz, M.D.*
404 California Plays Ostrich: The Earthquake Taboo *David Cort*
406 SOS from the Merchant Marine *Desmond Smith*
BOOKS AND THE ARTS
409 Death's Darkest Feast *George G. Kirstein*
409 The Spell (poem) *William Burford*
411 From the Inferno *Jerry Richard*
412 The Facts of Life *Stanley* and *Alexandra Milgram*
413 Poetry: *Richard Duerden, Michael J. Phillips, Allen Planz, A. B. Spellman*
414 The Swiss Behind the Colors *A. Hyatt Mayor*
415 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
417 Art *Max Kozloff*
420 Films *Robert Hatch*
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 420) *Frank W. Lewis*

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EDITORIALS

Goldwater's Bombshell

From Montego Bay, Senator Goldwater tossed a bombshell into the political arena by suggesting that "the time has come to choose up two new teams," that is, to realign the parties, one "liberal" and one "conservative." If he had proposed that the GOP repudiate Abraham Lincoln as one of its founders, he could hardly have provoked greater consternation among the liberal-moderates of the party. Henry Cabot Lodge, for example, found the proposal to be "totally abhorrent"; other liberal-moderates, joined by their allies among the columnists, swelled the chorus of outrage.

Senator Goldwater, of course, mistakenly identifies his position as "conservative"; it is nothing of the sort. The President's "consensus liberalism" is much closer to what could be regarded as a modern American conservatism. Nevertheless, the eccentric "titular" leader of the GOP is essentially right about the need for realignment. By a clever historical sleight of hand, his critics identify "consensus" as the key factor in the American political system; through it we avoid "the politics of extremism" and manage to subordinate factions. But the existing consensus is of much more recent vintage than Senator Goldwater's critics are willing to admit. The great figures in our political tradition—Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln the two Roosevelts, Wilson—were men who held firm convictions, fought for them, and would not have understood or accepted the suggestion that they were somehow committed to a bipartisan "consensus" on major issues.

The existing consensus developed as an aspect of the so-called bipartisan foreign policy which emerged after World War II. For the first time, foreign policy became the dominant issue and, in a period of great tension, the plea for "unity" prevailed. The consensus the liberal-moderates are so eager to preserve is a bipartisan determination to carry on the cold war. A subsidiary but closely related consideration is the fact that we have, in the same period, evolved a managed economy based on a high level of military spending. To the various elites, it is important that there should be continuity in management policies. The stakes are too high to permit any tinkering with the basic model.

Whatever force these considerations may have had in the past, they are not of overriding importance today. On the contrary, the pious cant about the need for "consensus" undercuts the relevance and vitality of our politics. In the foreign field, we need new policies, new orientations, new perspectives. Through political discussion and debate, we need to determine what our position should be; what kind of world it is we want to help fashion; and how to relate programs to these objectives. The consensus we need is one that would follow—one hopes—in the wake of such a discussion. Similarly on the domestic scene, we need to discuss new "management" problems. Now that we have an acknowledged five-to-one, or larger, nuclear superiority, why shouldn't the military budget be substantially cut and the spending shifted to other sectors of the economy? Shouldn't we place more emphasis on "social wealth" and less on private affluence? How do we propose to cope with hard-core unemployment and with automation? Not only is there no "consensus" on these matters: the carry-over consensus of the immediate post-World War II period prevents us from focusing on them. The political dialogue does not develop out of a consensus; it starts with problems—with new realities—and proceeds to the kind of consensus an election achieves.

Mr. Lippmann suavely assures us that "extremism" is abhorrent—somehow un-American—because it rests "on a belief that some conflict within a society is irreconcilable." But some of these conflicts *are* irreconcilable—not in the sense that citizens must arm themselves, choose sides and shoot it out, but in the deeply traditional sense that some disagreements must be fought to conclusions, by political means. We are told that this would mean that the "winners" would take all and the "losers" would be excluded. Is that what happens in politics? Goldwater made his bid for power and lost; ideas do have consequences. But he has not been excluded; he has simply been defeated. He can, if he wishes, retire to the Arizona desert, meditate, regroup his forces and try again. But do the liberal-moderates really believe that they can "compromise" their differences with him? Do they really believe that the party of Lincoln can accept any part of his position on civil rights?

To be sure, there is a limited sense in which American politics is based on a consensus; American voters —conservatives, liberals and radicals—have the same ideological antecedents: the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. But this is a consensus about political values, not about policies and programs. If the liberal-moderates are to stage a comeback, let them reject the liberal consensus on cold-war policies and cold-war economics and present new options in both fields specifically addressed to new realities. The need is great and in politics need is the mother of opportunity.

Screwball Insistence

Arthur Krock, perhaps the most conservative high-level member of *The New York Times* staff, has recently remarked on "the mystery of the dogged insistence" by the United States Government on the multilateral nuclear surface fleet. The more our allies—West Germany excepted, of course—shy away from it, the more our State Department cajoles and threatens, as if the survival of the West actually hinged on this redundant and misshapen scheme. Nevertheless, just as the conversation in a psychopathic ward, though irrational, is not meaningless, there is a reason behind the State Department's MLF obsession, and Sen. Wayne Morse put his finger on it in a recent address before the Oregon Cattlemen's Association. Said Morse: "It has become a habit of mind of our policymakers that when in doubt, undertake a military venture."

Especially when the doubt is of political origin and the State Department lacks a political solution, is there a fevered casting about for a military distraction which, if it does nothing else, will keep the cold war going a while longer. The Soviet menace was always fantastically exaggerated, but at one time, particularly when Czechoslovakia fell to the Communists, there was some excuse for trying to break up the Soviet bloc and putting West Europe on a military footing. We were successful— whether through our own efforts or from centrifugal tendencies within the bloc itself is not too important. This very success now alarms the cold-war promoters. "We cannot see the Communist bloc in Europe break up," Morse said, "without seeing the real basis for the NATO organization disappear with it."

The NATO country we cherish most is Germany, whose army we made the most powerful in Europe after we had tried without success to organize a NATO multilateral army. The Russians and our own allies fear that the MLF project will have the same result. If we persist in our efforts, the Germans will end up with a nuclear force, first in some camouflaged form with an American veto or other ostensible safeguards; ultimately with their own stockpile of nuclear weapons. This prospect gives not only the Russians and the Czechs the jitters, but scares the French as well. They remember. [See review of Alexander Werth's *Russia at War* by George G. Kirstein, page 409.]

A warning against this insane course comes from a source which neither Mr. Krock nor Mr. Morse may hold in the highest esteem, but it is the truth that counts, not whence it comes. The chief theoretician of the Spanish Falange, Fernando Herrero Tejedor, recently issued a call for a "flexible" attitude toward communism. In the manner and timing of its publication, this pronouncement comes close to being an official declaration of Spanish Government policy. Herrero Tejedor argues that communism has become "very differentiated," with hegemony passing from Moscow to Peking and "National Communist" systems developing everywhere. He advocates "new postures and adequate actions" to meet the challenges of "neo-capitalism" and "neo-Marxism." Nothing is said about the MLF, but the ideas seem to be roughly identical with those of General de Gaulle.

Our State Department might well consider whether the Spanish call for flexibility in a rapidly moving situation is not worth heeding. If Franco can afford to slacken off his crusade against communism, is it the time for us to redouble our efforts? What the world needs is not still more nuclear weapons piled on the existing ones, but coexistence and disarmament.

Hoover the Vulgarian

In any other nation that espouses the democratic ethos, a vulgar outburst of the kind indulged in recently by J. Edgar Hoover would constitute a national scandal. But not here, not in these United States, where for reasons that must remain forever inexplicable Mr. Hoover has long enjoyed almost total immunity from criticism.

What the Warren Commission Report said about the role of the FBI in the Dallas tragedy was mild enough, but even that comment Mr. Hoover cannot accept; from this moment on he will nurse a vendetta against the commission, from the Chief Justice down to the least member of the staff. Even so, the attack on the Warren Commission Report could be dismissed as mere pique; Hoover has never accepted the proposition that the agency he heads is subject to criticism—from any source. At a different level is his crude reference to Martin Luther King—a man of the cloth—as "the most notorious liar in the country." Dr. King may have been factually inaccurate about the number of FBI agents in the South who are Southerners by birth, but he was—and is—on firm footing when he inveighs against the role that the FBI has played in the South in the past. Of recent months, the FBI has been doing a good job, by all accounts, in checking on violations of the civil rights of Negroes. But it did not act until it was ordered into action, first by President Kennedy, and later by President Johnson. Its previous record on civil rights was miserable, nor is Dr. King the only person who has pointed to it. "Liar" is an ugly word and notably so when used by a person of Mr. Hoover's prestige— false though it may be—and power, which is all too real. An Attorney General of "guts," to borrow one of Mr. Hoover's favorite words, would promptly call Mr. Hoover to account for his intemperate attack on Dr. King.

But far more serious are certain other remarks made by Mr. Hoover in the same interview. It is preposterous that the nation's chief law-enforcement official should want to turn the clock back by advocating that 16-year-old delinquents be tried for serious crimes as adults. It is equally preposterous for him to demand that "bleeding heart judges have a little more guts when handing down decisions" in juvenile cases. It is, of course, characteristic of Mr. Hoover that he should—against the great weight of historical evidence—find informers to be "truly patriotic individuals and not the scum the pseudo-left wingers call them." But what is one to say of a chief law-enforcement official who suggests that pedestrians on city streets at night carry a whistle or a tear-gas pen (actually illegal in New York City without a police permit) or be accompanied by a dog? What poverty of imagination! Why not suggest that they ride around in tanks, armed with hand grenades, Tommy guns and bazookas, and wear bullet-proof vests?

The fact is that Mr. Hoover, for all his fame and prestige, is an oaf. One can look up what he had to say on these same subjects many years ago (the quotes may be found in Max Lowenthal's fine book on the FBI) and it becomes clear that his views have not changed in the slightest degree. He was addicted to stupid stereotypes then; he is still addicted to them. He held then the same uneducated views on crime and law enforcement that he holds today. He has learned nothing in all his years in high office; his manners, his language and his ideas are as vulgar now as when he first joined the FBI. It is a constant affront that such a man should hold high office; much worse is the fact that he should be widely venerated as one of the nation's valuable public servants. Fortunately he cannot hold on to the office forever, but must we wait until death taps him on the shoulder? There is always the possibility that he may, at some point, offend the Establishment, or that his temper may at last prove to be his undoing. It is unlikely, but one can dream.

Preventive Counterrevolution

Year in, year out, decade after decade, a large part of the population of Latin America lives on the verge of starvation and many, directly or indirectly, die of it. A tiny minority lives in baronial splendor and has fortunes stashed away in foreign banks just in case their agreeable arrangements should miscarry. To guard against this unpleasant eventuality, Latin American nations keep about 500,000 men under arms at an annual cost well in excess of $1.5 billion. The officers of this formidable gendarmerie are well rewarded. In Caracas they relax with their American colleagues in a $10 million officers' club. When things get hot, as in Bolivia recently, they throw out expendable civilians and take over the burdens of government directly. Since their dual service as soldiers and political fire fighters is hard on the nerves, the Latin American military gentry often retire early on generous pensions supplied by the moneyed class, which in turn extracts the funds from the *campesinos* and the urban proletariat, who continue to go hungry, and so on, around and around.

This cycle is observed with interest by Fidel Castro from his island citadel where, however bad things may be, the army and militia have a quite different function and there are no $10 million officers' clubs—in fact, no officers' clubs. Castro sees hunger, he sees a rising population (the annual growth rate is 3 per cent in Latin America, as compared with 2.3 per cent in Asia), he sees token amelioration by the Alliance for Progress, he sees repressive militarism. All this he sees now; for the future, he thinks he sees revolutions which will bring to power regimes sympathetic to him. Otherwise he can look forward only to further isolation and a precarious dependence on the Soviet Union, which may find other uses for the $300 million that Cuba now costs it annually.

Castro's hopes may not be illusory. The Latin American military guardians, in full agreement with their American mentors, are preparing for guerrilla warfare—the kind that brought Castro to power. In Venezuela the guerrillas are already active. There are only about 1,500 of them, but periodically they kidnap members of the American military mission or blow up American oil-producing facilities. According to *Time* (November 13) small bands are also operating in Colombia, Peru, Honduras and Guatemala.

It is the future, however, that fills U.S. advisers with apprehension, as it fills Castro with hope. The guerrilla potential, a top U.S. policy maker is quoted as saying, "is something that is going to keep us awake at night in the next ten years." Consequently, where formerly the Latin American custodians of law 'n order gratefully received second-hand tanks and bombers from Uncle Sam, now they cry for jeeps, mortars, walkie-talkies, helicopters and other light hardware for future use against an elusive enemy. Hundreds of officers and reliable enlisted men attend U.S. anti-guerrilla training schools in the Panama Canal Zone, where they learn such useful techniques as strangling a man with a boot lace. They are also taught to woo the peasants with medical aid, road building, toys for the kiddies and other proofs of benevolence.

This mixture of loving kindness and strangulation may work in Latin America, but it has not worked in South Vietnam, where a rather similar situation prevailed. It looks as though the American people will be called on to support a proliferation of Latin American Vietnams. It would be cheaper in blood and money to come to terms with the hungry in Latin America.

Money Isn't Everything

Mobilization for Youth is a local betterment program on the Lower East Side of New York which has come into national prominence by getting into trouble; currently it is the subject of three investigations.

The idea was to combat juvenile delinquency and slum conditions generally by enlisting the poor in a pilot self-improvement program. As might have been predicted, the project ran into opposition from established organizations and agencies for improving the condition of the poor without disturbing the rich, and the Establishment generally. The charges were that the administrative director had indulged in expense-account living on MFY funds, that there had been other "lavish and improper spending," and, most horrible of all, that the organization had been infiltrated by leftists. As to the last, the agency would have given offense even if not a single Red or Pink had ever come near it. Any organization that talks of rent strikes, for instance, is bound to offend landlords, who are more interested in keeping rents high and repairs low than in the agency's actions to prevent gang rumbles or to rehabilitate narcotics addicts.

A panel of social welfare experts came to MFY's aid, however, and their report was released in Washington by Acting Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, who is also chairman of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. The panel described MFY's program as a "meritorious pioneering demonstration in the national effort against delinquency and poverty." Meritorious it is, but scarcely a pioneering effort. Except perhaps in its application to youth, the technique is not new. It has been used before, and it will be used in the future by local governments which purpose to make a serious attack on chronic poverty.

The series of roadside demonstrations which in the 1930s focused nation-wide attention on the problem of migrants was hardly as spontaneous as it appeared to be at the time. The migrants wanted to demonstrate, sure enough, but they required a little stimulation to get started. The farm mortgage holiday movement similarly required organization and planning at the outset; the dispossessed farmers did the rest. The National Labor Relations Act was a device by which the Roosevelt administration deliberately encouraged workers to organize so that they could make demands which would redress the balance of employer-employee power. Perhaps nothing that the New Deal did was more effective in pushing through its basic program than this implementation of the power of labor—and nothing offended big corporate money more.

MFY has been attacked on the score of "sociological subversion." The charge is not unfounded, and it has nothing to do with the handful of leftists who may have "infiltrated" the agency. The fact is that the country needs a shot of subversion in some critical areas. Our society is in a bad way spiritually, and if subversion will jar it out of its complacency and materialism, so be it.

What seems new—because people have not yet accepted or understood it—is the proposition that money alone will not cope with today's hard-core, sodden poverty. One could double welfare payments without making much of an impression or accomplishing anything very significant. The recipients would be more comfortable, but New York City would still have a relief population of more than 500,000, and rising. Programs like MFY's, which attempt to spark interest in the people directly concerned and enlist their energies in the solution of their own problems, constitute the vital, initial step toward a better society. To get poor people involved in the democratic process may be heretical, it may be dangerous to vested interests, but if it is stopped or aborted, the nation will one day regret it.

Anniversaries

This year and next are milestones for three of the country's journals of opinion. *The New Republic* issued its fiftieth anniversary number on November 7, *The Commonweal* passed its fortieth anniversary on November 20. *The Nation*, not unmindful that its centenary is only a few months off, congratulates both and wishes them long-continued usefulness on the national scene.

These anniversaries prove, at the very least, that opinion journalism has a role to play in the life of the country. In the nature of things as they are, such periodicals of commentary and criticism cannot expect to wax rich in either circulation or capital assets. (They do not strive to be small, either, and a doubling or tripling of circulation would be all to the good.) The critical magazine and the mass magazine have little in common; they are, essentially, opposites. What happens when a magazine tries to be both is shown by *The Saturday Evening Post*. In the last two years it has made a gallant if sporadic effort to "speak out," to lay it on the line, but at the same time to court the advertisers, without whose support it cannot speak at all. Opinion journalism has only one thing to do; that is both its limitation and its strength.

Electoral College

THE OBSOLETE FILTER

Donald A. Meyer and Max Nathan, Jr.

On November 3, 1964, American voters went to the polls, ostensibly to elect the President and Vice President of the United States; but as of today neither has been elected. Presumably, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Humphrey will be elected when the Electoral College convenes on December 14, but that will not be known officially until January 3, when the electors' votes are counted before a joint session of Congress; and the new President and Vice President will not take office until January 20. Unlike any other democratic government in the world, the United States has a three-month timetable of stages between the expression of the popular will and the inauguration of the nation's Chief Executive. This unnecessary delay (England changes within hours of the popular mandate) harks back to a day of slower transportation and communication, and to fear of a too direct expression of the popular will. Under our system, the vote of the people must be filtered before the end result is reached. It is always possible that in the process the people's choice may get filtered out.

Not only can the electoral vote itself give the victory to a candidate who has lost in the popular vote (it is statistically possible for a mere 22 per cent of those voting to elect a candidate over an opponent who has won 78 per cent of the popular vote) but also, because of certain constitutional uncertainties, November's winner may be defeated in

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Donald A. Meyer practices law in New Orleans; he has recently been appointed to the National Panel of the American Arbitration Association. Max Nathan, Jr., also a lawyer in New Orleans, was law clerk to U.S. Judge John Minor Wisdom on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Both are graduates of Tulane University Law School.

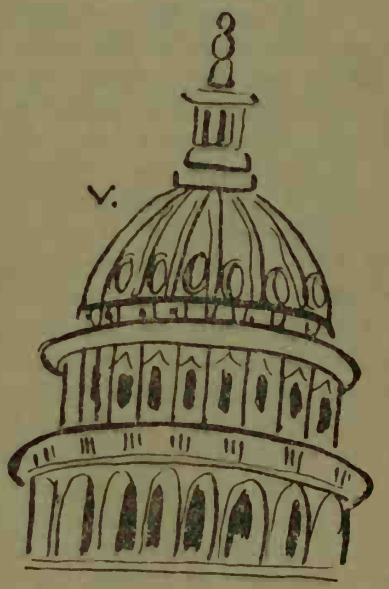
December. The electors might not vote for him, and it is their vote that counts. From its birth the Electoral College has contained latent, congenital defects which have caused all future generations constant electoral insecurity.

The problem is far from academic. Before the Republican Convention in July, 1964, certain discontented elements of the American political community attempted to take advantage of the system's inherent weakness by exhuming the long-buried notion of the unpledged elector. Long before San Francisco, indeed as far back as the summer of 1963, Alabama's Gov. George Wallace was spearheading a drive to "commit" electors from Southern states to remain "uncommitted" to any Presidential candidate in the 1964 election. In the wake of the passage of the civil rights bill and the possibility that the Democrats would nominate Robert Kennedy for the Vice Presidency, the Governor stated, "We in the South must face up to the fact that we have the balance of power in the next Presidential election, but we must stand solidly together." What Wallace meant by the "balance of power" is this: If the election outside of the South had been close, or at least so divided that neither major-party candidate had a majority of electoral votes, the South would have had the power to tip the scales in favor of either candidate. Since the electors are chosen by the people early in November, but do not cast *their* ballots until the middle of December, there is a six-week period for bargaining, if the South's electoral votes are needed to assure a candidate of victory. Naturally, pledged electors cannot bargain, as they must honor their pledge, but "unpledged" electors would be in a position to cast their ballots so as to give whichever candidate offered the greater concessions a majority in the Electoral College.

This power of unpledged electors to bargain is only one weapon in the arsenal of the discontented. If concessions are not given at that stage, the South's bloc power will not be lost—it can actually become greater by throwing its electoral votes to some "favorite son." If no candidate for President receives a majority in the Electoral College, the House of Representatives selects the President. And in the House, each state has only *one* vote, regardless of its electoral vote or the size of its Congressional delegation. Therefore, if neither major party in the House had a majority of states in its column, excluding the Southern bloc, then the Southern states with thirteen votes would have the "balance of power" to determine the ultimate selection. Either way, in the Electoral College or in the House, the Wallace idea was to use the unpledged elector as a device to get candidates to the bargaining table, thereby hoping to obtain favorable concessions on the vital issues of civil rights, tidelands, and so forth. The nomination of Goldwater put an end to the scheme—for this election year.

Until recently the idea of partisan, pledged electors was unchallenged and indeed accepted by all as a fact of American political life. But the great social upheavals of the last decade, which have touched sensitive sectional nerves, have caused much searching for legal stratagems calculated to delay and avoid. One treasure found in the search is that the archaic method of selecting our Chief Executive offers tremendous leverage to a small region in a close election. In 1948, for example, the shift of a handful of popular votes in two or three states could have resulted in a change in electoral votes that would have thrown the election into the House of Representatives, where the Dixiecrats (with four states carried and several others sympathetic) might well have determined the outcome, since neither Harry Truman nor Thomas Dewey could have commanded a majority of state delegations.

Apart from the obvious difficulties inherent in selection by the House of Representatives, it is readily apparent that the Electoral College presents artificial barriers between the people and their President, and is one of the few remaining vestiges of our aristocratic beginning, a useless appendage in a more democratic age. In historical context, however, its adoption by the Constitutional Convention can be justified on both pragmatic and philosophic grounds. As a practical proposition, in 1787 the people who possessed the franchise had virtually no contact with the persons for whom they would have to cast their vote in a direct popular election. Colonial transportation and communication barriers restricted an active campaign by candidates seeking the office of President and foreclosed public exposure. Consequently, it was more expedient for the voters of each state to select those men best qualified in their state to meet with others similarly qualified from other states, in order collectively, yet individually, to insure an intelligent selection. The electors had first-person knowledge of the candidates for whom they cast their votes, so that this process insured a continuous "elective aristocracy." The aristocratic leader would then derive his power from the consent of the governed. Thus, the few, who elected the one on behalf of the many, acted as the catalyst for projecting Rousseau's "social contract" into the young Republic.



But however well suited to the times and conditions of 1787, the considerations underlying the establishment of the Electoral College and the independence of its electors became absurd with the growth of political parties and the advent of national political conventions. It did not take long for the changed conditions to become apparent. Thus, as early as 1826, a Select Committee of the Senate reported:

> . . . *Electors, therefore, have not answered the design of their institution. They are not the independent body and superior characters which they were intended to be.* They are not left to the exercise of their own judgment; on the contrary they give their vote, or bind themselves to give it, according to the will of their constituents. They have degenerated into mere agents, in a case which requires no agency, and where the

agent must be useless, if he is faithful, and dangerous, if he is not.

Instead of selecting as electors the wise and educated elite of the community, who would assemble and exercise their best judgment, the public adopted the practice of voting for partisans, for competing *slates* of electors who were already committed to a designated candidate. The same Senate Report *in 1826* that condemned electors as having become "mere agents" also observed that "Instead of being chosen for their noble qualities set forth in the *Federalist*, candidates for electors are now most usually selected for their devotion to a party, their popular manners, and a supposed talent for electioneering, which the framers of the Constitution would have been ashamed to possess." Even earlier, in 1819, Sen. James Barbour of Virginia concluded that it was of no consequence who was selected as elector, since "he serves only as an organ, to convey the wishes of his constituents to the Electoral College. He furnishes the only requisite, by the pledge he previously gives of supporting the man of their choice." Under the laws of most states today a slate of candidates for electors and alternates is chosen at a state party convention, but in some states party committees pick the candidates or they are chosen at a primary election.

Leaders of both major political parties have long recognized, as did Senator Barbour, that modern political situations demand pledged rather than unpledged electors participating in the Electoral College. Where, then, did Governor Wallace look for rational and intellectual support? He argues that the federal Constitution provides for unpledged electors. However, the Constitution requires neither pledged nor unpledged electors, but merely says that the electors "shall vote by ballot." The customs and traditions of the colonies of the 18th century perhaps demanded unfettered electors, but American politics in the 20th century makes an opposite demand. The historic development of the Electoral College, particularly as modified by decisions of the Supreme Court and other tribunals on analogous issues, would have confronted the Wallace forces with basic Constitutional roadblocks.

It should be noted, however, that Wallace's plan was not altogether original. Identical appeals have been made in the past. There are two cases on record in which hopeful politicians sought to utilize the independence of the electors to influence the outcome of an election, but the cases never materialized. In 1824, the electors of North Carolina were pledged both to Andrew Jackson and to John Quincy Adams, with the understanding that they would vote for the one who had the best chance of success. And in the three-way election of 1912 between Democrat Woodrow Wilson, Bull-Moose Teddy Roosevelt, and Republican William Howard Taft, a ticket of South Dakota electors supporting Roosevelt announced before the election that if Roosevelt could not be elected, and the contest between Taft and Wilson was close, they would vote for Taft. In addition to these two instances, various independent electors have on occasion cast votes for candidates other than the party nominees. In 1820, a New Hampshire elector voted for John Quincy Adams instead of James Monroe, to whom he was pledged; in 1948, a Tennessee Democratic elector voted for Senator Thurmond instead of the Democratic nominee; in 1956, an Alabama Democratic elector refused to vote for the Democratic nominee and instead voted for a local judge; in 1960, Sen. Harry Byrd received electoral votes from several unpledged Mississippi and Alabama electors, as well as from a renegade Oklahoma Republican elector. Obviously, these are mere isolated instances of eccentricity. Runaway electors in the future, however, will face a mass of constitutionally founded arguments designed to put down such mutiny.

The United States Supreme Court in recent years has been chipping away at elected officials who do not equally represent the electorate. For example, in 1963, the Court in *Gray* v. *Sanders*, nullified Georgia's "county unit system," which was modeled upon the Electoral College, and remarked that the Hamiltonian philosophy underlying the Electoral College "belongs to a bygone day." On June 15, 1964, the Court, in six separate redistricting opinions, pulled out the props that also support the unpledged elector. A majority of the Supreme Court maintained that the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment requires that each person's vote must, as far as can reasonably be insured, be given the same weight as every other person's vote. Applying this principle to the unpledged-elector movement, one notes a logical analogy. For example, if in Louisiana a slate of unpledged electors ran in lieu of electors pledged to support the Democratic nominee, voters who wanted to vote for the national candidate would be totally disfranchised. Furthermore, voters who unwillingly voted for the *unpledged* electors in the hope that they would ultimately support the national ticket would not have an equal vote with others in the same state who cast their ballots for the slate of *pledged* Republican electors. The Republicans would be voting with full knowledge that their votes were effective, but citizens voting for the unpledged slate would cast votes of lesser weight because they would not know how their electors might subsequently act. Such disparate treatment abridges a citizen's right to vote in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. This disparity can be avoided only by presenting sufficient choices to the people as, for example, three slates of electors: one pledged Democratic, one pledged Republican and one unpledged. These alternatives would appear to satisfy the Constitutional requirements since the voter can then cast a meaningful vote. Such a tripartite system was declared satisfactory last summer by a three-judge United States district court in Mississippi.

The Wallace strategy contained the proposition that the voters of the Southern states should go to the polls prior to Election Day in November and determine whether or not their state would have a pledged or unpledged slate of Democratic electors on the ballot. Initially, this appears to be a valid argument, based upon the democratic proposition that the "majority rules." The legislature of Colorado took this same tack when faced with determining its own reapportionment. Two constitutional amendments, aimed at reapportionment, were presented to Colorado voters who, in a state-wide referendum, approved one of the amendments. Subsequently, a suit was filed attacking the constitutionality of the ratified amendment. The state demurred, claiming that the "people" had indicated their choice at the polls. The United States Supreme Court not only nullified the amendment, it gave short shrift to the arguments that support this form of popular action:

> *An individual's constitutionally protected right to cast an equally weighted vote cannot be denied even by a vote of the majority of the state's electorate if the . . . scheme adopted by the voters fails to measure up to the requirements of the Equal Protection Clause. Manifestly the fact that a . . . plan is adopted in a popular referendum is insufficient to sustain its constitutionality. . . . One's right to life, liberty, and property, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote, they depend on the outcome of no elections. A citizen's constitutional rights can hardly be infringed simply because a majority of the people choose to do so.*

The archaic principles underlying the Electoral College have been under scrutiny for many years. Since 1947, more than a hundred proposals have been introduced in Congress to amend the Constitution with respect to the electoral process. These proposals center on three basic methods of electing the President—the direct election by popular vote; the district plan, by which electors would be selected at a district level instead of state-wide; and the proportional representation plan, better known as the "Lodge-Gossett" amendment, which was passed by the Senate in 1950, but killed in the House when it failed to obtain the two-thirds vote required for approval. This plan abolishes the Electoral College, but retains the electoral votes, which would be apportioned in each state among the Presidential candidates in proportion to the number of popular votes they received. If a candidate received 60 per cent of the popular vote, he would receive 60 per cent of the state's electoral vote.

Only a Constitutional amendment can abolish the Electoral College. The courts are obliged to restrict, within the framework of the Constitution, state action that is aimed at abridging the voter's right actively and effectively to participate in the elective process. An elector, unpledged to the national candidate, effectively destroys active voter participation.

Where then can future supporters of the unpledged elector turn? Although they may argue that electors are legally free to exercise independence in casting their ballots, this independence, as a practical matter, has not effectively existed for more than 120 years. The services performed by the Presidential electors today are on the whole purely ministerial, notwithstanding the language of the Constitution that they shall cast "ballots." To read that document with an eye only to the language, and with a disregard for the brilliant history of party government in this nation, is to dismiss our primaries and nominating procedures, our campaigning and voting as empty gestures. There are those in our country who would so dismiss them through the device of the unpledged elector. Whatever the future of the Electoral College, it is imperative that electors should henceforth be bound to vote the will of the electorate, that they should never be available as pawns in schismatic power plays.

NATO TODAY

THE GREAT POKER GAME . . . Alexander Werth

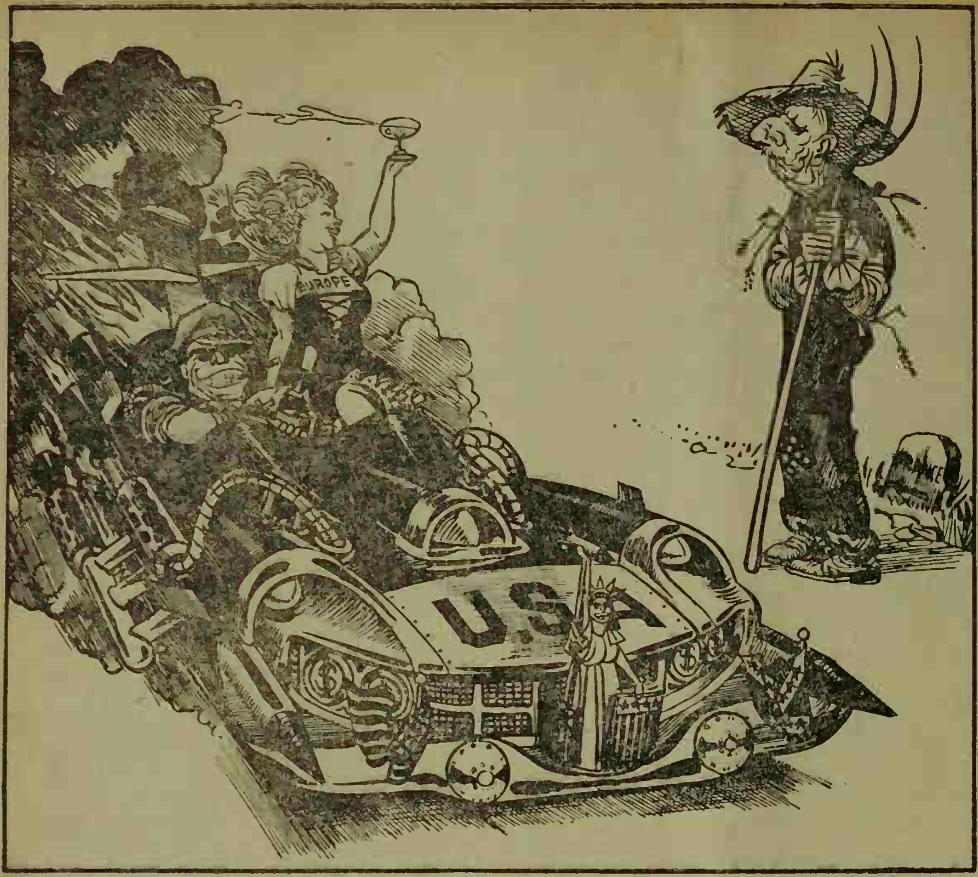
Paris

A French commentator remarked the other day: "For better or for worse, the power blocs in the world are no longer what they used to be. The tensions inside the Western alliance are not as bad, perhaps, as the fights between the Russians and the Chinese, but the Western powers are no longer behaving as if they were allies. Things were easier when Stalin was there, and the cold war was at its height."

Everybody, indeed, has some ax to grind. The German Government, faced with an election next year, is afraid to annoy its peasant voters by yielding on the question of agricultural prices; hence dark French threats to get out of the Common Market, since an industrial Common Market makes no sense without a parallel agricultural Common Market. The new British Labour Government now says it can't go ahead with the Anglo-French Concorde aircraft project, whence came French charges of bad faith and breach of contract, and replies from British lawyers that British financial commitments under the project are not legally binding. Now, in view of the great anxiety caused in the British aircraft industry by the possible cancellation of Concorde, the Labour government seems to have adopted a more flexible attitude, indicating that it has not backed out of the contract but is merely asking for its revision—in other words, taking a wait-and-see attitude. The French Government meanwhile, is playing with the idea of finding additional partners for Concorde, but nothing has been settled yet about the Scandinavians or Swiss joining in the supersonic project.

But the biggest squabble of all is building up over the Multilateral Force (MLF). Even in this case, however, it is impossible to say whether a major crisis will develop in the immediate future, or whether everybody will think it preferable to play for time. Because of the implacable hostility that de Gaulle expressed for the whole project during his two meetings with Adenauer earlier this month, some German spokesmen are now saying that there is no desperate hurry about it. A curious argument being used is that there *was* a great hurry to get MLF settled before Khrushchev's visit to Bonn, but that since there will now be no such visit the project no longer has the same urgency.

These German comments must be read in the context of the German Christian-Democratic Party, which is terribly divided. Adenauer, now supported by President of the Bundestag Gerstenmeyer, is eager to remain on the best of terms with France; Foreign Minister Schröder belongs to the "American orientation"; others emphasize closer cooperation with England. French



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, at a luncheon given in Adenauer's honor, commented on the "contradictory character" of the statements made by the various German leaders responsible for the country's foreign policy.

What is de Gaulle's own attitude? There has been much talk about the French "leaving both the Common Market and NATO"—the former because of agricultural prices, the latter because of MLF. The curious thing is that in the past the French Government, while making it clear that France would not take part in MLF, raised no objection to German participation. Now, however, the French have launched a great campaign against MLF, even though, as *Le Figaro* points out, the whole scheme can be traced back to the Nassau agreement, before de Gaulle's veto of Britain's entry into the Common Market. *Figaro* continues:

> *Foreign observers now think that France's apparent indifference in the past could be explained by her conviction that the scheme would never come to anything. But, with the Labour government in power—even though the Labour Party was hostile to MLF in the past—the scheme seems to have a better chance of seeing the light of day. . . . The Labour government, without much liking MLF, doesn't like the national nuclear deterrent either; and that's why it hopes to start a general negotiation on the reorganization of the Atlantic alliance.*

The paper notes that, even more than the Conservatives, Labour is "Atlantic," rather than "European"; that is where the great difference lies between Britain and France. It is odd that amidst all the coming and going of diplomats in the last couple of weeks there should have been practically no contacts between the French and British Governments.

But the French are looking with more and more disquiet at formal and informal meetings among British, Germans, Americans and "good Europeans" like Belgian Foreign Minister Spaak, between whom and de Gaulle no love is lost. Some surprise was caused here by the sudden announcement of the Wilson-Johnson meeting in Washington on December 7 and 8; it had not been expected so soon. As it is, the meeting will be held a week before the ministerial council of NATO on December 15; that suggests, in the French view, that the United States will lose no time in trying to give final shape to MLF. The press here quotes, with a touch of ill humor, a New York *Herald Tribune* statement that the United States wants the MLF treaty signed not later than the beginning of January so that it can be ratified by the respective parliaments before the German election. Even greater annoyance was caused here by German Defense Minister von Hassel's remarks on his arrival in America to the effect that British ideas on the subject "should be carefully studied" and, worse still, that "France had always shown a certain understanding about Germany's desire to take part in MLF."

That is quite untrue. A fully authorized spokesman for the French Government declared on the very same day to the Anglo-American press that "the creation of an MLF study group inside NATO would be simply a *violation* of that unanimity rule which was the very basis of the Atlantic Pact." And he added that a German-American bilateral agreement would "constitute a threat to the independence of Europe."

I understand that de Gaulle spoke in more or less the same terms to Adenauer, and after that to Jean Monnet, chairman of the Action Committee for the United States of Europe. As *Le Monde* put it, the MLF is, for de Gaulle today, the question that "dominates everything else." Monnet, the "Great European," whom de Gaulle agreed to see—though there was, and continues to be, acute disagreement between them on the organization of Europe—declared himself "reasonably optimistic" after the meeting, but this appears to have referred more to the possibility of a compromise solution on the agricultural Common Market than to MLF. Fundamentally, de Gaulle opposes MLF for very much the same reason that he opposed Britain's entry into the Common Market: Britain, according to his view, is scheming to open the gates of Europe to the Commonwealth and the United States. It is still a question whether France can effectively veto the MLF treaty if it is concluded between the United States, Germany and, possibly, England, and whether its threat to leave NATO will carry sufficient weight. At any rate, in *Figaro's* words, "the big poker game has only just begun, and it is still too early to say how it will end."

There are major obscurities in both the British and the French policy. It has always been thought here that the Labour government would be categorically opposed to the Germans' having a finger on any atomic trigger. On the other hand, while the French are absolutely opposed, for the present, to an American-German-based MLF. French Premier Pompidou, while talking big about "European defense," has never made it clear whether he is for or against West Germany's having atomic weapons of her own; or, alternatively, under what conditions, if any, West Germany might be allowed to take part in a European force endowed with such weapons. There also seems to be a contradiction between the French concept of "strictly national" defense and the concept of a "European military policy." Some commentators regard the latter as little more than a "polemical or propaganda argument."

The most favorable development in recent days, from the French point of view, has been the inquiry into MLF conducted by *The New York Times* which questioned the value of an integrated atomic surface navy. The paper quotes several officers of various nationalities as saying that even if France does not quit the Atlantic Pact, great damage will be caused by the interruption of French cooperation in many of the highly integrated aspects of NATO. Other military spokesmen are mentioned as believing that MLF is a political project of doubtful strategic value, and that it would be ironic if the United States dislocated an alliance which had been of the greatest political and military value to Europe. And, in any case, no European capital, except possibly Bonn, was really enthusiastic about MLF. Others were quoted to the effect that the French atomic bombers were by no means as negligible a force as Washington civilian officials imagined, and that, altogether, it was more valuable to have a common defense policy with independent national forces than to have a common force with divergent policies underlying it.

However, the press here regretfully notes that the military views reported in the *Times* go contrary to the official "civilian" views held in Washington, and stresses the contrast between the "civilian concept of integration" and the opinions of military experts who would be called upon to apply it in the event of a major showdown.

It is still hard to say how this squabble will end. Reports from Washington and Bonn suggest that it might perhaps be wiser to have some more general and all-sided talks before rushing into ill-considered decisions which might break up or, at any rate badly weaken, the Atlantic alliance. Adenauer seems to have impressed upon Bonn the danger of quarreling with France. But will this conciliatory German mood last?

The latest news suggests that Johnson is hellbent — whatever de Gaulle says or does—to go ahead with the American-German MLF. The only hope, perhaps, is that Harold Wilson will raise the strongest possible opposition, though I am not entirely certain that he will now stick to his election assurances: "lesser evil" arguments concerning German access to nuclear weapons are now being bandied about inside the Labour government. An MLF which included Germany could only intensify the cold war and drive Russia toward China. It is worth remembering that Khrushchev contemplated paying a very heavy price to prevent the institution of a German-shared MLF. He may even have been willing to undertake radical changes in the East German regime. No one knows where exactly the Brezhnev group stands, but it would surely be reasonable to attempt some negotiations with the Russians before embarking on a scheme containing as many ominous implications as does MLF. Surprisingly, the British press, even the *New Statesman*, is dwelling less on the dangers of MLF than on its so-called sabotage by de Gaulle.

For the present, the French are anxiously awaiting the results of the Johnson-Wilson meeting, and wondering what effect it will have on the NATO meeting a week later. The more violently anti-de Gaulle press in France is now saying that he has done everything to "isolate" France; but this view is not widely shared. The government, at any rate, thinks it highly improbable that Wilson, still less Johnson, will find it possible to make decisions as though France—with the military and geographical place it holds in Europe—simply did not exist. It should also be remembered that de Gaulle himself has not really shown his hand yet in the big poker game now in progress.

How Nations Drink

The Puzzle of Alcoholism . . .

M. E. Chafetz, M. D.

In France, anti-alcoholic posters urge the public to drink no more than a single liter of wine a day; in the United States, the traditional advice is never to let liquor touch one's lips again. These examples of differing attitudes toward a universal problem underlie the puzzle of alcoholism.

The main difficulty lies in determining when in fact alcoholism exists. To a Moslem of Kashmir, a sip of wine signifies a problem. To the Finns, a weekend bout of intoxication is a problem. To the French, heavy drinking and intoxication are not problems, but only the physical deterioration induced thereby. To a Russian, heavy drinking becomes a problem only when production is impaired. To an American, heavy drinking is fine as long as it doesn't deprive you of a job, wife, money and the new necessities of our society.

The World Health Organization's definition of alcoholism gives some dimension to the problem. It states that "Alcoholism is a chronic behavioral disorder manifested by repeated drinking of alcoholic beverages in excess of the dietary and so-

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cial uses of the community and to an extent that interferes with the drinker's health or his social or economic functioning."

Since that day in prehistoric times when our forebears accidentally found alcohol, liquors have constantly accompanied man. Whether naturally fermented by yeast spores eating a sugary mixture, or by the simple process of distillation, alcohol is a cinch to make. Because of its near-universal use, alcohol has had a place in victory and defeat, birth and death, happiness and sorrow, success or failure, health or illness. Much evidence has been gathered to show that the problems of alcohol outweigh its benefits. It is not so. In the troubled 20th century, problem "tails" wag socially useful "dogs." A little reflection shows that if the vast majority of the world's people had not handled alcohol without serious difficulty, civilization would have been destroyed.

Now the Japanese, Chinese, Thais, Lebanese, Italians, French, Israelis and Americans are all people who have emotions, physiological responses, genetic and biochemical influences, cultural and social attitudes, personal and political problems—and they are all people who drink. Yet they have differing rates of alcoholism. Apparently, social organization, patterns of drinking and the significance attached to alcohol play a major role in alcoholism. Perhaps we can fit a few pieces of our puzzle into place if we look at these peoples and their ways of drinking.

The Japanese are intimately involved with two religions: future-oriented Buddhism and day-to-day, reality-oriented Shintoism. Buddhism is unrelenting in its insistence upon total abstinence; the drinking of sake is an important part of Shinto worship. In spite of these conflicting religious attitudes, alcohol problems were minimal in Japan up to the end of World War II. The Japanese drank at festivals. The *toso* custom of New Year's Day was to ward off disease; the *shirozake* or Doll's Festival of March 3 was an eating and drinking event in which all family members participated. Moon-viewing parties, the Shinto wedding (like that of the Jews), harvest time, cherry blossom time and other celebrations of nature and history have always been commemorated by much drink among the Japanese.

Since the war, however, changes in Japanese culture and values have resulted in a rising incidence of alcohol problems. Traditional attitudes and values have been suddenly discarded for unfamiliar Occidental ones. Drinking establishments abound in all major cities of Japan, and the increased leisure time now available, the laxity of religious involvement, and the mobility and freedom of women have all served to break down the security derived from the former structured home life. Simultaneously with these cultural changes, alcohol has become an increasing problem.

Although the Chinese drink frequently and in good amount, alcoholism is rare among them. For one thing, the Chinese never drink alone. They drink at parties and always take food with their liquor. The Chinese expect alcohol to promote communication; drunkenness is strongly disapproved. The Chinese learn an art of drinking: they sip in company, they eat, and they always sit when drinking.

Thailand is undergoing cultural changes similar to those of Japan. Traditionally, family ties among the Thais have been close and strong; pleasures were sought and received within the confines of the home; masculine and feminine roles and responsibilities were clearly defined. Since the end of World War II, family closeness has been fragmented, pleasure sought away from home, and the roles of the sexes have become blurred. Although heavy social drinking was and is common in Thailand, alcohol problems were once rare. Drinking was combined with much eating and was never solitary. Recently, among people who work away from their family and home influence, alcohol problems have begun to appear, and it may be that alcoholism will increase in Thailand in the near future.

In Lebanon, the people are heavy, frequent drinkers, but there is little alcoholism. The Lebanese, too, have close family ties, eat a great amount of food while drinking; solitary drinking and intoxication are unthinkable.

The Italian and the orthodox Jew form other cultures that drink but do not, in their native setting, suffer from alcohol problems. The Italian feeds wine to young and old alike, and more than once a day. Yet drinking is done while seated, in company, and with food, and alcohol is viewed as just another staple of the diet. The orthodox Jew, too, on occasion, uses wine and other liquors with meals, but especially in connection with group religious ceremonies.

I have attempted to show by these examples that there are cultures in which drink is common but where alcoholism is not a devastating problem. When the people of these cultures emigrate to other countries, one begins to see interesting trends. The Japanese and Chinese tend, even among second- and third-generation descendants, to create their own national, closed communities in the new land, and maintain traditional attitudes and values. The only alcoholic patients I have ever known of from these two nations had attempted to adopt the modes and values of the "foreign" culture surrounding them.

That holds also for the Italian and orthodox Jewish *émigré*. At first, Italians and Jews created their own national ghettos and rigidly maintained old and familiar ways. But second- and third-generation Italians and Jews sought to immerse themselves in the mores of America. As they did so, their alcohol problems tended to become more acute.

Whatever the definition of alcoholism, drinking—even in substantial amounts—does not cause it. At least from the cultures just cited, we can conclude that a society in which there is family closeness, a relaxed form of drinking, a disapproval of drunkenness (but not drinking) will be relatively free of alcoholism. Further, the introduction of alcohol, not as a special, magical substance to be avoided like plague or sought for ecstatic purpose, but as another ingredient of diet and social relations, minimizes the problem.

Two nations, France and the United States, are seriously troubled by alcoholism; do they also have a different attitude toward the use of alcohol?

Every section of France produces a regional brandy. Since the French farmer is allowed to make liquor for his own use, he often produces an extra amount for sale. Illegal traffic in liquor is therefore common, and accurate statistics on alcohol consumption are impossible. No one doubts, though, that it is high.

Frenchmen invest alcoholic beverages with special qualities: whether wine or brandy, it is all good for them. And if one drink is good, ten drinks will be ten times as good. The special position accorded liquor also appears in the French worker's assumption that without drink it is impossible to get on with the job. In other words, drink is essential if one is to function. When friends meet in France they immediately repair for a drink, and one would never think of hiring a workman for an odd job around the house without giving him drink—the job would likely not get done.

Along with the notions that alcohol is good for them and that they can't function without it, there is the difficulty that many Frenchmen cannot undergo emotion in the absence of drink. Happiness, success, sorrow cannot be properly experienced without liquor. No one may take credit for being humorous, carefree or gay, without attributing much of the effect to alcohol. It is *this* wine or *that* brandy that makes the individual brave, strong, able to ward off the ravages of ill health or despair.

When liquor is felt to be a necessity of life, it can quite readily become a solution to life's problems. All of us learn early in life that we must make readjustments both within and without ourselves to the pains and difficulties that confront us. Alcohol, which narcotizes the higher brain centers and blunts the edge of reality, provides excellent temporary relief. However, when inordinate powers for good are ascribed to it, it can become a way of coping with life. Furthermore, we must keep in mind that the children of France, like all children, learn by imitation and identification how to conduct themselves. If they see alcohol used as a major way of dealing with life, we can expect that they will have unhealthy expectations of its problem-solving qualities.

Americans drink more nearly like the French than, for example, like the Italians. Many business activities could not function without alcohol. Our drinking is done as we live: in a rush. We stand to our drink and we gulp it as though we were quenching a thirst. The symbolic thirst we seem to be quenching is the desire to communicate. Our pride in acquiring material goods while worshiping at the altar of obsolescence is reflected in our interpersonal relations. We discard "friends" as quickly as we attract them. Communication is minimal, emotional attachments superficial. Our cocktail parties mirror this: a crush of blank faces and the swilling of liquor to get quick relief from tense discomfort. This does not fit the model I've previously described for prudent drinking. And how often does the American down his liquor alone in a commuter bar before facing the crush of homeward traffic and a distraught, children-oriented wife? Solitary drinking is scant aid to emotional communication; drink on an empty stomach produces a heightened response; reactions are blurred and the lone drinker tends to take more than he really wants. All of this occurs against the puritanical notion that drinking is a sin. Guilt, tenseness and solitary drinking without food do not invariably produce the healthy effects and attitudes that liquor can yield.

Furthermore, many Americans find it difficult to distinguish drinking from drunkenness. The two are not the same. Drinking is the partaking of an alcoholic beverage; drunkenness is a disturbed metabolic state, and can occur from too much of any substance, even, for example, air or water. The undue emphasis on the disturbed metabolic state has led many persons to incriminate the liquor and not the metabolic dysfunction as a source of problems. Recently, in Darien, Conn., we saw how society oversimplifies social disturbances involving alcohol. It was not liquor that was at fault in that tragedy; it was the fact that the driver had had too much (12 Scotches) to drink. If he had overeaten to an equivalent degree, his reflexes would have been slowed and concentration dulled. The tragic result might have been the same.

Another important aspect of the

Amphora Attributed to Amasis

alcoholism puzzle is the significance that is attached to the label "alcoholic." This is only one evidence of our tendency to depersonalize people who require help. Thus one hears references to a cardiac, diabetic, epileptic, rapist, thief, and so forth. However, the connotation attached to the word "alcoholic" is especially disturbing and self-limiting. It implies to educated and uneducated alike a skid-row derelict, or someone suffering one type of hopeless personality problem. Nothing is further from the truth. The fact is that alcohol problems can and do occur among the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, the beautiful and the ugly. We ought to rid ourselves quickly of these destructive stereotypes which prevent people from being helped until they are far progressed in their alcohol problems.

What does such an examination of the puzzle of alcoholism tell us? I think that we can no longer ignore the fact that social organization and cultural factors play a major role in unhealthy adjustment to alcohol. We can no longer ignore the lessons of other countries: nations whose people have little or no alcohol problem accept alcohol as just another substance and incorporate it into diet, ceremony and group activity. Solitary drinking is taboo, drunkenness abhorred. Drink is served only in company and with food, to communicate with others under relaxed circumstances. Liquor is never seen as a necessary aid to performance or to the solution of emotional conflicts.

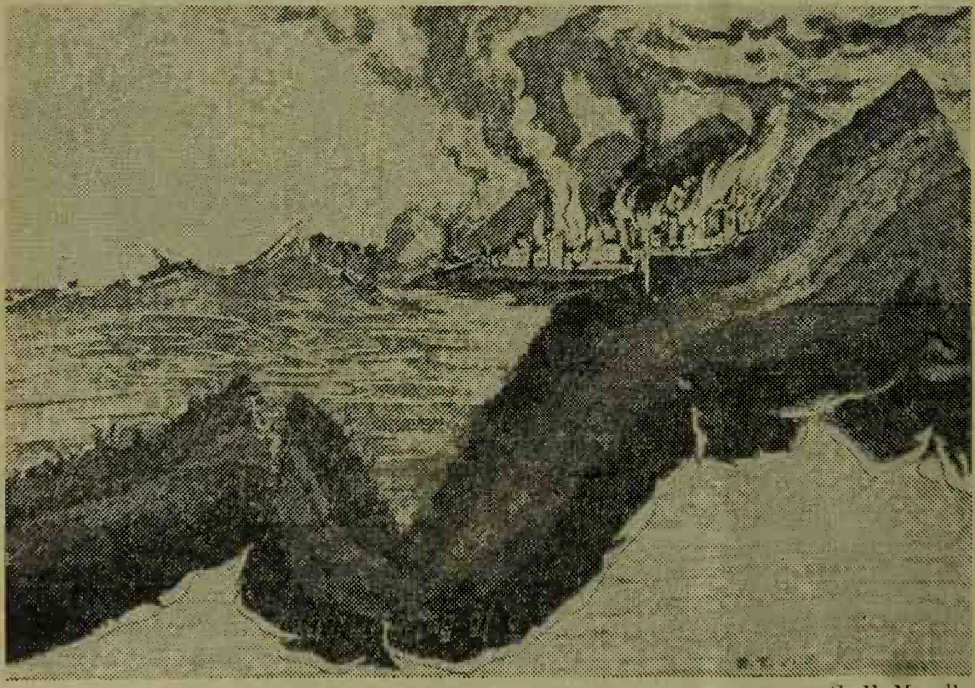
In those countries where the problem is serious, alcohol is given a special significance and quality; drinking is done in tense, uncommunicative, often solitary surroundings, and is used in order to function at work or to solve problems. It is about time that countries such as the United States became realistic about this ubiquitous liquid. Alcohol does more good than harm and we ought to help people achieve positive benefits from it rather than make them guilty and afraid.

Although it cannot solve the underlying component of alcoholism, a different attitude toward liquor will lower the incidence of the problem; it may help push us to other solutions. We are far from the final answers to the puzzle of alcoholism, but we have progressed far enough to take some positive first steps toward removing alcohol as an alleged solver of problems and substituting in its stead mechanisms that are socially and physically less destructive.

California Plays Ostrich

THE EARTHQUAKE TABOO . . . . . . David Cort

The ground underfoot, as most people now realize, is not really "solid." Some of it, as in England, is sinking. Some of it, as in Scandinavia and Canada, is rising. South America, Africa and Australia are thought to be sliding almost imperceptibly northward. Part of California is flowing northwest into the Pacific Ocean at the rate of perhaps 2 inches a year. The causes of these antics are varied and complex, but may reflect convection currents in the white-hot plastic "mantle" which underlies the brittle crust of the earth, 18 to 40 miles down under the continents, and as little as 3 miles in places below the ocean floor. These aberrations cause some discomfort in the crust part-way down, usually about 20 miles down, and something happens.



G. F. Morell

Schematic Drawing of a Major Earthquake

The something is usually an earthquake. (Volcanoes will not be considered here.) About 80 per cent of all earthquakes express the complaints of the great series of rifts that surround the Pacific Ocean, from New Zealand to Alaska and down again through Chile. Some 15 per cent follow the mountain system from Morocco through Southern Europe and Central Asia to Indonesia. The remainder are scattered. The two ends of the circum-Pacific series approach Antarctica from opposite sides, the Andean system making an undersea loop in the South Atlantic and then connecting with the Antarctic Peninsula. The fault system may continue across Antarctica to the volcano of Erebus, opposite New Zealand. Antarctica's role in the earth's fault pattern is yet to be explored; it may well be significant. Every year there are probably something more than a million earthquakes, great, medium and

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David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

small. Under the existing system of seismological stations, about 60,000 of these are recorded.

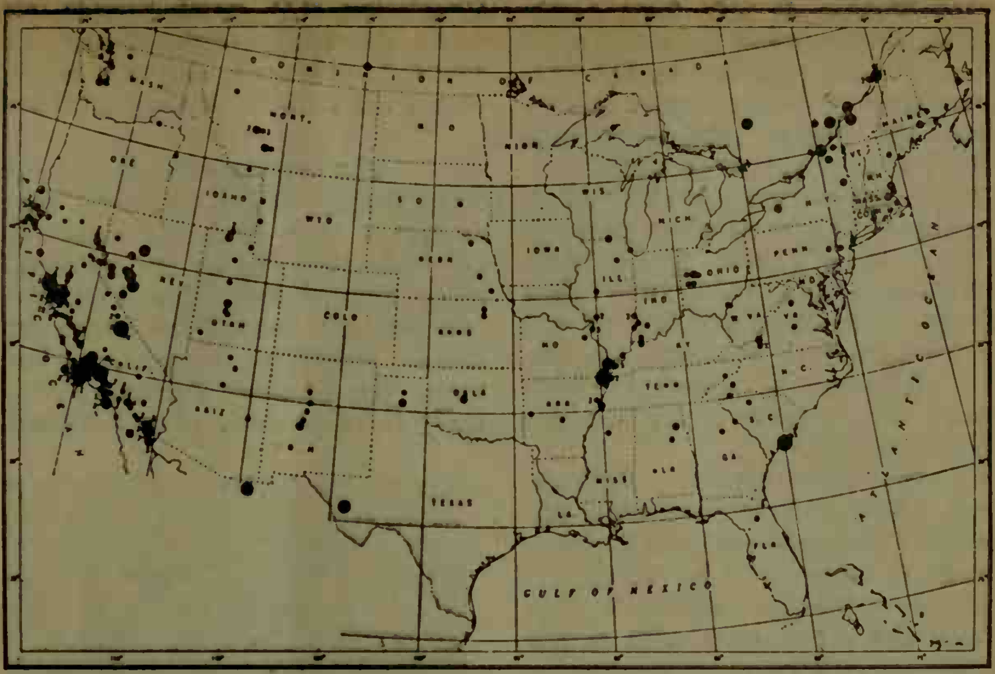
"There is not much one can do about earthquakes; there is certainly no means of stopping them," it has been written. It is said, however, that an engineer in Pasadena, Calif., proposed to end any further nonsense from the local geological fault by locking it with a great concrete block. I do not know whether to believe the story, but it is a parable of the idiot insolence of man.

California and Alaska are the two major earthquake zones in the United States, and they are really major. An earthquake heavy enough to be felt by local residents occurs somewhere in California nearly every day. About fifteen to twenty shakes that do some damage take place every year. California is crisscrossed with geologic faults; it is a state on the move.*

Since the last major shifting of the southern half of the great San Andreas fault was in 1857, and the period of recurrence seems to be about a hundred years, another is a little overdue. From another fault, the Los Angeles area was considerably shaken in 1952; since then all has been quiet in L.A., while large numbers of people unaccustomed to earthquakes have poured in. If seriously tossed about, these people would panic.

One therefore assumes that the rulers of California are preparing for trouble, and one assumes incorrectly. The very word, earthquake, is taboo in California. This prudery does not prevail in other earthquake areas, but California's tone is set by the realtors, as well as the undertakers. Earthquake talk lowers real estate values and raises insurance rates. The old joke about the "San Francisco Fire of 1906" is familiar, but it is no joke.

In 1948, a "Seismic Probability Map of the United States" was prepared for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey by F. P. Ulrich. It was officially retired in 1952, not for scientific reasons but because of powerful pressure from business groups (probably Californian) who wanted a lower probability rating for their area.



U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey

Destructive and Near-Destructive Earthquakes Recorded in the United States through 1955

One of the few men who are trying to save California is the great and courageous seismologist Charles F. Richter, the author of the Richter scale of magnitude for earthquakes. His reward is to get letters from Californians asking that he "stop talking about earthquakes because it scares [us]."

Richter's articles are simply attempts to help his readers survive the shaking of the earth. He points out that the actual rending of the ground very rarely, almost never, kills. The major mortality results from the collapse of buildings, for distances up to 500 miles from the disturbance. Any earth movement shakes the whole planet; if it did not, instruments on the other side of the world could not detect it, as they do. Anchorage, Alaska, for example, was 80 miles from the earth rupture, but the shaking started landslides that all but destroyed Anchorage.

Richter tries to tell California that one can indeed predict one's own personal peril. A house built on hard rock such as granite will react very slightly to the tremor coursing through the earth. One built on alluvium, fill or sedimentary rock will shake like water in response to the same series of shocks, and the house may come tumbling down unless it has been braced against lateral stresses. Most of the deaths are found in these crashings and fire settings as masonry crumbles, cornices crack off, chimneys, columns and towers fall away, and gas, electric and water connections are ruptured. In shaken buildings, things fall off shelves, and this is especially relevant to drugstores, liquor stores, saloons, kitchens and bathrooms. The earthquake presents the society, suddenly, with a new, complex and unimaginable set of problems and at an hour that cannot be foreseen. Sometimes the hour is lucky, as in the Long Beach, Calif., disaster of 1933 which destroyed the schools at a time when the children were not inside them. The timing could be otherwise.

Richter simply asks that the problem be foreseen. The chief, and effective, defense is lateral bracing of buildings, nor is this costly. Secondly, anything that can be shaken off, such as balconies, cornices, false façades, parapets, etc., must be stripped away. The first shaking will probably last less than a minute. Don't panic, says Richter, don't run, especially don't run downstairs. If possible, don't try to telephone or drive a car for some time afterward. You will only be impeding rescue operations. A big shock will usually be followed by smaller shocks; therefore, do not re-enter damaged buildings except to save the lives of others. But in the Imperial Valley of California the first shock is not typically the big shock, it is a warning of worse to come. Here, I suppose, one should get into the open at once, after the first shaking has stopped. Always beware of dangling wires; they may be live.

No part of California, says Pro-

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*A recent, detailed and pictorial story of California's faults and earthquakes is Robert Iacopi's *Earthquake Country* (Lane, Menlo Park, Calif.).

fessor Richter, is safe from earthquakes. Some people have a morbid terror of earthquakes, like the irrational fear of cats or open spaces. These Mr. Richter advises to take residence in some other state.

Earthquakes the world over kill an average of 14,000 people a year; in the big years (1906, 1908, 1915, 1920, 1923, 1927, 1932, 1939) they kill on the scale of 100,000. If you are interested in property, the annual damage is colossal, even though most quakes occur in uninhabited territory.

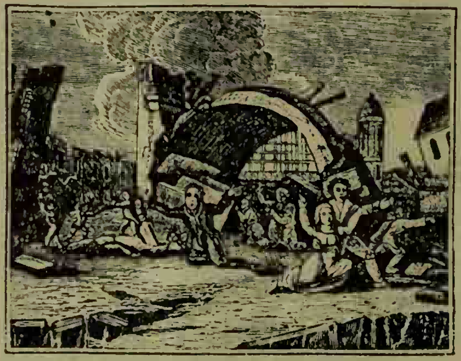
In the *Seismological Bulletin*, April, 1959, Richter gave some important California earthquake dates, a few of which can be noted, remembering that an earthquake area shares the experience with neighboring areas. Thus:

Los Angeles: 1855, 1857, 1930
Long Beach: 1933
Bakersfield: 1894, 1952
Imperial Valley: 1906, 1934, 1940
San Jacinto: 1899, 1907, 1918
San Diego: 1892
Owens Valley: 1872
Santa Barbara: 1925, 1926, 1941, 1952
San Francisco: 1868 (Hayward), 1906, 1957

The theory is that if it has happened before, it can happen again. Insurance companies admire this theory; chambers of commerce hate it. Between the two, the people don't know what is happening to them.

In fairness to California, it should be added that important earthquakes have struck elsewhere in the United States, though rarely. Richter lists them as along the St. Lawrence River rift, New England and northern New York, New Madrid, Mo., Charleston, S.C., north Florida, Nevada, Montana, Utah, Texas, the Puget Sound area, and one in the ocean off New York City, in 1884.

The Alaskan earthquake of Good Friday, March 27, 1964, demonstrated that such an event—in this case followed by the powerful, long, fast-moving seismic wave—can abruptly change the entire economic structure of an American state. The property damage was finally fixed at more than $300 million. The city of Kodiak, for example, on the offshore island of that name, ended 5½ feet lower than it had been before; it is nervous about winter tides.



Earthquake at Caracas

(The California taboo evidently does not apply to other people's quakes. The Alaska disaster was given six pages on Easter Sunday in the *Los Angeles Times*, and seven in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Both compared it to the San Francisco event of 1906, though the San Francisco paper published the date as 1908.)

The 1964 rebuilding of southern Alaska, hurriedly concentrated on water, sewers, power, schools and roads, was ended in late October by the winter freeze. The winter will thus of necessity be given to long-range planning, so that the inevitable repetition will fall upon buildings fortified against the murderous behavior of a shaken structure. A committee of scientists has been advising the Alaska government on new construction, stressing the nature of the ground on which the buildings are to stand, for this unemphasized factor is the crux of the problem.

One would think that the prevalence and broad spread of earthquakes would have developed a great body of seismologists, but this is not so. It was only when the United States Government began giving research contracts to universities in connection with Project Vela, whose job is to detect Russia's secret underground explosion of nuclear bombs, that seismology became academically popular. Suddenly there were swarms of young men taking graduate degrees in geophysics.

The breath-taking development at the moment is that these new recruits have assigned themselves the task of *predicting* earthquakes. This objective, which one would not dare declare unattainable, is still a good deal more difficult than predicting the day of the opening of World War III.

It takes no courage at all to say that for some time to come earthquakes will continue to arrive when they please, and with no advance warning.

SOS from the Merchant Marine . . **Desmond Smith**

A series of strikes and walkouts in the maritime industry, at least eight of them involving the Taft-Hartley injunctive process, has signaled to the sixth sense of Congressmen from Maine to Hawaii that the shipping industry has ceased to be some kind of problem that affects only those with seaboard constituents. But since so many Congressmen appear to speak before they think, it has, so far, been left to the press to analyze the ills of our fractious and troubled maritime industry. Elsewhere, in Great Britain, Japan, Norway and the Soviet Union, a vigorous merchant marine is not a question of "government extravagance" or "union featherbedding" but of economic survival. Here in America some pessimists are inclined to believe that our merchant marine will disintegrate in the next few years. This view has found its most vocal outlet in the business press. But strange to say these Cassandra-like pronouncements are rarely couched in the spirit of gloom. Quite the contrary: one writer seemed almost delighted to report that "90 per cent of our foreign commerce is already being satisfactorily hauled in foreign bottoms."

All the same, disappointment may be in store for observers like the fatuous commentator in *Fortune* who suggests: "The place to begin restoring sanity to the situation [operating subsidies] is the statutory obligation of the subsidized operators to build their ships in American yards and to man them with Amer-

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Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist *(London).*

ican citizens. Both these requirements should be dropped." The political dangers inherent in moves of this sort have been vividly demonstrated by the outcry occasioned by the decision to shut down the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Nevertheless, there are many people (not all cranks or devotees of 18th-century economic thinking) who hold that we are "stuck" with our ailing merchant marine. If so, there is clearly a need to understand the institution to which, as taxpayers, we may be indefinitely bound. The public air is full of foggy illusions that need to be dispelled. There is the idea suggested, for example, by an article in *Reader's Digest* (February, 1963) that "the Government subsidy of U.S. ships operating in foreign trade has soared out of control, and the greed the subsidy generates among leaders of the maritime unions is killing the industry." A reader might well consult Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz's testimony before the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee last year which admitted the franker reality:

> *To know the history of the world's waterfronts is to know today's difficulties on U.S. ships and piers are part of a centuries-old international tradition of roughness and toughness. The economics of these industries are out of joint—as the subsidy programs reflect. . . . Wage rates for many of the jobs involved are low by U.S. standards; yet they are so high by comparison with wages paid on ships which lie alongside but fly other flags that a serious competitive disadvantage has developed.*

It is irrational to attribute motives of across-the-industry greed to, say, Ralph E. Casey, president of the American Merchant Marine Institute and Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, not to mention Harry Bridges, General Franklin and Jakob Isbrandsten. The minds that shape and guide the American merchant marine start from diverse points of origin, and only a paranoid would accuse them all of a conspiracy to destroy the U.S. maritime industry.

Contrary to popular notion the U.S. merchant marine is a long way from being a ward of the federal government. Federal subsidies —an unfailing guide to government involvement—are currently running at the rate of some $300 million a year. Compared to Agriculture ($1½ billion) or Science and Technology ($15 billion) the figure is small indeed. As a result, Congress has been generally indifferent to maritime problems. The absence of close federal scrutiny has meant that the U.S. shipping industry has, broadly speaking, skippered its own postwar destiny, with results little short of disastrous. In less than twenty years our merchant marine has slumped from first place to fifth, behind Great Britain, Norway, Japan, Liberia and (almost certainly this year, the Soviet Union). While most maritime nations carried 50 to 75 per cent of their own foreign trade, less than 10 per cent of U.S. goods sold abroad was carried in U.S.-flag ships. In the dry-bulk trade (ores, timber, grain), amounting to 83 per cent of our foreign commerce, U.S.-flag ships carried less than 7 per cent. Worst of all, only 4.2 per cent of our tanker movements were carried out under our own flag. Except for government-sponsored assistance and large defense cargoes, U.S.-flag tramps, and independent tankers would long since have disappeared from the seas.

There are three main reasons why the U.S. merchant marine is now facing a crisis. The first has come about through the rapid expansion of international trade since the war. Last year, for example, the value of world seagoing trade was a staggering $278 billion, U.S. trade alone being $42 billion. Anticipating this demand as long ago as the early 1950s, the maritime nations, led by Great Britain and Japan, regenerated their blue-water fleets. The bulk of this ambitious shipbuilding program was initiated by governments, and those who chose to build independently designed ships to conform with a national maritime program. But in the United States neither the Truman nor the Eisenhower administration showed any real interest in reassessing the postwar role of America's merchant marine (a neglect that was to have severe consequences during the Korean conflict). With only the outdated 1936 Merchant Marine Act to guide them, U.S. shipbuilders and shipping companies lacked the opportunity to think in terms big enough for the changing world-transport situation. This meant that, when faced with important decisions, U.S. shipping companies had to substitute guesswork for guidelines. Confronted with foreign-flag competition (a good deal of it subsidized by generous U.S. foreign-aid programs) the industry—unions and management together—began to lobby for some recognition of their plight. Until 1960, alone among great nations, the United States lacked even a Federal Maritime Commission. The help grudgingly given by Congress has come in piecemeal portions—too little and too late. An outsider often has difficulty seeing what common thread runs through such a variegated industry—if indeed it can be called an industry—apart from the salt water beneath its hulls. Yet by the 1960s there was one unifying theme: low profits and fierce competition.

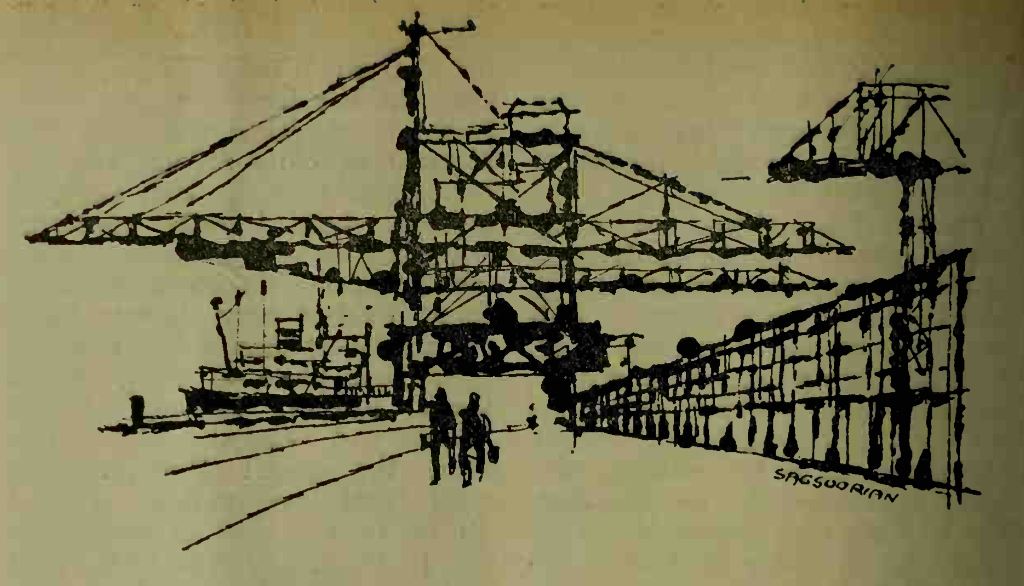
The second cause of the crisis is that, faced with the Administration's yawning indifference to our merchant marine, U.S. shipowners looked around for a way to beat the rap. Under a foreign flag, a Liberty ship costs about $800 a day to run; under the Stars and Stripes it costs $1,800 a day. Similarly, an American shipping company can build two ships in a foreign yard for the price of one built at home. It is scarcely surprising, then, that many U.S. shipping companies have chosen to build abroad and to register their ships under what they term a "flag of necessity."

In a belated effort to head off the ensuing protest of domestic shipbuilding yards and the seagoing unions, Congress has passed two subsidy measures that partially cover both ship construction and operation. To qualify, a shipping company must satisfy the government that the subsidy is in the national interest and security. Unfortunately, Congress has chosen not to legislate in shipping's biggest growth area—tankers and dry-bulk cargo carriers. Therefore, a bitter struggle has taken place between the maritime unions and the owners of what they caustically call "America's runaway flag fleet." According to Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union: "The runaway flag operation amounts to a racket that has been foisted on the American people by some of our richest and most illustrious corporations — Standard Oil, Gulf, Texaco, Alcoa, U.S. Steel, Reynolds Aluminum, to mention a few.”

By registering under Liberian, Panamanian, Honduran and other foreign flags, U.S. owners have successfully evaded U.S. labor standards, taxes and safety requirements. The act of transferring flags is simplicity itself. “The ship never leaves the trade in which it is engaged under the American flag,” Edwin N. Altman, an AFL-CIO official told a Congressional committee. “The ship never goes to Panama or Liberia. It does not employ Liberians or Panamanians. It continues to enjoy the blessings of doing business in America, but it completely escapes the impact of American law, and it is thereby able to increase its profits manyfold.”

While other nations have been expanding their merchant fleets in the postwar years, the U.S.-flag fleet has dwindled to less than half of what it was in 1946. Meanwhile, more than 400 American-owned ships now sail under the Panlibhonco (Panama, Liberian, Honduran and Costa Rica) flag. The dismal consequences of this policy —or rather lack of policy—have produced such ironies as that the United States, over the opposition of its European allies, should support Liberia’s claim (as a leading maritime nation!) for a seat on the United Nations International Maritime Consultative Organization. More recently, during the Cuban crisis, the first ship halted by an American submarine was a former Liberty ship flying one of the Panlibhonco flags. From the shipowners’ point of view, the foreign-flag loophole—outrageous though it may appear — is obviously sound business. It is very bad business for the American maritime unions: employment of American seamen is down from an immediate postwar high of 250,000 to a current membership of less than 70,000. The Panlibhonco shipowners are also competing with American-flag companies, which still further splits the divided and fractured U.S. shipping industry.

The third reason why things have gone sour is that the merchant marine simply does not interest the American public. One of the first actions of the Kennedy administration was to put the maritime subsidy program under the Commerce Department. Shortly thereafter, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges described the government’s aid-to-shipping program as “the subsidization of mediocrity.” He did not say why, and, more important, he did nothing about it. Ralph E. Casey, president of the American Marine Institute, complained not long ago that “our foreign competitors appreciate the benefits derived from a vigorous, active merchant fleet. . . . Norway, which in 1962 carried 16 per cent of United States ocean-borne trade —or almost twice what we carried of it ourselves—sustains a fleet of 1,400 vessels.” And Norway’s population is about 2 per cent of ours. Just how far things have gone was revealed during last year’s House hearings on a bill to “protect the public interest from disastrous effects of labor disputes in the Maritime Industry.” The bill—which fortunately failed to pass out of committee—would have given the President the right to impose compulsory arbitration. A number of the Congressmen on the committee wanted to know why the Taft-Hartley law had to be resorted to so frequently in the maritime industry. Only Paul Hall, president of the Seafarer’s International Union struck at the heart of the matter. “What you are really doing,” said Hall, “ is trying to solve the issue of an illness by the amputation of a part of the body, without any relevancy, in my opinion, to the real illness in the rest of the body, other than the fact that it represents a scab on the finger, or something of this sort. So you chop it off. But you haven’t gotten to the root of the illness.”



The public is perhaps indifferent to the merchant marine because, by prevailing editorial standards, it is not news. The mass media cover the waterfront to report a strike or some such dramatic event as the ordeal of the *Flying Enterprise*. The resources of a television network or a mass-circulation magazine that might provide a balanced study of the current crisis in our merchant marine are instead concentrated on single happenings. As for government apathy, a bewildering number of Washington agencies now share responsibility for the merchant marine. Until some survey is done to find out why Agriculture, Defense, State and Commerce each have a finger on the maritime button, it is most unlikely that any plan will be forthcoming.

The election has thrust upon President Johnson a special responsibility to do something for the American merchant marine. The opportunity still exists; it has not yet been lost because other maritime nations have filled the vacuum created by America’s neglect of ocean commerce. It has not all been lost through the Panlibhonco-flag escape route. It has not been entirely wiped out by the attacks of America’s “leadership” press on the federal maritime subsidy program. Neither has the opportunity been lost by the hearings on the compulsory arbitration bill; indeed, failure to report out the bill (it was opposed by the Secretary of Labor, among many others) led to a wider dissemination of maritime labor’s point of view. What is now needed is less nonsense about “saving” our merchant marine, as some act of charity in return for war deeds, and more determination to put it to work, for the sound reason that no great society can look outward as long as one part of its merchant marine sails under a Caribbean flag while the other part consists of an aging collection of rust-laden hulks.

Death's Darkest Feast

RUSSIA AT WAR 1941-1945. By Alexander Werth. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1,100 pp. $10.

George G. Kirstein

Death is a primary measure of the magnitude of war. By this criterion, the Russian-German phase of World War II surpassed all previous conflicts in human history. The Russians alone suffered some 20 million dead, and while German losses were less, they, too, ran into the millions. Examine the scope of some of the individual battles which made up the war. A single night's air raid on Stalingrad—August 23, 1942—killed 40,000 Russians. In the raid on Coventry which aroused the indignation of all England's well-wishers, 700 died. Total German losses for the first five months of the Russian war, according to German sources, were 200,000 dead, 543,000 wounded. Contrast this with German losses in the entire Western European campaign of 1940 in which there were 30,000 Nazi dead. Russian losses in the same five-month period were so high that for considerations of morale, they were not made public. However, observers believe that Russian casualties were at least two or three times as great as those of the invaders. At Leningrad, of the 3 million trapped when the city was surrounded, 1 million died of starvation or from the incessant bombardments. In the year 1943 alone, 2 million Russian prisoners perished under the tender custodianship of their German captors. There were single days' battles in which the carnage ran as high as 50,000 dead on each side. Students of the statistics of death in war will find in excess the raw material for their calculations in this volume.

If the American reader tries to conceive what it was like to have been trapped in Leningrad or Stalingrad or any of the thousands of occupied towns and villages, the total number of deaths cited will remain a statistical abstraction which simply confounds the imagination. Death happens to each individual, and the inevitability of each individual's death in this war has a repetitive emotional impact on the reader. For example, the 15-year-old girl, toiling in a roofless Leningrad munitions factory in sub-zero cold, knows that almost certainly if she does not die of starvation, which was never more than a day or two away with her total food ration reduced to 250 grams of bread, she will die in the incessant bombings of the plant. And if the plant ceases to function and the Germans capture the city, she will die of starvation or as a slave laborer or in some still worse way. Listen to her own reply to the question: "Doesn't it frighten you to work there?" "No, not really, one gets used to it. When a shell whistles, it means it's high up, it's only when it begins to sizzle that you know there's going to be trouble. Accidents do happen, of course . . . only last week we had an accident; a shell landed in my workshop and many were wounded, and two . . . girls were burned to death."

The inescapability of immediate, violent death made the Russian resistance to the invasion recklessly courageous. If your village was captured, you might just as well be a guerrilla fighter in the partisan movement doing what damage you could in the German rear. You would die, of course, but before that happened you might derail one or more supply trains. You would be tortured if caught and the probabilities were that you would freeze or starve during the murderous winters. But if you stayed in the village you would also die of starvation, or be killed if you declined to die of overwork as a slave laborer. The choice was not whether you died, but how. Under these circumstances the block-by-block, house-by-house, room-by-room defense of Stalingrad becomes comprehensible.

One can also understand why a truck driver, attempting to bring food to a starving city across a newly frozen lake, would be willing to test the ice with the weight of his truck. When the ice was not thick enough, the vehicle plunged to the bottom and the driver drowned. But even if the ice would support the weight, the Germans would bomb and strafe the supply line so one died from steel instead of from ice. There was a chance—a slim chance—of getting through, but if you didn't

The Spell

You can almost see him, looking as he were well —

Shaking it off, shedding it, at first,
The least shadow on the shoulders
Marking the hurt—as if absorbed almost—
Then the face turning, with the charm
That still gave life; only faltering momentarily
In his shining course—

Until you remember how the head
Was horribly shattered
And fell, with the lifted hair,
As from an axe in back — Oswald,
Cutting a path for himself
In the midst of America — a wedge.

But was the thing as it sped —
Coppered, leaden — not stopped
Perhaps there, in the invincible thick hair?
Where the woman, with her skill,
Could pick it away, in her lap,
Breaking the spell? In the cloth of her dress?

It was deeper than that:
Neither burr nor dune thistle,
More like the roses she held
Black as blood in the light, so dark red —
But a kind of blunt bud, splintered
Into flower, that could not be touched,
Having its own final power, that spread within,

The blind dark overcoming him.

William Burford

die today—well, you would die tomorrow anyway.

Herein lies the great merit of *Russia at War*. In addition to being a history, an account of the confused and often double-dealing diplomacy that characterized this war, and a description of the major campaigns complete with battle maps and statistics, it is also a personal first-hand account of the major holocausts. Alexander Werth was born in Russia and speaks the language flawlessly. He was London *Sunday Times* correspondent in Russia throughout the war. When Leningrad was surrounded and besieged, he was in Leningrad and gives a close-up view of the suffering and starvation there. He was in Stalingrad when the fighting was bitterest. This is not the narrative of a historian, working patiently within the resources of a university library, painfully reconstructing past events from contemporary accounts, but the eyewitness description of an experienced journalist who was there. He was in the Ukraine when it was liberated, despite the seas of mud which marked that spring's early thaw. He saw the ruins of the burnt villages, the decaying bodies in their mass graves, and the swinging corpses on their improvised gallows which signaled that the German army had passed that way. He had to empty his shoes and brush off his pants after walking through the blanket of human ashes from the crematorium at the Maidanek prison camp where some 1,500,000 people were murdered and then incinerated within two years. Because the ashes made excellent fertilizer they had been spread on the cabbage fields, and the Russian army and its accompanying correspondents savored the odor of burnt flesh and bones and saw with their own eyes the ingenious machinery of horror that a supposedly civilized country had erected in its war of extermination. It is hardly surprising that with this background the subsequent Russian invasion of Germany approximated in barbarity the Nazi invasion of Russia in the early days of victory.

A well-written and up-to-date report...a real history rather than a 'rewrite'

—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

TOIL and TROUBLE

A History of American Labor
by **THOMAS R. BROOKS**

Foreword by A. H. Raskin

"Thomas R. Brooks, long a perceptive evaluator of the labor scene both as a union activist and as an independent commentator, illuminates the long sweep of labor history in a manner that will help to point toward a new forward surge."—*A. H. RASKIN*

$6.00 at all bookstores

delacorte press

Werth interviewed Russian generals, American, English and French diplomats, German prisoners, Ukrainian peasants who somehow survived the occupation, air men, students, teachers, factory workers and every other classification of person; every citizen participated in this total war. His interview with a Russian girl who had been shipped to a slave-labor factory where flax was combed, and who amputated her own right hand under the cutting machinery so that she would be returned home, is as much a piece of literature as it is reportage or history. In addition to his personal observation, the eleven-page bibliography attests that Mr. Werth studied hundreds of newspaper and magazine accounts, as well as a mass of other historical material published in the Soviet Union, France, England, Germany and the United States.

For all its excellence this book, like all others, has flaws. I wish, for example, that Mr. Werth or his editors had caught such a sentence as, "Apart from Poland, the Red Army had a lot of other fish to fry," which begins one chapter entitled "Rumania, Finland, and Bulgaria Pack Up." Other examples could be cited where Mr. Werth's airy journalistic style tends to demean his role as historian.

I have a more substantial difference with the author when he attempts, toward the end of his book, to reconstruct the considerations which motivated President Truman to order the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Mr. Werth sees these acts of super-destruction as a calculated warning to Russia of America's new and vast power, as much as a final blow designed to knock Japan out of the war. He supports his interpretation by again reciting the oft-told tale of Japan's many diplomatic peace feelers which preceded the mushroom blasts. My own view is that any such effort to carefully appraise the rationale that took place in the minds of Harry Truman or his advisers is unrewarding. I happen to have a low enough estimate of man, the animal, to believe that any ruler of any country at war, which had created a super-weapon at enormous effort and expense, would use it and invent the rationale for the action later. To support my contention, neither Churchill nor Stalin made any effort to dissuade Truman from using this ultimate weapon when they were informed of its development at the Potsdam Conference. Mr. Werth suggests that Stalin did not fully appreciate the magnitude of our development, having been informed that it was a superbomb, but not knowing it was an atomic bomb. There is no suggestion that he would have opposed its use even if he had understood its capacity.

Histories of great wars are of interest at any time (witness the continuing popularity of books on different aspects of our own Civil War). But this account of the Russo-German war is particularly relevant today because it will clarify for the American reader attitudes which are affecting current international affairs. For those who marvel at the almost pathological fear that the Russians display at the prospect of our allowing the German finger near the nuclear trigger, this book will furnish some insight. If tomorrow's headlines trumpet still another bellicose blast from Moscow against our encouraging the multinational cargo-ship fleet, armed with Polaris nuclear missiles, perhaps understanding, if not sympathy, may be aroused by reading certain sections of this book. It is not that Mr. Werth makes the Russians out to be adorable heroes, sportsmanlike and guiltless of all misconduct; indeed, his descriptions of the Russian invasion of Poland and Germany in the war's final phases indicate the excesses of which troops with slackening discipline are capable on the eve of victory. Nor is his account of the way the Russians treated some 500,000 Tartars who were Russian nationals, but who collaborated with the invaders, calculated to stir admiration in American hearts. When their Crimean homeland was recaptured by the Red army these people in their entirety, men, women and children, were shipped to an undisclosed destination in the East and were never permitted to return.

But *Russia at War* does remind us that a great nation, invaded by overwhelming force, fought back with the ferocity of desperation. It reminds us further that even England's glorious and lonely stand might not have afforded our Allies and ourselves enough time, hampered as we were with our war in the Pacific, to overcome the Germans had it not been for the blood-letting on the Eastern Front. Finally, this book's graphic description of the war in Russia will explain to our statesmen and our public why, until the last survivors of Leningrad and Stalingrad and Sebastopol and Kursk and Odessa and all the other monuments to horror are dead and forgotten, the Russians will continue to hate the Germans and fear their predilection for destruction.

From the Inferno

I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY. Edited by H. Volavkova. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 81 pp. $3.95.

Jerry Richard

On October 19, 1941, the Nazis converted the little Czech fortress town of Terezin into Theresienstadt, a concentration camp. This was to be no Auschwitz or Bergen-Belsen, but a model camp, a place to show visiting Red Cross officials. Here the Nazis sent prisoners whom, for one expedient or another, they were not ready to kill. The very old and the very young were also concentrated here for a while. So there were no gas chambers at Theresienstadt; the prisoners lived, some in houses, some in former Czech army barracks, overcrowded and undernourished, of course, but in a real town with streets and grass and a little park. People died, but they were not killed, at least not in large numbers.

From the middle of the war on, however, as the Nazis were concerned less and less with the opinion of the International Red Cross, and as the Final Solution became policy, Theresienstadt become only a way station, a stopping place for a few months or a year on the way to the death camps in the east. Among the forced inhabitants from 1941 until the camp was liberated in 1945 were 15,000 children. About 100 of them survived, the rest gassed and burned, mostly at Oswietim. The Nazis did not call Theresienstadt a concentration camp; they called it a ghetto:

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would
sing
against a white stone . . .

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it
wished to
kiss the world goodby.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in
the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

This poem is by Pavel Friedmann, one of those children who died in Oswietim in late September, 1944. *I Never Saw Another Butterfly* is a collection of children's drawings and poems by children and young people who were incarcerated at Theresienstadt. The children were taught drawing and poetry, as they must have been taught religion, in secret. The selections in this book are taken from the State Jewish Museum in Prague where all the surviving manuscripts and drawings are now deposited. One is surprised at first to see the bright colors of the drawings (mostly crayons and collages), barbed wire done in red and blue, a barred window done in pastels. Were these the only colors available, or did the children attempt with bright red crayons to brighten up that dreary world, that real world of demons and ghouls? There are, of course, pictures of numbered bunks (also in red and yellow), an S.S. man on guard, and Theresienstadt itself surrounded more by the somber blue walls of its sky than by the old fortress walls; but most of the pictures are of flowers, trees, dancing children, and one is startled to see in this wall-locked concentration camp a picture of a man in a boat.

The poetry also deals with places far away ("Oh, how sweet the name Morocco!") and of home. Most often, in this world where flowers live longer than children ("When the blossom comes to bloom/The little boy will be no more."), the young poets think about their chances of living:

The sun has made a veil of gold
So lovely that my body aches.
Above, the heavens shriek with blue
Convinced I've smiled by some
mistake.
The world's abloom and seems to
smile.
I want to fly, but where, how high?
If in barbed wire things can bloom
Why couldn't I? I will not die!

This is part of a poem written by "the children in Barracks L 318 and L 417, ages 10-16 years."

The children, of course, see what the Red Cross did not:

Terezin

The heaviest wheel rolls across our
foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside
our memories.

We've suffered here more than
enough,
Here in this clot of grief and shame,
Wanting a badge of blindness
To be a proof for their own children.

A fourth year of waiting, like
standing above a swamp
From which any moment might
gush forth a spring.

Meanwhile, the rivers flow another
way,
Another way,
Not letting you die, not letting you
live.

And the cannons don't scream and
the guns don't bark
And you don't see blood here.
Nothing, only silent hunger.
Children steal the bread here and
ask and ask
and ask
And all would wish to sleep, keep
silent and
just to go to sleep again . . .

In these poems and drawings there is fear, compassion, even pity for the old, with their hard crusts of bread and toothless mouths. Some of the poems reflect childhood fantasies, some are militant, a few have a power of imagery that is overwhelming. "Concert in the Old School Garret" begins to describe an old piano, but ends by describing the most terrible concert of all:

Under the closed eyes, another
person sits,
Under the closed eyes, he seeks
among the keys
As among the veins through which
the blood flows softly
When you kiss them with a knife

Jerry Richard teaches at Fresno State College. His first novel will be published next year by McGraw-Hill.

and put a song to it.
And this man yesterday cut all the veins,
Opening all the organ's stops,
Paid all the birds to sing . . .

The author must forever remain anonymous, for the poem is unsigned. Of those who signed their names to their brief creations, we know only the place and date of birth and the place and date of death, sometimes too the number of the house or barracks in which they lived at Theresienstadt. One wonders whether the guards ever saw these drawings or read these poems and, if they did, how they reacted. Could children and art ever move an S.S. man to tears? The answer might tell us something about whatever hope there is left for the human race.

The heaviest wheel rolls across our foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside our memories.
Mif, 1944

The Facts of Life

CHILDREN AND THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR WAR. Prepared by Child Study Association of America. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 148 pp. $3.50.

Stanley Milgram
Alexandra Milgram

The nuclear threat bears certain distinctive marks that set it apart from other perils. First, it is extremely difficult to assign a probability to its occurrence. In this sense it resembles a natural disaster, such as an earthquake or flood, but it differs from natural calamities in its total dependence on human decision. Moreover, nuclear danger is *unimaginable*. Nothing in the parent's experience equips him to answer a child who asks: "How many people will be hurt?" or "Will we be safe?" Finally, the threat is all encompassing: it can happen any day and in any location. Children cannot be warned to stay away from nuclear holocaust as they might be admonished to keep their distance from deep water or barking dogs. The singular nature of nuclear threat, declares Sybelle Escalona in the introductory essay to this volume, requires a special set of guidelines.

To avoid the issue is simply to allow chance, street talk and the child's fantasies to take charge of the answers. The child senses when others are tense and upset. By encouraging discussion the parent fosters understanding of the reality of the world predicament, which may not be as bleak as the child imagines. The form and content of the parent's approach must necessarily shift with the increasing capacity of the child to deal with complex issues and to cope with his own inner terrors. It is unwise to tell more than the child is interested in knowing, and from the ages of 4 to 6, the parent needs to provide, above all, reassurance. Even at this early age, however, the parent can support a basic sense of reason and dignity in human affairs that is intelligible to the youngster.

A literal-mindedness and a capacity to distort the meaning of words occur often in the 6-to-12-year-old group. It is harmless enough when the 8-year-old implores the Lord to "lead me not into Penn Station," but a similar distortion of meaning in the atomic vocabulary can result in unnecessary terror for the confused boy or girl. However unpleasant the word "fallout," it does not actually signify that arms, legs and fingernails are literally falling out of their bodily placements. Adults must be deliberate in their choice of words and dispel misunderstandings. The realities behind such words are bad enough without being embroidered with the concocted horrors of imaginative young minds.

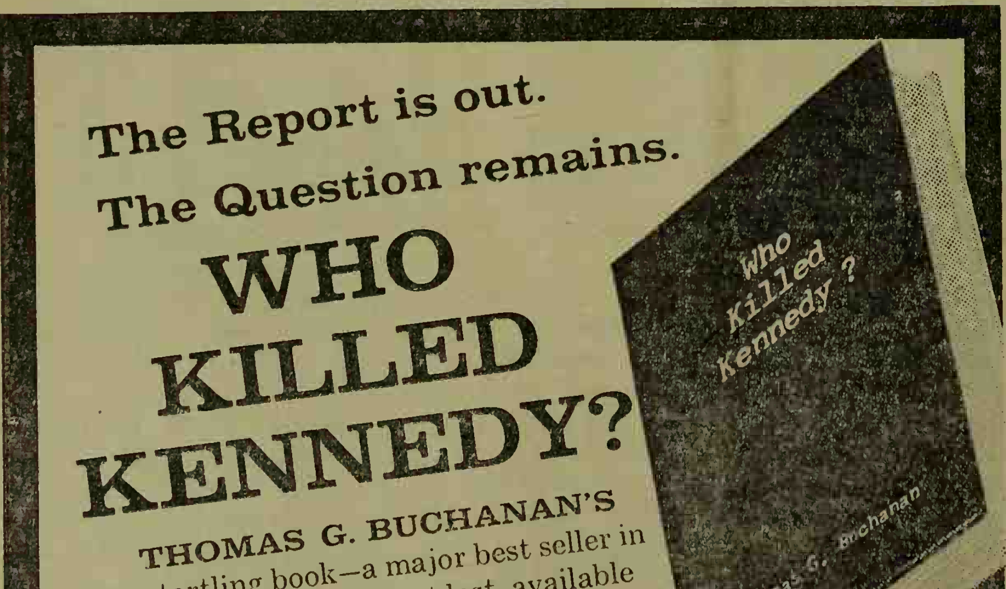
Active participation by the parents in organizations devoted to peace is a source of reassurance to the child. "A good way of supporting children against fear-arousing aspects of the situation is to explain in some detail the positive goals for which their parents work." Whether or not they display manifest interest in the ongoing discussion, children absorb the attitudes of their parents, and these attitudes ought to be considered, informed, and linked to responsible action.

This is the gist of the thesis presented by the Child Study Association of America, and the basic message is contained in the opening essay of Dr. Sybelle Escalona. Indeed, Escalona's essay contains the only explicit advice on instructing children; the remaining sections consist of documents and reports intended to inform the parent on related aspects of the nuclear threat. Among the documents are reports of the Federal Radiation Council on radiation hazards, a critique of the report, an account of the fallout shelter controversy, and the text of the nuclear test-ban treaty.

Those who doubt that young minds are concerned with problems of nuclear war find corrective evidence in Milton Schwebel's chapter, "What Do

---

Stanley Milgram is assistant professor of Social Psychology at Harvard University. Alexandra Milgram, his wife, is a psychiatric social worker.



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CONSIDER OUR EYES, THOSE BRIGHT GLOBES that stand out in
our faces like some unlikely stones, burning, in a soft soil.

the lines in our faces
talk for us, that: i'd knit
the lights of our eyes to make
a proper fabric to roll you in.

in firelight expose
the raw flesh under,
as a day the eyes provide.

will night in any light come
bright to us? anything living
be visible, held in our fingers
& tasted on our tongues?

& vernacular become a loveless habit?

A. B. Spellman

Wetland Dawn

The paling abruptly there, in the northeast
a loosening of stars.
The sea stretching
moving out
wind lays down on it
a long sword.

Jetties bloom
on the wave, against green gathering
blue shoals
lifting
into the isolated darknesses, of
barnacle iridescence,
crevices snaking
underfoot, & mysterious
tideline shifts
in phosphor, mica,
carbon black.

Facing east through many nights
darkness behind me
I've watched
that light up there like a snowstorm
where no light should be
but clear
stars

Full dawn on a heavy sea. Sunlight
cinnamon inches underwater.
Gulls keep off the surf
Waves hook
into each other break
stuttering. An autobody rocks
eaten to the frame
seawater in windpipe
cold in the tailcrease

Allen Planz

After the first kiss —

I talk of love, next to her, on a narrow
Couch. She seeks no passion. Tomorrow,
She thinks, I can forget this furor.

"Stone cold I will make my rage for you,
Bone dry is the center of my universe.
Gone from you I must be, from your fire.

For eight years I sat at some man's table
And still feel his. All other men seem feeble.
You spoke to me of an inner rubble?

I have taken a married man for lover:
Night and day we deceive his wife, and the
Brights of my eyes never grow dim.

I never expect too much, and I revel
In the detachment." I turn to her fine oval
Face, and suggest my love.

Michael J. Phillips

The Lit Glass

The eyes are like pieces of glass, turning,
reflecting everything and nothing,
and he talks about the light wild-
ly, throws the cup and saucer against the wall.
They break into pieces of lit glass. On the floor
they're perfectly still and look like

they are singing one memory, a song, the same song
they sing and sing and sing.

But he is there, still, inside some controlled edge.
I try talking to him, hopelessly, but to him.
I don't know what to do, or to say.
No, he says. That's not it.

Help Help Help he says by just sitting there.

And I can feel it — the flowing
life glow of him like a cut glass painfully
reflecting the light.
Only the dark flowing flows untroubled.

And then waiting at the asylum he tasted bird seed, from the bird cage.
The nurse, resigned-like, says 'Doctor,
he's eating bird seed.'

And the jewelled eyes glance at her like a reflection.
The dark lit flowing turns into itself freely.

Richard Duerden

They Think About Nuclear War?" Schwebel studied 3,000 students from junior and senior high schools on the East coast. A noteworthy finding is that bright children are consistently more optimistic about the prospect for peace than dullards; Schwebel conjectures that the more intelligent child is aware of means available for constructive programs for peace.

Some readers will find the grade-school quality of some of the selections boring or even irritating. But the book is directed toward ordinary parents who are interested in learning more about the implications of nuclear threat for their children. An air of good sense prevails, and no attempt is made to spell out an exact formula with which to indoctrinate the child of the nuclear age.

Of course, no parent, however well intentioned and informed, can counteract the total context in which his child grows up. If television depicts violence freely, if toy stores are filled with miniature SAC bombers, a few words of reassurance will not be sufficient. And here, in the general atmosphere in which the child grows up, lies a danger. There is no game played by children that does not in the long run become adult reality. The child plays at doctor and his generation will have its share of physicians. Girls are groomed for motherhood through early experience with dolls. The recruit of 18 or 19 does not find his rifle unfamiliar. He has played at soldier as a child, and the orders to kill, attack and bomb are as familiar and acceptable as the nostalgia of boyhood. The toy counters are ladened with gleaming bombers and plastic ICBMs. Have the children taken to new games? Do they in childish innocence play at the destruction of nations, of civilizations? Do they in a spirit of fun plot a first-strike capacity of a hundred million? One would like to believe some inner resource of morality restrains even the child from this indulgence. For child's play is not only a reflection of the adult world, it could be prophecy.

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The Swiss Behind the Colors

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE, 1898-1918. Edited by Felix Klee. Translated by Pierre B. Schneider, R. Y. Zachary and Max Knight. University of California Press. 424 pp., 66 illus. $10.

A. Hyatt Mayor

Some artists lead one to expect nothing from their writings. Monet, for instance, could probably not compose one sentence worth reading. Paul Klee, on the other hand, was so literate an artist that his pictures require his captions to needle us to the full. One therefore expects his diaries to illuminate, like Delacroix's, and their publication should be a major event. To a certain extent, it is.

Klee began a diary when he was 19, and kept it, sometimes more and sometimes less, until he was 40, then stopped for the final twenty years of his life after the First World War. He numbered each entry, and when he was 33, started to revise, add data on the subsequent history of his works, and delete what he had written when he was drunk. An image so sedulously tidied up should achieve a synthetic attractiveness; yet it is hard to like this close-fisted, jeering, sexy and loveless young Swiss. He needed life's knocks to pummel him into some human shape, and he got them—from his difficulty in making a living by playing the violin when his works sold slowly, from the touching care that he took of his son while his wife earned money by giving music lessons, and from the rigor of his war service in the German army.

Most of the diary jottings are skimpy aids to recollection of places and persons; only occasionally is an event described fully enough to communicate an experience to the reader. The trips to Italy and Tunis are fairly vivid, but at 35, the shock of putting on a soldier's uniform turns him into the tense and vivid writer that one would expect from so imaginative a draftsman. Here he makes every reader share the civilian's bewilderment at the strange ways of war:

> *At the Glaspalast we are outfitted, loaded down with gear, having trouble holding onto everything, convulsively, painfully pack-saddled with greasy pieces of uniform, boots, undefinable leather objects, dragging stuff along in the mud, convicts exhibited for the curiosity of Sunday strollers, we march back. . . . I have never been so free of worries. Doing what you are ordered to do is not hard. . . . After a few drills, it really gets easier. Only those bottomless abysses called boots. The scraping of the heels. I put on my own shoes again and almost fell down when I took the first step, feeling as if I had lost my feet, but had got a head of lead.*

Rarely, too rarely, Klee shares the process of creating incessantly at work in him:

> *822. Genesis of a work: 1. Draw strictly from nature, possibly using a telescope. 2. Turn No. 1 upside down and emphasize the main lines according to your feeling. 3. Turn the drawing paper right side up again and harmonize 1 — nature, and 2 — picture. . . .*
>
> *840. First one builds an armature on which the picture is to be constructed. How far one goes beyond this armature is a matter of choice; the armature alone can make an artistic effect, a deeper effect than the surface alone.*

Klee's diaries are well worth plowing through for scattered stimulating observations: "636. Imagine you are dead: after years of exile you are allowed to cast one glance earthward. You see a lamppost and an old dog lifting his leg against it. You are moved to sobbing."

"857. Nature can afford to be prod-

A. Hyatt Mayor is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

igal in everything; the artist must be frugal down to the smallest detail."

"873. To adapt oneself to the contents of the paintbox is more important than nature and its study. I must some day be able to improvise freely on the chromatic keyboard of the rows of watercolor cups."

"In art, vision matters less than making visible. . . . " "The trained hand often knows more than the head. . . . "

This subtle and truthful man summed himself up when he said: "What my art lacks, is a kind of passionate humanity. I don't love animals and every sort of creature with an earthly warmth . . . I tend rather to dissolve into the whole of creation." This lack of love makes Klee's art remote, almost brittle, despite his skill, his poetic vision and his unique wit.

To render the diary into English M. Schneider of Paris, made a "draft version" while the other two made a final translation. The collaboration achieves a breezy ease that is just a bit slaphappy. Without comparing the English with the German, I noticed "collegians" for schoolboys, "cold needle" (*Kaltnadel*) for dry point, and I did a double-take before recognizing Liszt's "Holy Elizabeth" and Titian's "Fair One." Fifty Klee drawings are scattered about the pages in rough zinco reproductions. One looks in vain for any of the drawings that the diary mentions.

THEATRE

LUV
POOR BITOS

A striking object lesson in the making of a play might be given if it were possible to see the London production of Murray Shisgall's *Luv*, followed immediately by the one now on view at the Booth Theatre.

It happens that I was asked two years ago to review the play in London for *The Observer*. It struck me then as an amusing spoof, with some arid moments when the play dwelt overlong on its parody. At the Booth, where it is perfectly cast with Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin, brilliantly directed by Mike Nichols in a set crisply styled for attractive fun by Oliver Smith, and suavely lit by Jean Rosenthal so that a night scene manages to look both atmospheric and cheerful, the play is a clean hit, a continuously engaging event.

It is not simply a matter of its having been "improved"; without noticeable addition to the text, it is almost a new play. It kids the stereotypes of our everyday talk, the self-pity in which so many of us indulge, propped by the dumb jargon of analysts, permissive pedants, the theorists of our aches and pains whose diagnoses so often sound like commercial blather on behalf of TV nostrums. The properties of love-love-love as a cure for every discomfort from chilblains and heartburn to metaphysical anguish are thoroughly travestied. Lampooned even more is our mania for temperature-taking to measure the degree, duration and dimension of our "loves."

The peculiarly American style employed is related to clowning in the manner of a sophisticated Sid Caesar. The comment is neither deep nor cutting, but it *is* hilarious. The objects of ridicule are neither confronted nor transcended; they are negated by a hop, skip and jump of irreverent tomfoolery.

Something more should be said about Mike Nichols' inventive fancy, as well as about the finish with which each bit of action is accomplished. The gags become cunning notes of imaginative statement, comparable to a fine flourish of ballet movement. Examples of this are present at the curtain of both acts. Eli Wallach's ecstatic leap onto the lamppost when freed of his wife; Alan Arkin's climb up the same lamppost to get away from his symbolic nemesis—a dog threatening to use the man's leg as a place of convenience.

Wallach is all sweet exuberance or lovably idiotic despair; Anne Jackson is all foolish earnestness and silly severity; Arkin's voice, unresonant but with a doggedly nasal vehemence, adds to an immense self-absorption that results in portraiture as classically indelible as the work of a master caricaturist.

The early career of Jean Anouilh's *Poor Bitos* (Cort Theatre) is worth summarizing. When the play was first produced in Paris in 1957 it was received by a completely hostile press. Yet it was a box-office success.

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All Paris flocked to *hate* it. Was there an unavowed assent in this? Or had the audience come bravely prepared to face its accuser?

Apart from appreciation of Donald Pleasance in the title role (which he also plays here), the London reviewers were grudging but impressed. It is interesting to speculate as to what elements in the play caused the ambiguity of these reactions.

André Bitos occupies an important post in the public prosecutor's office of a provincial French town ten years after the last war. He is politically "Left," and had fought in the Resistance. The son of a perennially impoverished laundress, he had used his keen mind for persistent study, had been granted a scholarship, and had always been first in every class. But he is physically unprepossessing and detested by almost everyone in town—particularly by the well-to-do collaborationists, many of whom had been his schoolmates. As assistant to the public prosecutor Bitos has proved himself ruthlessly rigid in pursuit of justice. He appears obsessed by a punitive passion.

Maxime, the handsomest, most elegant, most affluent of his old-time schoolmates—a man Bitos once worshiped for the qualities he himself lacked—arranges a "wig party" to humiliate Bitos beyond healing. At this party each of the guests—Bitos' enemies and their wives—is asked to assume the role of one of the famous personages of the French Revolution: Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, et al. They are to vent their spleen on Bitos who has been invited to come as Robespierre.

The guests manage to scare Bitos into insensibility. He passes out and during his coma is riddled by images of anxiety in which personal memories merge with distorted incidents from Robespierre's life. By the time the final curtain has come down, a parallel has been established between Bitos and his "incorruptible" antecedent.

It is probably unimportant that Anouilh's "Robespierre" is not in accord with the conclusions of modern French historians who maintain the real person to have been much maligned by the 19th-century image of him as a cold-hearted monster. Some of these historians (professors in French universities) believe Robespierre to have been politically and morally superior to Danton and other national heroes. The point is that Anouilh has made Bitos-Robespierre the prototype of all political tyrants—puritanical, bigoted, filled with venomous envy, murderously vindictive. These attributes spring from the hurt inflicted upon him by his poverty, his gracelessness, the scorn the socially privileged have heaped upon him.

In one brief instance Anouilh tries to absolve himself of animus toward the "Red" contingent in the Resistance by having another guest at the gathering say that he shares Bitos' political views and despises him only because of his wretched character. Still the inescapable implication of Anouilh's portrait is that most Left-oriented leaders are impelled by base motives, often kindled by frustration and the crippling of their humane instincts.

Anouilh however is "impartial" in his vilifications. If he is relentless in respect to the radicals, he is almost equally harsh with the wealthy of the Right. They are heartless with less cause. Those of the "Center" are more or less neglected. Anouilh probably regards them as featureless conformists who bend or turn with every wind. Besides a kindly woman there is only one sympathetically drawn character in the play—presumably a scion of the old nobility and therefore almost totally apolitical. Some such man Anouilh later affectionately ridiculed for his lack of realism in *The Fighting Cock*, but in *Poor Bitos* he takes him at his own value.

In a brief but striking passage, Bitos-Robespierre says to this character, Vulturne-Mirabeau, something to this effect: "You are a genius; I am second rate. I am on the side of the second rate because we are more numerous. We are France." To which the other replies: "The millions you speak of merely inhabit the country. Six hundred great men *created* France." These—the "larks" as Anouilh has called them—are the only ones who truly matter; it is they who make France (the world itself) supportable.

This is majestically false. Genius does not rise out of nothing; it represents the flower of a folk. One cannot take Anouilh seriously on this point, or believe that he takes himself seriously. But the attitude bespeaks a tendency, the subjective impulse of Anouilh's baffled spirit which resorts, when challenged, to a disclaiming grin that signifies, "I am only a man of the theatre." About this one must remark two things: first, that such men are nearly always inclined to romanticize a halcyon past and in a crisis do their utmost to avoid any kind of partisanship. Second, the pessimism to which their tension leads them is echoed by thousands of philosophically and politically frightened men everywhere who finally take refuge in some posture of comfort which usually includes this pessimism itself. This in part explains the play's fascination for so many people both in France and beyond.

Do I therefore condemn Anouilh? Not altogether. To begin with, his message is conveyed with arresting craftsmanship, and as I have often repeated, every position must find its formal expression. Then, too, this play like almost everything Anouilh has written, is the product of a subjective urge responsive to certain objective situations. Anouilh's plays reveal an individual: they have a face — something more than his considerable theatrical guile. Anouilh does not wholly despise Bitos as a warped creature; he shares some of Bitos' suffering, though little of his courage.

Anouilh would have us pity Bitos. He hardly succeeds in this. But at least in France, where after the war the audience experienced guilt, anger, self-contempt, torn as it was by all manner of internecine conflict according to class, conviction and prior behavior, the play gripped as well as discomfited the public. The French looked bad to themselves between 1945 and 1960 and *Poor Bitos* showed them their own lesions, inspiring them with both loathing and awe.

Standing apart from all this, I find the play brilliantly despicable. I dislike and admire it! It is not only extremely skillful in construction and writing; it is, as plays go nowadays, thoroughly adult. It is worth support and attack. But I fear the greater Broadway audience will find itself indifferent.

The production, directed (as in London) by Shirley Butler, is scrupulous. I find the setting burdensomely literal. The acting though authoritative and lucid—the dialogue well spoken by generally fine voices—tends to limit itself to the verbal. C. K. Alexander brings warmth to the role of Vulturne-Mirabeau. Charles D. Gray as Maxime scores by his presence. Donald Pleasance should be applauded for a performance leaning heavily on details of voice, speech, idiosyncrasy of gesture, etc.—knowingly executed—all of which makes us take more interest in the actor than in poor Bitos.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ART

DISSIMULATED POP

So many people have been bewildered by Pop art, or have been content to revile it, that its qualities and development have been quite obscured. One knows that the highly centralized Abstract Expressionism, after a vital period, began to choke on its own virtuosity around the middle fifties, and that the ideas which it originated had come to seem quite simply worked out. There appeared a moment ripe for change. We are now witnessing another such moment, but in today's polycentric situation ideas have barely begun to be explored. Never a movement, and never cohesive, but rather a sensibility, Pop art is slowly evaporating, as we are finally beginning to see, into a venturesome and incestuous *mélange* of styles that questions the very mechanics of vision and thought. To be sure, one still meets a strategy of resistance, which thwarts or postpones the perception of content, but now it is gotten up in the new guise of an *entente cordiale* harder and harder to label journalistically. By displacement, or magnification or discontinuity, what we called Pop art is sliding into a larger inquiry of self-concern in which the strictly *kitsch* element fades away, or becomes more transparent.

In fact, because their first line of defense—commercial imagery—is becoming more penetrable (if only through overexposure) various artists are falling back on schemata whose implications are essentially abstract. It would be as irrelevant now to identify Pop art by its subject, as it would current abstraction by a contained formal structure. Acting as conventions which may lock into place some equivocation between object and canvas, or some imbalance of color or illusion that overwhelms the senses, subjects and structure in recent works of art have been subverted by their own self-contradictions. That is, we do not approach the significance of the work by means of its conventions, but rather *through* those conventions, or despite them. As in Oldenburg's vinyl telephones or French fries, the quality of the material is simultaneously denied —in its familiarity—and affirmed by its unexpectedness in its new circumstances. If you cannot distinguish between the conventional and the explorative in such artifacts, it is because the process of displacement keeps them both openended. Under such conditions, in which the identities of the work of art are refashioned before one's very eyes, social commentary becomes by comparison a trivial byproduct.

Magnification has been another catalyst in this aesthetic reaction, though in one sense to aggrandize the scale of things and images is another way of displacing them. By such means, the idea was to make everything in the real world quite out of the ordinary by radically disturbing the size relationships between object and viewer, or at least the context in which they were understood. In Rosenquist and Wesselman, art has the quality of gigantic still life. But in fact the larger you expand the image, the less does it seem commensurable and objectlike, and the more it takes on the accouterments of an environment. Here, a distinction has to be made between the older and more familiar happenings and environments—which consisted of agglomerations of smallish objects—and a new development which inflates only two or three painted images to such a scale as to insinuate a landscape feeling into the underlying still-life orientation. I am not, of course, speaking about traditional genres, but about modes of visual statement, whose dynamics have much to do with the way we interpret and accommodate works of art to our experience. The point of interest about the superimposition of landscape upon still life in Pop art is not merely that the integrity of signs and objects is diminished, but that such diminution registers a greater quotient of abstraction.

Something of the kind must be said to have taken place in the work of Roy Lichtenstein, whose present show at the Castelli is an eye opener on several counts. This perpetrator of snarling pilots, lachrymose girls from *True Romance,* household appliances and six-shooters, all portrayed through the lineaments of elephantine comic strips, has changed his art literally, as well as psychologically, to the transcription of landscape.

To be sure, one sees certain continuities between the old and the new Lichtenstein. The same detached, almost anesthetized psychological tone rules both phases of his work, just as the simulated photoengraving dots and hard outlines of the earlier work have not been abandoned in the later. And, if anything, the change in theme only underscores this artist's fundamentally static conceptual approach, in which ultra-corny motifs (here they are blood-red sunsets and stratified light rays) are played off against his insistence that the fiercely mechanized and amplified components of the style afford new sensations in their own right. Still and all, one cannot shift or rearrange the pressure of previously given conventions as radically as here without affecting content, and Lichtenstein seems poised for some drastically new pictorial embarkation.

When it first came to notice, this art was like a depilatory agent for Abstract Expressionism, expunging brushiness as tonically and painfully as a quick rip of a bandage off human flesh. Now, however, a stubble has come up and Lichtenstein is oddly cultivating it. The tonal passages of his compositions have been gradually accentuated so that the pictures almost come to have a matter and opacity and a tactile variety which they previously lacked. But this impression is misleading, if a glance, say, at his "Impressionist Landscape" is any indication. One seems to be looking here through the physical interference of some back-door screen at a lake vista with distant shore. But the actual landscape is pressed onto the forming dots —is, in fact, indissoluble from them, which makes the canvas ground behind an illimitable blank space. Because one expects some form of illusion in a landscape subject, Lichtenstein's refusal to use his pointillism metaphorically, as would a Neo-Impressionist, for example, catches the spectator short. Here is an instance in which one has to override the pictorial context. Then, too, puzzlement is all the more elicited by the fluctuation of dots (single blue points on white ground or round clusters of blue disks with white holes) which suggests the way photoengraving reconstitutes illusionist renditions, but which in this work is merely a neutral spread— flat and surface-affirming.

The Castelli show, therefore, reveals an abrasive moment of tension in the career of Pop art. The demands of light, nuance, atmosphere—which are the properties of landscape—are put in opposition to the mechanical codes of commercial reproduction, enlarged so as to lose a great deal of their specificity. (It is another form of displacement, bracketed by the larger principle of Lichtenstein's art.) If the artist were to go "forward," he would lose the intractable, schematic consistency which made his art so uncompromising. But he would gain a chromatic and spatial richness that would conceivably be more accessible as a visual experience. If, however, he retains his basically simplistic armature, the opportunities present in landscape will not be availed of, and the whole motif will seem increasingly gratuitous or arbitrary. Lichtenstein is not the kind of artist who can make an explicitly ironic foil between form and subject. As can be seen, his is a choice of reformulating conventions: in this case of swinging the focus of attention from contour to center, and from rigidity to flexibility.

For myself, the preference is clear. Confronted by those heartless and florid re-creations of comics, those evenly stressed, armor-plated figurations, I have never been able to deny enough of my manipulative will to make them mean anything in human terms. It is not so much that they were without humor or affect, but that they demanded an intellectual and emotional submission which, however pliable modern art has made me, were not within reach. In short, Lichtenstein needs viewers who can minimize their ego. (This is, of course, not to deny the cultural fact that literary parallels to Lichtenstein's art, such as the cult of the object in the new French novel, or the "Theatre of the Absurd," make him seem very contemporary.) But now, a tentative loosening-up, in which his previously separate bald reds and yellows and blues are coming together more intimately, suggests a certain kind of *moiré* porosity which will allow the eye to wander and to shape optical relations, despite being a little bruised in the process. In his future, one can almost see an interesting harsh refinement.

Something, perhaps, of the opposite impulse is happening to the work of Jim Dine, whose show at the Janis Gallery is concurrent with Lichtenstein's. Dine has never been exactly aligned with the Pop artists, yet it has also not been possible to dissociate him from them too easily. His pastose paintings have always owed a frank debt, or, more likely, have paid outright homage to, Abstract Expressionism—all the while parading themselves in the simulacra of bathroom walls, tool chests, or wardrobes. In his vision, every inch of canvas has to "be" or mean something other than itself. Considering his sources, such peccadilloes have seemed a bit childish, and for this I don't think he has generally been forgiven, either by those who consider his work a belated retention of an outmoded style, or a disrespectful mimicry of a great one. Yet Dine's caricatural relation to action painting had been the most enduring Pop element in his work, in no way less honorable than Lichtenstein's primitivizing way with comic strips. It has just taken people a little longer to realize the subtle idea that brush strokes can be just as deceiving a convention to mask out a concern for the identity of the work of art as billboard or mail-order illustrations. This, at any rate, was the base upon which Dine had ordered his art, up to his recent palette series. But these nostalgic, lushly made gestures have suddenly been overshadowed in turn by sharply drawn and flatly colored renderings of bathrobes or strange gridded compositions of colored squares. By this incorporation of vocabulary from present abstraction, Dine, in his own manner symptomizes the unmooring of Pop art, even if he is moving toward the physical idiom from which Lichtenstein himself is slowly inching away.

Stylistically, then, there is no consensus; but conceptually, one feels a greater rapport among the artists, if only in their chafing agreement to pry apart the causal processes of their art. Dine, for instance, has ventured out on ice as thin as Lichtenstein's by his highly compressive and schematic new imagery which risks being taken for what it seems to be: illustrations from a cut-out book which have been blown up and ornamented with adjacent logs, axes, strings and hooks. He had been much safer, but also more obvious, in his earlier mimetic quotes from a dozen differing visual presentations, ranging from Abstract Expressionism to graffiti to textbook diagrams. Both artists, in fact, had been shameless paraphrasers: an activity which is no longer as literally attractive or as useful as it once was. But Dine, the more excitable and changeable figure, was so much more able to inject a personal, emotional element into his works (e.g., affectionately viewed household objects), that his metaphors could be more farfetched and philosophical. Thus, for example, a razor cuts a swath of paint, a drawing of a clenched hand emerges behind a metal rod standing for a cane (whose real shadow conflicts with a false painted shadow) and painted polka dots (cf., Lichtenstein) are found next to a polka-dotted dress which makes them look like snow flakes falling in the night. In one poetic stroke, Dine shows that natural deductions and visual similarities, when encouraged, are entirely deceiving. Where Lichtenstein switches circuits on only one or two levels, Dine dances over every conceivable simile, evokes ever more fallacious connections, and forces one to judge relations between objects and paint strokes in ways that totally befuddle or reverse the notion of movement and matter in the worlds of art and life.

Not merely because such devices camouflage the rational, but because they are so transparent about it, do they become Dine's equivalent of conventions. No one is more double-faced, casuist, ironic or more normative in all these things than this artist. He is at once a landscape and still-life painter, as well as inseparably spontaneous and mechanistic as a paint handler. In fact, what is most intractable about this wily creature is his refusal to stay at any one point, and his irremediable fusions of opposites.

In his view of 20th-century art—and it extends all the way back to synthetic Cubism—creation is a process of recombining functions and packaging knowledge in ever denser, more economical units. The show at the Janis Gallery, in this respect, is entirely transistorized. Even when Dine has hardened his manner of seeing, as most recently, he is incorrigibly metaphorical. Irate color-field abstraction or optical art enters his work implausibly in the form of a bathrobe or Red Devil color chart. It is typical of him that he tones down a physical belligerence in order to emphasize a conceptual provocation. Sometimes he will even juxtapose two of his highly summarized motifs, as in the color chart through which a ghostly palette form is partially visible. He diminishes his cues, and yet relies all the more strongly on them for recollection.

I can work with all these conflicts, even though I realize that they advertise themselves as snares for credulity, and that they constantly demand ever more information to be legible. As Lichtenstein moves toward sensibility and feeling, Dine approaches a kind of history-laden form of expression. In fact, the symbolical and associational structure of his works (as distinct from their unassuming formal presence), is so complex, that the experience of the overall show is nervous and burdensome as much as it is exhilarating. But, above all, I'll remember this exhibition thankfully for the way it deflates good intentions and teaches, in its spirit of mockery, that high seriousness is perhaps not all that appropriate as a judge of art. At least, it would be pleasurable to think so.

MAX KOZLOFF

"★★★★ MAGNIFICENT! DEEPLY MOVING!"
—Wanda Hale, Daily News

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FILMS

THE EVIL MEN DO

Francois Truffaut, who is the intellectual and cinematic trickster of the French young guard, turns his tables in *The Soft Skin* by telling a perfectly straight tale of the wages of sin. His camera work sparkles as always with abrupt cuts and syncopated motion, keeping the action trimmed down to essentials in the manner of the best elliptical prose. And his flair for personality gives substance and individuality to the cast right down to an actor whose only assignment is to pass another actor on the stairs.

But his trick this time is to set in motion a classic triangle situation and then, against our expectations of a sophisticated twist, carry it through to the conventional ending. The tension in his story comes from the disparity between the relative triviality of the people concerned and the absolute denouement at which they arrive. It is a disparity one often senses in the domestic melodramas that make the headlines: how do such commonplace people get themselves involved in such catastrophic messes?

The husband in this case (Jean Desailly) is a publisher-man of letters; he runs a one-man press and does a good deal of lecturing on fashionable literary subjects. This Lachenay is a pompous, softly ruthless man; he has a philanderer's soul, but one gathers that caution has kept him an approximately model husband. On a trip to Spain, however, opportunity and boredom spur him to action and he finds himself possessed of the cool, young and lovely stewardess of his plane south (Francoise Dorleac). If Lachenay were in real need of lusty female companionship, his own wife (Nelly Benedetti) offers more passion than the pale girl on whose account he now invents reasons for not being at home nights. In point of fact, his emotional fabric seems to have gone a bit suety; he may find relief in an erotic playfulness scarcely offered by his wife's tempestuous responses.

Like most "respectable" lechers, Lachenay is a deplorable lover; he thinks up assignations that, presumably safe, turn out to be sordid or ludicrously awkward. He doesn't really approve of his girl's bachelor attitude toward sex, and she in turn grows weary of a lover whose preoccupation is with his own reputation. The girl leaves him, the wife tumbles to his game (she would have forgiven his unfaithfulness; she will not endure his hectoring lies) and he ends with a charge of bird shot in his stomach.

There is real elegance to *The Soft Skin;* it lies in Truffaut's acid portrait of a smug trimmer cut down by the perfectly straightforward behavior of two women he thought no match for his charm or brains.

Les Abysses is the first picture to be directed by Nico Papatakis, a Paris night-club impresario who is said to have an exceedingly smart clientele. The film is endorsed, somewhat intimidatingly, by Sartre, Genet, de Beauvoir, André Breton, Jacques Prevert and others. Even so. . . .

The script is derived from a real murder that seized the French imagination some thirty years ago, and is said to have supplied Genet with the idea for *The Maids.* That play is a masterpiece of psychological mystification; the picture seems to be merely psychologically confused. The problem is to find some common ground between the action and the motivations behind it. Are we dealing with wickedness or stupidity? It is no answer to say that, morally, they come to much the same thing; in the theatre you have to find a level of communication.

I think I understand the two maids (played, incidentally, by Francine and Colette Berge, sisters in real life as well as on the screen). They are girls of limited intelligence and dubious mental stability, who have been subjected to virtual peonage by their impecunious employers, and who know no way to retaliate except by the most extreme destructiveness and the most provocative insolence. Insofar as they reason at all, they tell each other that they can prevent the sale of the property and thus save themselves from ejection into the world. But reason has little hold on them; they feign madness until the madness seizes them.

The behavior of the employers is what baffles me. They remind me of nothing so much as those unhappy foils who used to fall prey to the Marx Brothers. At one point the father of the house, a small round man, leaps into the air in a spasm of frustration and lands facing in the opposite direction. The family wades in wine, ducks flying crockery, suffers gross personal indignities, and states repeatedly that the tomfoolery must stop on the instant or serious consequences will ensue. Meanwhile the house is being pulled to pieces about their ears. This is the very stuff of slapstick, with the maids improvising Walpurgis diversions through a very long night devoted to preparing a feast of pancakes (literally).

The grotesque quality of horror may be real enough, but feckless horror will scarcely work. I kept wondering how the situation could possibly have reached the point described in the film, given that the contestants on one side were manifest ninnies. It takes character of a certain resolution to drive a couple of girls so mad that they will beat you to death, and I suspect that in the actual case the owners of the house were a tough crew. In the film they are M. Tartarin and family, and murder does not fit that company. Consequently, the film feels terribly pumped up—picturesque violence at the expense of plausibility.

As for the acting, it is all howls and grimaces and peeking from behind things; I've been as frightened by the neighbors' kids on Halloween.

The very best machinery of the British thriller is employed in *Seance on a Wet Afternoon,* in which Kim Stanley plays a medium bent on kidnaping, for the purest of occult motives, and Richard Attenborough is her compliant husband. This is, within the framework of entertainment, a frightening picture; you have to keep reminding yourself that nothing very dreadful is going to happen, since the British don't use real blood for their fun and games.

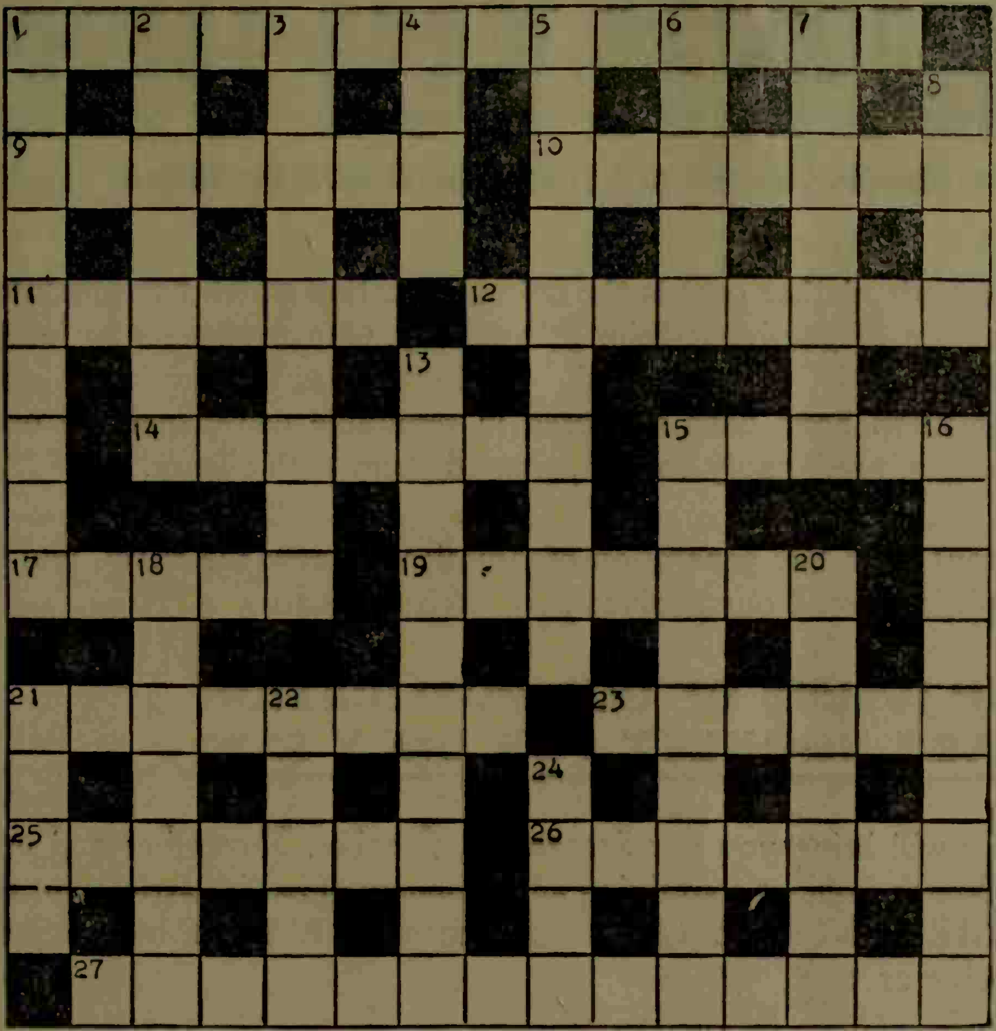
It is a fault of the picture that it seems to aspire to a profundity it cannot afford. Thus, a lot of time is spent on moody close-ups and on building a complex set of motivations that don't go with the snatch-and-ransom formula. If one took it seriously, the picture would collapse into matchwood of coincidence and absurdly pat abnormal psychology.

Miss Stanley conveys wonderfully the brisk, no-nonsense bossiness of the more than slightly nutty, and Mr. Attenborough manages to make you accept the fact that an utterly wife-broken man can act with almost witty despatch and resourcefulness when carrying out a dangerous crime. The actors play with absolute seriousness, which is right. If only Bryan Forbes had directed and edited with his tongue a little in his cheek *Seance* might have been one of the top British thrillers. Even under his somewhat heavy hand, it makes an engrossing two hours.

ROBERT HATCH

Crossword Puzzle No. 1082

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What the old innkeeper did goes to sound his former position. (9, 5)
9 and 13 down The one with which Sampson slew a thousand? (1, 4, 2, 10)
10 and 27 Where the young might be expected to pull a literary bloomer? (1, 6, 6, 2, 6)
11 and 4 down The handle of the starter, or just the driving force?
12 No crossing when one does. (Stock might be so different!) (8)
14 A rather submissive way of getting dues out of it? (7)
15 One of those associated with a famous line of maternal-filial association. (5)
17 One shouldn't object to such a hang-over, but drop the end to listen in. (5)
19 Fashion in a suit appropriate for the country. (7)
21 Somewhat like Tennyson's echoes?
23 See 24 down
25 One might consider it as being a port in the country next to 19. (7)
26 Even soldiers might appear in it.
27 See 10 across

DOWN:

1 Voters have his in a foreign land.
2 and 22 down What one expects with 1 across when the fare is included? (4, 3, 5)
3 With experience, these might cut quite a figure. (3, 6)
5 Figuring out what might be in a double gin and soda? (10)
6 Where Masefield's quinquireme came from. (5)
7 Turns to dust, as those who gave shape to something. (7)
8 They might be dangerous, in the manner of a few extra words. (4)
13 See 9 across
15 Isn't that just like a man? (9)
16 Satan and Beelzebub, if you're talking about the old one. (9)
18 Over and above, it shows where some used to like to sit. (7)
20 Henry recommended imitating tigerish ones. (7)
21 Such people were evidently moveable in Rome. (4)
22 See 2 down
24 and 23 across Rap smartly, however with quite a load on. (Link an alternative to it, possibly.) (4, 6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1081

ACROSS: 1 Level-headed; 9 Pantheon; 10 Reeked; 12 Flat-top; 14 and 4 Behindhand; 15 Handball; 17 Bath mats; 20, 24 and 11 Corned beef and cabbage; 22 Compare; 26 Stereo; 27 Exorcise; 28 Astigmatism. DOWN: 2 Establish; 3 Emerge; 5 and 23 April in Paris; 6 Evert; 7 Garage; 8 Recoil; 13 Chest; 16 Bare facts; 18 Agouti; 19 A priori; 20 Cheroot; 21 Ernest; 25 Ream.

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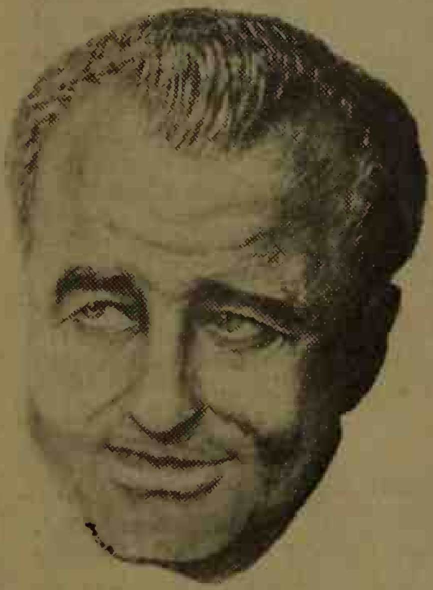
The Power Game



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LETTERS

New myth?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A recent letter to *The Nation* (Nov. 16) which makes out the fall of Khrushchev all to the good makes me wonder to what depths the human mind can rationalize. There is still one more lower depth, i.e., a pamphlet just published called "Soviet Anti-Semitism —A Cold War Myth." One can recall that the criticism of Stalin, before and after his death, was a "cold war myth"; the friction between China and the USSR was dismissed by Khrushchev as a "cold war myth"; the talk about Khrushchev's fall was also a "cold war myth."

Perhaps when anti-Semitism in the USSR (and/or their dragging of official feet on this matter) becomes a fact, there will be people around to rationalize this also but, really, will anybody bother to listen?

George Kauffman

Christian Crusade

Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs: I noted with pleasure that the Internal Revenue Service has revoked the tax-exempt status of contributions to Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. *The Nation* should be commended for the role it played in attracting the attention of the public to the inherent evil in the tax-exempt status of the Christian Crusade and other far-Right foundations.

Norman Mandelbaum

Mr., not Mrs.

Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Sirs: Permit me to call Mr. Kenneth Rexroth's attention to an error appearing in his review of *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence (The Nation,* Nov. 23). While the editors of this collection acknowledge their gratitude to Mrs. Vivian de Sola Pinto for her assistance "in the preparation of the Indexes," it is in fact *Mr.* Vivian de Sola Pinto, Professor Emeritus of the University of Nottingham, who has so capably co-edited the collection. . . .

William C. Latta, Jr.

The China market

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to *The Nation* for publishing Roland Berger's "China Today: 'Walking on Two Legs'" (Nov. 16). It was refreshing to read an objective report on China's economy, instead of the usual proclamations of imminent failure and collapse.

At a time when . . . demands are quietly being expressed to re-examine our relations to that country, the area of trade offers an intelligent and practical way to begin to deal with the China problem. Surely Mr. Berger's account of China's progress must stimulate . . . U.S. businessmen . . . to inquire why they too should not participate in an expanding market with the tremendous potential inherent in China's huge population. . . .

Virginia Kahn

Shortchanging the crippled

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: The current legislative campaign to tamper with the social security laws so as to pick the pockets of the permanently disabled is at best bizarre, and at worst deplorable. H.R. 5210, 5211 and 6201 seek to offset Old Age, Survivors, and Disability Insurance benefits for permanent, total incapacity against awards received under workmen's compensation. Proponents of this legislation claim that OASDI, which covers all cases of permanent, total disability, and workmen's compensation, which is restricted to work injuries, can overlap in certain situations with the result that a person may receive more money hurt than whole. This is immoral and un-American, they contend; it is a federal intrusion on the state systems of workmen's compensation; and worst of all, it will encourage invalids to remain incapacitated.

Such arguments are sheer nonsense. By definition, persons so disabled as to qualify for OASDI are beyond hope for rehabilitation. State workmen's compensation benefits replace only a small percentage of lost wages and are limited in total amount, so that an overlap may indeed be desirable. But most remarkable is the fact that less than 2 per cent of all those entitled to social security disability benefits receive workmen's compensation, and less than .1 per cent of all workmen's compensation awards involve permanent, total disability.

The "evils" of this minuscule overlap pale before such shortcomings as the arbitrary low limits which a number of state workmen's compensation statutes still apply to medical benefits, and the states' general failure to concern themselves with effective programs of rehabilitation.

If the American Bar Association, Federation of Insurance Council, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Council of State Governments, National Association of Manufacturers and others who support the "overlap" bills truly have the interests of the injured worker at heart, they will expend their efforts and funds in lobbying to improve the state workmen's compensation acts. The need for federal intervention in this area will quickly vanish as soon as the states stop shortchanging the victims of industrial accidents.

J. A. Page
College of Law
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In this issue

EDITORIALS

421

ARTICLES

423 Baghdad Between Revolutions
Leo Hamalian
425 Police Birchites: The Blue Backlash
Paul Hoffman
426 The Power Game: George Smathers, the Golden Senator from Florida
Robert G. Sherrill

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

438 Ethics on the Couch
Lionel Abel
440 The Stillborn America
Webster Schott
442 Scales of the Marvelous
Hayden Carruth
444 The Horse's Mouth
Pauline Madow
446 Music
Benjamin Boretz
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 448)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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Denise Levertov, Poetry
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EDITORIALS

The Hour of Decision

"Some of our people—Mr. Nixon, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Scranton and Mr. Goldwater—have all, at one time or another, suggested the possible wisdom of going north in Vietnam. Well, now, before you start attacking someone and you launch a big offensive, you had better give some consideration to how you are going to protect what you have."

It was no faint heart, no defeatist, who spoke these words on September 28 in Manchester, N.H. It was Lyndon B. Johnson, campaigning for the Presidency. Now is the time for Mr. Johnson to ponder prayerfully what he then said, for the war hawks are on the wing and General-Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor, one of the chief architects of the collapsing structure in South Vietnam, is on his way home to urge, according to advance reports, a "limited" extension of the war to the north. A few months ago, as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Taylor opposed any such venture, which only shows that being on the scene in a bad situation does not always improve one's judgment.

The President will of course study carefully the various papers and alternative plans to be presented by General Taylor and his other advisers, but he should view escalation blueprints with a cold and fishy eye. Bureaucracy has been defined by the British social scientist Michael Crozier as a system that is unable to correct its own errors. Only through "ordeals by crisis," Crozier suggests, can erroneous policies be corrected in large bureaucratic bodies.

If the President listens to the war hawks, he will be applauded by the Birchites and Goldwaterites and other Yahoos whom he has just disemboweled electorally. Who else will applaud him? The American people certainly will not; they gave him the largest popular majority in history on his promise to proceed cautiously amid the perils of international conflict. The least sensitive among us are disgusted by the pictures of government troops torturing Vietcong guerrillas which appear often in the news media. President Johnson can expect no more help from our allies than they are now giving: token contributions of medical supplies, military engineering and a few combat advisers. Europe, with its own troubles, has no desire to join a war in which the best trained and toughest army in Asia, Ho Chi Minh's 250,000 men, backed by the Red Chinese army of ten times that number, might retaliate for the bombing attacks on Hanoi that the paper strategists in Washington are now planning. If that should occur, nuclear bombs would be the only answer, and neither Europe nor neutral Africa nor neutral Asia has any stomach for World War III.

We are not yet in so deep that we cannot get out by negotiation and face-saving formulas. It will not be easy or pleasant. As the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says, "Disengaging from unwise commitments is one of the hardest things a nation can do in foreign affairs. . . ." But we have had sensible advice from General de Gaulle who, both in Indo-China and Algeria, has had rather more experience than the Washington commandos, and we are in a perfectly sound position juridically to follow U Thant's suggestion that the UN be made the center for peace negotiations on Vietnam. At home, Under Secretary of State George Ball is reported to favor a negotiated settlement, and Senator Morse has talked himself hoarse advocating a UN trusteeship over South Vietnam. President Johnson must decide, and these are the voices that can help him to the right decision.

The Fulcrum

An aggressive American policy in Southeast Asia is all the more rash because of the situation vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. By all indications Chou En-lai's visit to Moscow left relations between China and the Soviets as bad as before. For once, the CIA may be right: its director, John McCone, believes that the differences between Moscow and Peking are *almost* insurmountable. Extension of the war in Southeast Asia is perhaps the only development that could surmount them. The Russians may be all for coexistence, but they remain Communists and they do not want leadership of the Communist movement to pass to China. They are and will remain sensitive to charges of "capitulationism." If we want to see some degree of *rapprochement* between Moscow and Peking, all we need to do is get still tougher in Southeast Asia.

Our relations with Moscow must be the fulcrum of American foreign policy if it is not to degenerate into makeshifts and failures. The country should be grateful to John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India and now back at Harvard, who stated the fulcrum thesis at the convention of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association on November 20. Galbraith called for more attention to the realities of foreign policy and less to the myths, the most vicious of which is the stereotype of the ineradicable wickedness of the Soviet Union, in contrast to our inextinguishable virtue. The reality, he went on to say, "is that the preservation of peace—not of our way of life but of life itself—depends on a tacit understanding with the Soviet Union." Love is not required: all each side need do is look to its own basic self-interest.

There were times when the cold warriors seemed to be in full control, but things look different now. Aside from the folly of rewelding the Moscow-Peking axis by acts of our own, it is in our manifest interest to avoid helping the Stalinists in the Soviet Union and to do business with the moderates. They seem ready to do business with us. There are some small signs and some big ones.

In the former class is the conclusion of an agreement for cooperative research on desalination of sea water. This is a scientific agreement, but it has political overtones and it took only four months to negotiate. More important is the fact that the Russians want to conclude agreements with the U.S. to import high-quality industrial products in which we excel and they are backward. But they need long-term credits—which our allies have been extending to them rather freely. Instead of letting the British and the French and the Japanese get all this business, we could make some capitalistic profits ourselves. The obstacle has been the Soviet lend-lease terms of World War II. Whether, morally, the Soviets really owe us anything is a question; after all, they lost 20 million people and we lost 300,000. However, the Soviets signed the notes, and we can exact some token payments which they have hinted they are willing to make. That will remove one roadblock. Another is the civil air transport agreement that has been pending since 1961. Once the obstructionists in Washington have been neutralized, Pan American and Aeroflot can begin flying between Moscow and New York, and that will help clear the air.

Given the importance and obvious good sense of such measures, it is almost incredible that we should be pressing screwball measures like the multilateral force or an invasion of North Vietnam. When we can take some initial steps in the direction of peace and prosperity, why should we invite catastrophe?

De Gaulle's Reasons

Paris

It is too bad that the British and American press persist in treating de Gaulle as though he were crazy. He certainly has good reasons for opposing the Multilateral Force—whether German-American or Anglo-German-American, with a few Turks, Italians and Greeks thrown in. He will do what he can to prevent any version of the MLF from coming into being; if he fails he will have further proposals to make with a view to minimizing its danger.

Mao Tse-tung, when he informed de Gaulle of the Chinese atom bomb, advocated a conference of all powers "interested in disarmament." De Gaulle replied that he would prefer a meeting restricted to the nuclear powers: the United States, Russia, China, Great Britain and France. But what form is this "Atomic Club" to take, this enlarged version of the three-power club which de Gaulle vainly urged upon England and America in 1958?

Communist China, de Gaulle urges, should be admitted to the UN as quickly as possible and should be given a permanent seat on the Security Council, along with the United States, Great Britain, Russia and France. Thus, all five nuclear powers would be in constant contact. Although he treated the UN with the greatest disdain when it interfered with French "internal affairs" during the Algerian war—calling it "that thing" (*le machin*)—de Gaulle becomes increasingly favorable to making it an instrument of peace. He is on excellent personal terms with U Thant and, as the great "de-colonizer" of Africa and advocate of the neutralization of Southeast Asia, enjoys considerable pull among the uncommitted nations of Africa and Asia. These countries become steadily more numerous at the UN, and de Gaulle thinks they will help to get China across the threshold.

De Gaulle thinks that a five-member UN Atomic Club might offer real insurance against a major war, and might even produce some disarmament—which the endless talks at Geneva are clearly not doing.

Nor does this summary complete the scope of de Gaulle's world concerns. Now that Khrushchev is gone and the Russo-German talks are abandoned, he believes something should be done to relieve tensions in Central Europe, and has been looking at the old Polish Rapacki Plan for an atom-free zone. There is talk of a de Gaulle-Gomulka meeting. He doubts that the Russo-Chinese split can be really healed, and expects Russia to become increasingly a member—and the Eastern rampart—of the European community.

If de Gaulle seems on occasion to tower above the other world statesmen, it is not, as too much of the Western press pretends, because he is France's man on horseback.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Defense Cutbacks

For the 63,000 workers who face loss of employment through the closing down of ninety-five military installations—including the historic Brooklyn Navy Yard—it is impossible to have feelings other than compassion. As they see it, they have been dealt with unfairly by their own government which, in many instances, urgently recruited them to take the particular employment, let them devote most of their adult lives to it, and then decided, for reasons of economy, to turn them out.

At the same time, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara is entitled to public sympathy for the ordeal of pressures that he must now undergo from the workers, the communities and the politicians directly involved. No wonder that President Johnson took off for the friendly contours of the LBJ ranch the day the cutbacks were announced! But there is one group for which we have no sympathy whatever—namely, the politicians who these many years have boasted of how well they have served their constituents by securing defense contracts or military installations, and who have been elected and re-elected on their promises to get more of the same. One of the most active issues in Congressional campaigns for the last two decades has been the obscene competition implied in the slogan "Smith Can Get More Than Jones." Sooner or later, this jockeying was certain to trap the politicians who indulged in it. Perhaps the word will now go forth that it is not necessarily good politics to promise the moon and more in the way of military contracts. Those who dangle dubious benefactions of this sort, and who thus win elections, can hardly be listened to when the cutbacks come. And perhaps—dim as the hope may be—the notion may take rooot that it is better politics to promise to work for enduring and socially useful forms of government largess rather than for military contracts. In the meantime, harassed politicians should give active support to proposals, advanced by Senator McGovern and others, for intensive planning on reconversion. The recent cutbacks underscore the need.

A Miner Is a Miner

The collapse of the first big effort to revive the stagnant economy of Appalachia by using federal funds to help create new, diversified industry has, *The New York Times* reports, "left a bitter legacy" in Williamson, W. Va. Last week the National Seating and Dimension Company, Inc., voted to close its doors in the face of mounting debts. The company had set up shop in West Virginia, with government encouragement and a low-interest-rate loan, to manufacture parts for the wood furniture industry. The plant employed about 100 West Virginians. Now the jobs are gone and many of the men who held them are gone too—to seek factory work in Ohio and Illinois.

Although the evidence indicates that the particular venture suffered from mismanagement, it also indicates that the task of retraining miners to take jobs that pay less than they formerly earned as miners is more difficult than anticipated. "It's not that you can't train a coal miner to be a woodworker," one company official said. "We proved that you can train them—but it takes a hell of a lot more money than anyone thought it would. . . . These men are not used to working for $1.25 an hour."

More hopeful is a report from Butte, Mont., where hundreds of Appalachian country coal miners are now employed in the copper mines. The experiment has been wholly successful for both company and workers. It is not at all difficult to train a coal miner to work in a copper mine. The transplanted coal miners now have year-round employment—something they could seldom expect in the coal fields—and at union rates. Wages average $21.84 a day. Anaconda Copper provided help for the westward trek in the form of interest-free loans, low-priced housing and proper work clothes. Both reports confirm Harry Caudill's observations about the work-experience of coal miners and underscore the importance of his proposal for an Appalachian Regional Authority, patterned on TVA, to develop the resources of the region, including the potential hydroelectric power which would in turn permit the revival of coal mining in connection with stand-by steam-generating plants [see "Appalachia: Path from Disaster" by Harry Caudill, *The Nation*, March 9].

Baghdad Between Revolutions . . . Leo Hamalian

Not more than an hour's drive from Baghdad, stark against the desert sky, rise the ruins of ancient Ctesiphon, once the seat of the Sassanian Dynasty. What remains of it is a huge monochromatic bow of a palace ceiling, believed to be the widest single span of pure brickwork in the world. By what architectural secret it was erected or by what inner strength it keeps from collapsing, no one really knows.

No less improbable than this singular structure is the Iraqi regime of Abdul Salam Aref, which uneasily celebrated its first anniversary in power on November 18. Supported by loyal followers within the army, Aref has preserved his precarious leadership in a land noted for its bloody *coups d'état*, but how much longer the tough former colonel can hold onto his head even veteran observers of the scene are loath to predict, for the allegiance of Arab officers can shift like the sands and the dissenting factions that give Iraqi politics its troubled look are showing signs of serious unrest.

For some time the opposition in exile (Aref's enemies outside of Iraq seem to be as numerous as those within) has been voicing the view that Aref is an opportunist hungry for personal power, a tricky turncoat who sold out the revolution of February 8, 1963, when the regime of Communist-kissing General Kassim was overthrown by an alliance of nationalist army officers and Baathists (the Socialist party of the Arab Renaissance).

The events of the ten months following the successful *coup* are open to many interpretations. Part of the military junta that assumed power, Aref was raised to the office of President while a new cabinet, composed largely of Baathists, was created under Brigadier Ahmed Bakr. The Baathists themselves, however, were divided into a pro-Egyptian wing, advocating closer ties with Nasser, and a more independent group disinclined to accept control from Cairo. Aref remained neutral during the preliminary infighting but when the Baathists under Premier Bakr stepped up their purge of the officer and civil service corps, and began to veer toward a union with neighboring Syria (whose Baathist leaders had quarreled openly with Cairo), Aref showed his colors. Moving swiftly on November 18, he deposed Bakr, ousted the anti-Nasserites in the cabinet and key military positions, and exiled Hardan Takriti, the powerful Baathist commander in chief, to an ambassadorship in Sweden.

Aref then reopened overtures to union with the United Arab Republic. As a first step, Cairo proposed an economic merger, and to show cooperative spirit removed the duty on Iraqi dates, a competitive product, and several other imports. The Iraqis, blessed with oil revenues (75 million sterling a year), a strong currency, a rising stock market and private enterprise, balked at Egyptian measures aimed at unifying the economies and proposed instead a merger in all other fields. Soon air traffic between Cairo and Baghdad increased markedly as technical, scientific, cultural and military personnel from the UAR began to arrive in Iraq. Communications became warmer between the two leaders and Syria was proclaimed the common enemy, second only

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Turkey
Syria
Iran
Iraq
Mediterranean Sea
Lebanon
Euphrates
BAGHDAD
Tigris
Egypt
Israel
Gulf of Seuz
Jordan
Saudi Arabia

to Israel. Aref appeared to be deriving both strength and status out of his relationship with Nasser.

Then, late last summer, the dissident Baath party decided to strike back. According to press and diplomatic sources in the Beirut listening post, the attempt to regain power was to have been made at noon on September 3, as Aref and most of his cabinet were preparing to leave Baghdad airport for the "summit" meeting of Arab kings and presidents in Alexandria. Aref's Viscount was to be blasted on the takeoff by his escort of six MIG fighters, piloted by members of a Baathist cell; simultaneously, the 4th Armored Brigade was to swarm into Baghdad and occupy the radio station and other key buildings, while former members of the Baath national guard seized the city.

The conspirators literally never got off the ground. One of the pilots, posing as a Baathist, was in actuality a member of Aref's G-2. On the eve of the *"coup,"* loyal army units and police descended upon the plotters. A confession wrung from the man who masterminded the plot, Ahmed Bakr, led to the imprisonment of several thousand Baathists in Baghdad alone.

With this threat thwarted, Aref redoubled his efforts to establish political unity with Nasser, hoping in this way to bolster the sagging status of his regime. After a series of conferences in Cairo, his government was able to announce to its people on October 16 the "creation of a unified political command" that is to "take practical measures for the achievement of constitutional unity" between the UAR and Iraq "within a maximum of two years." In addition, the political leadership, composed of both presidents and at least six representatives from each country, is to meet every two months to supervise joint foreign policy, armed forces and defense questions, economic planning, education and security.

Despite the jubilance that greeted this announcement in both capitals, observers of previous Arab attempts at unity are either cautious or cynical, pointing out that the provision about unity "within a maximum of two years" sounds suspiciously like a stall. And stall it might be, for Nasser is poised between two millstones: if he had rejected this bid outright, he might have further weakened Aref's position with Nasserites in Iraq (who would like him to move faster) and thereby possibly precipitated his collapse; if, on the other hand, he had accepted significant steps in the direction of union, he might have triggered the same overthrow by arousing Iraqi nationalistic sentiment against Aref. Thus Nasser so far has committed himself only to a vague compromise. If Aref's shaky government should be overthrown after unity had become effective, it would be a blow as damaging to Nasser personally as was the secession of Syria from the UAR in 1961.

Nasser has sent several hundred picked troops to help man tanks and other vital security positions in the republican guard that protects Aref, but such measures seem unlikely to intimidate the powerful minorities which oppose the present regime. Though the government has clamped censorship on news from Mosul, there are persistent reports that the 1,500,000 Kurds in the northern mountains have not only taken up arms again but have also asserted a *de facto* autonomy. General Mullah Mustafa al-Barzani has set up a Kurdish government with an elected parliament of forty-three members and an executive "cabinet" of eleven ministers, including Jelal Talabani, the military leader of the Kurdish Democratic Party who had quarreled with Barzani last July in opposition to the cease-fire pact with the government. Barzani had been demanding that Aref's regime make good its promises to provide his people with what they regard as their "national rights"—increased autonomy in internal affairs coupled with a larger share of the oil revenues. Apparently impatient with Baghdad's delaying tactics and worried by the presence of Egyptian troops in Iraq, Barzani and his followers have decided to take those rights. Barzani is hoping that Nasser, who had been sympathetic with Kurdish aspirations, will urge Aref to make the concessions the Kurds have been demanding.

In the south, the regime is having headaches with the 3 million Shia Moslems, whose leaders look with disfavor upon Aref's nationalization of imports and exports, as well as his recent courting of Cairo. Like the Kurds, they demand a greater voice in the government's policies, which are now largely in the hands of the less numerous but wealthier Sunnite Moslems. A Shiite move supported by the 200,000 Persians who live in southern Iraq would find sympathy and perhaps encouragement in Iran, where the majority of the population is Shia.

Aref must also contend with discontented businessmen who dislike his socialistic decrees. Christians in particular fear socialism with a Moslem bias. When I was in Baghdad this year, one businessman told me, "Aref would love to close cabarets and cafés on the ground that serving liquor is contrary to Islam. Actually, this is a disguised blow at Christians since these establishments are operated by Christians." Another Christian said, "If the black dog of the Nile gets his foot in our door, things will be as bad for Christian businessmen here as they were in Egypt. By hook or crook, I'll leave the country." But many Christian businessmen, particularly the Assyrians, seemed unapprehensive about the religious connotation of Nasser-style socialism.

The independent wing of the Baath party, badly hurt by the abortive *coup* of September, is still strong in numbers and most certainly will strike again once it has recuperated from the recent debacle. Already the Baathist party in Syria is waging a nation-wide psychological campaign calculated to hasten Aref's fall: government-organized demonstrations have been staged in Damascus, and Syrian newspapers (smuggled into Iraq whenever possible) have been attacking Aref with a new virulence. The Baathists may have to accept cooperation from the Communists, who attract a wide following among slum dwellers and laborers. A taxi driver said to me as we were crossing the Euphrates bridge. "Do you see those big expensive homes along the east bank of the river? Those used to be the homes of rich government officials and members of the corrupt royal family. Kassim threw them all out. He himself lived in simple quarters. He never touched a penny of government money. He was a poor man himself who tried to help the poor. His enemies called him a Red and murdered him. Some day we'll even the score."

On the day we were to leave Baghdad, an Iraqi acquaintance aptly summed up the problems: "My friend, thirty years of 'national development' in our country, guided by the British experts and based upon our huge oil royalties, still leaves 90 per cent of our population unchanged. We are the living illustration of Victor Hugo's truth: poverty creates revolutions and revolutions create poverty. We need peace before we can have plenty, but before we can have peace, we must learn the techniques of sharing our wealth."

Police Birchites

THE BLUE BACKLASH

Paul Hoffman

In Santa Ana, Calif., a John Birch Society cell was uncovered in the police department and its members accused of undertaking a systematic campaign of "harassment" in an effort to force the chief's resignation and his replacement with a Bircher.

In Trenton, N.J., the police chief quoted a Birch Society leaflet word for word in a departmental bulletin.

In Newark, N.J., a veteran policeman was given a leave of absence to recruit his fellow officers into the Birch Society.

In Philadelphia, Pa., the mayor announced discovery of a Birch Society cell in the police department and placed its members on limited duty pending disciplinary action.

In New York City, Birch Society circulars were posted on police bulletin boards and distributed throughout the force.

These episodes — which could be duplicated in scores of cities across the country—are evidence of what might be termed "the blue backlash," a surge of right-wing sentiment among policemen, often linked to proselytizing efforts by the ultra-right-wing John Birch Society.

The society's drive started in the spring of 1963 with a "Support Your Local Police" campaign, undertaken apparently on behalf of Southern bull-whip constabularies then under fire from civil rights groups and federal authorities. But for more than a year, little effort was made to recruit policemen themselves, in either South or North.

Then, in the "long hot summer" of 1964, Negro communities came into direct confrontation with the police in a number of Northern cities. The conflict took the form of civil rights demonstrations (often directed against the police themselves) and demands for civilian review boards to investigate charges of police brutality. In Harlem and Brooklyn, in Rochester, N.Y., in Paterson and Jersey City, N.J., in Philadelphia and in the Chicago suburb of Dixmoor, community feeling erupted into riots.

It was a time of tension and anxiety, the traditional spawning season for right-wing movements. The policemen needed support and found it—in the Birch Society's opposition to civilian review boards and in Barry Goldwater's promise to make the streets safe for wives, mothers and sisters. In this atmosphere, the Birch Society stepped up its "Support Your Local Police" drive and at the same time took to recruiting policemen directly.

The campaign struck a ready chord and snowballed. Its principal lure was the society's opposition to civilian review boards, a specter that policemen everywhere oppose as compromising their para-military authority and undercutting police morale. Policemen have traditionally been apart from the rest of society, living by their own code and resenting what they consider outside interference in their private affairs. By and large, however, they also reflect the mores of their communities and have all too often been an arm of the dominant local political organization. It was predictable that in the South the police would act out the ideas of the white power structure. What is unusual, however, is that the police in the North fell sway to the same appeal that gave Goldwater the votes of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana—total opposition to the Negro revolution. And it is ominous that Goldwater remained

(*Continued on page 447*)

Paul Hoffman is a reporter for the New York Post.

THE POWER GAME: George Smathers, The Golden Senator from Florida

Robert G. Sherrill

Tallahassee, Fla.

Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania recently reminded the nation of what it should already have known: that astride the work of the Senate stands a small clique—"the Senate establishment" — which in secret agreement assigns members to committees, has absolute say over what legislation passes and what does not, controls the political careers of less powerful Senators, and even dictates to some extent the choice of Presidential nominees.

This establishment—also known as the "inner club"—is conservative but not partisan; "Democrat" and "Republican" are terms to which it attaches little importance. Southern conservatives are dominant, and among these, ranked immediately behind Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia on the power ladder, is Florida's George Smathers, at 50 still a wavy-haired fashion plate and in only slight physical decline. Indeed, some political handicappers feel that he no longer trails Russell. As a result of what it considers Russell's bungling of the civil rights fight, the New York *Herald Tribune* sees Smathers overtaking the mighty Georgian.

Secretary to the Senate Democratic Conference, Smathers has been officially number three man among Democrats, after Majority Leader Mansfield and Majority Whip Humphrey. Actually, through the establishment's clubbiness, he has more influence than either.

The face is familiar, but the name would mean little to most Americans. They have seen Smathers countless times in the television newsreels, usually to be spotted standing behind Senators Humphrey and Mansfield and the President on the White House steps as they greet newsmen after a regular Tuesday strategy breakfast. But the junior Senator from Florida seldom pushes to the front.

It isn't that he is modest. He simply would prefer to lie low these days until the Bobby Baker case is shelved, for he is the only Senator on record as Baker's business partner. And that is just the last of a long string of events that have made Smathers leery of publicity. Earlier, there were various land promotions that glowed in the dark of suspicion . . . and his close friendship with the late dictator Trujillo . . . and the Panama housing deal that died when exposed to sunlight . . . and the FCC scandals of 1958.

Although he may lack fame with the population at large, George (people who are inclined to distrust him sometimes call him "Gorgeous George") Smathers is a wheeler-dealer of the pre-Billie Sol Estes stripe, and his friendship is valued by industrialists and land promoters.

Businessmen interested in federal appropriations or in contracts with Latin American *jefes* know that Smathers is perfectly placed to help; he sits on the Senate Finance Committee and the Foreign Relations Committee. He has other uses, being a member of the Joint Committee on International Revenue Taxation and the Select Committee on Small Business. (To round it out with something for the home folks, he is also chairman of the Special Committee on Aging.)

For fourteen years — ever since he turned on and defeated Claude Pepper, the Senator who got him started in politics—Smathers has moved upward along an arc of growing influence.

Without apology, he has scrambled into his position with much the same immoderate drive that marked the career of Budd Schulberg's Sammy Glick — sacrificing some friends, breaking some important promises, loyal only when loyalty paid off.

What makes Smathers run? William S. White, likening him to Lyndon Johnson, calls him "tough, pragmatic." Another Washington newsman, whose narrower field has allowed time to pay more particular attention to the Florida Senator, describes Smathers as "vain and cunning, insecure and touchy."

He is reputed to have been among the late President Kennedy's closest buddies. The editors of *Look* counted him as one of only eight in the intimate "gang." Smathers and Kennedy went to the House in the same year, occupied adjacent offices in the Senate, frequently double-dated and partied together. Smathers was an usher at Kennedy's wedding and later a weekly breakfast companion at the White House.

It was a useful friendship—for Smathers. When he staged a fund-raising dinner for his campaign in 1962, Kennedy came down to Miami and spoke at it—and the kitty hit $10,000. When Kennedy turned up in Palm Beach for a weekend, Smathers usually managed to get away from Washington for the trip, too—to let some of the Kennedy glamour rub off on his image in south Florida. But when Kennedy needed Smathers' help in the Senate, Gorgeous George more often than not was either absent or voting on the other side.

The administration lost a badly needed $90 million from its space program on a 40-to-39 vote, because Kennedy's buddy was in the capitol steam bath. (That was the first excuse Smathers put out. Later he changed it to "out walking for my health.")

During Kennedy's first year in office, when momentum was critically needed for the administration's new program, Smathers supported Kennedy only 47 per cent of the time on 124 roll-call votes. He voted with the conservative coalition 76 per cent of the time (more often than GOP leader Dirksen) in 1961 and 1962, and he helped scuttle medicare and other key Kennedy bills. He voted in only 66 per cent of the 229 roll calls during Kennedy's last year, thus becoming the second "most absent" man in the Senate. Other Kennedy intimates were bitter. One called Smathers "the least enthusiastic friend a man could have." Smathers replied coolly, "The President understands."

This kind of political dubiety is nothing unusual for Smathers, but it seemed to be especially intense

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Robert G. Sherrill is writing a book about Southern political personalities, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

George Smathers

during the years his "friend" was in the White House. Omen of things to come was his statement in 1960 that Kennedy was personally attractive, but that the things he stood for were "obnoxious."

In April, 1963, Smathers accepted a place on the Young Americans for Freedom advisory board, an organization which shortly thereafter brought into Florida several speakers who accused Kennedy of high treason. "Its initial purposes," Smathers said of YAF, "sound good to me." In May, 1963, the Senator joined with a number of outspoken Birchites to sponsor a testimonial dinner in New York City for Charles Edison, bitter enemy of Kennedy and an editorial adviser to *American Opinion* (the Birch Society magazine), a national adviser for YAF, an endorser of the Manion Forum, and treasurer of Americans for Constitutional Action.

Smathers is now reputed to be a Johnson man. Certainly he owes much of his present standing to Johnson. In the mid 1950s, when Alben Barkley died, Smathers got Johnson to put him in charge of the Senate Democratic Elections Committee, the agency that disburses campaign money. For two years he ingratiated himself into the conservative establishment by almost ignoring liberal Senators while handing out campaign funds generously to conservatives, even rich conservatives who did not need it, such as the late oil man Robert Kerr of Oklahoma.

Smathers made connections that way. And when Johnson appointed him "acting" Majority Leader in his absence, he made more. *The New York Times* found that he derived much of his power from the fact that he was "among those included in the inner sanctum . . . that a Senate Democrat can enter only when he hears that accolade, 'Lyndon thinks a lot of him.' "

Occasionally he has—with bad grace or bad planning, but ineffectually in either case—shown some loyalty to Johnson. At the 1960 convention Smathers held back the Florida vote as a favorite son on the first ballot, planning to give it to Johnson on the second ballot that never came off. At the 1964 convention—first at Johnson's request, then at Johnson's angry goading—he made a nervous seconding speech for Hubert Humphrey. Then, to cancel whatever help he might thus have given Humphrey in the South, he spent an hour with newsmen explaining that he had been blackjacked into the speech.

Johnson has learned to be wary of the golden boy from Florida who takes campaign contributions from wealthy Goldwater delegate William Pawley with one hand and pulls Democratic strings with the other. On two occasions—if we can take the word of Bobby Baker—Johnson warned Smathers: "You double-crossed Claude Pepper, but you aren't going to double-cross me." Unless it improved his position, the Senator wouldn't think of it.

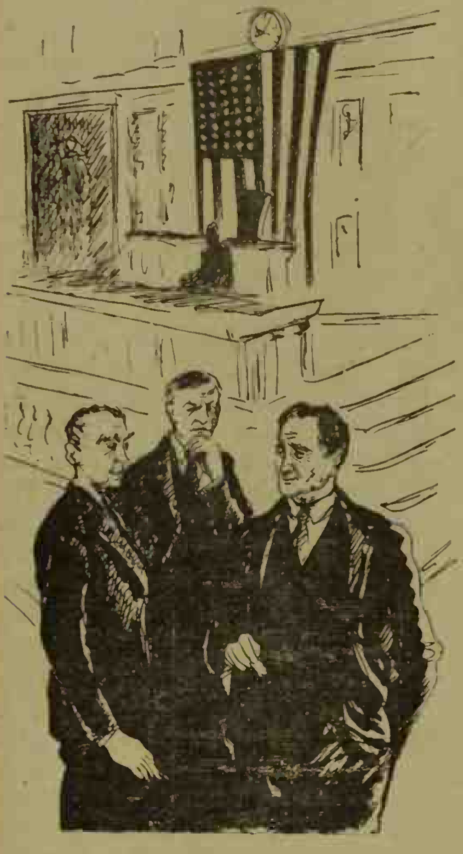
After two terms in the House and two and a third terms in the Senate, Smathers has yet to put his name on a single important piece of legislation that was not designed to help a special interest. More specifically, several of the bills in which he has interested himself seem to have a bearing on the clients who patronize the Miami law firm that bears his name.

Smathers was in the vanguard of the legislative drive to get the oil-rich tidelands away from the federal government and into the hands of the states, whence they could pass less noticeably to the major oil companies. His voice has also been strong and continuous in advocating unlimited importation of residual oil. The present import program has harmed the domestic oil industry generally, but it has greatly benefited Standard Oil Co. and Gulf Oil Corp. Both companies are clients of Smathers' law firm.

Earlier this year Smathers steered through the Senate a bill which he said was for the purpose of helping "the small investor" who had lost his investment to Castro. Lee Winfrey, Knight Newspapers' Washington correspondent, looked over the bill and commented: "More to the point, as far as the eventual aim of the legislation is concerned, are such corporate giants as Texaco, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and International Telephone and Telegraph Corp., who lost property in

Cuba valued at more than $50 million each."

He has been equally resourceful in protecting the interests of the insurance companies. The recent tax bill, pushed by Smathers, was judged by Sen. Albert Gore to be a great improvement over previous tax controls but, said he, "it will still leave the life insurance industry in one of the more favored tax positions within the Internal Revenue Law." Smathers had headed off sterner restrictions by initiating mild ones.



Among the clients of Smathers' law firm—where, when criticized, he says he has not practiced for twenty years—are these insurance companies: Lloyds of London, the Home Insurance Co., Union Marine and General Insurance Co., General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Co., Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co. and Insurance Company of North America.

Smathers has also championed legislation to require foreign air lines entering the United States to charge the same rates that American-owned airlines, operating overseas, are required to charge. Pan American World Airways, which operates only to other countries, is a client of his firm. (It is worth noting that when Bobby Baker, in June of 1963, arranged a meeting between Edward Levinson of Las Vegas and officials of Pan American World Airways to discuss bidding on gambling concessions in Pan American-operated hotels in Curaçao and the Dominican Republic, he was serving the interest both of a Smathers client and of the Caribbean country with which Smathers had had the most intimate dealings. More might be known about this happy coincidence if the Senate committee investigating Baker's affairs had not stopped short of questioning Senators.)

Railroads is the area of special interest in which Smathers has worked most conscientiously. In 1958 he got rid of the 3 per cent cargo tax: it was the only tax cut voted that session and was characterized by *The Washington Post* as a striking job of "outmaneuvering." *The New York Times*, cutting a little closer to the bone, called the reduction "a major breach in an agreement between the administration and congressional leaders."

That same year, as chairman of the Surface Transportation Subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee, he held hearings that laid the groundwork for the Transportation Act. This act authorized large loans to wobbly railroads and made it much easier to drop unprofitable passenger service, whatever the public interest.

The Seaboard Air Line Railroad Co., a client of Smathers' firm, was no doubt gratified, but primarily this legislation was born of obligations to the Atlantic Coastline Railroad, a Florida line which has been good to Smathers (as will be shown later), and more particularly the Florida East Coast Railway, the owners of which were largely responsible for putting Smathers in the Senate.

The Florida East Coast line is owned by the duPont estate, which is run by Ed Ball. The duPont estate is Florida's biggest landowner; it also owns Florida's biggest chain of banks. Ed Ball has used duPont wealth to control the politics of the state for years—at least in areas where the operation of politics can profit him.

Ball has wanted to drop the F.E.C.'s passenger service for some time, and the new Transportation Act may open the way. According to the line's charter with the state, it must give passenger service or risk being put out of business by the state Public Utilities Commission. But if control were vested outside the state—if it were given to the Interstate Commerce Commission, say—and Ball had two Senators like Smathers and Spessard Holland, Florida's senior Senator, putting in a good word for him, things might be different. So Smathers laid the groundwork.

To date, Ball has not had to use the I.C.C. to kill his passenger service; he has done it on his own and blamed a twenty-two-month-old strike — longest in the history of American railroads. [See Sherrill, "Florida's Railroad War: A Few Sticks of Dynamite," *The Nation*, March 9, 1964.] When Senator Wayne Morse, angered by the way Ball was freezing out the strikers last spring, introduced legislation which would, if successful, force the duPont estate to sell its rail property, Ball exclaimed with inexact syntax, "Thank God Senator Morse is so different in character from our two fine Senators!"

Ball has additional reason to view Smathers with such affection, since he was the most eloquent spokesman for a 1962 amendment to the Internal Revenue Code that resulted in a savings of many millions of dollars for members of the duPont family.

After the longest antitrust court fight in history (thirteen years), it looked as if the duPont Corp. would have to turn loose the $3.5 billion stock it owned in General Motors. Much of this divested stock would wind up in the hands of individual members of the duPont family who, under the tax law in force at that time, would have to pay devastating income tax on it, just as though it were a dividend. The duPonts' golden cry of pain was heard in Congress.

Smathers, always a gentleman to the well-heeled gentry, especially duPont gentry, jumped in with men like Harry Byrd to help win passage of a bill that would give the duPonts a chance to pay the much softer capital-gains tax. In fact, this extraordinary piece of legislation—written especially for the duPonts—was so worded that, under certain conditions, they would have to pay no tax at all.

The Senate was obviously impressed with Smathers' arguments about doing "grave injustice to millions of innocent stockholders" (there were about sixty-five of the

Wilmington branch of the duPont family involved in this) and reminding the Senate that the duPonts' only sin was that they had "invested their savings in the American way, in the American tradition, to provide jobs."

Smathers marshaled the entire debate in such a way as to make his colleagues think he was anxious for the well being only of the Delaware duPonts. Not one—not even Senator Douglas, who is prone to say unkind things about Smathers—mentioned that there is another duPont, by marriage, in Florida: Mrs. Jessie duPont, who, with her brother Ed Ball, owns 764,000 shares of stock in the parent company, E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., and 445,000 shares of General Motors, worth together roughly $250 million.

A couple of months ago, on the Q. and A. page of the Sunday supplement, *Parade Magazine*, somebody asked: "What is meant by the statement 'Senator George Smathers is an operator' "?

To which *Parade* answered: "Smathers has many fingers in many pies, has been involved with Bobby Baker, the Teamsters, Eugene McGrath of Panama, many other affairs which have recently come to light."

That was incorrect only in the observation that they had "recently" come to light. They have been coming to light for years, but people are forgetful. Baker is just the latest.

Smathers thought a lot of Bobby Baker and Bobby—who once boasted, "I have ten Senators in the palm of my hand"—thought a lot of the Senator, even going so far as to admit trying to rival Smathers' noted talents as a coxcomb. When Johnson was Majority Leader, Smathers (secretary to the Democratic conference) and Baker (secretary to the Democratic majority) had been the Texan's right and left hands. They were both Johnson protégés. Around town, Georgie and Bobby were cocktail playmates.

Scott Peek, Smathers' administrative assistant until last August, was also Baker's pal, and joined him in business ventures involving Spiegel Stores, Seaboard Air Line Railroad, WERTCO (a real estate enterprise in Jacksonville), and Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Co.

When the committee investigating the Baker scandal came upon the Peek connections, they studied them in such haste that Smathers did not come into the discussion. And his name might never have emerged in this context if, at the committee inquiry, Sen. Carl T. Curtis had not confronted Milton L. Hauft, Baker's tax accountant, with the question: "Did Mr. Baker have any income from any joint venture with Senatorial employees?"

Hauft answered: "With Mr. Smathers and Mr. Peek. The only ones I know of."

It sounded for a moment as though Senator Curtis had hit the jackpot question, but then Committee Chairman Everett Jordan shut off the flow.

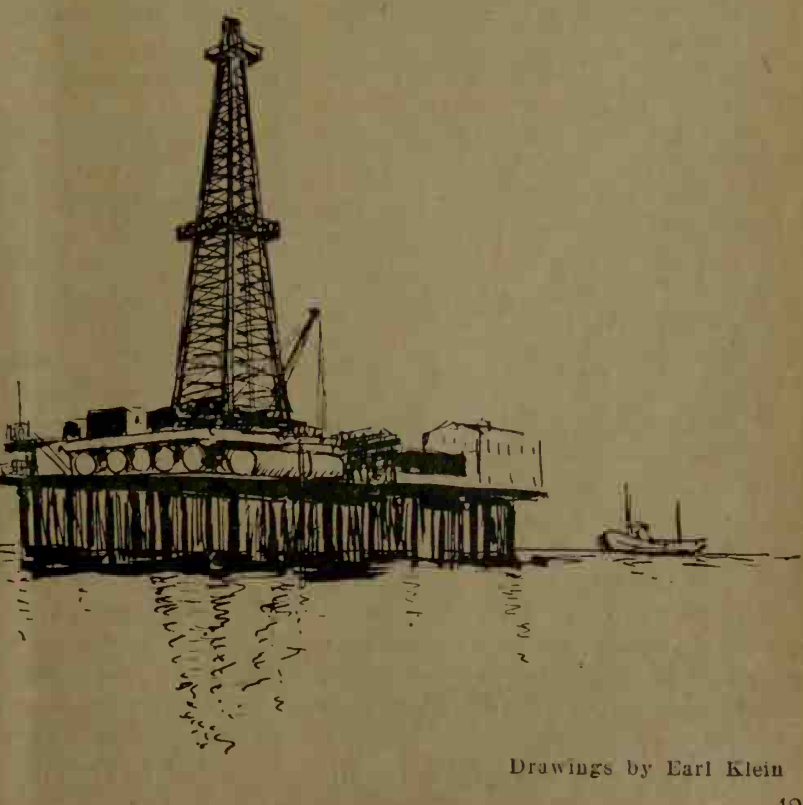
Smathers will not soon forgive his colleague for that question. Days later, he was talking to a newsman in a corridor of the capitol when Curtis passed by. Pointing with the finger of a betrayed Caesar, Smathers said, "There is the man who got me in all this trouble."

But Smathers' worst enemy was himself. When newsmen came at him with questions, he panicked and sprayed them with suspicious, conflicting and often sour-funny answers. First he would not say anything at all. Then he came out with a formal statement that early in 1957, "some long-time friends" approached him with a land deal near the fast-developing Cape Canaveral (now Kennedy) space center, and "knowing of the difficult financial circumstances which my then administrative assistant, Scott I. Peek, was in, trying to raise a large young family on a limited salary, I asked him if he would like to buy a one-eighth interest in my share of the investment. Also, being apprised of the similar circumstance of Robert G. Baker who, too, had a young and growing family, I offered him a one-eighth interest in my share of the investment. Both of them took advantage of this offer and each of them gave me his check in the amount of $1,500."

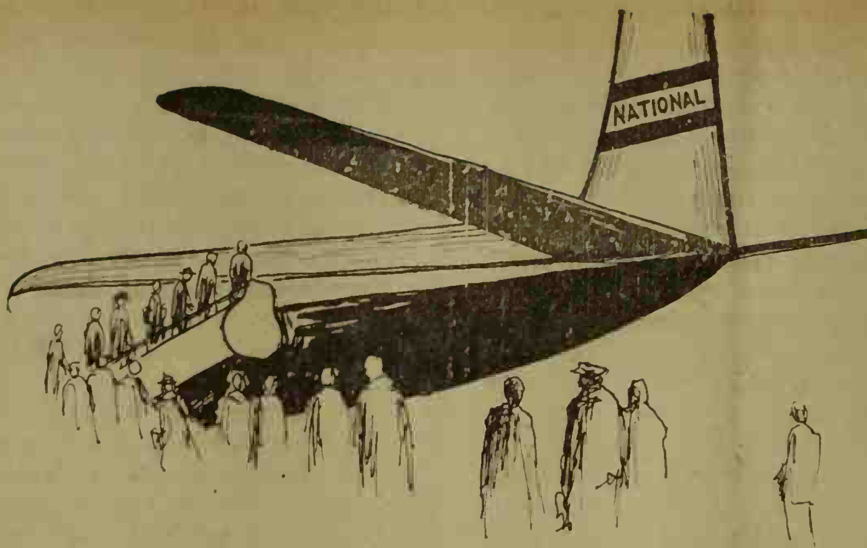
(In the same year when Smathers was trying to help Baker in his "difficult financial circumstances," Baker filed a credit application in which he claimed a net worth of more than $800,000. Peek was earning from Smathers the maximum allowed by law for his position, $13,500, and was already involved in several profitable deals on the side.)

Dusting his hands of the whole affair, Smathers started to walk away. But escape wasn't quite that simple. J. Hilbert Sapp enters the case at this point. Sapp is a contractor and builder of Orlando, Fla., a city in which Smathers has conducted several profitable ventures.

Sapp, who contributed to Smathers' 1950 campaign, does very well as a defense contractor; he received more than $3 million for work at Cape Kennedy. Smathers said he did not know Sapp, had "never met him"; certainly he had never intervened to help him get defense contracts. Sapp agreed, "I really don't know him myself." But Sapp did re-



Drawings by Earl Klein



member selling $423,000 worth of land to a trust which included Smathers' cousin, Benjamin Smathers.

Now begins some interesting mathematics. Smathers had said he owned one-fifth of the trust. One-fifth of $423,000 is certainly more than $12,000—the amount Smathers first claimed he paid for his share. Most people would say one-fifth was more nearly $80,000. Confronted, Smathers said, "I made an error. The Clayton brothers owned 60 per cent and I bought 13⅓ of the remaining 40 per cent." But even that didn't figure out right.

Nor did Smathers' estimate of how much money he got back. He estimated he had received $42,000. County deed records show he has received $58,331 to date and is due to receive another $17,157. Cousin Benjamin and his law partner, the records indicate, each had $100,000 coming back.

Confronted, Smathers threw up his hands and said, "I simply don't know how much I've received. That may sound strange to you, but it's true." Smathers' office couldn't help. Workers there said a copy of his income tax for a crucial year is missing.

Similar obscurity hangs over the business of Baker and Peek. According to Smathers, their shares each earned $1,000 a year for seven years. But accountant Hauft testified that Baker received $8,000 in 1961 and 1962 alone; presumably Peek would have made the same. And in Orlando, deed totals show that Peek and Baker each had earned $9,721 and had another $2,859 due when all the land was sold off.

One reason why the land was selling so well was that the homes going up on it were popular with executives of the booming Martin Co. rocket plant, with which Smathers had had the pleasantest dealings on occasions that will be recalled in a moment.

Tired of trying to make the figures add up right and tired of newsmen's nosiness, Smathers growled, "There's nothing wrong with this at all. I just seem to always catch hell." He added, pious with anger, "If this is wrong, this with Baker and Peek, they're going to have to rewrite the Bible, that part where it says we're supposed to help poor people."

Why was he angry? He had avoided any real inquisition, through the courtesy of his colleagues. Senator Jordan, who had started out saying, "we've got all on our hands we can deal with right now" but "we wouldn't hestitate to question Senators if we feel their testimony pertinent," and even went so far as to promise "we'll pursue this investigation wherever the facts lead," later decided that if the facts led to Smathers, maybe they were going too far. At that point he told reporters shortly, "We're not investigating Senators."

Jordan's restraint may or may not have helped Smathers. For sure, it did nothing to clear the air, and it left under a cloud some names that possibly did not belong there. Among these was the name of Grant Stockdale, who had gone to Washington as Smathers' assistant when Smathers was starting out in Congress and who had later, partly through Smathers' influence but mostly through his own friendship with Kennedy, been appointed ambassador to Ireland.

Stockdale had once had close business connections with the vending-machine concerns that got the closest scrutiny in the Baker inquiry. Just before Stockdale left for Ireland, he was served with papers in a $131,000 damage suit in which a rival firm charged him with using "undue influence" to gain contracts for vending services at an aircraft maintenance company in Miami. Subsequently, Stockdale's company, Automatic Vending Services, Inc., also got contracts totaling $500,000 a year at Patrick Air Force Base and the missile test center at Cape Kennedy.

President of Automatic was Eugene A. Hancock, who previously had been president of Serv-U Corp., the vending company in which Baker owned stock and which figures so prominently in the inquiry. When Baker resigned his Senate post, Stockdale knew what was in store for him, if only by innuendo. "I hope I don't get cut up too bad," he said. "I haven't done anything wrong." Last December 1, Stockdale leaped from a thirteenth-floor window in Miami, hit a fifth-floor ledge, and was killed instantly.

Before and since the Bobby Baker flare-up, Smathers has been rigidly and loudly against any law that would require Senators to disclose their financial dealings. When several Senators, back in December, voluntarily opened their files and let the public look, Smathers stood firm: "Senators are not like the officials in the executive branch [who are required to disclose their private interests]. We are elected and if we have an opponent worthy of the name, anything improper should be brought out."

That sounds like a bold challenge, but he doesn't really mean it. Nobody is more hurt and astonished than Senator Smathers when opposing candidates or newspapers suggest that there may be improprieties in his private affairs. And in a way it is understandable; the man is beset by many rumors. There is, for example, the rumor that he and his banking brother, Frank, went to the officials of the Pan American Bank in downtown Miami and said they wanted to buy in, adding, "If you don't let us in, we'll put up a bank right across the street and drive you to the wall." To which the Pan American group is alleged to have said, "Go ahead and try it. There hasn't been a national bank charter issued for downtown Miami in years and there won't be."

That is the extent of the rumor, but very much in fact is the charter which Frank Smathers, Jr., and six other businessmen have held since January for "The United National Bank of Miami," situated right across the street from Pan American. Perhaps Miami needs another bank downtown? Well, perhaps. But the new bank is *also* right across the street from the First National of Miami, the largest bank in the state.

The decision to charter a new bank, said big brother Frank, who is also president of the Miami Beach First National Bank, "is a vote of confidence in the future of downtown Miami." U.S. Comptroller of the Currency James J. Saxon, who granted the charter, has several times been a guest in the Smathers' home.

Senator Smathers has always been keen for land promotion in Florida. When, at a recent subcommittee hearing, an investigator told of wading around in a Florida bog for two days, looking in vain for a lot that had been advertised, Smathers took the stand to testify that, even if such promotion were going on, he thought the federal government should not butt in. He considered most land frauds to be only a "human problem of overselling."

Smathers has been in a few land promotions himself. He was present at the ground breaking for the Central Florida Industrial Park (CFIP) in April of 1962. Dr. Paul Douglass, a Rollins College professor and an advisory board colleague of Smathers in Young Americans for Freedom, reported later that on that occasion "Senator Smathers praised the park and said he would do whatever he could to help it along."

Which is not surprising.

Central Florida Industrial Park is situated 8 miles south of Orlando, near the Martin missile plant. If Martin prospered, so, supposedly, would the park. Late in 1962, Martin, Douglas and North American were selected from forty defense contractors to lay out competitive proposals for the design of a missile to be known as the Sprint, and planned for cooperative use with the Nike-Zeus missile. Together the two missiles became the "Nike-X," which was announced the next year by Secretary of Defense McNamara.

In the spring of 1963, an evaluation board composed of experts from the Army and from Bell Telephone Labs — for which Smathers was to work so diligently to obtain the satellite franchise that year— announced that Martin had won over Douglas and North American. Bell is in charge of the Nike-X operation, on which the Defense Department has said it will in all likelihood spend $17.6 *billion*. Of this, probably half a billion will be spent at Martin-Orlando, and Martin officials claim that 60c of every dollar will go to subcontractors, those near at hand being the ones most likely to get the work. When the slop-over occurs, subcontractors and suppliers at the Central Florida Industrial Park will be in a fine spot, just 2 miles south of Martin, to catch their share.

Less than a month after the Martin contract was announced, the Senate held its first closed session in twenty years. After four hours and nineteen minutes of secret debate, the Senators emerged to announce that they had, by a vote of 58 to 16, decided to support Senator Russell's amendment to go beyond the older Nike-Zeus anti-missile system and put their money on the Nike-X. It was a great day for Martin-Orlando.

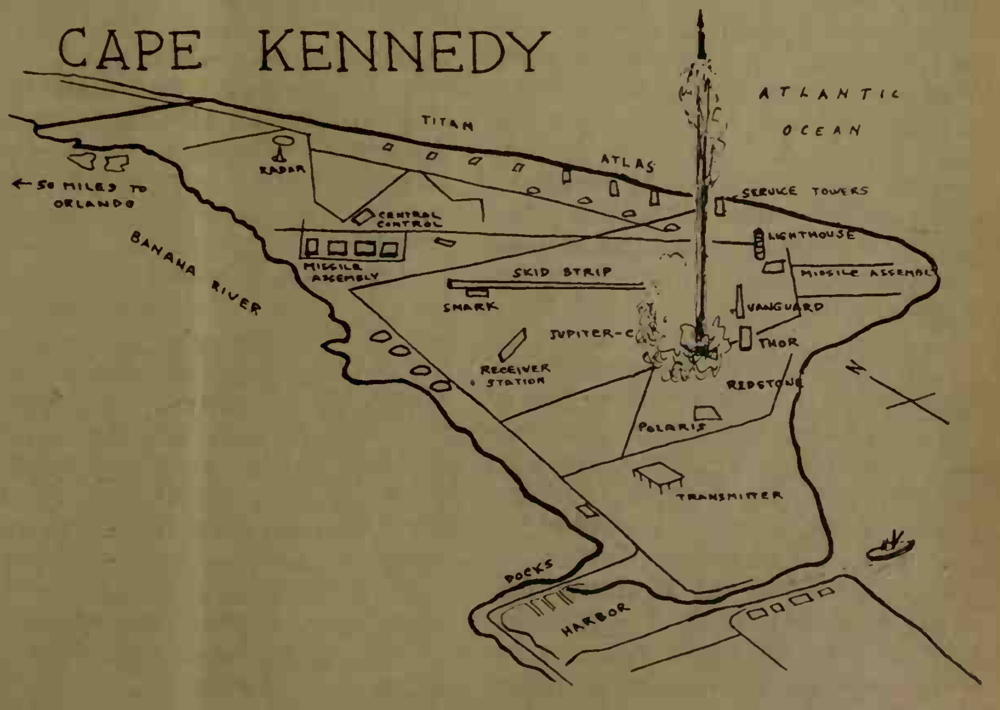
Despite the appeal of its location, the industrial park had got off to a slow start, and the owners had heavy mortgage payments to meet. At this point, Smathers' loyal friends, the Atlantic Coastline Railroad, purchased 400 undeveloped acres along the park's spur track for $600,000. W. Thomas Rice, ACL president, said that Grant Stockdale, at that time chairman of the board of Central Florida Industrial Development Corp., first came to him with the idea of buying in.

The park was also amazingly lucky to get the new Sunshine State Parkway to come right by its door. The turnpike was originally planned to go 16 miles south of Orlando. That was in 1955. Then plans for the park got under way and the proposed route for the turnpike started bending northward, until it came straight past the CFIP—despite the fact that a right of way so close to the city would be immensely more costly.

Several members of the Turnpike Authority were strong supporters of Smathers, including John Hammer, the turnpike director who resigned under fire last year when the turnpike's financial operation was questioned.

Thirty days before the turnpike construction got to the park, CFIP officials, importing a special track-laying crew from Alabama, laid the spur across the turnpike route. The additional cost to Florida: approximately $250,000 for overpass. In addition, coming up past CFIP cost the Turnpike Authority $133,240 for right of way through the park, plus $7,650 for attorney's fees.

The punch line to this story is that Smathers was a part-owner of the industrial park, something that has not been generally known. He may still be an owner, although he says he sold out recently. Just how much he owned is uncertain. At first he wouldn't talk about it at all,



saying "When the Senate requires that all Senators divulge their business interests, then I'll disclose mine." Later he said he had bought approximately 3 per cent of the park, but strictly as a favor to Stockdale. "He said it would help him," Smathers explained.

On November 26, 1963, another man who had played a vivid role in Smathers' life was found dead in a run-down Miami rooming house; he had been dead for four or five days. He was Richard A. Mack, 54, during his last months a chronic drunk, in and out of psychiatric clinics. There had been a time when Mack was considered a good bet to become governor of Florida or even U.S. Senator. He had been a railroad and utilities commissioner in Florida for eight years and then, sponsored by his friend Smathers, was appointed by Eisenhower to the Federal Communications Commission. Smathers had previously tried to get Truman to appoint Mack.

In February, 1957, Mack and three other members of the seven-member FCC ignored the advice of a commission investigator and awarded a license for Channel 10 in Miami to Public Service Television, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of National Airlines. A House subcommittee investigating misconduct in the FCC discovered that Mack had taken six checks totaling $2,650 as "loans" from Thurman A. Whiteside, a Florida attorney who had been hired by National Airlines to push its application. Mack and Whiteside had known each other a long while, and said their financial dealings stemmed from that long acquaintance.

Paul R. Scott, also a lawyer and a National Airlines director, defended Whiteside's role by saying he had learned that Smathers and Spessard Holland were among those "contacting" Mack in behalf of another applicant, Col. A. Frank Katzentine, owner of WKAT in Miami Beach. Whiteside's influence was supposed just to "neutralize" that of the Florida Senators. Senators Estes Kefauver and Mike Monroney were also accused of intervening in Katzentine's behalf, and they admitted it.

But not Smathers. George T. Baker, president of National Airlines, declared: "If the Congress because of its self-made rules or because of the club spirit convicts Commissioner Mack for his wrongdoings and drives him out of office and lets these Senators go scot-free, it will shock the American people." The House committee did not call Smathers to testify, and to this day he has given no further explanation or defense. At the time of the investigation, Smathers was one of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's closest aides. House Speaker Sam Rayburn, Johnson's mentor, flatly refused to let the committee call Smathers or the other Senators to testify. "We're not going to invite them to come over," said Rayburn. "And if I were the Senators I wouldn't come voluntarily." They took his advice.

Meanwhile, Presidential aide Sherman Adams had telephoned Mack and told him to resign. While Mack was protesting his innocence and imploring him to "wait until all the evidence was in," Adams had hung up.

At no time did Smathers come to the defense of Mack, who had been his political ally for years and who now sank quickly. After a fourteen-week trial which ended in a hung jury, Mack became so destitute and far gone as an alcoholic that the charges were dropped. (Whiteside was tried alone and acquitted; he killed himself a little more than a year later.)

None of this appeared to bother Smathers. He rode out the storm. Today, not one Floridian in a hundred even faintly recalls that on the day Mack and Whiteside were indicted by a federal grand jury for "conspiring to influence" the FCC, Rep. Oren Harris of the House investigating committee angrily "corrected" the report of a staff investigator who had said Smathers also intervened—through Mack—in a Pittsburgh television case involving another of Smathers' seemingly countless "old friends." Smathers had put in a good word for Hearst's WCAE to get the channel. Pittsburgh Mayor David L. Lawrence lobbied to get the channel for Television City, Inc. Both won: Television City, Inc., got the channel after it merged with WCAE. They paid three other applicants $50,000 each, "for expenses." Rep. Harris said they had done nothing improper.

As for the disputed channel in Miami, it was eventually taken away from National Airlines and given to L. R. Wilson, Inc. It comes as no surprise, then, to learn that Senator Smathers and his brother Frank had been executors of the L. R. Wilson estate. Smathers came out winner all around. As Meade Alcorn, Republican National Chairman, complained. Smathers' innocence was made a matter of faith, "without a hearing, without testimony, without supporting documentation that [he] had done nothing wrong."

The amiable and lackadaisical Senate Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, who can find merit in the most unlikely places, once called Smathers "without question. the foremost expert on Latin American affairs in this body." One who is not a member of that body, however, and who does not have the advantage of observing Smathers close at hand, may think the evidence of his expertness somewhat elusive.

His suggestions for correcting the Cuban situation vary from urging an immediate invasion of the island to recommending that the United States designate a special day of prayer for Cuba.

Of Smathers' several curious associations with Latin American leaders, none is more inexplicable than his close and lasting tie to the late dictator of the Dominican Republic, Rafael Trujillo. In this, of course, Smathers was not without company. A number of newspaper reporters took money from Trujillo. A well-known Miami columnist accepted $20,000 from the dictator to write a biography that has never appeared. Minor and major politicians throughout the South and up and down the East Coast took money from Trujillo. Florida's present Governor-elect, Haydon Burns, was once investigated on the suspicion of being an unregistered lobbyist for Trujillo. So if Smathers was, as Trujillo once called him, "a very good friend of our country," he was not the exception.

The Senator made a number of speeches in behalf of Trujillo, in practically all of which he mentioned, one way or another, that "I do not think there is any doubt that the average farmer or workman in the Dominican Republic is very strongly in favor of the generalissimo." Smathers seldom missed a chance to count the Dominican Republic's "100 fine hospitals, more classrooms and more paved roads than any other country in Central America has."

When the Bay of Pigs had the country in an uproar and Sen. Wayne Morse denounced those "seeking to wave the American flag into tatters in an attempt to whip up hysteria in this country for direct military action," Smathers responded scornfully that the solution to the problem was *not* "patience and more debate." He had expressed just as much impatience earlier when Castro said it might be three or four years after the revolution before Cuba could hold elections.

But he had always displayed patience and understanding for Trujillo. When in 1960 it became evident that, unless he reformed, Trujillo would be deposed shortly by forces either within or without his country, Smathers visited him and got him to promise "free elections" within two years. The end of the thirty-year dictatorship could not be achieved any sooner, Smathers said, explaining with a tolerance strangely absent from his approach to Castro: "We are always a little naive in thinking that because we have democracy in our country, and because of our love for humanity, people in other lands should have exactly the same type of government we have. But that is impossible—at least for the immediate future."

Those were oppressive days for Trujillo. The Organization of American States was saying that his regime was marked by "flagrant violation of human rights," and our State Department was demanding quick changes. In his time of need, Trujillo had at least three allies here. Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina hailed him as "a true and loyal friend." Sen. Allen Ellender of Louisiana, returning from a trip to the Dominican Republic, had many kind remarks to make about the dictator, remarks in which Smathers concurred, which he indeed praised as showing his colleague's "courage."

When the aging dictator was deposed, Smathers called for a U.S. task force to go in and restore the good old days. Editorially aghast, *The New York Times* said it could "not imagine worse advice than that given President Kennedy by his close friend Smathers."

Precisely what role Smathers played in Trujillo's politics, or what role Trujillo played in Smathers' politics, may never be known. Some of Trujillo's most important palace records have disappeared, and a number of reporters have speculated as to their disposition. Robert Jones of the Indianapolis *Star* wrote that the files "are supposed to have been spirited out of the Dominican Republic and are believed to be in Washington. . . . The evidence is believed to be in the hands of certain officials of the U.S. government—but which officials not even the investigators seem to know."

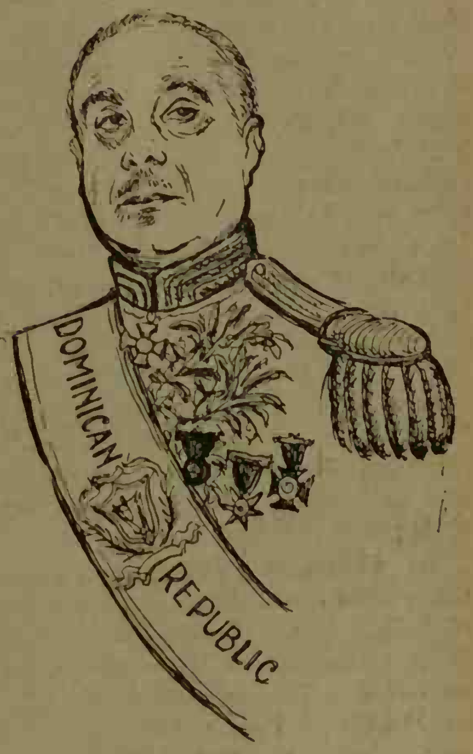
Sometimes you must be patient if you want to discover just what is behind Smathers' concern for the welfare of Latin Americans. Early in 1961, he took the floor of the Senate to tell, in a funereal drawl, of the "slums which fester like great sores in Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Rio, and Caracas, disfiguring the souls of the people who inhabit them." The situation was so bad, he said, that it would take 19 million homes to correct it.

But was the situation hopeless? No, not at all, said Smathers, as he introduced an amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act which would set aside $15 million specifically for building self-liquidating pilot housing projects in Latin America.

Nearly two years passed before the Senate discovered why he was so eager to house the homeless Latins. One of Smathers' dear friends is Eugene McGrath, who lives in Panama City, where he runs an insurance company, among other things. McGrath applied to the Agency for International Development to underwrite a $10 million loan (to be made by two large labor unions) for building 1,200 houses in Panama City. When Smathers made his heartfelt appeal to the Senate for building funds, he had talked of houses costing $2,000.

McGrath's houses, however, were to be priced at $8,333, a sum which William Gray, head of the economic section in the U.S. Embassy in Panama, said included an unduly generous profit margin (comparable houses built by the Panama Government cost $3,000 less).

But such quibbles came later. For the first year, the arrangement of the deal was made in complete secrecy. Joseph S. Farland, at that time ambassador to Panama, said he knew nothing about it until Smathers' administrative assistant, Scott Peek, summoned him to the Senator's office where Smathers told him to give the project, then and there, his stamp of approval. Farland refused, saying he would need at least thirty days to study it. Smathers telephoned Farland's superior, Edwin Martin, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and warned that if Farland did not approve the project, he would take the whole matter to the Senate and try to get him removed as ambassador.



Rafael Trujillo

Considering the secrecy that prevails even between agencies within the State Department, and considering Smathers' demand for action or else from Farland for a project the ambassador had never heard of, Oliver L. Sause, Jr., head of A.I.D.'s Central American section, was hardly being excessive when he said the matter had been handled "in an unusual manner."

Unusual or not, A.I.D. Administrator David E. Bell authorized the $10 million loan guarantee. Five days later, Ambassador Farland, saying it was all "most peculiar," resigned. He said Smathers' pressure had been too much: "When a Senator—especially the only Senator to attend the last birthday party of our late President—attacks an ambassador, especially a Republican ambassador, that Republican had damn well better look to his hole card."

Smathers, without directly denying Farland's charges of pressure, characteristically complained that he was being picked on. “I'm tired of taking the rap on this,” he said, adding that he wasn't the only Senator to lean on the State Department, “but I seem to be the fall guy.”

After the project was exposed to the light by Washington newsmen, A.I.D. officials conceded that it didn't look as good to them as it once had.

George Smathers is a willing product of the McCarthy and post-McCarthy period. In saying this, however, one gives the late Senator from Wisconsin undeserved prominence. Actually, Smathers showed *him* a thing or two about using the technique now known as McCarthyism. The technique — and the money of duPont, et al.—put him in the Senate, but only after an appallingly dirty political campaign that almost buried Claude Pepper, his first and best political friend, under an avalanche of slander, and created an atmosphere of ideological tension from which Florida has since never really escaped.

Smathers was not always as he is now, at least not outwardly. He was once known as a liberal, a progressive, a “Pepper man.” He changed only when it profited him to change.

Senator Claude Pepper first heard of George Smathers in 1938. Endorsed by Roosevelt and certain to win re-election, Pepper was approached by Smathers, who asked that he be named head of the University of Florida campaign committee. Smathers was a handsome young dog, 6'3", captain of the basketball team, champion debater, nicknamed “Smooch” for his conduct with the coeds. The campus campaign job was an insignificant one and Pepper was glad to give the likable Georgie a leg up.

Smathers was no sooner out of college than he was back in Pepper's office asking that he be helped to an assistant U.S. District Attorney's post. Pepper got that for him, too.

Smathers did well in the attorney's job, and he did well in the Marine Corps during most of the war. Then, up he pops in Pepper's office again, asking for another job. It was June, 1945, right after capitulation in Europe. Pepper recalls the incident:

> *He wanted to get out of the Marine Corps, which he called a Sahara. He wanted to run against Pat Cannon from the Fourth District. Somehow poor old Pat, who should have been a liberal from his background, got to be terribly antagonistic toward FDR and me. Every day he said something against us. My friends were getting more and more annoyed. So I told Smathers I would try to help.*
>
> *I went to Tom Clark and told him this young Marine is a liberal and capable and I wanted to get him some job to get out of the service. So Clark gave him an assistant attorney general's job handling condemnation suits in land cases right in Miami, where he could start laying his political groundwork.*

When Smathers filed against Cannon, his first campaign picture was taken arm in arm with Pepper. He was known as a Pepper candidate, a labor candidate. Pepper helped him write his speeches. He won easily.

The political Smathers of the mid-1940s talked about “our good friend Henry Wallace,” and about being “grateful for the part Russia played in the war. . . . We have got to work with Russia. . . .” The Smathers of that day introduced Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., to the Young Democrats national convention. Smathers called it an “honor” to be with that group and to be identified with FDR, Jr.'s speech, which was “realistic, affirmative and bold. It was in keeping with the liberal traditions of the Democratic Party as had previously been so well enunciated by the speaker's father, the late and great Franklin D. Roosevelt.” Smathers thought so much of young Roosevelt's speech he had it put into the *Congressional Record*, and today one wonders how Smathers could ever have supported its statements — assertions that “human rights come before property rights”; pro-labor assertions that damn the “economic overlords of Wall Street”; praise for the Democratic Party as “the political party which for the last fifteen years has been identified with a policy of co-operation with the Soviet Union.”

Only three years later, sniffing the winds of extreme reaction that were beginning to whip across the country, Smathers challenged Claude Pepper for his Senate seat with the accusation:

> *The leader of the radicals and extremists is now on trial in Florida. Arrayed against him will be loyal Americans. . . . Standing against us will be certain northern labor bosses, all the commies, all the socialists, all the radicals and all the fellow travelers. . . . Florida will not allow herself to become entangled in the spiraling spider web of the Red network. The people of our state will no longer tolerate advocates of treason. The outcome can truly determine whether our homes will be destroyed, whether our children will be torn from their mothers, trained as conspirators and turned against their parents, their home and their church. I stand for election on the principle of the free state against the jail state.*

What had Pepper done to deserve this? He had refused to help other Southern Senators in their filibusters. From 1945 on, he signed every petition for cloture. He supported the Fair Employment Practice Code, which Smathers called “that Yankee monstrosity.” He backed world federalists. He criticized Churchill's “iron curtain” speech as making accommodation with Russia more difficult. He was listed by *Pravda* as a good friend of the USSR. He attempted to cut our military aid program. He frequently attacked the National Association of Manufacturers. He supported all bills that called for an increase of minimum wages. He supported the Townsend plan. As early as 1945, he recommended a national health insurance—both doctor and hospital for all people—tied to social security.

But Pepper had always been that kind of man, that kind of politician. Smathers claims he split with his mentor when the Senator returned from Russia saying peaceful things about the Communists. Smathers recalls that he was "shocked." He says he was also "shocked" when he walked by Madison Square Garden in New York and saw that Pepper was speaking on a program with Henry Wallace and Paul Robeson. If that was true, the shock reaction was curiously delayed. Pepper made his trip to Russia in 1945, even before Smathers came to him for help in getting out of the service. As for the Madison Square Garden incident, in 1946, it did not prevent Smathers from seeking Pepper's help in his first campaign.

The truth is that Smathers, always ambitious (he has admitted a yearning for a Presidential nomination, and he has been talked of seriously as a Vice Presidential candidate), fell into a pot of Senatorial campaign money and refused to struggle. Though they were once friends, Ed Ball has hated Claude Pepper since 1944. One of several reasons for this was Pepper's support of FDR's veto of a tax bill that the President described as "more for the relief of the greedy than the needy." Between that year and 1950, new groups were springing up and old groups were coming alive, all with the same intent: the Byrd for President group, the Strom Thurmond for President group, the Florida Tax League, untitled but powerful fraternities of anti-Roosevelt, anti-Truman, anti-Pepper businessmen. In one afternoon, right after Pepper's tax vote, the Associated Industries of Florida (a state brand of the NAM) met in Jacksonville and raised $62,000 to start the campaign to unseat him.

When the election of 1950 approached, and Smathers had been picked as their man to do the job, these organizations were easily unified by Ed Ball. The United States Chamber of Commerce sent money, and so did the National Association of Manufacturers; the American Medical Association assessed members up to $25. Ball had been spending it all along. New York Republicans were also chipping in. John Booth, the Florida Republican candidate for the Senate that year, went to New York to raise money and had more than one industrialist tell him that his money was going to Smathers.

Pepper says he was up against "the most formidable powers ever arrayed against a state politician," and he may be right. Before the campaign closed, an estimated $2 million had been spent to defeat him. It was part of the national big push by big money, with contributions thrown around so flagrantly that the Senate set up an investigating committee, headed by Sen. Guy Gillette, to see if there had been any skulduggery. Gillette did indeed study elections in Pennsylvania and North and South Carolina. But for some reason he never got around to the Florida and Illinois (Dirksen won for the first time) elections.

Claude Pepper

Not that the $2 million was spent in a few months. The campaign was long-term, careful and calculated. Dan C. Crisp, a canny public relations man in Jacksonville, was hired as coordinator six years before the 1950 campaign. A year before the election, William Jibb, Smathers' roommate in college and now his administrative assistant, was hired by Ed Ball, put up in a suite of offices in the railroad building in Jacksonville, and ordered to start cranking out the propaganda. He did so, expertly.

The best-remembered speech was Smathers' insinuatingly smooth:

> *Are you aware that Claude Pepper is known all over Washington as a shameless extrovert? Not only that, but this man is reliably reported to practice nepotism with his sister-in-law, and he has a sister who was once a thespian in wicked New York. Worst of all, it is an established fact that Mr. Pepper, before his marriage, practiced celibacy.*

It was a brilliant tour de force—"making Claude Pepper a pervert by assonance," as William Buckley summed it up in *McCarthy And His Enemies*—but funnier than effective. Not even north Floridians are that dumb.

Much more telling were the newspaper ads in which Smathers came right out and called Pepper a traitor. Still more damaging was the little book, *The Red Record of Senator Claude Pepper*, which blanketed Florida a week before the balloting; 9 tons of the book were shipped into Miami alone. The picture of Pepper standing by Paul Robeson circulated throughout North Florida. And the clipping, dated 1946, in which Pepper asked Americans to pray for Stalin. Smathers read it at every crossroads, then asked, "Did you pray for Stalin this morning?" And the often repeated remark that he was glad he wore the orange and blue of the University of Florida: "Thank God," Smathers cried from his sound truck, "thank God, I don't have to wear the crimson of Pepper's and Felix Frankfurter's Harvard Law School.* Alger Hiss is no classmate of mine."

And, for the moderates and liberals of Florida, there was the long piece in *The Saturday Evening Post*, just two weeks before the election. Who was the author? None other than Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution* and a well-known Southern liberal. There was no question but that he thought Pepper was just what Smathers had been saying all along — a pinko. With obvious relish McGill quoted

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*If a person were inclined to take this sort of attack seriously, he would have to ask why it was that Smathers was always so close to Philip Graham, his fraternity brother at the University of Florida, who finished at the top of his Harvard law class and then became Frankfurter's clerk.

Smathers' denunciation of "those in government who are apologists for Stalin, associates of fellow travelers and sponsors of communist-front organizations." Gratuitously McGill threw in his own description of Pepper's backers — "ultra-leftwing friends."

Coming from McGill, this was the hardest blow of the campaign. Today, to his credit, McGill says he was tricked into writing the piece by Smathers' father and that he has had only great sorrow from the writing of it.

Against the big smear, Pepper tried everything, including humor. He would try to amuse his audience by tiptoeing across the stage, collar turned up, glancing furtively over his shoulder; then whisper into the microphone: "Joe? This is Claude. Got some secrets for ya." But Smathers had spooked Florida past the laughing point.

Frightened liberals switched over to Smathers. Conservative Democrats, in which the state abounds, went to him en masse. Many Republicans registered Democratic to support the golden boy. He won easily, pulling most of his strength from the rural counties and riding over Pepper by 60,000 votes. *Life* magazine hailed the end of Pepper's "distorted liberalism" as "a blow to the Fair Deal nationally and a warning of the strength of the Communist issue which Republicans are sure to raise again this fall."

Led by McCarthy, who had produced his little list of State Department suspects only three months earlier, and encouraged by Smathers' giant-killing election in Florida, the Republicans did indeed raise the issue — again and again and again.

Was it worth it? Did the campaign leave a mark on the victor as well as the defeated? It appears so. Toward liberals, the once-liberal Smathers now almost invariably shows a defensive sarcasm. He relies on the brittle "so-called" knife. The students who went to Cuba, disobeying the State Department, are "so-called American students." Liberals are "so-called self-styled liberals." Typical was a sharp exchange between Smathers and Douglas, in which the latter had complained that the liberals of the Senate had, with their vote, bailed out the leadership again, although "We have indeed been exposed to continuous revilement and denunciation."

With a sneer Smathers replied: "I have no knowledge, and I doubt that anyone else has, that the Democratic leadership wants to do anything but try to cooperate with the so-called self-styled liberal group. It is my belief that the leadership wishes to cooperate and wishes to help these self-named liberals. . . ."

Incident upon incident has developed in Smathers' mind a hard callus toward liberals. He has never forgiven them for what they did to him at Tampa in 1952, trivial as it was. He was on the platform with Stevenson, although he had refused to support Stevenson's program. Claude Pepper was also on the platform. The crowd went wild over Stevenson. When Senator Pepper was introduced, he was also warmly applauded. Smathers was booed.

The wrenching of his point of view from what at one time appeared to be its natural course seems also to have left him with a neurotic inability to think of the laboring class in kind or human terms.

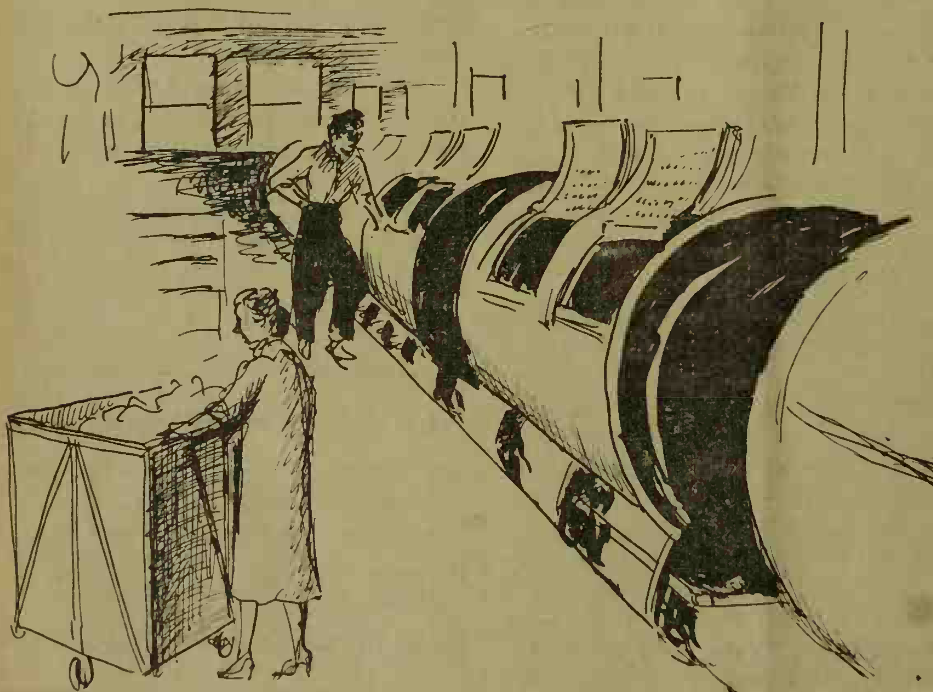
In 1961, a bill before the Senate would have given workers in commercial laundries (not the "Mom and Dad" type) a rising scale of wage protection, starting with a required minimum of $1 an hour and increasing in four years to $1.25 an hour. Smathers was against it. The laundries could not afford to pay $1 an hour, he said.

Senator Humphrey appealed to him: "This is not very good, clean work. It is hot, sticky and frequently stinky. The people who dig a ditch in front of the laundry are paid more than that. Yet we ask people who work inside the laundry—and many of them are women, frequently older women, who can't get other work because they are too old—we would ask them to work for less."

Smathers' response, significant of the deep transformation that had started with the campaign of 1950, oozed with contempt—Humphrey's argument, he said, "makes me bleed with him."

Just this year he steered Johnson into a deal whereby, if the President kept the foreign farm labor minimum wage at 70c, Smathers would vote the Administration tax cut. Next he pruned an amendment that would have given a tax credit to parents sending their children to college. Then, having voted, he announced that he would have been happy all along to support the bill because much of the proposed cut benefited business. Johnson would not have had to sell out the migrants after all.

Early in 1959 he kept workers in the seafood industry, migrant farm workers, and workers in the hotel industry—all of whom are among the lowest paid employees in Florida —from being placed under the National Labor Relations Board. Later that year he proposed a five-member "court" to have absolute say in the settling of strikes. The suggestion terrified even Alf Landon, who said, "The totalitarian state is creeping up on us. . . . Smathers has pro-



posed horrible and un-American legislation."

From 1950 to the present, Smathers has also shown a bitterness toward Negroes that had never been evident in his earlier career (it would have been unlikely, for he grew up in tolerant Miami). In his first Senate election year, he declared that he would gladly defend, free of charge, any policeman indicted for violation of civil rights. Fourteen years of police dogs and cattle prods later, he takes the same harsh approach. After Martin Luther King's arrest in St. Augustine, Smathers offered to pay his fine if he would "get out and stay out of Florida."

When ten hard-pressed liberals filibustered the television satellite bill in 1962, Smathers raged against them: "In a democracy an opportunity is supposed to be provided for voting, and if a majority believes a proposal is right, I think they ought to have the opportunity to say so. . . ."* But after two months of filibustering the civil rights bill, he felt it was indecent even to talk of shutting off debate. His part in the filibuster was a prepared 80-page speech and that amount again of extemporaneous questions, heavily laced with insults for Negroes and liberals, and sometimes for other minorities. At one point he praised Jews because they observe what he called voluntary segregation of their race — an observation that must have lacked appeal in Miami Beach. Another time, he said that ninety-two mixed marriages in the District of Columbia prove that integrated schooling produces interracial marriages. He insisted that outlawing segregation in schools had "set the South back fifty years."

Finally, driven to desperate spite, he asked J. Edgar Hoover to investigate the integrationist movement for Communist domination or Communist infiltration—just as, fighting Hawaii's statehood (too much racial mixture out there), he had asked Senator McCarthy to investigate reports of strong communism on the islands

Something snapped in 1950. Most politicians can keep their true personalities separate from the tactics they sometimes use; eye-gouging during an especially bitter campaign, but then reverting to their ordinary stance. Smathers has never been able to do that.

As his power increases, so does his isolation. His clique is falling away: one by assassination, a few by suicide, several others by political defeat. One or two improved their income—from vending-machine companies, among other sources—and pulled them away from his circle. The last departure was that of Miami attorney Charles Ashmann, 29, once Smathers' aide, who received a three-year sentence for writing bad checks, peddling influence and embezzling $60,000 from clients.

AUTOMATIC
VENDING
SERVICE
Cigarettes

Smathers keeps trying to reburnish his career with wholesome efforts. He introduces resolutions designating "All-American Family Week" and ordering a gold medal to honor J. Edgar Hoover. These gestures cannot keep out the gloom, which keeps washing back on him, until he looks out on an America where the average person is "an angry, frustrated, worried man who sees his nation flaunted and degraded with the free world slipping away."

In his personal life, he feels set upon. Newsmen and their editors, he is convinced, are deliberately persecuting him. Painfully and painstakingly, he counts his clippings, including seventy critical comments from Drew Pearson since the year he won his Senate seat. He points to three critical references to him on a single editorial page of *The New York Times*. While Graham lived, *The Washington Post* tempered its criticisms; now it does not. When Clark Mollenhoff of the Cowles newspapers pursued him with questions, Smathers turned and seized the reporter's lapels in a frenzy of anger. Persecution everywhere.

The last session of Congress was the most frantic Smathers has ever been in. Attempting to work both sides, he was sometimes caught in grotesque postures. Catering to the American Medical Association (always good for campaign money) *and* to the old folks back home, Smathers wound up voting both ways on the social security-medical care bill. He voted against the amendment, and then he voted for the bill that included the amendment.

Washington observers are beginning to talk. The Knight newspapers correspondent, Lee Winfrey reports, "Floating around town are whispers that his influence at the White House is not so great as before. This is hard to document. On the face of it, he still looks like he can deliver. But even the whispers are hurting Smathers. For he is a man who lives by his ability to do favors. Not for him are the sweeping concepts of a Fulbright, the moral obsessions of a Goldwater. Smathers' great strength is narrower and more sharply focused: his ability to deliver on private-interest problems."

In the closing debate on the civil rights bill, after attempting in vain to get Smathers to soften and allow a vote, Senator Douglas remarked: "I always hope for redemption. I believe in the old hymn, which I used to sing in church as a boy:

While the lamp remains to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

He said it half in jest, but only half, and any liberal who remembers the Smathers of pre-1950 will want to sing along, but not with a great deal of hope.

COMING DECEMBER 14

Art Books of 1964 reviewed by Lincoln Kirstein (the first in a series of three articles)

Records of the Year: Benjamin Boretz

Books by *Nation* contributors

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*Many liberals were surprised when the liberal *Washington Post* joined Smathers in denouncing the small band of Senators who held out against the Telestar franchise. But at the time of his suicide, Smathers' old classmate and publisher of the *Post*, Philip Graham, was chairman of Telestar Corp.

Ethics on the Couch

INSIGHT AND RESPONSIBILITY: Lectures on the Ethical Implications of Psychoanalytic Insight. By Erik H. Erikson. W. W. Norton & Co. 256 pp. $5.

Lionel Abel

After Philip Rieff's *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* (Doubleday, 1961) comes Erik H. Erikson's *Insight and Responsibility.* In both works, the special discoveries of the psychoanalytic method are interpreted as crucial to an understanding of our condition; but while Mr. Rieff tried to reduce such knowledge as we have to the deliverances of psychoanalysts, Mr. Erikson, less brilliant, less incisive and more urbane, has tried to show in this series of lectures that what our psychoanalysts have discovered is thoroughly in accord with what pre-Freudian thinkers have known, and that the special knowledge we now have obtained through clinical investigation bolsters, rather than deflates, many of the old proverbs, myths and moral maxims moderns are likely to think antiquated.

According to Mr. Rieff, man is nowadays Psychological Man. Was he ever anything else but that, mistakenly taking himself to be Religious Man, Moral Man, Economic Man? Or has it been the pervasive influence of the Freudian doctrine itself which has tended to produce a new kind of monster, to whom any perspective on himself other than a psychological one—and clinically psychological at that—is a distortion of his nature, an indulgence in myth making or moralism, the residue of pre-Freudian days? These questions Mr. Rieff did not attempt to answer or even to confront directly. He implied, though, that the two phenomena have emerged together: the Freudian doctrine, on the one hand, and its object, modern Psychological Man, who if he is to have any morality or myths, has no other recourse than to derive them precisely from Freudian doctrine. None other will seem true to him.

Mr. Rieff's book had the brilliance of an extreme view held in an uncompromising way. Mr. Erikson does not want to be as extreme which, given the present climate of opinion, I think does him honor. And if there were anyone on the contemporary scene fitted by clinical experience, temperament and general culture who could connect Freudian thinking with myths, morals, and received religious beliefs in a civilizing spirit, I suspect it would be Mr. Erikson. But he has not performed this service in his new book of papers, and one may well question, after reading his lectures, whether it can be done at all.

The psychoanalytic view of man, as I see it, attenuates, diminishes, and barbarizes him. Thus reduced, his morality would necessarily have to be a narrow one. Mr. Rieff was willing to accept this consequence. Hence the extremity of his position, and the éclat of his book. But Mr. Erikson is unwilling to believe that psychoanalytic notions are reductive in character. To him these notions express within a narrow clinical compass what has been said before in broader terms, in wider contexts. Mr. Erikson wants to make more plausible certain things said in myth and moral maxim long before Freud began his investigations; his way of doing this is to show that psychoanalysis says these things, too. He wants, as well, to expand psychoanalytic judgments poetically and culturally, giving them the resonance of what was said by pre-Freudian sages. But the result of such thinking is not a unified position but something like a hodgepodge. In these lectures urging responsibility and insight, there is not one single insight I could responsibly call true or even useful.

To be sure, there are two stories told by Mr. Erikson, which in addition to having figured importantly in the discussions of psychologists, are likely to be of interest to the general reader. The first concerns Elsa, the lioness, a foundling brought up in the Adamson household in Kenya. Mrs. Adamson and her husband succeeded in sending the lioness back to the bush where she mated and had cubs. Yet Elsa, occasionally accompanied by her cubs, would come back every once in a while to visit her foster parents. The other story is from Prof. Harry Harlow's studies on the development of affection in monkeys. Of Professor Harlow Mr. Erikson writes:

> *He took monkeys from their mothers within a few hours after birth, isolated them and left them with "mothers" made out of wire, metal, wood, and terry cloth. A rubber nipple somewhere in their middles emitted piped-in milk, and the whole contraption was wired for body warmth. All the "variables" of this mother situation were controlled: the amount of rocking, the temperature of the "skin," and the exact incline of the maternal body necessary to make a scared monkey feel safe and comfortable. Years ago, when this method was presented as a study of the development of affection in monkeys, the clinician could not help wondering whether the small animals' obvious attachment to this contraption was really* monkey *affection or a fetishist addiction to inanimate objects. And, indeed, while these laboratory reared monkeys became healthier and healthier, and much more easily trained in technical know-how than the inferior animals brought up by mere monkey mothers, they became at the end what Harlow calls "psychotics." They sit passively, they stare vacantly, and some do a terrifying thing: when poked they bite themselves and tear at their own flesh until the blood flows.*

While these stories are interesting in themselves, Mr. Erikson's comments about them are not. From the story of "Elsa the Lioness," he derives this moral: ". . . our habitual relationship to what we call beasts in nature and 'instinctive' or 'instinctual' beastliness in ourselves may be highly distorted by thousands of years of superstition, and . . . there may be resources for peace even in our 'animal nature' if we will only learn to nurture nature, as well as to master it." I think Mr. Erikson is here putting a rather heavy ideological burden on Elsa the lioness's back. That she responded with a certain devotion to the Adamsons who nurtured her when she was a cub is neither as surprising as it may first strike us, nor as revelatory of her or our natures as Mr. Erikson, on reflection, wants the story to be. On the young monkeys brought up by mechanical mothers Mr. Erikson offers the following comment: The monkeys had "not learned to experience 'the other,' whether as mother, mate, child—or enemy." His point is that the young monkeys could get no emotional

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Lionel Abel is a playwright and critic. His most recent book is Metatheatre *(Hill & Wang).*

strength, or ego strength, from their mechanical mothers because the "mothers" were incapable of getting any emotional or ego strength from them. Here Mr. Erikson believes he has found clinical justification for the old principle of the Golden Rule.

Now it seems to me that if one defines one's terms vaguely enough, one can support almost any maxim by almost any tale. For Mr. Erikson the principle of the Golden Rule means a relation of mutuality. We should not do to others what we would not like them to do to us. He notes that when Rabbi Hillel made this point he added: "That is the whole of the Torah and the rest is but commentary."

I suggest we should not be so sure we know all of the Torah. I further suggest that the right commentary on it is not to be found in clinical psychology but in philosophy. On what philosophical ground does the maxim of mutuality advanced by Mr. Erikson rest? On a ground which can hardly be acceptable to the empirical scientist. For the ethical notion of mutuality depends upon an epistemological assumption—that we understand others by analogy with what we know of ourselves. To an empiricist this notion is not true, prima facie, and is probably false. It may very well be that we know others directly, and without drawing inferences from our own self-observation. And it may well be, too, that the principle of mutuality is no better ethically than its epistemological foundation, and that we should treat others in terms of what they actually *are*, instead of in terms of how we ourselves might want to be treated if, fortunately or unfortunately, we were in their place.

Certainly Mr. Erikson has every right to try to connect clinical experiences with moral maxims. On the other hand, we have every right to insist that Mr. Erikson give as much thought to a chosen maxim as to the clinical evidence he claims supports it. The scholastics thought seriously about hope. As seriously as Mr. Erikson has thought about "ego strength." But Mr. Erikson also wants to discuss hope, and about hope it is evident he has not thought seriously at all. He thinks that ego strength is based to a very great extent on hope, a virtue he derives from the trust induced in the child by regular fulfillment of its expectations of nourishment and care. I submit that the regular fulfillment of the child's expectations of nourishment and care, while necessary for preventing him from being afflicted with hopelessness, is certainly insufficient to guarantee or explain his acquisition of any so singular a virtue as hope. Plato, be it noted, went far beyond any modern psychologist in his judgment of the conditions necessary to diminish the likelihood of hopelessness in a child. He even thought that from the day of birth a child should be rocked continuously in a hammock for three years so as to beguile it from remembering the pain of being born. But his view is clearly directed toward preventing despair, which is unquestionably one of the risks anyone born into this world must run. What about the positive virtue, hope, and its source? Might it be a creation of an ego strong already? Mr. Erikson cannot say, for he thinks hope is what makes the ego strong. He wants to derive hope from the strength of the ego and also to base the ego's strength on hope. The real difficulty here could not be solved simply by a dialectic more skillful than Mr. Erikson's. There have been those with strong egos who lacked hope, and those with weak egos who possessed it. It is no more possible to derive hope from the ego's normal strength than to base the ego's normal strength upon it. I rather think that hope has no more relation to what might be called the health of the ego than logical correctness in reasoning has to the normally healthy mind. Hope, like logical correctness, is an ideal. In this sense the scholastics were philosophically right—even if their terminology was limited by their time—when they called hope a *theological* virtue.

Surely it is not unfair to subject Mr. Erikson's views to a philosophical criticism, considering that in the most interesting paper in his book, "Psychological Reality and Historical Actuality," his effort is to make a purely philosophical distinction between the "real" and the "actual," "reality" and "actuality." Just what is this distinction of Mr. Erikson's? Reality, of course, is that to which the patient undergoing treatment must be converted if he is to be cured of his disturbing fantasies. But what is reality for the clinician? According to Mr. Erikson:

> *Hartmann has formulated the reality principle as the "tendency to take into account in an adaptive way . . . whatever we consider the* real features *of an object or situation"; and the psychoanalytic usage of the term reality was quite recently stated again by Loewald as "the world of*

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things really existing in the outer world." *Freud's criteria of reality are (as Hartmann has not uncritically pointed out) "the criteria of science" or more correctly, those that find their clearest expression in science . . . which accepts as "objective" what is* verifiable by certain methods. *The emphases are mine, but the statements clearly say that the psychoanalytic method by its very design attempts to further man's adjustment by helping him to perceive facts and motives "as they are," that is, as they appear to the rational eye.*

But, writes Mr. Erikson, this sort of "radical rationalism could lead to a preoccupation so strenuous that it would expose man to the dilemma of that centipede which found itself completely immobilized because it had been asked to watch carefully which of its feet it was going to put forward next." To save man from this dilemma, Mr. Erikson proposes that analysts separate from their "concept of *reality* one of its more obscure implications, namely, *actuality,* the world verified in immediate immersion and interaction." Can we ignore the fact that analysts even as cultivated as Mr. Erikson do not know the meanings of the words they use? How can Hartmann and Loewald fall into the circular reasoning of defining reality by "real features" or by "things really existing"? And how can Mr. Erikson speak of the world as *verified* "in immediate immersion and interaction"? Certainly there is no *verification* of anything in immediate experience. What is immediately experienced is not doubted in its immediacy. To doubt one has to step back, as both the Greeks and John Dewey in their very different ways have said. And only subsequent to doubting does anything like verification take place. Frankly, I do not know what Mr. Erikson is talking about on this point. I suspect, though, that he is trying to cure what I take to be the bad rationalism of psychoanalytic method by administering a calculated dose of what could hardly be beneficial to any kind of rationalism: namely, irrationalism. But if a certain kind of rationalism is inadequate, going over to its enemy, the irrational, will not help. What psychoanalysts need, perhaps, is a profounder concept of the rational, but this they are not likely to come by through psychoanalytic methods or through amateur efforts in philosophy.

Can psychoanalytic notions be broadened into a unified and humanistic view of human experience? Mr. Erikson's efforts do not give much hope of such blessings. Then must those who take psychoanalytic notions for basic truths subscribe to the moral confinement Mr. Philip Rieff thinks obligatory? It is not simply the devotees of psychoanalysis who must mull over these prospects, presented for the moment to the generation influenced by Freud.

The Stillborn America

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. Grove Press. 304 pp. $5.

Webster Schott

Last Exit to Brooklyn drops like a sledge hammer. Emotionally beaten, one leaves it a different person—slightly changed, educated by pain, as Goethe said. The transfer of suffering has been made. One has gone to bed regretting life, wishing Hubert Selby's stories were not truth, and aware that they cannot be the whole of truth. They both confirm experience—and are caught by limitations imposed by experience.

Selby's world is as hard as a brickbat: greasy all-night diners, darkened bars, garbage-strewn apartments, grinding factories, sinister streets, throbbing motorcycles, and automobiles with radios screaming to calm their occupants.

Through this jungle run the urban predators of the 20th century: young toughs growing up absurd, girls who hope to make it big as whores, hip queers dressed in silk panties and high on benzedrine, smoldering husbands and swollen-eyed wives; and the kids with their four-letter vocabularies, homemade weapons and taste for marijuana.

Selby lays open the social corpse of Brooklyn, not by telling us its heart is black but by showing us, event after event, the poison draining out of its veins.

The gang hanging around the Greek's in "Another Day Another Dollar" mutilates a soldier purely for the hell of it. Nothing else to do. The "doggies" happened to encounter Freddie, one of the gang, routinely working over his girl:

> *Rosie walked 6 inches to his right and 6 inches to his rear. He leaned against the lampost and spit past her face. Youre worse than a leech. A leech yacan get ride of. You dont go for nothing. Dont bullshit me ya bastard. I know yascored for a few bucks last night. Whats that to you? and anyway its gone. I aint even got a pack of cigarettes. Dont tell me. I aint ya father. Ya cheap motherfucka! Go tell ya troubles to jesus and stop breaking my balls. I'll break ya balls ya rotten bastard, trying to kick him in the groin, but Freddy turned and lifted his leg then slapped her across the face.*

But it's more fun to club soldiers. They're part of authority. They wear uniforms.

With conversation shot from machine guns and obscenities as common as prepositions, these stories move on the surface power of happenings and with the speed of speech. The shock comes as much from Selby's refusal to moralize on these events as from his skill in carving them on the conscience with language like a switch blade. However, a large theme obviously runs through Selby's fiction.

Harry Black, machinist and shop steward turned homosexual, hangs crucified on a jungle gym in "Strike," not only because he tried fellatio on one of the neighborhood kids but because counterfeit love destroyed him. ("Strike," the fullest realization of Selby's powers, is also his most recent and longest story, and it suggests he can go the distance in the novel he is writing on crime and punishment.) The mass rape of the whore Tralala—semen, urine, beer spewed over her mess of flesh—climaxes her professional failure to roll an army officer, but her failure is really a lust for power and things so rapacious it replaces every other feeling. "Coda"— a prose movie reel of a publicly owned apartment complex modeled on the Red Hook project—assaults the spirit because all its human action denies everything we mean by love: infants burn in incinerators, eroticism dies in bedrooms, and to touch is to strike. The typical wedding in Selby's Brooklyn—four hours after the baby's christening—takes us to black humor by way of animal passion and mechanical thrust. While Selby's stories move hori-

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Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

zontally from events ricocheting off events, they penetrate vertically with ideas. His dehumanized human beings dramatize a *grand mal* in the society of the streets and, by Selby's reckoning, everywhere.

Above all, Selby is writing about the distortion of love, the rottenness of its substitutes, and the horror and pathos of its perversion. The shock produces total recoil.

"What I'm attempting to portray," Selby said in a letter to me a few days ago, "are the horrors of a loveless world. What love there is in the book is twisted, turned and directed into something inhuman."

Something, everything, has gone wrong, horribly wrong, in the lives of Selby's characters. Vinnie and the gang can maim and kill, not only without conscience but with joy and exhilaration. Lucy, the puritan Negro in "Coda" responds with a grunt to her husband's proposals, "thinking . . . it would start like every weekend (and many nights too) and just the thought made her muscles tighten and her flesh get clammy." The Greek chorus of "Coda," idle wives waiting on park benches to cash their relief checks at the liquor store, curse the police for rescuing a baby about to fall several stories from an apartment window, and spoiling the day's entertainment. Violence brings Harry Black therapeutic release. He luxuriates in it:

> *. . . Felt real great when the trucks got blown up, yeah . . . yeah, he felt real good that night and the next day with the picture in the paper . . . yea, that's when they started to know who he really was. . . . Fuck them, the ball-breakers. They couldn't shove him around anymore. . . . Aint breakin my balls anymore . . . thats right, aint had that dream since the strike started. Blow a couple more trucks up and I'll never have it.*

Tralala, who dies with cigarette butts crushed out on her breasts and a broomstick jammed into her body, "was 15 the first time she was laid. There was no real passion. Just diversion." The men who ravage her quit because they can't think of anything else to do to her. Seeing her from a cab sprawled in the vacant lot, Jack pounds his leg and roars with laughter. Rape is funny. When Harry Black's strike catches fire "the police, who had been standing, bored, for months . . . finally found what they too had been waiting for. . . ." Brutality relieves monotony.

It's almost as if Selby, who has never read Paul Goodman's utopian proposals, had set out to write a fictional demonstration of their urgency. The products of work are meaningless to Selby's characters. Social and economic imbalances have shoved youth into total disaffiliation. Out of boredom his part-time thugs drift into full-time violence. Acquaintance with a professional criminal is as good for one's status as owning a motorcycle. Offered no goals, Selby's humans devise gorrilla entertainments. The fraternity of distorted sex, drugs, alcohol and mayhem becomes their community because society provides no alternatives except a faceless housing authority that threatens eviction from a concrete cliff. Natural contempt: human feces on the elevator floor. Affection, emotional union, empathy in *Last Exit to Brooklyn* exist in a limbo beyond love. The nearest thing to man-woman eroticism in the book takes place between homosexuals or men and machines. Abraham, the longshoreman, caresses, fondles, sings to his love object—"his bigass Cadillac."

The only conventional love and constructive association in the book is a reminiscence: an old woman's recollection of oneness with her dead husband. As if to compensate for the absence of love in Selby's other stories, she lays out his pajamas each night in hope that Hymie will return from the dead.

Like steel, the form of Selby's fiction becomes its subject. Language imitates action. Selby's two-page sentence describing the collision of police, strikers and firemen begins quietly, with clipped participles and slow verbs. It accelerates by repeating key words and gathers more speed with verbs and conjunctions as the fire hoses tear at the men and the strikers chew at authority. Then, as human rubble fills the streets, Selby decelerates with long, open vowels and a retarded iambic foot: ". . . soon it was quiet enough to hear the ambulance sirens and the louder moans that spewed from the mass and soon too the street was clear of the smaller debris and even the blood had washed away."

"Tralala" starts with a tight, short line—tough, hard and aggressive like a girl on the make. As lust for power through sex degenerates into physical collapse, the line becomes longer. As in prose poetry, the line is the measure of form in Selby's fiction. And his style is speech. "I hear these things first," he says. "Eventually I'll have a style. But as for deliberately and consciously attempting to create a style, it has no place in art. All I've tried to do is incorporate a rhythm that will reveal the psychodynamics of person and place."

Reading Selby's book I kept worrying in the margins whether we have a critical vocabulary to describe it. I think not. As many threads lead to the naturalism of Dreiser and Farrell as to the expressionism of Gottfried Benn, and the cruel romanticism of Faulkner. The stabbing conversation may come from Hemingway, but it is overlaid with the existential desperation of William Burroughs. *Last Exit to Brooklyn* cannot be shaken as fiction. It's as real as a loaded pistol.

"I'm trying," Selby says, "to overwhelm the reader with truth, like Beethoven, so that weeks, months, or any damn time after he has finished the book and whether he liked it or it disgusted him, he will be forced to think." Only Beethoven and Isaac Babel, he says, have had an effect on his work—"Beethoven's ability to repeat and stop at precisely the right time." Babel he admires for the "extreme surface power of his stories that

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forces you to go to total emotional depth." I'm inclined to think that neither Selby nor anyone else can trace his sources. They come from within—an agonizing social conscience and a total lack of literary sophistication. Uneducated (a year and a half of high school), a jack-of-all-trades with Babel's picture in his billfold, Selby is a genuine sport—a modern American primitive who has seen in a new way and discovered a new (and ancient) eyewitness means of recording his vision. The dirty words are dirty because our speech is dirty. The horrors aren't hallucinated; they're real. Love hasn't flown the coop; it hatched as hatred. While the palefaces have gone off to Stanford or the Iowa Writers Workshop to fashion sestinas to their psyches or compete for a place in *Esquire's* Hot Center, Selby has written from his gut with the compassion that Dostoevski called the chief law of human existence. An articulate literary renegade, Selby has created more than he has seen, exploding remembered violence and depravity in a Rorschach of living savagery.

And we have been wholly unprepared for him. Critical response to his book confirms my suspicion that despite the legacies of Edmund Wilson and Alfred Kinsey the American literary establishment is run by the intellectual heirs of Mary Poppins. Granville Hicks defends Selby's "dirty" words in the *Saturday Review* with the gratuitousness of necessity. Eliot Fremont-Smith in *The New York Times* honors Selby and finally takes everything back with "not a book one 'recommends'—except to writers." And *Time* pronounces *Last Exit to Brooklyn* "Grove Press's extra special dirty book for fall."

Why not send these folks a copy of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*? They're ready for it. Or to really play it safe, send them around the world on a Rockefeller grant.

The only criticism of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* one can allow would have to be applied to most of Selby's serious contemporaries, and perhaps I'm asking that red turn green before our very eyes instead of providing the afterimage. Selby obviously considers his Brooklyn to be the world in microcosm. His epigraphs from scripture imply a universality for *Last Exit to Brooklyn.* The collage of "Coda" suggests a world. "I would like to believe they (the lack of empathy and the other qualities of love) don't exist or are absent in other elements of our society," he says, "but, of course, they do. I do think the downfall of these people can be found in the faults of other people. Acquiring money, neglecting the home, abandoning children—the results will be the same, emotional strangulation. The symptoms will be manifested differently."

So far so good. The nice guys in the surburbs who wave at cops instead of giving them the finger, and the upper-middle-class ladies who attend extension courses instead of scouting the bars, work out their hostilities with therapists or take it out on one another late at night after a couple of Scotches. With imagination one can move out of the Brooklyn wasteland to a larger and somewhat genteel grave yard of love.

But it's a narrow purity Selby practices. He cannot show us what love is—or chooses not to. This inability or refusal prevents most of contemporary literature from achieving complete relevancy. The question is posed in the negative in our new literature—what *isn't* love? We must infer what love is through experience beyond *Last Exit to Brooklyn,* or through Selby's compassionate act of having written the book. This would have been richer and perhaps even more terrifying fiction if it had explored love as well as its denial. A restricted view obstructs whole areas of human feeling. We are thrown back to *Last Exit to Brooklyn* as reparation for stillborn love in Brooklyn and its equivalents in the urban garbage cans.

Selby's people do not know what love is and cannot express it, as Goodman has said, because their society has given them no opportunity to find out. "They wouldn't have known love if they had seen it," Selby says. "It would have been mistaken for something else—weakness or fear." We believe Selby's characters and will never to able to forget them. But they are not Everyman. In praising Selby's astonishing power to tear our sensibilities, one must remember that this is part, not all, of the world we would weep for. And that part, as Auden suggests in *Casino,* never had a chance. That is the new American tragedy:

> *. . . Deeper in these hands is*
> *grooved their fortune: "Lucky*
> *Were few, and it is possible*
> *that none was loved;*
> *And what was godlike in this*
> *generation*
> *Was never to be born."*

Scales of the Marvelous

ROOTS AND BRANCHES. By Robert Duncan. Charles Scribner's Sons. 176 pp. $4.50.

Hayden Carruth

The necessity of gathering one's forces before sitting down to write poetry: what could be a simpler prescription? And what more stupidly, arrogantly violated in most current practice!—poems thrown out upon the face of reality like discarded candy wrappers. Decidedly this is not the case with Robert Duncan. I know nothing about his methods of composition except what I infer from his published work, and one of my inferences is this: his poems are gathered to him, slowly or quickly I do not know, from many sources and by procedures which are at least somewhat deliberative. I find this admirable. His poems have a completeness and inextensibility that are quite rare in an age devoted to scraps and shards.

Duncan has been called a man of learning. I do not know if this be true or not; perhaps he possesses great knowledge, from which he has selected the materials of his poems, or perhaps he simply puts everything he has read into his work. It is of no consequence. Richness of texture is of consequence, and also the wisdom that should go with it, of which there are several kinds: wisdom that is the ghost of poetic language, wisdom that is the ghost of acquired data, wisdom that is the ghost of experience; and a fourth, wisdom that is the ghost of wisdom, otherwise called humility. Duncan has them all. He writes:

> *There is no life that does not rise*
> *melodic from scales of the*
> *marvelous.*
>
> *To which our grief refers.*

The "scales of the marvelous"—a column of opposites from which life emerges reverberantly, as the tune emerges from the air column of a horn: the present and history, the

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Hayden Carruth's new book of poems, North Winter (*Prairie Press*), *will be published this month. His study of Albert Camus'* After the Stranger *will be published by Macmillan in January.*

Fourth Song

From "Four Songs the Night Nurse Sang"

Let sleep take her, let sleep take her, let sleep
take her away!
The cold tears of her father
have made a hill of ice.
Let sleep take her.

Her mother's fear has made a feyrie.
Let sleep take her.
Now all the kingdom lies down to die.
Let sleep take her.

Let dawn wake her, if dawn can find her.
Let the prince of day take her
from sleep's dominion at the touch of his finger,
if he can touch her.

The weather will hide her, the spider will bind her

: so the wind sang.

O, there she lay
in an egg hanging from an invisible thread
spinning out I cannot tell whether

from a grave or a bed, from a grave or a bed.

seen and the unseen, nature and reason. From these life arises melodically, and more especially the life of a man, his individuality, his identity as a person. His own present and history double against the present and history of the race. The poet is the musician who evokes this life, or in another sense the mediator who elicits from these opposing values the continual compromise which is a man. It isn't easy, for the marvelous scales are those of justice as well as those of music, and in addition are the scales that cover our eyes. This difficulty is what occasions the poet's "grief," while his knowledge that his task is endless, that it will wear him out and cause him to relinquish it, still undone, to others, is, I believe, what occasions his humility.

Duncan announces his purpose, or at any rate one of his purposes, early in his book:

> *O to release the first music somewhere again,*
> *for a moment*
> *to touch the design of the first melody!*

If the vitality of art originates in inner tension, as it evidently does, then one source of this tension is the balance of old against new. Much recent American poetry has lost it; some poets have domesticated themselves in the old, others have abandoned everything and run off with the new; dullness and wildness exhaust themselves in their own gluttonies and their mutual recriminations. Duncan is one of the few who have striven to keep the tension in their work, and who have recognized that in Occidental poetry it is chiefly a question of the cross fire between religious and secular ways of speaking. There is nothing limiting about this; Whitman and Donne, Emily Dickinson and D. H. Lawrence took their styles from a reinvention of liturgy; this is the root of our verbal sensibility. In Duncan's case, as in all others, it is a question of finding a way to touch again the old sources and keep the poetic impetus—not a particular style, but the impetus—alive.

The tricks by which one summons modernity and antiquity are simple enough for a skilled poet. On the one hand, abrupt line breaks, a touch of scatologia in the diction, contemporary references; on the other, allusions to mythology and history, archaic words and spellings ("governd," "lockt"), reworkings of poetic forms used in other times. But these are only tricks, and though they may be used beautifully, as Duncan mostly uses them (he likes to experiment with sonnets and to rewrite in his own manner famous poems from the past), the vitality of a poem comes not from surface effects but from its inner movement; that is, from its meter. Duncan's metrical usages are extremely various, extending from tight lyrics to looping paragraphic structures; yet in them all the ear detects the *ostinato* of the standard English iambic, and the falling intonation of liturgy; the masculine and feminine of our poetic tradition. Because his poems diverge widely from one another, it is hard to find a typical example. In the box at left is a brief elegiac song and a coda, part of a longer poem; slighter and prettier than most of his other writing, but showing what he can do.

The uses of repetition, inversion, internal rhyme, assonance and consonance are obvious, and probably some readers, inflamed by massive applications of poetic novelty, will wonder if it is modern at all. It is; these devices are not tricks of fashion but the craft forced on the poet by the language itself, and therefore as eternal as language (or as eternal as the theme of this poem, beauty and the beast). Moreover, the freedom with which Duncan has moved within the conventional form, relying on his ear alone, is perfectly evident. In fact the touchstones of modernity are poems like this, things which have the contemporaneity of the life thread; and readers who cannot recognize them are those enslaved by fashionable effects. But the most important critical points to be made about this poem are two: first, Duncan has touched, in these lines unscannable by any customary method, the deepest metrical

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sources of the language; second, he has done so with variety and firmness, giving each word a value that cannot be obscured.

Of the three poets who brought Black Mountain College its brief poetic renaissance a decade ago—the others were, of course, Charles Olson and Robert Creeley—Duncan has been the last to draw the attention of a larger poetry-reading public. Indeed he has not received it yet. Maybe this new book, his most substantial so far, will do the trick. I hope so; for although Duncan's writing lacks Olson's intellectual ferocity or the immediate attractiveness of Creeley's erotic lyrics, it has its own distinct virtues. Beyond his obvious verbal gift (a musical sense which stands halfway between Williams and Pound, with something of the former's tenacious suppleness of tone and a good deal of the latter's versatility) is the ease of Duncan's ranging through the cultural complex. His fault, aside from the apparent and at present allowable quirks of personality that issue in occasional poems either too exquisite or abstract, has been his need to evoke the "first music" in a too personal service; but his new book contains a chamber drama of twenty pages, "Adam's Way," that plunges deeper into the "scales of the marvelous" than anything in his past work, leaving the private sensibility further behind. So much the better. To sound from the scales of the marvelous not only the melody of the poet who sustains the world of sensibility but the melody of the men and women who sustain the world of action—now, today—is a work of killing difficulty to set before any writer in our age of literary overrefinement. "Adam's Way" is evidence that Duncan might be the man to do it.

The Horse's Mouth

H. G. WELLS: JOURNALISM AND PROPHECY, 1893-1946. Compiled and edited by W. Warren Wagar. Houghton Mifflin Co. 447 pp. $6.95.

Pauline Madow

At the turn of the century H. G. Wells was writing about the dilemmas of the 1960s and crusading for his solutions. Few writers of his generation were more prophetic, and none more ignored today. To rectify this neglect, W. Warren Wagar wrote *H. G. Wells and the World State* in 1961, and has now edited *H. G. Wells: Journalism and Prophecy, 1893-1946,* an anthology excerpted largely from his magazine and newspaper articles and his utopian visions. Mr. Wagar's book is a valuable introduction to Wells because it not only documents specific forecasts which Wells made but also seeks to engender the spirit of experimentation, science and bold thinking that characterized this visionary who was chained to no dogma. Without the special vocabulary of sociology, psychology, economics, Wells was able to follow the trends of his times to their experiential conclusions. And his prognostications were right more often than wrong. He is a significant example that man can foresee his problems far in advance of their occurrence. Whether he can solve them is another affair.

The most serious dilemma of the 1960s—the nuclear bomb—was foreshadowed by Wells three decades before its coming. [See "When H. G. Wells Split the Atom" by Freda Kirchwey, *The Nation,* August 18, 1945.] Long before it became an accomplished fact, he consigned the battleship to oblivion and foretold the advent of the tank. More than a year before Kittyhawk, Wells predicted attack from the air, the mass destruction of civilian populations, the waging of total war.

Wells foretold of government by technocrats, lawless and disintegrating societies, the disappearance of the servant class, the deliquescence of a middle class of small businessmen and shopkeepers, and the growth of a powerful, sensational press, preying on human resentment and sadism. He also described the emancipation of women from drudgery, economic dependence and rigid standards of sexual morality. (His novel *Ann Veronica,* published in 1909, which tells of a girl who captures the man she wants from his loveless marriage, marries him, and finds success, was the storm center of a great literary battle fraught with moral indignation.)

As early as 1901, he wrote of the development of suburbia: "The vast stretch of country from Washington to Albany will be all of it 'available' to the active citizen of New York and Philadelphia." He urged planning homes in spacious, beautiful parks, and cautioned against the "growing and invading disorder" of surburban sprawl. Some innovations that made possible suburban expanses were also divined by Wells: many long ribbons of asphalt highway with bridges over points of heavy local traffic and adequate lighting for night driving; and the widespread use of the motorized car, bus and truck. Other divinations were social security, socialized medicine, a minimum wage which would be paid even during periods of unemployment, and the protection of each child by the state.

Wells fought repeatedly to lighten man's burden of outworn institutions. He harshly attacked the evils of a society whose workers, at the turn of the century, lived "herded together, ill clothed, ill nourished, ill taught, uncertain of their insufficient livelihood from day to day." He was impatient with the mass waste of talent and with businessmen more concerned with profit than with production and human welfare. On the other hand, he believed that there was nothing to be gained from emulating the USSR, which had replaced "one autocratic Russia by another." He knew that laws protecting human rights were more urgent in a Socialist state than in any other form of government. He cautioned: "The more socialism proceeds and the more directive authority is concentrated, the more necessary is an efficient protection of individuals from the impatience of well-meaning or narrow-minded or ruthless officials and indeed from all the possible abuses of advantage that are inevitable under such circumstances to our childishly wicked breed."

Wells possessed a capacity for discussing the issues in the round—in all their complexity. He was convinced that the world-wide advances in trade, finance and technology were incompatible with the restrictions imposed by governments. He believed that because the nation-state does not adequately fulfill social and economic needs, it seeks its justification in its role as guardian of the people against threats from without. Simply to remain in power, he wrote, politicians "will have to insist upon dangers and differences. . . . Jealousies and anti-foreign enactments, tariff manipulations and commercial embitterment. . . . The politi-

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Pauline Madow, author, anthologist and editor, is writing a book on the social ideas of H. G. Wells.

rians of the coming times will force one another toward the verge, not because they want to go over it . . . but because they are, by their very nature, compelled to go that way, because to go in any other direction is to break up and lose power."

Finally, Wells observed with remarkable foresight the obsolescence of labor resulting from the invention and application of more efficient machines. The disappearance of much labor would eliminate economic classes. Wells's classless society is an "expanded middle-class which has incorporated both the aristocrat and plutocrat above and the peasant, proletarian and pauper below." After centuries of struggling to meet primitive physical needs, man would be free to develop his essential being. Leisure would make man free.

Many of the goals for which Wells campaigned have become accepted ways of life. As always, few remember that these accepted ways formerly were issues for acrimonious debate and bitter struggle. Ironically, the man who saw so clearly the nature of our age wrote only for his own.

By his own admission, that was the way he wanted it. Crusading was Wells's primary purpose as a writer. Although he composed several novels that won praise from contemporary novelists—Henry James described *Marriage* as "convulsed with life and . . . brimming with blood"—Wells rejected what he called the arbitrary standards and fierce pedantries of the literati. The novel to Wells was a "social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and . . . the criticism of laws and institutions and of social dogmas and ideas." After 1915 he rejected the novel form almost entirely, turning increasingly to other genres. As early as 1904, his friend Arnold Bennett had clearly perceived the course Wells had chosen. He wrote to Wells: "You aren't an artist, except insofar as you disdainfully make use of art for your reforming ends. . . . Art really you hate. . . . And the mischief is that, though you will undoubtedly do a vast amount of good in the world, you will get worse and worse, more and more specialized, more and more scornful."

Nevertheless, it seems unfortunate that even his editor feels justified in calling Wells a journalist. Although much of Wells's work has a sense of urgency and a style that is racy and

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS •

weekly

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readable, "journalism" is too impoverished a label to describe prophetic genius, historical understanding, psychological and sociological insight. Furthermore, Mr. Wagar has selected excerpts from only a small number of the excellent science-fiction tales and nothing from novels such as *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and *The History of Mr. Polly*. These can still be read with pleasure today.

As the years passed, Wells became less interested in political devices and techniques and more concerned with envisioning the type of individuals he felt would understand the needs of mankind and have the ability to govern and lead. His utopia is illuminating. The future would best be ruled by an elite of intellectuals and scientists dedicated to the welfare of the people. The Marxists and Fabians had failed to make adequate provision for operating the newly collectivized industries. Wells's elite, "the Samurai" (a name taken from the Japanese feudal class of military retainers) would be the "competent receiver."

A voluntary, self-educated, self-disciplined group, the Samurai would redirect the militancy, devotion and loyalty engendered by warfare to combat the ills of society. Dedicated scientists and intellectuals would supersede marching soldiers and work for peace, plenty, health and happiness. Wells had adopted William James's notion of the "moral equivalent of war."

In his last years, after living through the great catastrophes of the 20th century, Wells's faith in man's rationality faded. He concluded that man cannot control or direct the historical forces that govern him. Man's talents have explored the far reaches of physical matter, and this exploration has resulted in the loss of control over his own destiny. To Wells, who observed with sensitive awareness the inability of man to consider and plan the course that the future would take, the hurt was a personal one. In the end, his acceptance by the community and his success in professional and material terms only served to reinforce the embitterment and pessimism he felt concerning the human mind. For "having eyes it yet does not see, having power it achieves nothing."

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

BERGER, LAYTON, IMBRIE

Enthusiasm over quantitative renascences is an American fixation to which observers of the musical scene are especially prone—perhaps because they find so little else to exult about. But since performances of nonstandard music in America are an infinitesimal but apparently set percentage of our gross musical product, the proliferation of sheer activity has the undeniable advantage of automatically increasing the total amount of interesting music that can be heard within a given time span. Thus the most exhilarating aspect of the recent orchestral liveliness noted here last month (November 9) has been the performance, for the first time in memory, of a sufficient number of contemporary American orchestral works to convey a sense of the direction and quality of American orchestral composition as a total activity. It has been particularly interesting to find that the same qualities of wide diversity and individuality that have characterized recent American chamber music emerge unmistakably from our orchestral work as well, even though opportunities in the medium have been drastically limited. Despite the neglect that has discouraged American composers from producing a really large and wide-ranging orchestral literature, they are evidently drawn to make a special creative effort by the aura that still surrounds the orchestral medium. The invention and instrumental imagination in the results reveal how rich and significant an American orchestral literature we might have had if our composers had been encouraged to explore deeply and extensively within the orchestral domain.

The group of recent American orchestral works performed thus far this season (mostly outside New York) reveals this diversity almost paradigmatically. Curiously, not one of them is "twelve-tone," although all are completely "contemporary" in the sense that they represent uniquely conceived and realized ideas of musical coherence. This comment would be inconceivable about, say, current European music, which tends to vary predictably between the reiteration of old clichés and the invention of new ones according to the particular ideological "movement" represented. But in these American works, all composed within the last decade, one could not even speak of a common "style" beyond the fundamental affinity of a searching and responsible attitude toward the shaping and development of a meaningful musical language; their surface qualities diverge sharply in as many directions as there are works, from the precise transparency and elegance of Arthur Berger's *Polyphony*, to the multilayered "total counterpoint" of Elliott Carter's Orchestral Variations (*The Nation*, April 6, 1963), the monolithic, starkly contrasted successions of Billy Jim Layton's *Dance Fantasy*, the carefully expansive chromatic-polyphonic web of Andrew Imbrie's Violin Concerto, and the tightly constrained and methodically evolved developmental framework of the Violin Concerto by Edward Cone (the performance of which last month by the Princeton Symphony was so unclear as to preclude more detailed discussion here).

The Berger *Polyphony*, played in October by the Boston Symphony, is one of those works that ultimately generate a far more powerful originality than the surface initially gives away; this is the fundamentally Stravinskian aspect of the piece, rather than the few details of texture and melody that one may immediately associate with Stravinsky's work. And in any case, the surface itself is so full of striking details of sonority and rhythm, particularly the elastic registral and time-spacing, and such a sensitivity to the qualities of every musical moment that each attack appears vividly differentiated, and seems to require its own special nuance. But underneath its tensile, brittle surface, *Polyphony* develops a unique synthesis of "diatonic" and "chromatic," in which the juxtaposition of familiar but previously separate elements creates a whole complex of new linear and harmonic relationships. Similarly, the familiar ideas of recurrence and contrast are transformed into a dramatic duality between energy and quiescence; passages of great apparent activity, such as the opening, have an equality of rhythmic accentuation that overtakes them from within with a progressive stasis that eventually engulfs the entire texture; the succeeding "calm" passages are undermined by an inner rhythmic turbulence that drives the texture into activity once again. The climax is in the final section, which repeatedly but unavailingly gropes for the opening; at the very end, the two ideas are violently juxtaposed as the violins virtually try to tear through the registral roof over an insistent, unvarying one-note tremolo—the ultimate musical activity without real motion—which persists to become the final sound. In the performance, Erich Leinsdorf seemed genuinely to conduct the piece, effectively controlling some of its most difficult rhythmic transitions. Aside from the thrill of hearing, for once, all the components of a chord from bass to glockenspiel attack together, and of hearing a full-bodied mass of strings really produce a single line of sound, the unfair comparison with the recording by the brave but barely professional Louisville Orchestra only proves the necessity of having our important professional ensembles available to perform our important professional music.

Billy Jim Layton's music seems to emerge from that uniquely American tradition most prominently represented by Roy Harris; raw, primary-colored sonic profiles, blocks of pure textural idea are thrust and spun—or rather sprawled—over vast temporal and spatial expanses; continuity derives from eternal reiteration, contrast from successive extreme stylistic inconsistency unmodulated by transition or consolidation. The important difference in Layton is that he comes by way of Elliott Carter, and the resultant sophistication in his choice of materials, as well as the polished skill with which he can manipulate them, gives his work an assurance and sense of purpose beyond anything Harris ever achieved. In the new *Dance Fantasy* (played on October 27 by the New Haven Symphony), for example, the succession of stylistic patches from such diverse sources as Carter, jazz, Ives, Boulez and Copland, and a range of textures and sonorities from the bubbling woodwind riffs of the opening to the orchestral "white noise" of the climax to the immediately following prairie-sunset stillness, seem a daring attempt to assimilate everything in music into a personal language where each "style" would function as a macrocosmic "element." This performance, manifestly out of hand despite the players' heroic efforts, did project a kind of total personality out of the fragments, but it was less the super-coherence of a *Finnegans Wake* than a composite dimly gleaned from the discourse of someone trying to say everything all at once—Lucky in *Waiting for Godot* perhaps. Still, given the evident brilliance of many of its sounds, the *Dance Fantasy* stands in obvious need of an adequate performance by a first-rate orchestra. That it seems unquestionably to deserve one, and that some of us who heard it in New Haven would be impelled to listen again, are perhaps the most significant observations about this puzzling work that one can make after its first hearing.

I wasn't able to hear the performance a few Sundays ago of Andrew Imbrie's Violin Concerto by the Orchestra of America, but Carroll Glenn, the soloist, also performs the work on the Columbia recording. The concerto is, from any point of view, an impressive work, refined and knowing in its formal control, and a full and masterful realization of its compositional idea. From its very opening, it is plainly a "big" work in the traditional symphonic sense associated with Roger Sessions, a traditionalism that resides only in the essential phraseology of the music—the breadth and rate of its successions, melodic lines and formal articulations—rather than in any obvious conventional appearances. And the depth of the materials and their development in the Imbrie concerto more than fulfill the "symphonic" expectations its proportions arouse. Moreover, even in Sessions' formidable shadow, Imbrie reveals some superior qualities of his own, particularly the lucid projection of every detail and inflection within a dense and complex polyphonic texture. And the slow second movement, where shimmering woodwind sounds are first poised against the gutty bite of the solo violin, then extended into brass and percussion, and finally into the solo harp and siren-high strings, is a fascinating chain of sound association.

I have no score, but Miss Glenn seems secure and authoritative, with enough resources of sound, volume and phrasing to command most of the important contemporary violin literature. On these grounds, perhaps Columbia will also take advantage of her capacities to record the Sessions Violin Concerto, for this is a major American orchestral masterpiece whose absence from the concert repertory and the recorded literature is one of our real musical deprivations.

Records

BERGER: *Polyphony.* Louisville Orchestra. Robert Whitney, cond. Lou. 58-4.

LAYTON: *Quartet.* Claremont Quartet. CRI 136.

IMBRIE: *Violin Concerto.* Carroll Glenn, violin. Columbia ML 5997/MS 6597.

THE BLUE BACKLASH

(*Continued from page 425*)

popular among policemen even in traditionally Republican areas where there was wholesale defection to the Democrats. "It was civil rights, no question about it," said one observer of the situation. The white backlash died by Election Day; the blue backlash did not.

The secrecy of the John Birch Society and the natural reluctance of its police members to disclose their affiliation—in many places their legal right to join is still in doubt—make it difficult to estimate the strength of the movement among law-enforcement agencies. John H. Rousselot, the defeated California Congressman who is now director of public relations for the John Birch Society, claims that it has members in the police departments of all major cities. He declined to give figures, saying that the society does not check the occupation of its members. Nor would he acknowledge a drive to recruit policemen.

Despite Rousselot's disclaimer, it is apparent that the Birch Society has launched a systematic campaign of police recruitment—and with some degree of success. The pattern of Birch activity among policemen has varied from city to city, and so has official reaction to it.

In Santa Ana, Birch extremism was exposed in naked ugliness. There are twenty to thirty Birchers on the force, of whom perhaps a dozen conducted what one observer termed a "reign of terror" against Police Chief Edward J. Allen. They distributed anonymous pamphlets attacking him, made anonymous phone calls to his home in the middle of the night, turned in pre-dawn false fire alarms on his home, had unordered shipments sent to him C.O.D. and placed spurious want ads in his name to attract unwanted callers.

Santa Ana, thirty miles south of Los Angeles, is in the heart of a right-wing area. It is the seat of Orange County, which gave 56 per cent of its vote to Barry Goldwater and sent a Birch Society member to the state Senate. Yet the authorities cracked down hard on the Birchers in blue: two policemen—one a captain, the other a lieutenant—were dismissed from the force and information about others was submitted to a grand jury.

In Philadelphia, Mayor James H. J. Tate also acted with speed and decision. When fourteen or fifteen Birch Society members were discovered in the police department, he immediately placed them on limited duty, initiated disciplinary proceedings aimed at suspension or dismissal, and ordered an investigation of Birch activity in the force. Tate compared the Birch recruiting tactics with those of the Nazis and Communists and said Birch Society membership had limited the effectiveness of the officers involved. "This is a situation where they are not attuned with law-enforcement problems," he said. "They are against certain groups in the big cities. The police department . . . should be above reproach."

In New York, perhaps the nation's politically most liberal city, the Birch Society, surprisingly, found an entirely different atmosphere. For three months before Election Day, signs of right-wing activity were apparent in the police department. Goldwater stickers abounded on the cars in the no-parking zones around police stations. A week before the election, officers on duty at Goldwater's Madison Square Garden rally were heard wishing "good luck" to the faithful. The culmination came on Election Eve when the radios in 700 police vehicles suddenly crackled with clandestine Goldwater slogans. A police official brushed off the incident, which violated both departmental and FCC regulations, as "just kidding around over the air."

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Birch activity was also evident. When a newsman questioned department brass about a "Support Your Local Police" circular posted on a station bulletin board, the reply was: "Somebody must have gotten it at a demonstration and thought it interesting enough to post there." The circular (the same one Trenton Police Chief Louis Neese quoted to his men as department policy) calls criticism of local law enforcement part of a Communist conspiracy. It goes on to praise the police of Birmingham, Ala., for a "superb job of maintaining law and order in the midst of a hot situation," condemns the federal marshals in Oxford, Miss., who "actually created most of the rioting," and calls for opposition to civilian review boards.

"None Dare Call It Treason"—the extremist tract which charges a Roosevelt - Truman - Eisenhower - Kennedy-Johnson sellout to the Soviets, and even intimates that the Revised Standard Version of the Bible is part of a Communist plot—was widely distributed in police stations by Birchite members of the force. The book urges its readers to join the society. "Every policeman I've met in the past weeks has either been carrying a copy or has read it," an assistant district attorney told me. As proof, he buttonholed the first policeman who walked down the courthouse corridor and asked him if he'd read it; the officer had. "What's worse is they believe it," the D.A. said. " 'It's documented,' they say, 'it's got footnotes.' "

Thomas J. Davis, regional manager of the Birch Society, claims 100 members of his organization among New York's Finest. Deputy Commissioner Walter Arm said earlier that he knew of no Birchites on the force and did not plan to look for any—virtually an open invitation to the society. Now, however, Police Commissioner Murphy is believed to be awaiting a ruling from his legal department on the legality of police membership.

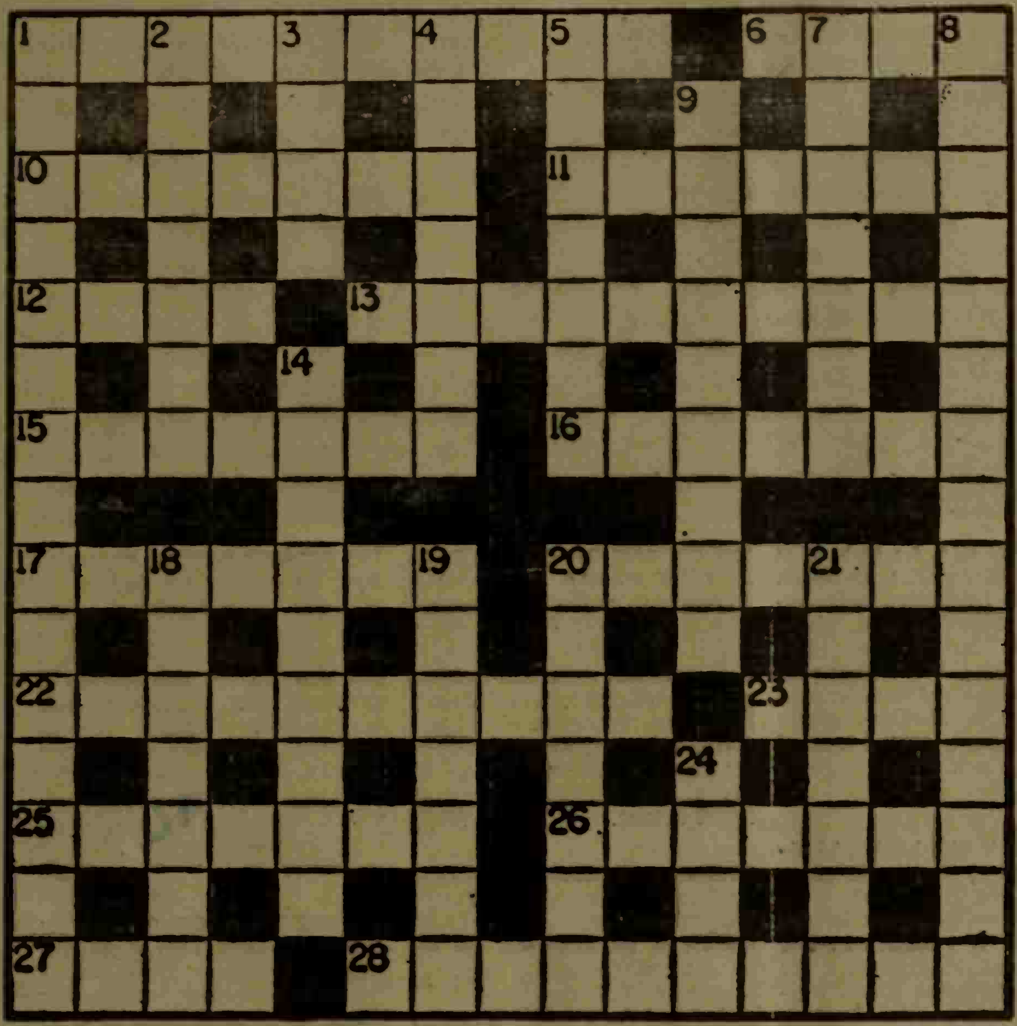
The success of the Birch Society's drive nationally depends on whether local officials take action against it (Chief Allen and Mayor Tate), support it (Chief Neese), or acquiesce (Commissioner Arm).

The implication of local police-force domination or strong infiltration by Birchers is extremely serious. It would mean a transfer of police power to a fanatic minority in direct conflict with the beliefs, ideals and aspirations of large segments—if not the majority—of the community. Over the past decade it has become increasingly apparent that much police practice violates the law, but civilian authorities have been slow to interfere because the underworld was the target. It is plausible that under Birch influence the police would use the same measures—illegal detention, coerced confession, unauthorized search and seizure, perjured testimony — not against a criminal class but against a political opposition. Even now, assistant district attorneys in New York have reported to their superiors that they cannot believe much of police testimony in civil rights cases. And the example of Santa Ana harassment could be repeated on a broader canvas—directed not only against a fellow policeman, but against anyone in government or public life. Even more ominous is the thought that the President of the United States might be guarded by men who believed him a conscious agent of a Communist conspiracy. A Birch spokesman claims that there are at least two members of the society in every department of the Washington, D.C., metropolitan police. Washington police officials deny knowledge of this infiltration.

The actions of an Allen or a Tate, however admirable, are not the cure. The Birch Society is not an illness, it is a symptom; the society did not push its way into the nation's police forces, it found a ready welcome. This suggests the gravity of the disease: the police, in large part, are out of step with the society they are sworn to safeguard.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1083

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Although it causes a stir, Autumn brings forth one in your garden.
6 Such a word might get you in, but you won't if high-handed, probably.
10 Leaves in it, perhaps, but not for the 5 o'clock dance. (3-4)
11 Like a leaf that has a center ragged and scalloped. (7)
12 Essential part of the house, or of its construction. (4)
13 and 2 down Play with one who is rather catholic in his tastes? (1, 3, 3, 3, 7)
15 It might be well-supplied, but the Cistercian order doesn't have any cloak-and-dagger boys in it. (7)
16 In Mexico, Tom is evidently in the money! (7)
17 It's not naturally in the blood to cause trouble! (7)
20 The sort of elation that might eventually have to be cut back. (7)
22 Four-by-four of pine or fir? One hopes to get it in the transaction. (6, 4)
23 A band of troublemakers is surrounding one who stands to be in office overseas. (4)
25 One would never believe where the short-stop plays with an error! (7)
26 Treble, in part. (7)
27 Means justification, possibly. (4)
28 Walks with the arms opened in a way. (10)

DOWN:

1 Fruit biscuit on the furniture? Well-noted and recognizable to many. (10, 5)
3 Present state, in about a hundred years? (4)
4 The wrong sex for a caryatid, being not male, possibly. (7)
5 Is it mysterious that so little ability is implied? (7)
7 One might find it hard to be a bar worker. (7)
8 Given at a school for charm, or just grade school? (8, 7)
9 Rush around to get a loan? What might have been could be negative.
14 Count on high-class transportation? Try a binary compound such as this. (9)
18 The surroundings on the coast might be, but not good poker players. (7)
19 Mount under his main product?
20 Horizontal bar. (7)
21 The leader had better, if it's the train type; it might have only temporary insignia. (7)
24 Man's might supposedly be 70 years or 9 inches. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1082

ACROSS: 1 Furnished rooms; 9 and 13 A bone of contention; 10 and 27 A Child's Garden of Verses; 11 and 4 Crankshaft; 12 Inbreeds; 14 Duteous; 15 Mason; 17 Eaves; 19 Tunisia; 21 Moribund; 25 Bengasi; 26 Uniform.

DOWN: 1 Franchise; 2 and 22 Room and board; 3 Ice skates; 5 Diagnosing; 6 Ophir; 7 Molders; 8 Asps; 15 Masculine: 16 Nicknames: 18 Veranda; 20 Actions; 21 Mobs; 24 and 23 Cuff button.

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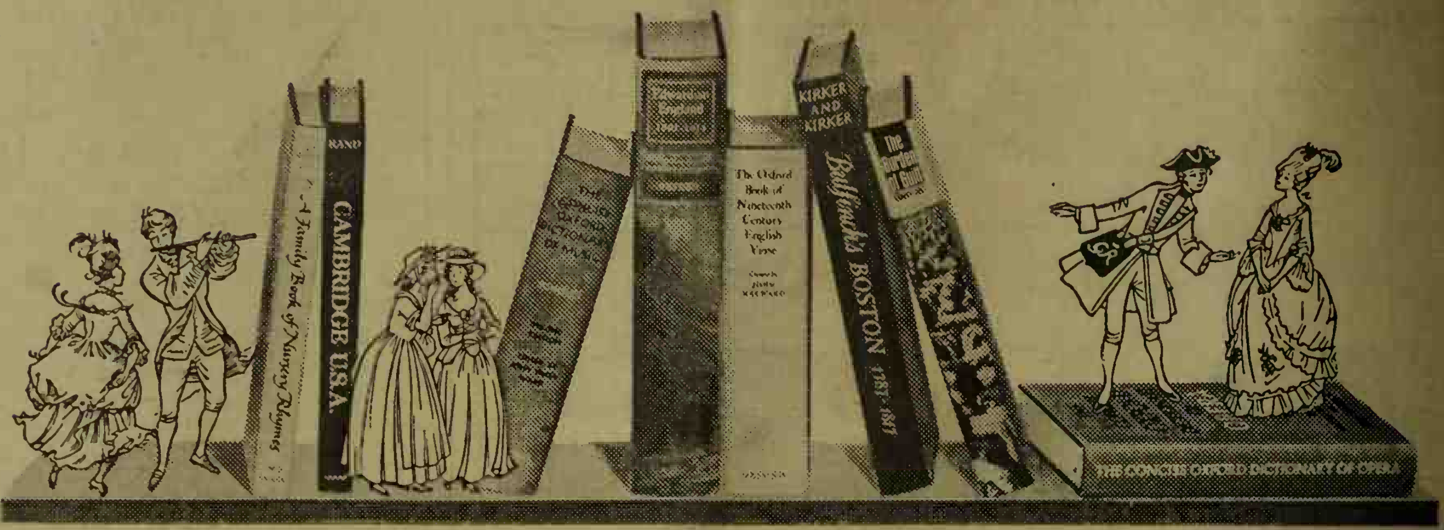
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THE
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December 14, 1964 . . 35c

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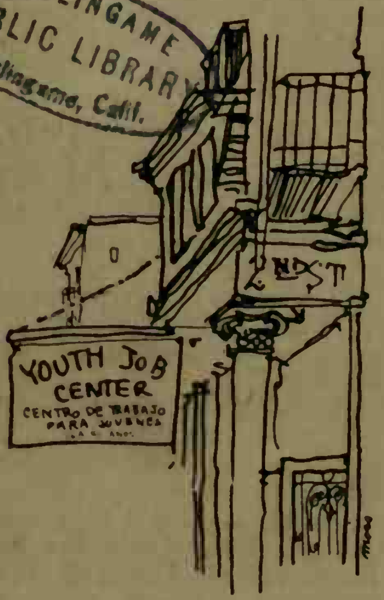
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Mobilization for Youth

Herbert Krosney

The Congo
HOSTAGES & THE CIA

John Hatch

DIVORCE, NEW YORK STYLE

Peter Rowley

Reviews & Essays

Wages of Fashion: John Carter

'The Culture Consumers':
Harris Dienstfrey

Art Books of 1964 by Lincoln Kirstein

LETTERS

Nazi superiority

Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Sirs: George Kirstein, reviewing Alexander Werth's *Russia at War* [*The Nation*, Nov. 30] observes: "It is hardly surprising that with this background the subsequent Russian invasion of Germany approximated in barbarity the Nazi invasion of Russia in the early days of victory."

From what point of view is this statement true, and what documentation supports it? When I was a prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, we were familiar with this kind of statement as the "*tu quoque*" argument (i.e., "you are another"). But apart from heart-rending horror stories of ex-S.S. men and Nazi Party functionaries (or West German Government officials, many of whom were either or both), there is no assurance that Russian conduct in the invasion and occupation of East Germany even approached German standards.

The population of East Germany did not decline perceptibly due to unnatural deaths; Russia was literally decimated, since more than 20 million Russians were killed during the Nazi occupation. Where was the Russian equivalent of the Maidanek camp at which, your reviewer notes, "some 1,500,000 people were murdered and then incinerated within two years"?

Mr. Kirstein does an injustice to the memory of the Nazi Party, the German army, and their millions of patriotic supporters. It is not so easy to "approximate" that level of conduct.

Walter J. Rockler

The sugar pot

New York City

Dear Sirs: I feel compelled to point out certain errors both of fact and interpretation in the sections of Mr. Desmond Smith's article dealing with futures trading in sugar ["Sugar: The Market and the Supermarket," *The Nation*, Nov. 9].

First, "the failure of the Agriculture Dept. to regulate trading in sugar futures." The Commodity Exchange Authority of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture has several times in recent years indicated its desire to bring non-controlled exchanges, including the NYC&SE, under its jurisdiction. Congress has so far refused to extend CEA's authority in this matter.

In point of fact, CEA has thus far been unable to demonstrate . . . what its jurisdiction over presently non-controlled commodity exchanges would accomplish. A point-by-point comparison of the regulations of CEA-controlled exchanges vs. the NYC&SE reveals that the regulations and bylaws of the NYC&SE in every case equal, and in many cases exceed, CEA requirements for exchanges under its jurisdiction. . . .

Second . . . the quotation, "Excessive speculation in sugar futures . . . contributed materially to the price spiral," is a verbatim statement from the report, but unfortunately taken out of context. The context of the report makes it very clear that the statement refers to the *futures* price spiral. Students of the subject are well aware that futures prices reflect rather than determine cash prices for actual commodities. . . .

Third, implications that commodity futures trading is gambling and that the 1963 sugar market was somehow rigged pervade Mr. Smith's article. He ignores completely the number of hedgers as opposed to speculators in the market and further equates speculators with gamblers. The value of the speculator and the distinction between speculator and gambler have been dealt with so often and at such length by professional economists that any comments I might now make would be superfluous. If Mr. Smith really believes that futures trading is a "crap shoot" he is free to try that approach to the subject—but make him use his own money. . . .

Earle T. MacHardy
President, New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, Inc.

New York City

Dear Sirs: We have just completed a cycle of flagrant speculation that largely benefited the middle men who make a living in Mr. MacHardy's Exchange, plus a handful of greedy speculators. All this was carefully analyzed in the Agriculture Department inquiry into sugar trading on the N.Y. Coffee and Sugar Exchange. Mr. MacHardy wants to know why, if my contentions are true, Congress has not acted. As he knows, a good deal of pending legislation was deferred—let's hope not for good—when President Johnson appointed the new National Commission on Food Marketing. Meanwhile the market, due to a plentiful abundance of sugar, has not attracted the speculators lately. They've been attacking the Maine potato crop, I'm sad to report.

After the recent downfall of Mr. De Angelis (soybeans) and Mr. Julio Lobo (sugar) anyone who thinks the commodity markets is anything *but* gambling is simple-minded. I didn't typify the commodity markets as a "crap shoot"—a leading New York broker used that expression. De Angelis told me himself that "every floor trader in this business trades on his account—and he's betting one way or another."

The future of futures trading in this country depends in large measure on the responsibility of men like Mr. MacHardy. In the long run it is really up to the traders on the inside—the professionals—to decide whether they want to control and curb excessive speculation or be curbed themselves.

Desmond Smith

THE
NATION

Monday, December 14, 1964
Volume 199, No. 19

In this issue

EDITORIALS

449

ARTICLES

452 The Congo: Hostages, Mercenaries and the CIA *John Hatch*
455 Mobilization for Youth: Feuding Over Poverty *Herbert Krosney*
461 Divorce, New York Style *Peter Rowley*
463 Monstrous Christmas to All *Eve Merriam*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

465 Wages of Fashion *John Carter*
466 The New Millions *Harris Dienstfrey*
468 Poetry: *Norman Friedman, George Oppen, Helen Wolfert*
469 Passes in Glass *Richard Howard*
470 Art Books of 1964 *Lincoln Kirstein*
472 Records of the Year *Benjamin Boretz*
474 Art *Max Kozloff*
475 Books by *Nation* Contributors
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 476) *Frank W. Lewis*

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EDITORIALS

Invitation To Depart

On December 1, President Johnson held his long-heralded conference with Ambassador-General Maxwell Taylor to discuss the future course of U.S. belligerence in South Vietnam, and whether to expand the war. Also present were Vice President-elect Hubert H. Humphrey, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, CIA Director John A. McCone, the Bundy brothers, and other high-level assistants, most of them, like Ambassador Taylor, playing a dual military-civilian role. For two and a half hours these top-level thinkers and doers discussed and debated; then the doors were opened and the newsmen tripped into the Cabinet room. The President apparently had intended to allow them to interview General Taylor on the spot, but Secretary McNamara, who was sitting at the President's left, was overheard to say softly: "It would be impossible for Max to talk to these people without leaving the impression the situation is going to hell."

For the recording of this revealing remark the American people are indebted to the sharp ears of Charles Mohr of *The New York Times*. On the evening of the same day, those who were watching television on N.B.C. channels were further indebted to Ted Yates, whose documentary on South Vietnam showed American policy in all its horror. It was all there—the tinsel night and sex life of Saigon, financed by American tax dollars, the troops picked up from anywhere (there is no formal conscription in the South Vietnamese army), the harrowing field hospital scenes, in which the doctors select the wounded who may perhaps be saved and leave the rest to die, the frightful village poverty, the life of the peasants, who want only to be left alone in the rice paddies.

Only one thing was omitted: neither N.B.C.'s cameras nor the directing talents of Ted Yates could suggest why we were in Vietnam. There is a reason, but it cannot be shown on film. Only the results can be shown. We are in Vietnam for purposes of power politics, and unsuccessful power politics at that. The notion that we are there at the request, or with the consent, of the people of South Vietnam is the biggest lie of this dirty war. We are visiting incredible hardship upon human beings for reasons which bear only indirectly, if at all, on their freedom—a freedom which we never allow them to define or interpret, but which we force down their throats to suit our designs in Asia.

As Mr. McNamara implied, the situation is going to hell—and that is exactly where it belongs. The end to which all our billions of dollars and thousands of Vietnamese and American lives have brought us shows that, here and there, justice prevails in international relations after all. The best thing for all concerned, at this late hour, would be still another uprising by the Vietnamese Buddhists to bring to power a government that would invite us to take our 20,000 advisers, our helicopters and napalm and machine guns and artillery out of Vietnam. What we are suffering now is a moral as well as a military defeat. Defeat is never total if, at long last, a nation does what is decent and right. That is all we can salvage, but nothing could be more important.

The Vested Interest in Poverty

New York City, splendid in the pre-Christmas season, flashing an image of boundless power and affluence, is also the capital of the urban poor in the United States. It is in fact an enormous pocket of urban poverty, as if most of indigent Appalachia were compressed and warehoused where it would take up less room. About one-fifth of New York's population — 1,400,000 souls—are in the poverty category; about 500,000 of these are on "welfare," leaving 900,000 to struggle along with little or no help. Poverty, the local health commissioner tells us, is the third most prevalent cause of death in the city, although it never appears on a death certificate.

Here, then, in terms of need, was a fine place to begin the "war on poverty," and the more so because New York has many resources which might have been tapped. This latter circumstance, and the sheer magnitude of the task, lend special significance to the two pilot operations, Mobilization for Youth (see page 455) and HARYOU (see "Defeat in Harlem," by Woody Klein, *The Nation*, July 27).

Both projects held high promise; both had high sponsorship (MFY was essentially a project of John F. and Robert Kennedy). Yet both have encountered serious difficulties and face an uncertain future.

The inherent obstacles to success were, and continue to be, compounded by selfish struggles for power. The struggle is most flagrant in the Harlem situation. For five months that project, brilliantly conceived by Dr. Kenneth Clark, was paralyzed by a determined and finally successful assault to gain control for political and patronage purposes. The perpetrator of this grab was Adam Clayton Powell, the well-known entertainer of beautiful secretaries in far-off places, where he goes for relaxation and the performance of his Congressional duties. Representative Powell has the distinction of being the only contemporary member of Congress who cannot visit his constituents except on Sunday, and then only to "preach," because, although a man of the cloth, he is a fugitive from a contempt citation. His record for tourism and absenteeism is unexcelled in the Congress, but he has a firm hold on the emotions of his constituents and he is a power in Washington. "I would rather close down HARYOU than let it become a place to breed Uncle Toms," Powell vowed—an Uncle Tom in his book being any Negro who does not unreservedly pledge allegiance to Adam Clayton Powell.

So Powell's man is running HARYOU, but it may turn out to be a Pyrrhic victory for the Congressman. The $110 million originally earmarked for the project is not likely to be appropriated. Some private funds will be diverted to other uses, and Sargent Shriver, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Willard Wirtz and other gentlemen who were not born yesterday will keep a firm hand on the project in terms of supervision and stringent auditing.

As if Powell's interference were not enough, HARYOU has shared some of the problems that beset MFY. This Lower East Side project has aroused the antagonism of "City Hall" for reasons pointed out by Mr. Krosney. (See also the editorial, "Money Isn't Everything," in the November 30 issue.) The hostility of entrenched interests has handicapped both projects, and the end is not yet. But neither project is in a hopeless condition, and it is of the greatest national importance that both should be rescued from those who would use them for political advantage. The Great Society to which President Johnson aspires will never become a reality if it cannot cope with sabotage of the kind that New York has witnessed.

A Date To Remember

The 89th Congress will convene on January 4, 1965. By long tradition, Congress does not alter its rules except at the opening of each session. Twenty years ago, on opening day, Rep. John Rankin of Mississippi, stealing a march on his somnolent colleagues, pushed through a set of Rules which embodied a provision establishing the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and on each opening day since then the life of the committee has been extended by simply re-adopting the Rules.

Often in the past, opponents of HUAC have permitted themselves to be out-maneuvered at this opening-day ritual. But on January 4, they will be better prepared and the outlook for abolition will be brighter than at any time since 1945. Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Honorary Chairman of the National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, has persuaded 100 constitutional law authorities to sign a petition addressed to the House calling for abolition of HUAC. The petition is the best short statement of basic reasons why HUAC should be abolished that has appeared in the last twenty years. Among the signers are Thurman Arnold; Clark Byse, David F. Cavers, Louis L. Jaffe, Mark DeWolfe Howe (all of Harvard Law School); Thomas I. Emerson, Fred Rodell, Boris Bittker (Yale); Osmond K. Fraenkel; Fred Cohen (Texas); Thomas M. Cooley, III (Dean, University of Pittsburgh Law School); Thomas M. Franck and Norman Redlich (New York University); Ralph F. Fuchs (Indiana); Robert J. Harris (Michigan); Harry Kalven, Jr., and Quincy Wright (Chicago); Wilbur Katz and William G. Rice (Wisconsin); Arthur John Keeffe (Catholic University); Leonard W. Levy (Dean, Brandeis); Roger Paul Peters (Notre Dame University); Louis B. Schwartz and Alexander H. Frey (Pennsylvania); Carl B. Swisher (Johns Hopkins), and seventy-five other men of comparable caliber.

These signatures to the brilliant petition should force Congress to consider the issue on the merits. The petition does not propose to "reform" HUAC: it seeks to abolish it, for unassailably sound reasons that are supported by the accumulated experience of the last twenty years.

This year, also, some of the political timidity that has inhibited members of Congress in the past has been dissipated; twenty members who favor abolition were re-elected by resounding pluralities. At the same time, three members of HUAC were defeated; also defeated were some strong proponents of HUAC—Rep. Louis C. Wyman, for example, of New Hampshire, who ran a "one man" inquisition in that state before being elected to Congress. In addition, quite a number of newly elected members are known to favor abolition.

The National Committee to Abolish HUAC will set up headquarters in Washington on December 27 at the Congressional Hotel, 300 New Jersey Avenue, S.E., Washington, D.C. Area Code 202, LI. 6-6611, for the duration of the campaign. The committee needs and deserves all the support it can get: money; signatures to the petition; letters, visits and telephone calls to Congressmen. This year it will be possible to arouse the conscience of the Congress to the necessity of honoring the commitment of its members to the political values embodied in the Declaration, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. It will be possible, that is, if enough citizens decide to enlist themselves in this endeavor between now and January 4.

Lead Time to Utopia

It has become a commonplace that the time gap between a scientific discovery and its technological application has shrunk enormously. What is less obvious is that this speed-up is reflected in the realm of politics, which is traditionally thought to lag far behind technology. The society which results is not the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, but neither is it the stand-pat world of Calvin Coolidge.

Examples abound. On July 21, 1955, President Eisenhower made his famous open-skies proposal at the UN. The delegates listened politely, but utopian was the mildest term applied to the idea. It was widely regarded as a gimmick that the President himself did not take seriously, except that it served to put the Russians on the spot. The Russians ignored it; American press comment was to the effect that Soviet and American surveillance aircraft would fly unmolested over each other's territory when the lion and the lamb lay down together. Yet, nine years later, the flights are going on, not in each nation's air space, but in the airless space above. To be sure, photo planes, manned and unmanned, are widely used to survey nuclear goings-on in Red China and elsewhere, but the chosen instrument of up-to-date surveillance is the orbiting satellite

—on the American side Discoverer, Midas, Samos, Nimbus and probably others even less in the public domain. According to one reporter, with the latest cameras and electronic magnifying techniques, Samos can read a newspaper from orbital altitude. This is stretching it a bit, but the fact is that the Soviets view everything of military interest in the United States (except that their satellites are inclined too much from a polar orbit to cover Alaska), and we make certain that they keep no secrets from us. No one objects. The open-skies proposal is in operation—not acknowledged, not formalized, just a fact of life in the complex new world.

An instance of a different sort began with the publication in the May 11, 1963, special issue of *The Nation* of Robert Theobald's treatise on abundance, which later appeared as a book, *Free Men and Free Markets*. Theobald's proposal for a guaranteed annual income, to break the nexus between work and income in an increasingly workless age, was and is still dismissed as utopian. Nevertheless, according to a Washington report, one of the task forces charged with blueprinting President Johnson's program for the Great Society has come up with a plan for a cash subsidy for low-income Americans. Not only does their scanty income exempt them from tax liability, but they would receive a cash grant according to the amount by which they fall short of the total of their exemptions. There is no assurance that the proposal will be adopted this year or next, but the fact that it gets into the news at all is significant. It is a first timid, tentative step in the direction of a guaranteed annual income for all Americans, regardless of work status.

The idea seems to appeal to some farmers, a group traditionally convinced that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them, and should be good enough for their children. Subsidies for farmers are of course very respectable, but the $4 billion that is pumped out annually goes mostly to the farmers and farming corporations whose income already averages $9,500 a year. James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, wants the not-so-prosperous farmer to receive a guaranteed income of $5,000 a year. The proposal will be dismissed as utopian, of course, but with utopias coming along so fast we may see it before we believe it.

A Fitting Memorial

Estes Kefauver is remembered, and with good reason, for his attacks on the practices of the drug companies, but the fact is that through his Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, beginning in 1957 until his death in 1963, Kefauver was the principal crusader against administered prices in all fields, not only in drugs. The only break he ever got from the press was when he was trying to promote drug safety and the thalidomide scandal happened to hit the headlines at the right moment. Babies are news, deformed babies are shocking news, and Kefauver and his assistants had a brief taste of acclaim. Perhaps eventually the reports on monopoly practices in steel, autos, baking and electrical machinery, as well as drugs, will receive the recognition they deserve, but it is not likely until the happy days of the boom economy pass away and nostrums fail to bring them back.

Still, if good works are for a time forgotten, there is something in the American character that will not allow the man himself to fall into oblivion. When Kefauver died, *The Nation* said editorially that the American people had lost the best friend they had had in Congress since George W. Norris failed of re-election to the Senate in 1942. Norris has the TVA for his monument; the Estes Kefauver Memorial Foundation has been formed to remind future generations of Americans of Kefauver's services to America and all humanity. Among the incorporators and contributors are names one would expect to see: George Meany, Edmund Orgill, George Dempster, Gordon Browning, Walter Reuther, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young. There is also a good representation from the enlightened rich—W. L. Clayton and Edward Lamb being cases in point. It is heart-warming to note what a wide range of people admired Kefauver.

The purpose of the Kefauver Foundation is to "encourage leadership based upon the principles portrayed in his life in which neither sectionalism nor prejudice nor special interests was ever allowed to interfere with the common good." Kefauver himself, with a minimum of publicity, gave a great deal of aid to education while he lived, and among the projects of the foundation are an Estes Kefauver Memorial Library at the University of Tennessee, an annual lecture series on unity among the self-governing peoples of the world, and a scholarship fund. Kefauver's friends would like him to be remembered at the University of Tennessee as Thomas Jefferson is remembered at the University of Virginia. Kefauver's correspondence, like Jefferson's, was voluminous, and it should be kept in one place for the inspiration of the young and scholarly.

A project like this should not be left only to the wealthy and prominent. A total of $775,000 is needed. Contributions are tax-deductible and may be made to: Estes Kefauver Memorial Foundation, Administration Building, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The $35,000 Misunderstanding

The ineptness with which the Democratic majority on the Senate Rules Committee is conducting the current phase of the Bobby Baker investigation is so palpable as to suggest that it is calculated. Fruitful lines of inquiry are opened up, only to be abruptly dropped. Endless squabbling between Republicans and Democrats on the committee diverts attention from significant testimony. At times the chairman seems to be more interested in "sandbagging" Senator Williams—the phrase is Senator Curtis'—than in getting at the facts.

The bias of the majority is shown in the way the inquiry was conveniently adjourned so that certain damaging admissions would not be put on the record until after the election. Matthew H. McCloskey's post-election testimony about the $35,000 "overpayment" or "goof" strikingly confirms what Don B. Reynolds had previously told the committee. When a man of Mr. McCloskey's legendary shrewdness makes a $35,000 "goof" it is cause for wonder and amazement. Similarly, the post-election testimony of William M. McLeod, Jr., former clerk of the House of Representatives, to the effect that he had received $1,500 "as a gift" from Mr. Reynolds, after the Reynolds firm had been chosen by McCloskey as broker to handle the insurance on the stadium contract, tends to confirm Reynolds' story.

Even if these post-election admissions were energetically pursued and the inferences confirmed, the committee would merely have succeeded in proving what everyone more or less assumes, namely, that Bobby Baker raised lots of money, by all sorts of stratagems. The point of interest is, for whom did Baker raise money and in what amounts? What Senators had business dealings with him? It should be fairly easy to get the facts—not from Baker, who is not talking—but from the Senators whose names have been mentioned in connection with Baker's activities, starting with Senator Smathers.

But there is another and more important aspect to the inquiry. From the outset there have been significant overtones to the testimony about payoffs on defense contracts. The Quorum Club, in which Baker was active, was heavily larded with representatives of defense contractors. Admittedly, Baker had close ties with North American Aviation's public relations representative, since indicted for income-tax evasion. References to vending-machine concessions in defense plants keep recurring in the testimony. All this suggests that the Baker inquiry, if it were vigorously pursued, could lift the curtain on a neglected aspect of the cold-war military budget. For years now, the government has been spending $50 billion a year on defense. Are we asked to believe, knowing what we do about government contracts generally, that these immense sums were disbursed without a great deal of money being spent to win friends and influence bureaucrats? The Washington *Star* reports that the committee, in secret session, has heard testimony that a payment of $100,000 resulted from the award of a controversial aircraft contract, the money being earmarked for the use of a very high official. If the Democratic majority attempts to seal off the inquiry with such rumors circulating in Washington, it could well have cause to regret its action. There are some scandals that become more explosive the longer they are suppressed.

THE CONGO

Hostages, Mercenaries and the CIA . . John Hatch

The United States and Belgium acted within international law and in accordance with international practice when carrying out their rescue operation in the Congo. The Stanleyville group's policy of holding civilian hostages in order to advance its military fortunes is entirely contrary to international morality. When it became clear that negotiation was impossible, both governments took the only course compatible with their responsibility for the safety of their nationals. The fact that the hostages were white while their captors were black is irrelevant—and it is unfortunate that this aspect has been emphasized in many reports. Presumably African governments would try to intervene in a like manner if their citizens were similarly threatened by the South African Government.

Yet this is no more than legal and moral justification for action taken after the crisis had arisen. It neither explains nor justifies American and Belgian involvement in creating a situation where more than 1,000 non-Congolese lives were endangered. It is true that as long ago as early August the rebels refused U Thant's appeal for safe conduct of non-Congolese out of rebel-held territory. This, together with the apparent inability of rebel leaders to enforce discipline, and their overt attempt to use the hostages as a bargaining factor, does little to support African claims that the foreigners would have been safe if the paratroopers had not invaded.

But what happened between August and November to arouse the rebel hatred of America and Belgium to the pitch where their nationals were indiscriminately assaulted and eventually murdered? It should be remembered that the United States attained considerable prestige in the Congo outside Katanga during the period when United Nations forces were successfully preventing Moise Tshombe from separating his province from the central government.

The fact is that over the past six months the United States, like every other non-African government before it—including the Communists—has shown a complete lack of understanding of the African mind. For the past two years the CIA had been pouring money out to sustain Cyrille Adoula as its protégé Prime Minister. Yet Adoula, despite American and UN aid, had proved himself entirely incapable of building either an administrative or a military organization capable of holding the country together. Thus when Tshombe returned to Leopoldville last June, just as the last UN forces were leaving, the authority of the central government had almost disappeared. Several armed revolts

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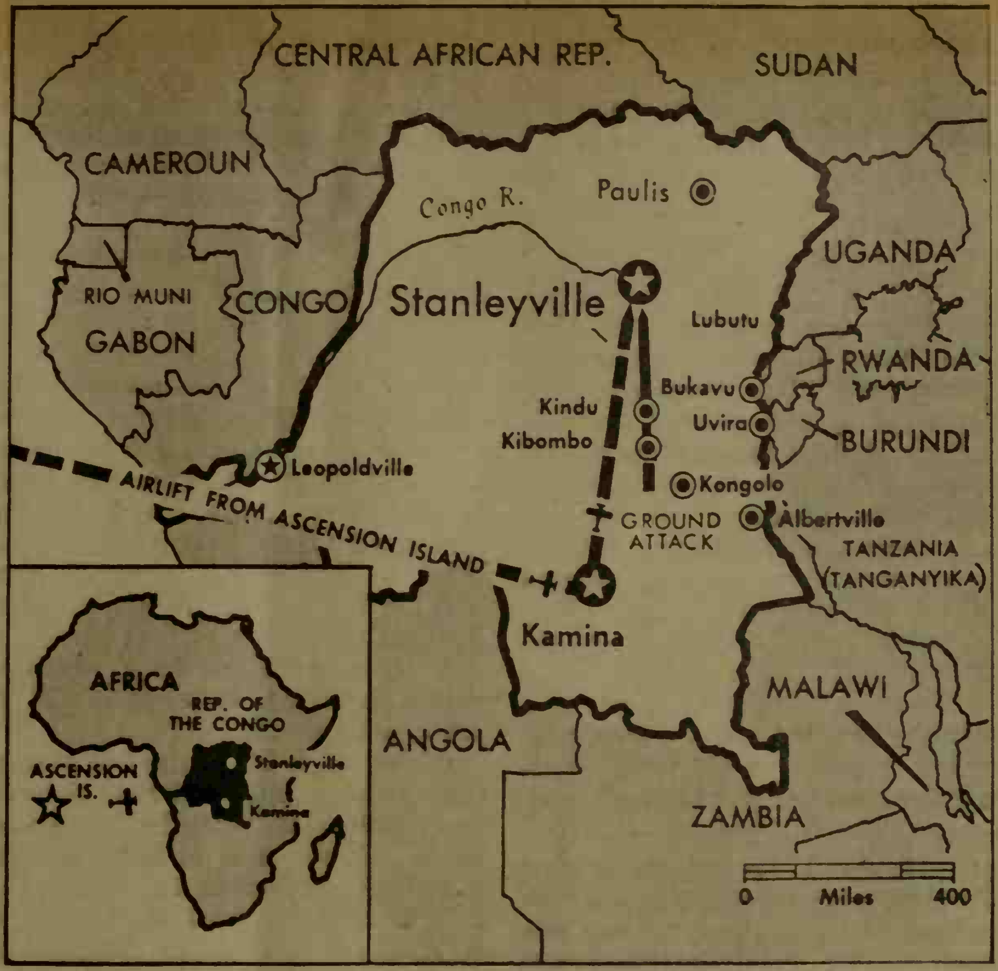
John Hatch, now lecturing at Texas Southern University, is commonwealth correspondent for the New Statesman. *He is the author of several books on Africa, among them,* Africa Today—and Tomorrow *(Praeger) and* A History of Postwar Africa, *to be published by Praeger in May.*

were already in progress. General Mobutu's army drew its pay but showed no inclination to fight, and it seemed likely that in a matter of weeks one or other of the rebel forces would occupy Leopoldville itself. Moreover, none of the rebel groups appeared to have any greater powers of discipline than the central government. Anarchy was blazing across the whole country.

It was not therefore surprising that within a few days of his return Tshombe was able to persuade the Binza group, which controlled the army and gendarmerie, and which had been his bitter enemies in his Katanga days, that he offered a less impossible prospect of order than the broken reed, Adoula. Yet when he became Prime Minister on July 9, Americans in the Congo were taken completely by surprise. They awoke to discover that all the presents and equipment which they had lavished on Adoula, together with all his files, had been removed overnight from the premier's house, and Tshombe had moved in. President Kasavubu had accepted him as interim prime minister until the new constitution should come into effect in 1965 and new elections be held.



National Observer

Given a little foresight, the Americans and Belgians might have recognized this moment as their last opportunity to evacuate their civilians from danger. Rebel forces were now operating in North Katanga, Kivu, Haut Congo, Kasai and Kwilu. The Comité National de Libération (CNL), based across the river from Leopoldville in Brazzaville and in the eastern neighbor Burundi, was advised by the Chinese Communists and had established military training camps. It was often rent by division, with Christophe Gbenye, Gaston Soumialot, Pierre Mulele, Nicolas Olenga and Bocheley Davidson all taking independent action. But this lack of unified direction could lead only to greater danger to foreigners as the mixture of tribalism, Lumumbaism, revenge, greed, drugs and hysteria led undisciplined armed mobs into wanton destruction. When hatred of Tshombe was added to this explosive mixture, the danger to foreigners was bound to become acute. There was not an hour to delay.

But divided counsels appear to have confused American policy at this critical moment. While G. Mennen Williams, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was urging an African solution and offering dollars to pay for the maintenance of African troops to aid the Tshombe government, the U.S. Government, presumably under CIA pressure, committed itself to paramilitary aid. It thereby placed itself squarely in the Tshombe camp, accepting the odium inevitably entailed, but still leaving the rescue of foreigners in the country in the hands of Tshombe's national army. Thus the United States secured the worst of both alternatives: it provoked political hostility without gaining security for its own citizens.

A clear understanding of Tshombe's position could have led to a more enlightened American policy. Tshombe had aroused the ire of all Africa by his attempt to separate Katanga from the Congo in defiance of the United Nations. He was widely suspected of murdering Lumumba, the first constitutional Congolese prime minister. He was believed to be the puppet of Belgian financial and industrial interests and during his exile in Madrid he lived on money taken from Katanga, together with subventions from Belgian businessmen. Moreover, Tshombe's visits from Katanga to Sir Roy Welensky, then Prime Minister of the African-hated Central African Federation, gave him the reputation of being the white supremacists' stooge.

Tshombe was therefore obviously unacceptable to the leadership of the African continent and bound to provoke still greater antagonisms within the Congo itself. This was soon evident when the Cairo conference of the Organization of African Unity, attended by all other African heads of state, refused to admit him.

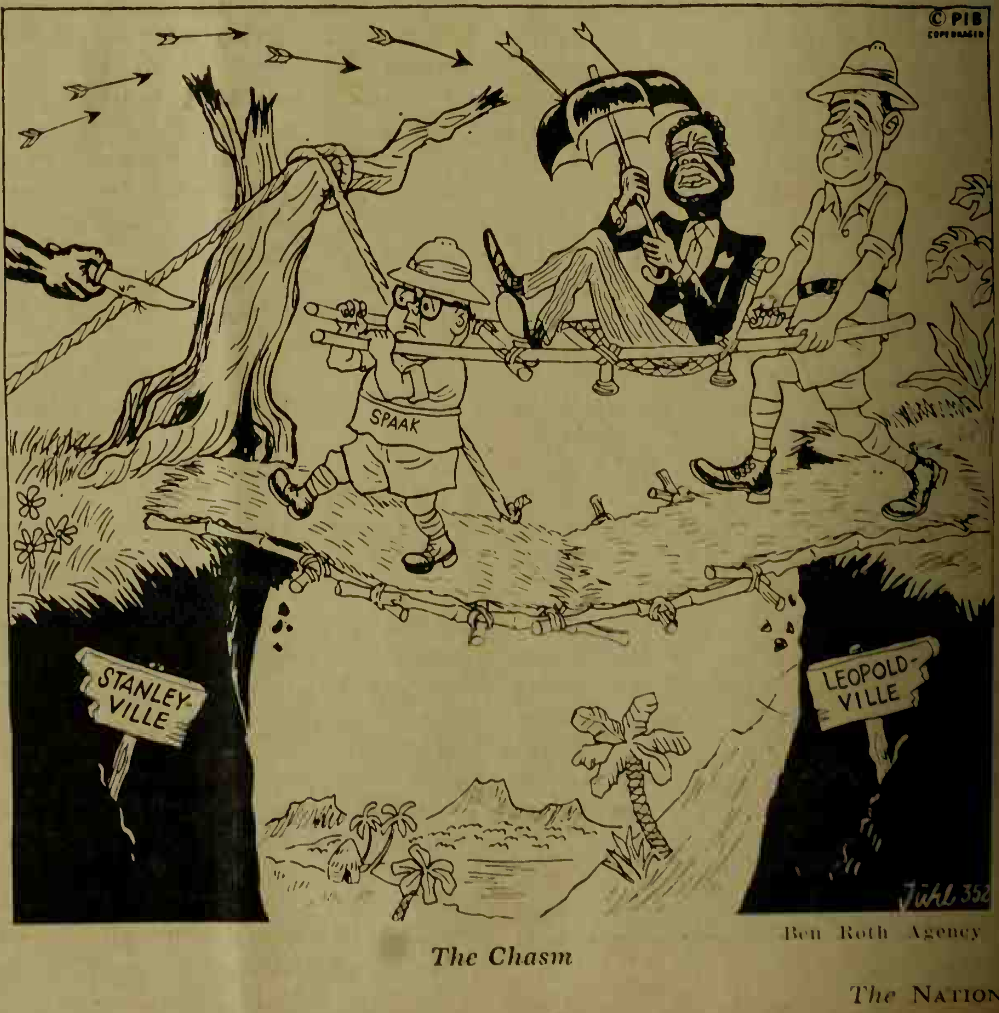
Yet Tshombe is also an astute politician. He is the complete opportunist, ready to accept any allies if they can further his ambitions. Before returning to Leopoldville he had not only negotiated with the CNL of Brazzaville, but had alerted his old Katanga gendarmes, who were being trained in Angola, and activated machinery for recruiting white mercenaries in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. So Tshombe took three alternative policies back to the Congo with him. First, he hoped to secure power by negotiation; but although one CNL member joined his government, while he released Antoine Gizenga, Lumumba's heir, from captivity, negotiations never got off the ground. Then he appealed to Malagasy, Liberia, Nigeria, Ethiopia and Senegal for troops to help his national army. None of these countries were hostile—and Malagasy's President Tsiranana is a friend—but none would move without the approval of the OAU. So Tshombe cashed his main insurance policy and appealed to the United States and Belgium for military aid. The Belgians were frightened of the danger to their civilians if they became openly involved and, despite W. Averell Harriman's pressure, would not allow their Congo training officers to become combatants. America sent C130 transport planes, T28 fighter-bombers, helicopters and old B26 bombers—with Cuban exiles on CIA contracts flying them. And Tshombe recalled his Katanga gendarmes, together with white mercenaries recruited in the south.

It should be recognized that Tshombe is constitutional head of the Congolese Government. He was appointed by President Kasavubu under the constitution. He therefore has a perfect right to ask for military assistance for his government, as does any national leader who finds his state threatened. So the issue arising from supporting Tshombe is political, not constitutional. It is none the less serious for that. As long as UN forces were present to support Adoula, the covert CIA help to him hardly offended African opinion. The open support given by the United States to Tshombe was a totally different matter. It made it appear that he was being used by America and Belgium to safeguard foreign investments in contemptuous defiance of the wishes demonstrated by African heads of state in the OAU. By any African standard this was deliberate "neo-colonialism"; by some it was an open attempt to re-establish naked imperialism from a Congo base. Inside the Congo it inflamed anti-American passions to hysteria; outside, it destroyed the good will created by American support for the UN mission and provided propaganda for those convinced that American aims in Africa are financial and imperialistic.

One might argue that if America had not given para-military aid the whole Congo might have been overrun by Chinese-supported rebels. Certainly the special meeting of the OAU foreign ministers in Addis Ababa during September showed itself unable to cope with the problems of reconciliation—but this was held after America had committed itself to Tshombe. It is possible that Pan Africanists would have allowed the rebels to take control of the country. Yet the Chinese have always remained discreetly behind the scenes. No African leader believes that the rebellions are promoted by the Chinese or that rebel leaders are or would be controlled by them. The help given by Chinese missions, by the New China News Agency and, particularly, by Peking's Counselor in Brazzaville, Colonel Kan Mai, is considered in Africa as a legitimate balance to that given by the CIA—and given to a worthier cause. But it has never consisted of military planes.

Above all, it is essential to realize the southern-central African context in which this struggle is taking place. Africa north of the Zambezi is entirely united in its determination to extirpate the last vestiges of colonialism and white domination from the continent. These are to be seen in Southern Rhodesia, in Portuguese Angola, Mozambique and Guinea, and in South Africa. The Southern Rhodesian whites, led by Prime Minister Ian Smith, are defying the British Government and trying to fix their supremacy permanently on a country where they are outnumbered by Africans in a ratio of twenty to one. On his last visit to London, Mr. Smith paid a call on Dr. Salazar in Lisbon. He has also been to see Dr. Verwoerd in South Africa. Meanwhile, the South Africans and Portuguese have had their own military discussions. Now Southern Rhodesian and South African whites are fighting for Tshombe as contract soldiers. It is they who have brought some little discipline into the Congo national army and it was they who led the attack on Stanleyville. Without them the army would be no more effective under Tshombe than it was under Adoula.

It thus needs little imagination to envisage Tshombe as the stooge of a white supremacist plot to turn back the wave of African nationalism which, with Zambia's independence, has now reached the Zambezi. He is constitutional Prime Minister of the Congo, but supported by South Africans, Southern Rhodesians, Belgians and Americans—and by very few Africans. His accession to power provided the rebels,



Ben Roth Agency

The Chasm

despite their divisions, lack of discipline and brutalities, with new African sympathy—which has inevitably rubbed off in a minor way on their Chinese supporters; while those who support him are just as inevitably tarred with white supremacy. It is now widely believed in Africa that American and Belgian business interests have decided that their investments in copper, gold, industry, commerce and finance are the first priority and can best be safeguarded by supporting the apartheid leaders in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia and those Africans, like Tshombe, who will work with them. To Africans this is the counterrevolution against democratic nationalism; those who support it are their enemies; those who oppose it, their friends.

Of course, there is a great deal of "double-think" in this position. The OAU itself failed its responsibility when it excluded Tshombe, a legitimate Congo leader, from the Cairo conference. The dangerously explosive situation was thus neglected by African leaders just at the crucial stage when UN forces had left and any hope of national unity depended on mediation between the central government and the rebels. For nearly three vital months the situation was allowed to fester without African initiative. Then again, the Addis Ababa meeting of foreign ministers, held specifically on the Congo situation, entirely failed to offer a practical solution. If Tshombe was to be coerced into dismissing his mercenaries and discarding American military aid, he had to be provided with troops from other African countries; and genuine mediation on the spot was essential to prevent further anarchy. When all these blunders and omissions had been committed, it was hypocrisy to condemn Americans or Belgians for seeking to rescue their nationals from the peril in which the various governments had placed them. The rebel terms for their safety—intervention to halt the advance of Tshombe's army—proves that these hostages were being used as pawns in the military struggle. This is surely unacceptable to anyone who retains respect for humanity, even in warfare.

Yet, despite all the emotional reactions of the Africans, the fact remains that America and Belgium have actively intervened in this African struggle. In doing so the Americans, at least, appear to have been provoked by fear of China—and have reacted just as the Chinese would wish. Instead of hearing warnings against Communist imperialism recently voiced by such leaders as Julius Nyerere and Tom Mboya, Africa will now be filled with denunciations of American "neo-colonialism." And the reverberations will significantly affect this next session of the United Nations when the issues of Southern Rhodesia, Portuguese colonialism and South West Africa appear on the agenda.

What can now be done to prevent the Congo's developing into a major field of international tension? For the sake of the Congolese themselves, for the safety of those foreigners remaining in the country and for the political influence of the West, it is essential to recognize the Congo as predominantly an African problem. This does not mean that it can or should be ignored, but its solution has always depended on African mediation. Military intervention can only postpone and further complicate such a solution. There is no reason to suppose that Tshombe's army has won a final victory; rather it seems probable that fighting will continue or break out afresh until a political settlement is made and an administration built upon it. Next year elections are due. The new constitution provides for a strong executive president, and already the shadow of conflict between Tshombe and Kasavubu is creeping over the political scene. Local vendettas, together with an absence of administration, foretell continued anarchy.

The only policy capable of matching Western interests with African realities is to place the resources of the West squarely behind the African leaders in the Organization of African Unity. American policy over the past six months has damaged this prospect. Emotional reactions against Tshombe on the part of African leaders have prejudiced their chances of meeting this major challenge to African responsibility. Yet the heart of the issue remains where it has always been. Africans alone can unite the Congolese and the West alone has the resources to enable them to do so. The sooner a bridge can be rebuilt between the West and African leaders, the lower will be the price the world will have to pay for the Congo tragedy. That price could go as high as an international war throughout southern Africa.

Mobilization For Youth

Feuding Over Poverty . . . .

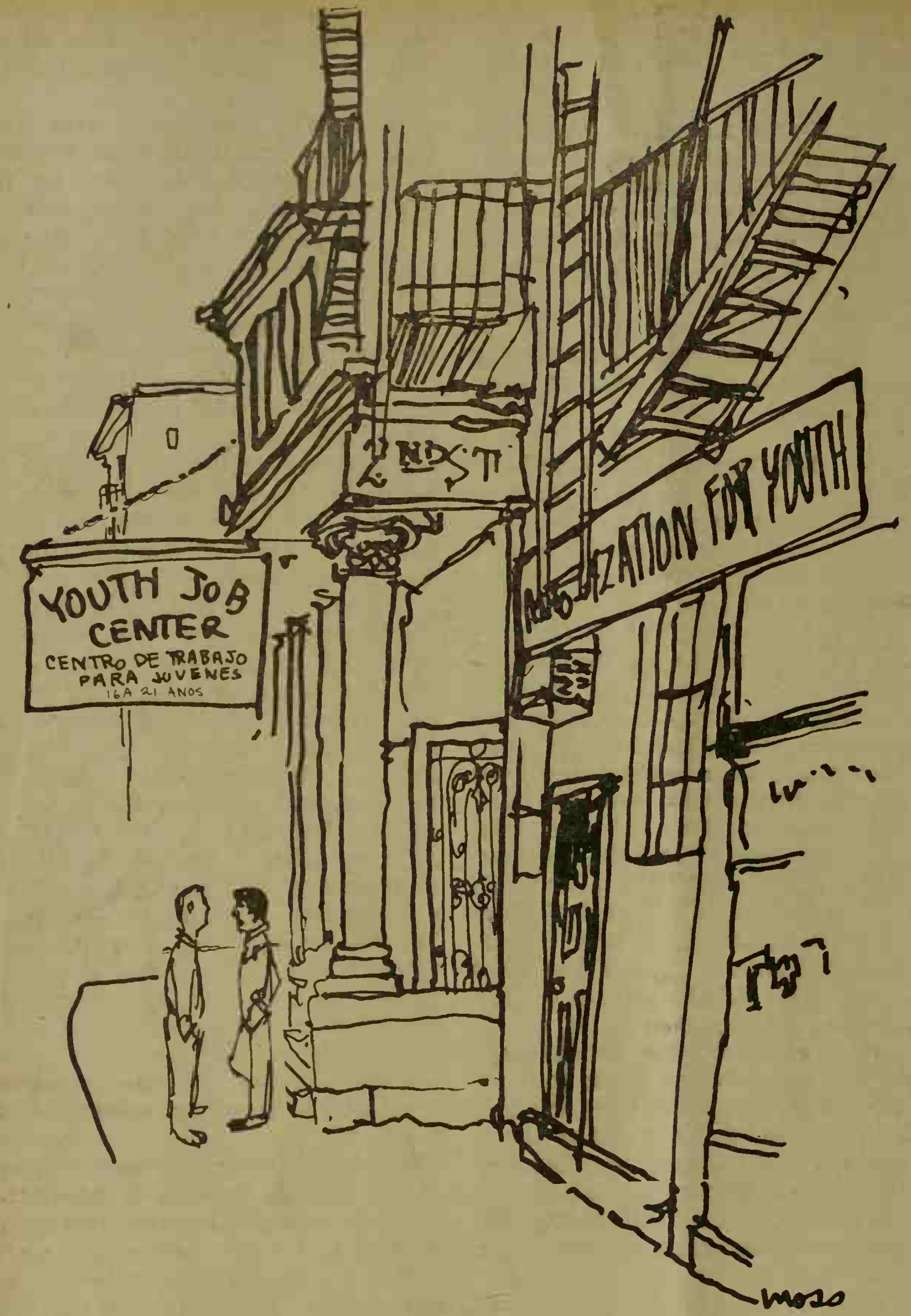
Herbert Krosney

"Poverty's where the money is this year," remarked one observer last summer in Washington when the anti-poverty bill was passed. Within weeks, the New York *Daily News* began a crusade against Mobilization for Youth, then halfway through its second year on Manhattan's Lower East Side. MFY is thus a pilot experiment in combating poverty; its fate may well influence the orientation of the national War on Poverty, so crucial to President Johnson's vision of the Great Society.

The *News* charged that Mobilization was Red-infested, had fomented racial dissatisfaction and riots, was inefficiently run and ridden by scandal. The paper soon dropped some of its charges, but the attack, coming at the start of a national election campaign in which one party was deeply committed to anti-poverty legislation, held more than routine "corruption" interest. The Republican Vice Presidential candidate, William E. Miller, proclaimed that the matter was "very much a campaign issue."

The MFY board of directors hired

Herbert Krosney writes and produces for public affairs television. The material in this article will appear as a chapter in his forthcoming book, Hard Times, Good Times *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*



a lawyer-investigator to search into the accusations of corruption and disloyalty, and was able to defend its personnel and the uses made of its $14 million welfare grants (58 per cent from the federal government, 28 per cent from the city, 14 per cent from the Ford Foundation). Beneath the surface of the sensational news stories, however, lay the strategy of politics in this age of big-money welfare. In this complex of conflicting interests, Mobilization had offended institutions with access to New York's City Hall; had lost political friends and made no new ones; had allowed itself to be overshadowed by the larger stakes of national anti-poverty legislation.

Mobilization for Youth has been, in a sense, controversial from its inception. Its programs depart from the traditional approaches to social welfare. The "Young Turks" of the social welfare field who are responsible for it have sparked a growing movement away from rehabilitative programs like Aid for Dependent Children and outright relief which, they believe, only stratify and infix poverty. As Richard Cloward, co-author of *Delinquency and Opportunity*, and one of MFY's three directors, has pointed out, Mobilization programs attempt to uproot poverty by engaging the total local community in self-help. A Mobilization pamphlet reads:

> *Mobilization's approach to the problems of delinquency and poverty stresses the importance of barriers to opportunity: opportunity to break out of the poverty cycle by becoming employable; opportunity to become employable through education; opportunity to become educable through services that enhance morale and motivation.*

The key words in the statement are "educable" and "employable." In this context, educable means the introduction of social programs that involve the community in self-education. Thus, residents in the community, instead of relying on professional social workers, teach one another. High school students tutor younger children and are paid for doing so. In the Lower East Side community which MFY serves, 3,000 pupils who were reading below grade have been reached by remedial programs; some 2,500 additional children in pre-school and kindergarten have been helped in ways designed to prevent their becoming retarded in the future.

Employability means preparing young people to be flexible in the fast-changing job market of automation. It means training, not so much with the aim of acquiring a given skill, as in attaining the confidence necessary to get a job and to hold it.

Mobilization's approaches to education and work training, which account for more than 50 per cent of its budget, are thus controversial, but mainly in the social welfare field itself. Laymen accept them almost without question, as is evidenced by the fact that Title 1B of the new federal anti-poverty bill is modeled on MFY's work programs.

However, there is more to Mobilization than education and work. Crucial to enhancing "morale and motivation" in a depressed area is the community action program, supplemented by the work of the legal services unit. These two Mobilization divisions account for only 8 per cent of the total budget, but they have been instrumental in arousing a hostility that compromises every penny MFY has, and could conceivably compromise every penny of the millions earmarked for the anti-poverty programs now budding throughout the country.

In Mobilization's original proposal, community action was barely mentioned. However, as they began to work and to sense what could be done in a community, many (not all) in Mobilization came to feel that community action was the heart of the program. Through it, Mobilization workers counsel and advise on issues that concern the area, while the agency as such takes no official position. The community action workers, for instance, consulted with groups wishing to join the "March on Washington" in 1963. By such means, they attempt to stimulate community awareness and to activate people in resentment against their condition. This part of MFY's program is designed to achieve a revolution in expectations.

A revolution, if it is real, is always dangerous to someone. The MFY revolution threatened established community patterns on the Lower East Side and, paradoxically, financed the threat with public money that often represented the very institutions it proposed to upset. It trod on toes which could kick back and which did kick back at a time when poverty programs had become a hot political issue, and MFY found itself politically isolated.

The process of estrangement could hardly have been more systematic if someone had planned it. Mobilization's first real difficulties came in January, 1964, just before the first civil rights school boycott. The community action group had advised Puerto Rican mothers in the area who wanted to protest over the lack of school textbooks. Twenty-six public school principals in the area —people who appreciated the remedial reading and pre-grade-school instruction Mobilization was offering in its educational programs— protested vigorously. Their telegram to Mayor Wagner, with a copy to President Johnson, read:

> *We the school principals of districts 1, 2, 3, 4 Manhattan hereby demand an investigation of Mobilization for Youth and ask for the removal of Mr. George Brager, its director of action programs whose activities with parent education and community organization workers has resulted in these workers becoming full-time paid agitators and organizers for extremist groups. This constitutes an abuse of the noble purpose for which great sums of federal and municipal money were originally appropriated. This movement has been subverted from its original plan to war against delinquency into a war against individual schools and their leaders, to what purpose we cannot at the present time divine. These groups have attacked principals and the schools in an irrational and irresponsible manner. They have created a situation which is demoralizing and undermining the sincere and dedicated efforts of our professional leaders who voluntarily render their services in this difficult but challenging area of the city. While they have on the one hand met with us principals and superintendents to resolve the various difficulties that have arisen as a result of these parent and community group activities, they have on the other hand continued and broadened their untruthful attack on our work. We can and will document all of our charges.*

The principals were not supported by their own school boards, which immediately repudiated them in a telegram that read in part:

> *It is our impression that the Mobilization for Youth program has been of inestimable value to our Lower East Side community. This program includes many areas outside the realm of education whose effectiveness no one has questioned, as well as many useful experiments in the field of education which have already been adopted by other school districts in the city.*
>
> *We believe that some of the activities of parent groups which have been questioned in the above mentioned telegram as "extremist," work of "agitators," may be the normal response of concerned minority group people who simply seek a better education for their children*
>
> *We are on record as encouraging full participation by the parents of all children in the educational processes.*

One of Mobilization's directors James E. McCarthy, called the mothers' protest ". . . a healthy sign of an awakening community." And Alex Rosen, dean of the N.Y.U. School of Social Work, commented later: "If these mothers want to talk back to a principal, they have every right to do so. The agency's goal is to involve them in the democratic processes."

When the civil rights boycott came on February 3, Mobilization took no official position. However, staff workers gave skillful advice to any groups that wanted to participate. with the result that MFY's area had one of the highest percentages of effective boycott in the entire city—more than 80 per cent —and about the same as Harlem's.

Again, the school principals were understandably annoyed. At a time when MFY should perhaps have been consolidating its position, it was alienating these well-intentioned and basically sympathetic people who, for at least a while, could have been Mobilization's strong friends.

MFY's experience with the police was similar. In many minority communities today the cop is counted among the worst enemies. Cries of police brutality have become all too familiar in this age of increased civil rights consciousness: the charge is often a device of political maneuver, but the people stereotype the police as sadists, and the police respond with hostility and contempt.

The legal services unit of MFY decided to try to protect the rights of residents of the Mobilization area. They attempted to inform as many as possible that they had legal rights, and that a phone call to MFY at any hour of the day or night would bring them the services of a lawyer.

Granted that the indigent receive the worst legal counsel in American society; granted also that providing legal help for the poor is an excellent idea (Mobilization is acting in many areas as *plaintiffs* for the poor; the Legal Aid Society acts only to defend its clients); still, there was an implication of mistrust of the police—either that they are brutal or that they refuse legitimate requests for legal help.

A Mobilization lawyer can speak lightly of the police indignation: "Their reaction seemed far beyond any that rational grounds would permit." It might be an excellent idea for lawyers to be on hand in police stations throughout the country, and it is certain that in the Mobilization area most of the defendants know of no lawyer to call. But Mobilization made no attempt to explain to police, or to City Hall, what it was doing. It was again intruding directly on an agency which —as a public service—might have been more responsive to MFY's aims through influence from a higher level.

Mobilization took on a third fight when it began to advise tenants of their rights against landlords. In slum areas where housing is inadequate and often deteriorated or dilapidated, where, as on the Lower East Side, occupancy is at the level of 99 per cent, the landlord has alarming power over the lives of his tenants. The tenants must have a recourse, and they do; yet, as often as not, they are sadly ignorant of their basic rights.

Mobilization lawyers and community action workers helped tenants take the offensive in their grievances. Often, according to a Mobilization lawyer, the very appearance of a lawyer would cause the landlord to put in repairs. Obviously, real estate interests in the area began to be disturbed by MFY pressure. The resentment was compounded when Mobilization began to tell clients about Section 755 of the Real Property Actions and Proceedings Law. This section is the famous rent-strike provision. A tenant living in a building whose landlord has not put in the required minimal services can refuse to pay rent. The landlord must then take the tenant to court, and while the case is pending the tenant pays his rent to a special court fund.

Section 755 became the basis of many of the *Daily News* charges. The paper tried to associate Jesse Gray, leader of the Harlem rent strike, with MFY, but it has never been proved that he had anything to do with Mobilization. Unfortunately, in the housing area, Mobilization gave counsel to and worked with downtown CORE. This group later dumped dead rats on Mayor Wagner's doorstep, a gesture which, however vivid, was not calculated to gain the Mayor's sympathy. Mobilization actions on the housing front were justified by the situation, but they did nothing to win influential support in the neighborhood.

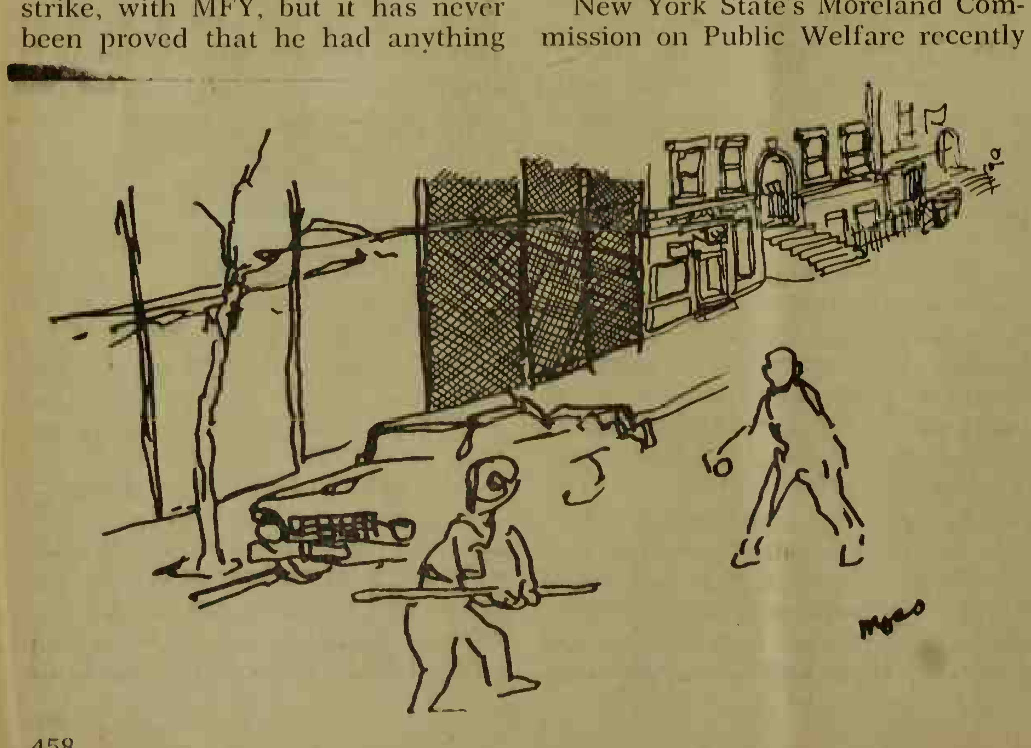
The fourth area of Mobilization militancy was public welfare itself, where its workers again caused resentment because the very act of defending welfare recipients implied a criticism of the dispensing organizations. At issue, in particular, was the Welfare Abuses Law, passed shortly after the Newburgh controversy, which withholds aid from those who come to New York for the specific purpose of getting on relief. [See "Welfare à la Newburgh" by William B. Rollins and Bernard Lefkowitz, *The Nation*, Sept. 16, 1961, p. 157.] Mobilization's legal services director, Edward Sparer, held that the law was misapplied. The key case, taken up by the State Fair Hearing Board, concerned a Puerto Rican common-law wife who came to New York with her six children in search of her husband. She was denied welfare on the grounds that she had arrived without visible means of support and with the thought that she could get welfare. Mobilization won the case, and this constituted a significant reversal in the interpretation of the Welfare Abuses Law.

New York State's Moreland Commission on Public Welfare recently completed a study on the first ten months of the Welfare Abuses Law. Some 2,737 persons were rejected for welfare on the basis of motive; only 387 were given emergency aid —and that on the condition that they go back where they came from. Sparer feels that "2,730 of the 2,737 cases could have been reversed if the clients had had adequate legal aid." Mobilization has won every case it has brought to the attention of the proper authorities.

Finally, there is the Catholic Church. About 67 per cent of Mobilization's youth clientele is Puerto Rican; close to 30 per cent is Negro, and the remainder is white. It is safe to say that at least three-quarters of these young people are Catholic. Naturally, the Church has a strong interest in what Mobilization does with them. Little can be documented, but there are rumors that the Catholic Church sent a letter to City Hall several years ago opposing the formation of Mobilization. Though nothing has been said publicly, the feeling persists that the Church, by nature a conservative body, has not quite liked the odor of social militancy that flows from the doors of Mobilization headquarters on East 2nd Street.

In sum, throughout the first year and three-quarters of its operation, Mobilization engaged in a multi-pronged thrust on poverty and delinquency on the Lower East Side, and in so doing managed in one way or another to alienate many of the institutions with which it rubbed elbows.

Meanwhile, as Mobilization was becoming something of a pariah in its own neighborhood, it was growing politically isolated at various levels of government and for a variety of reasons, not all of which were subject to MFY's control. The most stunning blow was the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The late President had taken a special interest in the project, and Robert F. Kennedy, while attorney general, had been vigorous on its behalf and had twice visited its Lower East Side home. David Hackett, the former attorney general's special assistant and executive director of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, had been a particular friend of Mobilization. Funds earmarked for Mobilization were channeled through the committee, and the executive director was dedi-



cated to the organization's program.

The new President made poverty a major issue, but he was not committed emotionally to Mobilization as Kennedy had been. Though Johnson called it one of the most promising anti-poverty projects, it did not bear his stamp at a time when he desperately wanted to accomplish something for himself. He was committed to his own anti-poverty bill which, in funds and scope, dwarfed Mobilization's paltry $14 million, and he wanted to get the total program started. At the White House, interest was shifting from Mobilization specifically to poverty in general.

A similar process was taking place at the city level. The chief liaison for Mobilization at City Hall was the Office of City Administration, headed by Deputy Mayor Charles H. Tenney. Director McCarthy was supposed to be the MFY man with the political connections, and Tenney was his friend. But early in 1964, Tenney was appointed to a federal judgeship, and after his departure, the Office of City Administration declined in influence. Power gradually accumulated in the hands of City Council President Paul Screvane and the Mayor's special assistant, Julius C. C. Edelstein, and this was eventually formalized by the formation of the Antipoverty Operations Board, headed by Screvane with Edelstein as executive secretary. Neither of these men was—or has since become — a particular friend of Mobilization. And McCarthy did not look around for other friends in the city administration.

Slowly, Mobilization's directors realized what was happening to their political support. In the late spring of 1964, McCarthy, Cloward, Brager and others high in MFY informally discussed what could be done. They realized that strong political allies were essential and decided to turn to the civil rights groups for support. These groups are a formidable source of political power in New York or any other Northern city. Cloward commented recently: "We knew, and felt, that we should turn to the civil rights organizations. But, you know, summer was coming, and although we understood our situation, we didn't feel it was an urgent situation. Bluntly, we didn't do anything."

M.F.Y.
FOOD SHOP
M.F.Y.
LAWYER
ONE WAY
TRAFFIC AHEAD
COFFEE SHOP

Two further events complicated the picture. Robert F. Kennedy, having decided to run in New York for the United States Senate, was about to resign his Cabinet post and take with him to New York his most important aide and MFY's best friend in Washington, David Hackett. Secondly, while Mobilization as a total organization was losing stature in Washington, its work programs were still admired by the Department of Labor's Office of Manpower, Automation, and Training. Last July, after much negotiation, Mobilization received a grant of $1.5 million from OMAT.

This money was most welcome but, unfortunately, about ten days after it had been granted, Mayor Wagner proceeded to Washington in a vain attempt to get control of MFY purse strings. Wagner also wanted to elicit more federal interest in JOIN, a New York City work-training program which a concerned federal official has characterized privately as "ineffective" and "sloppily run." Wagner was turned down when Mobilization was getting more money—and when it was getting more and more under the skin of city authorities.

That was the political situation immediately preceding the *Daily News* blast, which opened on Sunday, August 16, was picked up by other parties and persons, and continued irregularly in the *News* during the following weeks and months.

The attack, ranging from communism to corruption, from fomenting racial riots to demanding kickbacks on contracts, caught Mobilization by surprise. Many of the accusations were highly specific and could have been proved true or false in short order. These included: that inflammatory literature was printed on MFY mimeograph machines during the Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant riots; that "radical" Harlem leader Jesse Gray could be reached at MFY telephones; that the poster which read "Wanted for Murder—Gilligan the Cop" (Lt. Thomas R. Gilligan fatally shot a Negro boy, which act helped spark last summer's Negro riots) had been printed on a Mobilization machine; that numerous subversives were within the MFY organization.

The Mobilization reaction was at best inadequate. Winslow Carlton, director of the board, immediately issued a strong and well-reasoned denunciation of the subversion charges, but after that the counterattack faltered. For instance, MFY could easily have proved that it did not own a machine capable of printing the "Wanted for Murder" poster. It took three weeks for Mobilization to deny and disprove the charges.

Politicians, especially but not exclusively Republicans, who were looking for a good campaign issue jumped in. In addition to Vice Presidential nominee William E. Miller's predictable reaction, City Councilman Joseph Modugno of Queens called for a city investigation and a withholding of funds. City Council President Paul Screvane asked the FBI to investigate, and a careful background search reveals that he, not the *Daily News*, first mentioned the "Gilligan the Cop" poster. Mayor Wagner, honorary chairman of Mobilization for Youth, announced that no new city funds would be allocated to the project until the charges were investigated. This was a meaningless statement, since no new funds were being considered.

At the state level, Republican Sen. John Marchi of Staten Island announced that his committee would investigate, even though no state funds were involved. In addition, the Mobilization board chairman announced that Philip Haberman had been hired by MFY itself to conduct an inquiry into subversion and possible misuse of facilities.

Once it was under fire, Mobilization soon found how fragile its position in Washington had become. With three different government organizations or interests investigating Mobilization, no one involved with poverty at the national level would risk compromising his own position by coming to the support of the New York agency.

Sargent Shriver, picked by President Johnson to head the anti-poverty fight, wrote a letter dated August 18 to the editor of *The New York Times*, in which he deplored a *Times* news statement that MFY was a prototype of the community action programs in Title II of the anti-poverty bill. Wrote Mr. Shriver, somewhat murkily: "One of the motivating purposes of Title II is to encourage local initiative in developing community action programs shaped to meet the particular needs of each community. Technical advice, not prototypes, will be the stock in trade of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and local innovation will be the watchword."

At the Department of Justice the attorney general had already announced his intention to go into New York. The last thing he wanted was to get involved in a youth-organization scandal. Despite his past association with MFY, he conscientiously avoided all hints of present or future association. David Hackett, quoted in the *World Telegram and Sun* of August 18, just before resigning, expressed faith in the organization: "All the information we have indicates that Mobilization for Youth has [been], and is doing, an exceptional job." On September 18, the *Daily News* quoted Hackett: "I'm out of it." He referred all questions to the Department of Justice and the FBI. Personally, however, he was in constant touch with top Mobilization people throughout Robert Kennedy's campaign. He spent perhaps as much as half his time talking with and helping MFY. Kennedy did not say a word, and was unreachable.

To their credit, a few public men endorsed the job Mobilization was doing. These included Sen. Jacob K. Javits of New York and Lower East Side Congressman Leonard Farbstein. But these men could only utter words—they did not control or exercise power.

To what extent the city cooperated with the *Daily News* is unknown. The paper probably has the best police relations among New York dailies, and the police, already antagonized, were undoubtedly happy to cooperate by opening their subversive-activities files to *News* reporters. The information in these files is usually not documented or investigated: it is simply stored until such time as an investigation seems warranted. But, digging into this compilation of hearsay, the *News* could cite, without fear of libel, various "facts" about subversives in Mobilization for Youth.

Philip Haberman, in his report of October 19, 1964, prepared at the request of MFY, found a total of nine "potential" subversives out of 400 employees. Only two of these had present Communist or subversive affiliations, whatever "subversive" might mean in this context. One of these had resigned, the other was under investigation. Almost any welfare agency or bureau in the country could be similarly investigated with similar results. Bertram Beck, associate executive director of the National Association of Social Workers, has estimated that 50 per cent of the organization's 40,000 members have at one time belonged to groups that many Americans would consider left wing. The Mobilization record, within that setting, is good.

Nor did "corruption" turn out to be an issue in the Haberman report. If anything, the fault with the social worker mentality is that it is too "boy scout," too naive and dedicated, where a little realism might help. Of a total of some $8 million spent, only $2,100 could not be systematically accounted for — and there was no evidence of bad faith in connection with the undocumented money.The accounting record, as Haberman pointed out, is probably better than that of many of America's top corporations. James E. McCarthy was responsible for $1,500 of the $2,100, and upon finding himself unable to account for it with cash receipts, he paid back the money out of his own pocket. But McCarthy was vulnerable; there were stories that he had wined and dined lavishly. He was also involved in a serious interracial romance with a co-MFY worker. Rather than allow this to become a matter for the headlines, McCarthy resigned on September 11, and was married shortly thereafter. He was the first and the most important scapegoat of the *Daily News* charges.

In point of fact, the "corruption" and "communism" charges were both side issues, designed to wreck an organization whose zeal and methods were a real danger to established patterns on the Lower East Side. The Antipoverty Operations Board, under the spur of Paul Screvane, issued a unanimous report that harshly criticized Mobilization. Members of the board included Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson; Bernard E. Donovan, Executive Deputy Superintendent of Schools; Edward R. Dudley, Manhattan Borough President; Acting City Administrator Maxwell Lehman; Budget Director William F. Shea; Acting Labor Commissioner James J. McFadden; Personnel Director Theodore H. Lang; and Arthur J. Rogers, executive director of the City Youth Board. The report referred to "loose and shoddy" administrative practices, and "lavish and improper" spending; it indicated (but did not substantiate) Communist subversion.

Even if one were to grant that McCarthy spent more lavishly than Haberman indicated and was an inept director, a careful reading of the Screvane report shows that what the city wants is to bring Mobilization under its direct control.

Among the recommendations made by the Antipoverty Operations Board were the following, as quoted in *The New York Times* of November 10:

> *That "appropriate fiscal safeguards" be established both to the Antipoverty Board and MFY board, and*
>
> *That MFY use the Department of Real Estate and Purchase in its leasing and procurement operations.*

(This alone would put Mobilization, a non-profit, private corporation, under the direct thumb of the city, as opposed to its chief financer, the federal government.)

That MFY be furnished the services of the Department of Personnel to review backgrounds of new employees and to fix their salaries. (This would take away MFY autonomy in hiring and further subject it to city control.)

That other anti-poverty programs adopt the same procedures.

That local neighborhood leadership be assigned a predominant part in the MFY board. (These presumably are the very leaders whom MFY programs would overthrow in the long run.)

When Mobilization for Youth began, the people in City Hall and elsewhere evidently did not understand the implications of what they were supporting. Perhaps they hadn't read the Mobilization document. In any case, they understand the implications now, and they don't like it. HARYOU, based in Harlem, places more emphasis on social action than MFY ever dreamed of doing. So far, HARYOU has received only $5 million of its projected $117 million—and chances are bleak for its getting much more.

Poverty is indeed where the money is this year, as that Washington observer remarked in August. Big Money means Big Power. On November 6, the *Times* carried an advertisement supporting Mobilization for Youth. It was signed by almost every civil rights leader in the country. Perhaps the strength of the civil rights movement will save this valuable experimental program from a well-planned power grab by the city of New York. Perhaps not.

Divorce, New York Style . . . . **Peter Rowley**

The divorce laws of New York State make a farce of the courts, discriminate in favor of the well-to-do families, and cause *more* broken marriages than would occur if the law were humane and in step with contemporary opinion and custom. New York is considered by some Americans to be the country's Sodom and Gomorrah, the most sophisticated state in the country; yet its laws on marriage belong to the 18th century.

New York has a divorce rate of .5 per cent; the national average is 2.2 per cent. But one expert estimates that the total of divorces within the state, migratory divorces, desertions, annulments and separations is higher in New York than in any other state. So its marriage laws changed hardly at all since the American Revolution, do not seem conspicuously successful at preserving the integrity of the home.

A marriage can be terminated in New York State by divorce (on the one ground of adultery) or by annulment. There are also two quite rare situations: the so-called Enoch Arden "divorce," wherein the court rules that a husband or wife who has been missing for seven years is presumed dead, and the bizarre provision that an "annulment" may be granted when one partner has been incurably insane for five years.

New York State Supreme Court Justice Henry Clay Greenberg says of divorces granted in the state: "75 per cent, at the very least, are based on phony raids and thus involve collusion. This situation is aggravated by this fake annulment business, where the husband pretends he never wanted any children."

One prominent New York lawyer, Mrs. Helen L. Buttenwieser, is opposed to the limitation now put on grounds for a divorce "for many reasons":

> *Collusion in obtaining "proof" for divorce, and fraudulent testimony to obtain an annulment, and false swearing as to residence required for an "out-of-state" divorce weaken the moral fiber of our community.*
>
> *The ability of the rich to fly elsewhere for a divorce is another instance of there being one law for the rich and another for the poor.*
>
> *Persons who cannot afford an "out-of-state" divorce and have no grounds for a divorce or an annulment in this state must spend years —even a lifetime—without a partner in life.*
>
> *Divorce for adultery often has legal consequences that are destructive. For instance, a child can be adopted without the consent of a parent divorced for adultery; and other consequences can flow from the proof of adultery which is a crime in the state of New York.*
>
> *The limitation of grounds for divorce to adultery is a particularly outrageous example of the Catholic Church's enforcing its point of view on persons who do not belong to that Church—an interference by the Church in the affairs of state which is contrary to the spirit of our Constitution.*

Other evils stemming from New York's absurd divorce law are the corruption of lawyers who frame phony cases both within the state and outside, and the impeding of reconciliations between estranged partners.

Up until fairly recently standard divorce practice in New York was to hire a private detective, and a woman who would pose as a corespondent, and then fake an incident of adultery in a hotel room. The detective would burst into the hotel room, "discover" the husband and "corespondent" in bed together, and the divorce would subsequently be routinely granted. But judges today frown on this procedure—the succession of private detectives on the witness stand in one divorce case after another lends little dignity to their courts.

The following is a fictionalized but representative story of how a divorce is obtained in the state (I observed twelve divorces and twelve annulments, in Manhattan Supreme Court on Foley Square and in Kings County Court, Brooklyn):

> Susan and Charles, having agreed that their marriage is untenable, consult a local lawyer who tells them how a divorce can be framed, and suggests a woman who will pose as "corespondent" (the lawyer's fee may be as little as $200 and the corespondent's $10 or so). Susan, accompanied by two friends as "witnesses," pays a "surprise" visit to Charles's apartment, discovering her husband and the woman in night clothes. Susan and the witnesses now lie on the stand—"Was the adultery alleged in your complaint committed with your consent, connivance, privity or procurement?" They say "No."

And the following is a fictionalized

Peter Rowley, himself a Catholic, is a free-lance writer.

but representative account of the annulment technique:

> Frank and Mary De Souza are a Negro couple (almost all of the persons seeking divorces or annulments in New York State are low-income and about half are Negro or Puerto Rican), living in Harlem. The marriage is a failure and there are no children; so after two years they seek another unscrupulous lawyer who specializes in the annulment racket. With his help, this elaborate story is cooked up: before their marriage Frank supposedly assured Mary in the presence of her mother, Mrs. Bella Washington, that he wanted children. Mrs. De Souza will testify that throughout their marriage Frank has used contraceptives and that he has finally admitted to her that he never wanted children in the first place, but only said so in order to deceive her into marrying him. Mrs. Washington will support her daughter's story.

So ritualistic has the process of divorce or annulment become that the lawyers read the questions to the witnesses in court from cardboard lists or sheets of paper *supplied by the courts.*

"The wealthy can pay for the Nevada divorce. Those in the middle and upper middle classes go to Mexico, and the poor have desertion and common law marriage," says Prof. Henry Foster of New York University Law School, who heads the research committee of the American Bar Association. New York's divorce law is a boon to Nevada, where the divorce rate is an incredible thirty-four per thousand. The Nevada divorce is a relatively painless way to dissolve a marriage, if you can afford it. The cost is at least $1,500 and probably much more, and covers hiring two lawyers in New York State—one for husband, the other for wife—and a second brace of lawyers in Nevada. The wife, of course, will reside in Nevada, the husband being absent. The usual ground is mental cruelty, and the residence requirement only six weeks. But the state is so eager to have the woman's custom during those weeks that very stiff sentences are imposed for perjury on the witness stand. The aspiring divorcée cannot set one foot out of Nevada, and to make doubly certain the state requires that a witness testify to having seen her in the state continuously for six weeks.

Some lawyers prefer the Nevada divorce because it is recognized throughout the U.S.; others choose Mexico either because it's cheaper or because it does not involve residency. A "quickie" divorce flight to Juarez, across the border from Texas, will cost from $350 to $500.

The big drawback to the Mexican divorce is its questionable validity. Two such divorces—*Wood* v. *Wood* and *Rosenstiel* v. *Rosenstiel* — are currently in litigation in the New York Court of Appeals. Some 250,000 people will be affected by the court's decision; the legitimacy of children born subsequent to Mexican decrees, alimonies and wills are also at issue.

Why does the situation exist? Because the Roman Catholic Church has defeated every attempt to liberalize the law. From early in the century (prior to that, Victorian Republican legislators blocked divorce law changes) Roman Catholic legislators, aided by non-Catholic colleagues fearful of losing Irish and Italian votes, have put down every bill designed to liberalize divorce. During the 1950s, they even went so far as to refuse to set up a legislative committee to study the state of divorce in New York.

The Roman Catholic lobbyist in Albany is Charles J. Tobin, secretary of the New York State Catholic Welfare Committee. On the morning of one crucial vote some years ago, legislators received in the mail letters telling them that 400,000 Catholics in the state were opposed to any change in the divorce law. The N.Y.S.C.W.C. consists of representatives from each diocese and archdiocese of New York, meeting monthly in Albany. But there are other pressure groups, the Knights of Columbus among them. The chairman of the New York chapter of the K. of C. has admitted that his organization would fight any liberalization of the present law by getting "our members to write their state legislators."

But the Catholic position, or at least the position of Tobin and the conservative bishops, is being undermined today by a new feeling in some sectors of the Church that non-Catholics should be allowed freedom of conscience. Professor Foster thinks that many lay Catholics take a more liberal attitude than does the hierarchy. One courageous Roman Catholic assemblyman, Daniel M. Kelly, has said that because of the "open spirit" of the Ecumenical Council "the Catholic Church may change its position on divorce in New York state." But as yet few New York State politicians are willing even to discuss the subject.

A liberalized divorce law would not affect Catholics: they are not permitted divorce under any circumstance, and have their own ecclesiastical courts to grant annulments. The usual counter-argument to this obvious fact is that liberal divorce laws weaken the home, encourage juvenile delinquency and cause promiscuity. But since the current New York law results in desertions and divorces above the national average, it would seem that Roman Catholics are supporting the very thing they oppose.

The divorce laws of the nation are at present chaotic. Alabama recognizes at least nine grounds for ending a marriage, among them cruelty, adultery and drunkenness; New York admits one. The residency requirements, one of the reasons for the wasteful hopping from one state to another (and how can a reconciliation be effected if the wife is in Las Vegas and the husband on Long Island?) range from Florida (six months), Wyoming (sixty days) to Pennsylvania (two years). California bans remarriage for one year after the divorce, which is why California has the second highest annulment rate in the nation. It has been suggested that sociological differences between one state and another require that divorce laws be adapted to local conditions. This may possibly have been the case fifty years ago, but in a nation as unified as the United States, with an encompassing popular culture, a national set of criteria for divorce law would seem the fairest solution. It can be accomplished by uniformity of laws among the states or by a federal law.

There is some doubt as to whether a federal divorce law would be constitutional but, provided a good one could be written, it could be administered equitably by the federal judges throughout the states. The risk in a federal statute is that if it proved unsatisfactory the whole country would be shackled to it. If the fifty states can agree on the grounds and conditions for divorce, that might be the most prudent solution. If they cannot, the federal government will some day be forced to take responsibility for uniform divorce.

The United States also faces the question of whether the defendant-plaintiff system is the ideal way to dissolve or to reconcile marriages. Is one party always innocent and the other totally guilty? Should the parties be forced to make accusations against each other? Why could a judge not seek a reconciliation and, if that failed, then decide whether to dissolve the marriage, without blaming either party? It has been suggested that divorce cases be handled in a secret tribunal, the argument being that reconciliation is easier if family disputes are not publicly aired. That may be so, but the dangers of secret courts are inherent and notorious; they clash with our experience of justice.

The simplest solution is to grant divorce on grounds of habitual drunkenness, consistent failure to support the wife and children, permanent insanity, physical and mental cruelty, and the similar grounds that make of marriage either a farce or a torment. The time has come for New York to catch up with the rest of the nation and for all the states—or the federal government—to formulate uniform divorce laws that accord with the sober judgment of the community.

Monstrous Christmas To All . . . . . **Eve Merriam**

Last year's Christmas message, you may recall, was Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, and More Toy Weapons for the Children. This year there are still plenty of the standard classics to purchase, such as the Shootin' Shell Fanner, the Cobra Automatic, the fifty-shot repeater Trooper ("it smokes!") and the Buckle Gun. A steady seller is labeled "Authentic Design—new Army Combat Weapon." It is a plastic rifle with a telescopic sight, and I suppose we should be grateful that its official title is The Thunder-Matic, not The Assassination Special.

Indeed, the whole gamut of gunplay from toy grenade to toy battlefield stretcher, is still socially acceptable. Toy guns, like carbonated beverages, make for social mixing, as both boys and girls of grammar-school age are invited to join the Kadets of America (affiliated with Kadets International, headquarters Savannah, Tenn.) and to drill with Kadet Trainerifles and Kadet Air Rifles. (Fashion note: the girls get red-white-and-blue Trainerifles to shoulder arms with instead of plain drab khaki.) The Kadets' merchandise is available at most variety stores, and affixed to each rifle is a brochure whose patriotic prose explains that "As part of the Kadets, you will have an opportunity to take part in parades and other local events as well as invitations to march in parades in other cities and towns, drill at football games and other events. You'll feel proud when you march down the street, or when you are performing on television. . . . The training you receive as a Kadet will be equal to that which you would receive in a regular military school . . . the type of training that has helped our country's greatest leaders, and the type of training that will help you become a statesman, an ambassador, or a career military officer."

Notwithstanding this continuing fusillade, forward-looking purchasers are advised this year to make it a monster Yuletide. Remember those old election campaign buttons: *Goldwater for Halloween?* Well, it's become Halloween for Christmas and all year round on the nation's toy counters, with haunting horrifics monopolizing the choice display space all the way from F.A.O. Schwarz on Fifth Avenue, New York, to the neighborhood outlet in Anchorage.

Monsters, monsters everywhere—in the form of Frankenstein's creation, King Kong, The Phantom of the Opera, Count Dracula, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Wolf Man, The Mummy, The Creature, The Thing and nameless purple-fanged, green-hoofed blobs from outer space: these are all leading the new juvenile hit parade. The monsters come in all shapes and sizes and sexes: most popular are the assemble-a-ghoul plastic model kits that sell for $1 or are discounted for less. So hotly desired are these kits, in fact, that many department stores and five-and-tens have had to set them up in special display areas spilling over from the regular toy racks. Among the monster models on the Woolworth counters, one seems peculiarly out of place: it is our old WASP friend, Superman, looking pale, wan and definitely milquetoast when surrounded by such genuinely virile figures as Godzilla the Gorilla and King Kong, with the ravishing, ravished blonde draped in his paws.

Another assembly kit series offers Custom Monsters, designed by "The King of the Monster Painters," Ed "Big Daddy" Roth. These include Dinghead Gremmy Surfink and Brother Ratfink on a Bike. For the uninitiate, a notice inside the package elucidates:

> *The word "Fink" has a long and shady past. Coined around the turn of the century, but received most of it's* [sic] *notoriety during the Chicago gangster era, Fink meant squealer or double-crosser. "Fink" faded from the scene until Steve Allen came out with the expression* RAT FINK *on his TV show. This expression which covers a multitude of unsavory things was soon picked up by everyone including our youth to voice their opinions of the unspeakable. Now 99% of our youth are good guys and what they call the other 1% is . . . "Rat Fink." This monster—the latest of Big Daddy Roth's creations—represents the 1%. This model is molded of styrene plastic.*

Still another company on the monster model bandwagon puts out Weird-Ohs ("car-icky-tures with many fine disgusting parts to assemble") and along with Francis the Foul and Leaky Boat Louie, there is just plain Daddy, shown as a Weird-Oh commuting frantically from Suburbia to Rat Race. (Some subversive on the assembly line here.)

The monster model kits are only the beginning, though. Also on sale are monster cuddly dolls, monster pillows, monster sweat shirts, monster insignia to sew, paste, glue, iron and stomp on,

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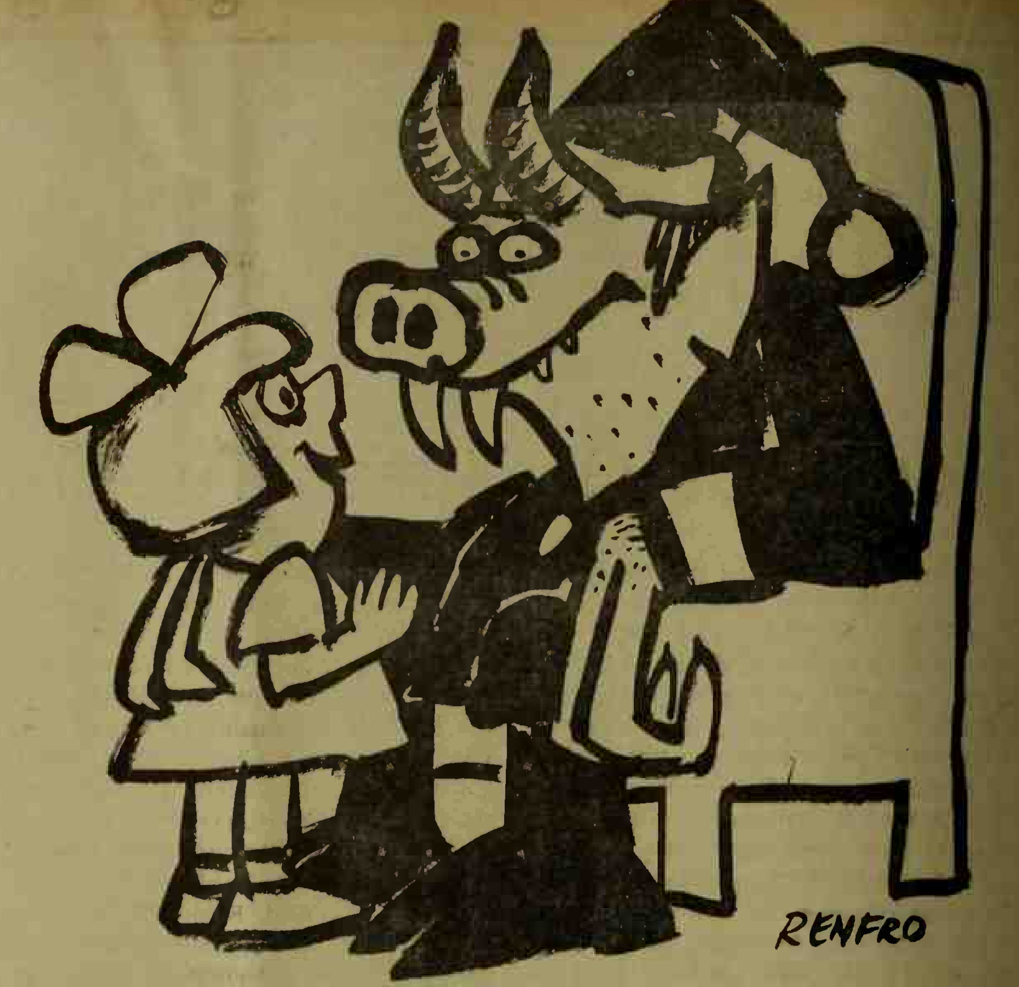
monster greeting cards, monster magazines, monster fan clubs, monster phonograph records, monster trading cards and bubble-gum wrappers and—the biggest monster payoff of them all—the weekly monster television shows. These programs are not old Boris Karloff reruns on *The Late Late Show;* they are new, prime-time evening programs to latch onto the growing moppet market for monsterdom. A.B.C. has the lead in the network horror sweepstakes: its *Addams Family* (based on the necrophilia-oriented cartoons of Charles Addams) is currently rated by Nielsen among the top ten shows. C.B.S., not to be outdone in bad taste, offers a slightly more spider-webbed and flying-batted family in *The Munsters*, and also stacks up Julie Newmar as a robot in *My Living Doll.*

What with the super-salesman tactics and the pervasiveness of television, it is hard to tell whether the monster fad caused these programs or vice versa. As the Duncan Corporation promoted the nation's children into a yo-yo and top-spinning orgy by buying up spot announcements on every local TV outlet in the country, so undoubtedly the TV exposure of Morticia (the talon-fingered wife in *The Addams Family*) and Lurch (the lobotomized-looking butler) serve to promote monster interest in other quarters. Nevertheless, TV alone could not have produced the monster mania, for many products and fads that are pushed avidly on TV nevertheless fail. The popularity of monsters is one of those Ideas Whose Time Has Come. Walt Disney, one of the kingliest trend makers of them all, must have sensed it when he set up the giant talking Lincoln figure at the Illinois Pavilion of the World's Fair last spring; indeed, the entire fair may have been Robert Moses' graceful acknowledgment that if monsterdom was the wave of the future, ride it.



Toy industry spokesmen estimate that $20 million or more will be spent on monster playthings by the end of the Christmas season, and they note that this is not just kid stuff, since teen-agers and adults make 95 per cent of all toy-buying decisions. Related products are bound to account for millions more; A.B.C. has licensed Addams Family dolls to attach to automobile dashboards, make-up kits, bracelets, pins, card games, puzzles, puppets, masquerade costumes and masks, chemistry, magic and hobby sets, boxed board games, and an assortment of stuffed animals modeled after pets on the show. (These last include Homer, a spider; Aristotle, an octopus; Cicero, an iguana; and for real friendly curling up with, a toy vulture.) Where such bone-yard pickings abound, the canny publisher forages. After permitting the Addams cartoons to languish in limited hard-cover editions for many years, Pocket Books, Inc., has now brought out a 50c sampling, and plans to publish five more collections of the macabre cartoon characters between now and June. Colgate-Palmolive is packaging Wolf Man and Frankenstein's Monster liquid bath soap. Their advertising campaign is geared to the slogan: "Soapy Spooks Scare You Clean."

How long will the monster craze last? Your shrug is as good as any expert's guess. According to the president of a marketing and industrial design firm, "Unreal toys are booming because faced with heavy realism in daily life, people counter by buying Count Dracula, Frankenstein's Monster and Wolf Man. The public—like a theatre audience responding to comic relief after a tragic scene—can stand just so much realism. In recent years, we've had sustained realism. Now the public is seeking escape."

My own theory is just the opposite. I think the current monster craze represents a refining of reality, not a flight away from it. The Beatles are real — nobody could make them up—and they have hair down to their eyes. American Mods and Rockers, the *Scorpio Rising* set, grow their hair almost to shoulder length. What more logical extension than heroes with hair all over them? And from "yeah, yeah, yeah" and "Smoke Kools, *Smoke Kools*, SMOKE KOOLS" to grunt, grunt, grunt: the road to monsterdom is not an escapist by-pass; it is a Madison Avenue thruway. Finally, after the inanities of the late election campaign, with the stentorian corn-pone Great Society wrestling against the Mild-Mannered Maniac, the image of lovable, buyable monsters seems entirely realistic. And now I'm on my way to Gimbels to purchase my very own Abominable Snowman—walks and screams, tigerlike fangs, arms raise, eyes light up: all-white plush, $5.99.

Wages of Fashion

THE ECONOMICS OF TASTE: The Rise and Fall of the Picture Market, 1760-1960. By Gerald Reitlinger. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 518 pp., 8 plates. $8.50.

John Carter

We have been waiting a long time for this book. There have been many studies of collecting taste, collectors, patronage and the like: Francis Henry Taylor's *The Taste of Angels*, Prof. W. G. Constable's *Art Collecting in U.S.A.*, Francis Haskell's *Patrons and Painters*, Aline Saarinen's *The Proud Possessors*, to name but a handful. And of course prices have been discussed in all of them. But the only hard index of long-term developments in taste and fashion in art, private or institutional, is provided by the market. Mr. Reitlinger, an English connoisseur and critic who started out as a painter, has performed a herculean task in disinterring and assembling two centuries of sale records for 208 individual artists from Alma-Tadema to Zoffany, plus nine groups such as "Flemish Primitives Before 1540" or "Venetian School, late 15th and 16th centuries." The artists range in date from Fra Angelico and Van Eyck to Picasso; and the entries range in number from four for Giandomenico Tiepolo (whom Mr. Reitlinger despises) to three or four solid pages apiece for Rembrandt, Rubens, Gainsborough or Reynolds. This detailed sales analysis occupies the second half of the book, each artist getting a shrewd, pungent, introductory note.

Mr. Reitlinger is careful to explain that his list is not meant to be an index of the best-known painters of the world, though in fact it includes most of them. (The index of artists, by the way, is not comprehensive.) Here are the painters who either have been fashionable at one time or another, or have generally been recognized as classical; the former category is the more interesting to the student of taste or of the market. If the late 18th-century English portrait painters, if Millais and Israels, Meissonnier and Troyon, David Roberts and Copley Fielding, receive more attention than Vermeer, it is because they were monarchs of the sale room in their day. They document some very curious chapters in the history of taste, "which is so often," Mr. Reitlinger sadly admits, "a history of bad taste." "Possibly," he adds, "there are only a few people who want to look up Wouverman, Berchem, Teniers, Van Ostade and the Both brothers. But at the beginning of the 19th century, half the art-loving world considered them the greatest painters who had ever lived. This opinion has changed and the lists show, better than any explanatory text, how this change has made itself felt."

They do indeed. Frith's "The Salon d'Or" (now in the Rhode Island School of Design) was bought in 1872 for £4,000—about $125,000 of today's money—but when it came up at Christie's in 1944 it was knocked down for 46 guineas ($150). In 1914, Duveen sold Hoppner's "The Tambourine Girl" (now in Kansas City) to the Stotesburys for $350,000 (say $1,500,000 today): thirty years later it was again sold in New York, but this time for $6,500. In 1886, Junius Spencer Morgan paid $60,000 (today's equivalent, $350,000) for "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur, now in the Metropolitan Museum: the last two Bonheurs cited by Mr. Reitlinger, "Highland Cattle" and "Sheep in a Pasture," brought in 1954, £63 and £68 respectively in London. It would be easy, but depressing, to cite a score of equally headlong falls. How *could* they have been such mugs, one asks with the smugness of hindsight (however temporary).

There are, of course, plenty of sharp upward movements charted in Mr. Reitlinger's analysis, e.g., the entries for Greco, G. B. Tiepolo, Stubbs, Palmer, Pissarro, Modigliani. In 1895, at the Vente Gauguin in Paris, "Waiting for the Letter" was sold for $75 (say $500 today); in 1959, consigned by Mr. George Goodyear of Buffalo to Sotheby's, it brought $364,000. As late as 1924, the Tate Gallery paid only £696 for Van Gogh's "The Yellow Straw Chair" and £1304 for "Sunflowers"; whereas in 1958, at the already historic Jakob Goldschmidt sale, his "Public Gardens at Arles" reached £132,000. In the early years of this century H. O. Havemeyer paid £700 for the large portrait of the Duke of Wellington by Goya, which is now in the National Gallery in Washington. In 1961, Goya's much smaller portrait of the Iron Duke (now AWOL from the National Gallery, London) made £140,000 at Sotheby's. Again examples could be multiplied, especially among the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, the Baroque and Mannerist painters and the Venetian *vedute* painters of the 18th century.

The high prices get reported in the press; only the specialists notice declines. And Mr. Reitlinger is just as skeptical about current fashions as his devastating set of figures will have taught his readers to be about those of the past. He has a particular down, for instance, on Francesco Guardi; he excludes Giacomo Guardi, Pannini, the Riccis and Zuccarelli from his analytical list, along with Archimboldo, Desiderio Monsu, Pillement and many other currently "smart" artists. He has some sharp things to say about several of the fashionable French painters of the past hundred years, and there is no entry for Redon, the Douanier Rousseau, Klee, Pascin, Soutine or Vlaminck. Nor will it be easy for attentive readers of his main text to disagree: so thorough, judicious, and subtle is his history of the art market during the two centuries since the decade which saw the first national academy established, the first annual exhibitions and the first competition between the Paris and London markets, which in effect initiated the international art market as we know it today.

From the first chapters "Art Collecting in the Late Eighteenth Century" (with its atmosphere of speculation) and "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Period" (when the war between England and France hardly interfered at all with the Paris-London traffic), he proceeds to "The Rewards of the Living Painter"—the Georgians the Proto-Victorians (1800-60), and the Golden Age (1860-1914) from Maclise and Leighton to Sargent. There is a fine chapter on "The Old Masters,

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John Carter, C.B.E., best known as an authority on rare books, has been for the past ten years an amateur student of the picture market in his capacity as associate of Sotheby and Co., the Bond Street auction house. He is now also a director of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York.

1815-1884." These were the years from Lord Northwick, Angerstein and Cardinal Fesch to Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Frederick Burton and Sedelmeyer of Paris, with the decline of old-master collecting in mid-Victorian England in favor of the literary realism of the contemporary Academicians. "The Treasures Depart, 1884-1914" is the story of the exodus from Great Britain: first to the Rothschilds, then to the aspiring Americans (and their most enterprising purveyor, Duveen). Finally, we have "Slump, War and Inflation, 1929-1960," the wildly quivering bioscope of our own generation.

Mr. Reitlinger's mastery of his mass of facts and figures, and his lively dexterity in interpreting them, are equally remarkable. He assumes a reasonable knowledge; he does not define "schoolpiece" nor think it necessary to identify the painter of "The Vision of a Christian Knight" (alias St. Eustace) in London's National Gallery. Americans, Chicagoans in particular, may find his analysis of the 1872-1914 market in Impressionists and Post-Impressionists a trifle parochial. Not everybody will agree with such verdicts as, for Raoul Dufy, "the grand ancestor of all smart modernist magazine advertisements." He permits himself some predictions: e.g., "I have no doubt that, little as Raphael may suit the spirit of the age, another Raphael on the market would mean another highest priced picture in the world" (the highest to date, *in terms of today's money,* is still the Benois Madonna of Leonardo, bought in Paris by the Czar in 1914 for $1,500,000), or "it would have to be a very important sort of Reynolds, if there are any left, which would hold its place against Raeburn or Lawrence." And he perhaps underestimates the influence of market rarity on the price of Manets.

The present edition of *The Economics of Taste* is a verbatim reprint, seemingly by offset, from the original London edition of 1961. This means that a few locations and "records" are out of date. One supposes that if Mr. Reitlinger were writing today he would include Georges de la Tour (and perhaps Kandinsky) in his analysis, and would recognize the recent resurrection of Frith and the early Landseer. He might (but I doubt it) recognize the modern abstract painters. He would have to revise his estimate of Rembrandt's popularity—"universal in the first thirty years of this century, but not maintained since"—unless he thought Dr. Rorimer grossly mistaken in paying $2,300,000 for "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," when the Metropolitan already had sixteen or seventeen examples of the master. It would have been nice if a few obvious minor errors could have been corrected; misspellings of Giudecca, Cincinnati, Thannhauser, the location of the Frick Library in San Marino; not to mention a few more serious ones—the 1957 price for the Arenburg Vermeer, for instance, was not £400,000 but about $375,000, and Chicago's "La Grande Jatte" by Seurat was not, thank God, "destroyed" in the fire at the Museum of Modern Art in 1958.

It would, I suppose, have been intolerably onerous to convert prices, given throughout in sterling, into dollars, for the convenience of American readers; even though prices cited from continental or American sales, whether public or private, had already been converted into pounds. Yet such conversion would have valuably reinforced for his transatlantic public one extremely important factor underlined by Mr. Reitlinger in his introduction: the depreciation over the years of the value of money. This is significant in his account of what living painters earned in their own time (Reynolds charged 100 guineas for a full-length portrait in 1760, Constable £250 for an Academy landscape in 1830, Meissonnier about £10,000 for a full-dress battlepiece in the 1880s, Mr. Andrew Wyeth or Mr. Peter Blume charge perhaps $50,000 or $60,000 in New York today). It is equally significant in appraising the graph of a painter's sales in the later market. Mr. Reitlinger furnishes a rough multiplication table for eight periods, from "1760-1795, multiply by 12" to "1948-1960, multiply by 2," and readers should keep a permanent marker at p. XVI.

I have used *The Economics of Taste* during the past few years to demonstrate that current picture prices, contrary to the general supposition, are by no means high *in terms of today's money* and I have found it convenient to state earlier prices in "Reitlinger dollars" (R$) for realistic comparisons. I recommend this formula, but I think its inspirer would agree with me in recommending also that after four more years of inflation the multiplication table needs stepping up.

The Economics of Taste will be required reading for all professionals in its field. It should certainly be studied by any prudent picture buyer, whether a museum curator, a private collector or a dealer, who contemplates investing in a work by any currently fashionable artist. And, while not "light entertainment" in the conventional sense, it will be found highly entertaining by anyone who is remotely interested either in pictures or in the vagaries of taste, fashion and status symbolism.

The New Millions

THE CULTURE CONSUMERS. By Alvin Toffler. St Martin's Press. 263 pp. $5.

Harris Dienstfrey

Ever since the mass media became a "problem" some fifteen years ago, observers of American society have been conducting an energetic debate on the state of the country's cultural life. Is it in a condition of blight and decay? Or is it vigorously healthy, perhaps at the threshold of some bright new flowering? Behind this issue is the larger one of whether or not democracy and the arts are compatible. Do political and social equalitarianism inevitably mean a culture determined by majority rule? The American experience presumably provides an answer.

Alvin Toffler's *The Culture Consumers* enters this discussion with a cheerful survey of the new millions, people and dollars both, that have rushed to the environs of high culture since the end of World War II. According to Toffler, the essential statistics of the "culture boom" are these: that one in every four-to-six Americans currently patronizes, participates in, or studies one of the high arts, and that all this activity entails an expenditure of over $3 billion. By 1970, the figure very likely will reach $7 billion.

The Culture Consumers is most satisfying as an itemization of what these statistics mean in terms of the country's cultural demography—a socially broadened public for the high arts, new sources and patterns of cultural patronage, new nonprofit cultural institutions springing up everywhere.

Harris Dienstfrey has published articles on the film and other mass media in Commentary *and* Contact, *and has contributed the chapter on film to the forthcoming* The New American Arts *(Horizon Press).*

Toffler thinks the federal government should encourage such developments, and he intelligently outlines several ways the government can subsidize them without turning itself into an artistic reviewing board.

On the significance of the culture boom, the book is considerably less successful. Toffler believes it is democratizing the arts, an estimate that seems to see them as something the upper classes formerly could lock away in a basement vault. He also subscribes to the notion that the billowing culture market will lead to some kind of renaissance. "The cultural explosion . . . is the beginning, not the end, of something profound, colorful, and exciting." The study closes on a high note of affirmation engendered by a very simple reading of America's past: "A maturing nation is beginning to concern itself with the quality of existence. This is the meaning of the rise of the culture consumers."

If Toffler's judgments include more will than reason, the worst to be said about this book is that it proceeds from the same frame of reference that supports the contrary views it attempts to refute. The whole discussion of the health or decay of American culture is by now little more than a formalized colloquy which has exhausted the impressionistic insights it began with. It needs little imagination to envision Toffler's self-chosen sparring partner, Dwight Macdonald, re-shuffling parts of *The Culture Consumers* to bolster the counter arguments he advanced most recently in "Masscult & Midcult," that "'a tepid ooze of Midcult is spreading everywhere" and that a high culture cannot exist without an elite.

Basically, only one issue concerns both sides of this debate, whether or not America can sustain the kind of high culture that exists in Europe. Neither side disputes the absence of such a high culture; the argument centers directly on the likelihood of its appearance. The Cassandras in the debate see no possibility, arguing that the middlebrows or the mass media are too pervasive. The optimists, like Toffler, see every possibility, arguing that at this very moment democracy, aided by affluence, is lifting a sizable public into a cultural position comparable to the one occupied by the elite minorities of Europe, proof that the high arts are not imperiled by cheap imitations.

This entire discussion stops where it should begin. On the basic issue that America lacks a traditional high culture, the discussion cannot be faulted. But the question that follows is not, how then can the country get one, but rather, what kind of configuration has developed in its stead? There are continuities in the American novel, in American painting, even in the regularity with which different groups, from the Brahmins of New England to the contemporary generation of Jews in New York, emerge to act for a while as cultural arbiters of the nation. What are these continuities, and how did they come about? The point is, America has created its own species of higher, or not-so-high, culture—a very notable one—but it has been entrusted to no one continuing group (as in Europe), and its achievements are less a flowering of commonly available values and forms (essentially the European situation) than an accumulation of parallel creations each of which had to determine its own values and forms. A kind of tradition guides this higher culture, but it is a tradition that each generation actively rediscovers, indeed each member of each generation; the tradition is not passed on like some natural bequest. In America, higher culture does not form one continuous curve but in effect a series of roughly parallel arcs.

A major element in these regular acts of renewal has been to weigh the value of European culture and determine the relevance of its achievements to the American context. In evolving its own higher culture, America has aspired to, rejected, and drawn from Europe's.

At the same time, American higher culture has had to come to terms with the forms of popular culture that surrounded it. Until 1900, this was mostly an oral culture; since then it has been the electronic culture of the mass media. Perhaps the sharpest single difference between the high cultures of Europe and America is that the latter has developed in conjunction with an emerging popular culture which in its electronic forms — precisely because they were unchecked by any firm or clear standards from above—reached a size and complexity unlike any other in the world.

The relations between "high" and "low" in America are extraordinarily complex, and no catch phrase can characterize them. Paralleling his response to European culture, the "higher" artist has rejected, drawn from, and been influenced by the forms, themes and styles of the popular culture of his own country.

Moreover, the greater part of the audience for the high arts first confronted the creative imagination in the forms and range of popular culture, and how this has affected its expectations and perceptions is a totally open question. (Does the recent rise in museum attendance, about which Toffler makes so much, have anything to do with the fact that so many Americans were weaned artistically on the visual forms of the movies?) Again, the directness and vitality of the best in popular culture has often served to cleanse the higher-culture landscape of the precious and spurious. As Reuel Denney argues in *The Astonished Muse* (one of the rare books to explore American popular culture without assuming the answers beforehand), "The Brown, Mauve, and Pea-green decades of the period 1870-1917 had to be ended by a cultural lynching party . . . and the trial was summarily conducted by Judge Nickelodeon." It is impossible to understand America's higher culture apart from its lower (Toffler, for example, believes he can elicit the significance of the culture boom without discussing the mass arts at all), or by formulating abstractions that see the one as being inevitably corrupted by the other.

Neither the spread of mass- or midcult that so worries Macdonald, nor the rush to the high arts that so pleases Toffler, is as crucial as either believes. The danger of the first represents nothing novel, the promise of the second nothing revolutionary. In fact, of the two developments, the consumers' "discovery" of traditional high culture may be more harmful, for it could strengthen the wrong-headed tendency to see—and shape—the American variety in terms which overlook its essential (and unique) blending of the high and low. In this curious coupling the heart of American higher culture lies.

The Massachusetts Review
Autumn-Winter 1964-65

Jean-Paul Sartre · Negritude
Saunders Redding · The Negro Writer
Wright Morris · On His Novels
W. B. Yeats · from "Shadowy Waters"
· Literary Critics in Court ·
· Theatre of Edward Albee ·
· Art of Edwin Romanzo Elmer ·

Poetry & Reviews: David Daiches, Andrew Goodman, Peter Viereck, Lincoln Kirstein

$1.50/copy; $5/year

Amherst, Massachusetts

(Advertisement)

In Conflict with Love

I climbed up through brambles, wild lilies, and the heat,
then cut across through woods, annoyed by bugs,
and emerged beyond the timber line, up to the top,
there breathed freely while taking the measure of the day.

Suddenly I saw I was not alone on that height,
looking up and to my left, the profile of a man at his ease,
a stranger and bearded, regarding the valley below
mildly through binoculars and its cluster of houses.

By the edge he was, and tall, marking something down
in a book brought for the purpose, a jar beside him
against the thirst and some bread in case of hunger.
It was then I noticed my own house down there among the rest!

And I knew he could somehow see even within,
not only the houses but also the hearts of those within,
my wife bathing, my children quarreling, even myself,
when I should be down there, in conflict with love.

Such was his open power and large freedom
of perspective, the height of his perch and its outlook,
the wide sweep and distance of his limitless mind,
as I, unobserved, observed him who thought he was not observed,

that I thought for a moment he might be God
collecting at this post the various intelligence necessary
for his broad dominion, his perpetual sway over the earth
and over us, the disordered children of this earth.

The food beside him, however, contradicted this,
and so I figured him a compassionate angel, recording
such information as was meet his Lord should know
for the proper exercise of his sovereignty and rule.

No wings, but only the shoulders of a man showed at his back,
so then I thought he must be a voyager from beyond the world,
an early messenger sent to garner knowledge in the field for his
expeditionary chiefs in some remote headquarters and unknown.

No interplanetary contrivance was anywhere in sight,
and I thought I had uncovered a devious spy
revealing stratagems on microfilm for coded transmission
in a hollowed pencil. That would explain the disguise.

The lack of missile installations around my home, however,
deprived the scene of any ideological import,
and it seemed to me then he was a painter or a poet
sketching or taking notes for the use of his craft.

But there was in truth more altitude than was necessary for these,
and as I cast about in that clear light for a suitable answer,
he turned gently from his task and looked me full in the face
and urgent eyes.
Then I knew just who he was!

Norman Friedman

Space

Shall we come in all our earliness,
Come empty to place itself,
Not having waited for each to acquire
That inch of territory as light-full
And as sure, as much a dance in distance
As the great lilac is for space?

Through the lilac
Between the buds that blaze,
In your lilyan twilight,
In your cool, flower of ours made of flowers,
In the wine black of your amazements,
gem of ours quickened with gems,
In your blue new-born as eyes soon brown
We shall swim, we shall gaze.

Leave it to the osprey to travel out only;
We have it in our bodies to fly by making room.
Before we journey high into the great fragrance,
Let it be our time, the autumn of the vineyards,
the spring of the bushes;
Where the heart is, and the lungs are,
The emblem known, the organ grown
As light curves into the planet and berry.
And clustered like the lavender on lavender star
May be this blossom we carry in us like a well,
this flesh of jewel.

Helen Wolfert

The Building of the Skyscraper

The steel worker on the girder
Learned not to look down, and does his work,
And there are words we have learned
Not to look at,
Not to look for substance
Below them. But we are on the verge
Of vertigo.

There are words that mean nothing
But there is something to mean.
Not a declaration which is truth
But a thing
Which is. It is the business of the poet
'To suffer the things of the world
And to speak them and himself out'.

O, the tree, growing from the sidewalk —
It has a little life, sprouting
Little green buds
Into the culture of the streets.
We look back
Two hundred years and see bare land.
And suffer vertigo.

George Oppen

Passes in Glass

LOUIS C. TIFFANY, REBEL IN GLASS. By Robert Koch. Crown Publishers. 246 pp. $7.50.

Richard Howard

From bad books we learn what we may with the most effort. Dr. Koch's study of Louis Tiffany, originally a seven-page text for the Museum of Contemporary Crafts show of 1958, has been puffed to over 200 by sagging quotations, catalogues—one list of "favrile items" includes a thermometer!—and a lot of careless figurative language:

> *Tiffany's name was cloaked with derision during the thirties and forties, which witnessed the spread to America of the austere functional aesthetic emanating from the German* Bauhaus.

Yet there is a great deal to be gleaned, however laboriously, from this ungainly book. It affords color photographs of Tiffany's great work and, tucked away in odd corners, much curious information, if not much knowledge.

Instead of entering his family's successful jewelry and silver business, the mercurial and attractive Louis, who hated school, apprenticed himself at 18 to George Innes, and throughout the rest of his long life painted a lot of pleasant and mediocre canvases, mostly genre landscapes and flower studies entirely untainted by art nouveau. At 20 he met Oscar Wilde, went to Paris, traveled in North Africa, and returned to New York to rent his first studio in the 23rd Street YMCA. He married Ik Marvel's daughter, who was tubercular, exhibited his work with mild success, but soon discovered the more sensational rewards to be gained in the applied arts, for which William Morris had laid down the law: "If it was not beautiful it had no right to exist; if it was not invention it became wearisome; if not founded on nature it could hardly be beautiful or inventive."

As a decorator, Tiffany's efforts climaxed, suitably, in the White House, though his clients also included Mark Twain and himself—his account of the "novel effects" introduced into his own apartment on East 26th Street is typical of the illiterate, arty language of the profession: "It would have been a pity indeed to box in such objects after the ordinary fashion. The counterweight, a shallow box playing up and down a groove to one side of the window, was turned likewise into a thing of beauty."

Decorating for the Four Hundred, however, frequently exasperated a man who was "impatient with the limitations of language, and found it impossible to explain or express himself without gestures or effects. Even in simple conversation he was more an actor than a talker." His experiments in glass—largely in making windows during the eighties—were more satisfying. In the age of "art glass" Tiffany discovered that the techniques of accident, the fusion and folding of color, afforded him an expressive medium precisely suited to his talents. He supplied the glass for windows commissioned from Vuillard, Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, but it was evident that his own highest achievement was in designs of an abstract character. Had not Ruskin decreed that "no man who knows what painting means can endure a painted glass window which emulates painter's work. But he rejoices in a glowing mosaic of broken color; for that is what the glass has the special gift and right of producing."

By 1894 (he was 47), Tiffany and his chief glass blower Nash felt that their "favrile glass" was ready to be marketed—each work to be a unique, personal expression. Individuality was considered the "mark of truth" and the main selling point for Tiffany products. By 1898, Dr. Koch says, "the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company was storing between 200 and 300 tons of glass in the basement of its Corona plant, classified into some 500 colors and varieties. Several thousand articles, no two exactly alike, were produced each year." No less a lover of Beauty than Theodore Dreiser wrote an article about the glass for *Cosmopolitan* in 1899. Tiffany, though he admired William Morris, by now had rejected his notion that the machine was evil, and believed—a true Diaghilev of decor—that mass production could be harnessed to multiply beautifully designed objects. He decorated a new studio (with a ballroom!) for himself, described by Alma Mahler as follows:

> *The chimney soared into infinity. No ceiling was visible, but high above us there were Tiffany glasses set in the walls, transparent and illuminated from outside. We spoke in whispers. . . . The organ fell silent; suddenly a hum of muffled voices indicated a large company. Servants passed soundlessly, carrying trays of beautiful, champagne-filled glasses. We saw palms, divans, lovely women in oddly iridescent gowns. It was a dream: Arabian nights in New York.*

Tiffany's own observation was more laconic:

> *Certainly our climate invites to sumptuous colors.*

Henceforth Tiffany's career was unoffended by disapproval or discredit. He was convinced that his concept of Beauty was absolute and self-perpetuating, requiring merely the attention of trained artisans, and he lived until 85 with that conviction essentially unchallenged, and certainly unchanged, by reality. By 1903 he had begun to theorize in a highly Wagnerian manner, as the very titles of his articles suggest: "American Art Supreme in Colored Glass," "The Gospel of Good Taste," "The Tasteful Use of Light and Color in Artificial Illumination," "Color and its Kinship to Sound." The last contains the phrase, "God has given us our talents to use our brains and our imagination in order to obtain the revelation of True Beauty."

Richard Howard is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities (*Wesleyan*). *He writes criticism for* Partisan Review *and* Poetry *magazine.*

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Naturally, Tiffany found the Armory show of 1913 an outrage. "The great thing in art—the thing that has helped me more than anything—is the practice of looking at the beautiful and shutting out the ugly. If the ugly is there, I don't look at it." Which meant that he stayed, a happy recluse, in his eighty-room mansion Laurelton Hall, in Cold Springs Harbor, probably the most important and original house an American has built for himself between Monticello and Taliesin, hiring Ruth Saint-Denis to perform an East Indian nautch dance there, and establishing a foundation to educate the young into the irrecusable principles of Beauty. One of these young apprentices was Bradley Walker Tomlin (Dr. Koch gets the name wrong).

Thusly, as Louis Tiffany would say, this absolutely gorgeous life has everything: the association with Wilde, Morris and Ruskin, the contact with the East, with Mucha and Gallé, the Wagnerian idea of the *Gesamtkunstwerk*, and of course—with Tomlin—the transition to Abstract Expressionism, a contemporary movement becoming as encapsulated as Tiffany's own. (It is not surprising that Theodoros Stamos was an early collector of favrile glass.) Tiffany's art perfectly exemplifies what we now regard as the family tree of art nouveau: the paternal principle, a *horror vacui* sponsored by the arts-and-crafts movement, conjugated with a serpentine, feminine *amor vacui*, to produce that release of the libido we recognize so happily in the color plates of Dr. Koch's book. Like Gaudi and Monet, both of whom died in 1926, six years before him, Louis Tiffany became one of those wonderful old men who seem to survive their time and ours by some oblivious concentration of energy, channeling Eros into a love of self beyond morality. But didn't Keats say it? That which is creative must create itself.

Art Books of 1964

Lincoln Kirstein

Any attempt to cover the entire production of visual materials offered in the present over-publication of so-called art books is doomed. A list, even as generous as the present one, which will be in three sections, must perforce eliminate these categories:

Pictorial histories (of which the Napoleonic era is magnificently covered this year, and the Kennedy era only less well).

Children's books, some of which offer the finest quality of color, printing and design in recent years. An example is *May I Bring A Friend?* by Beni Montresor; Atheneum, $3.50.

Books of scientific or semi- or popular science content, but which are primarily pictorial. Perhaps the best-designed book in many years is *The Lore of Ships*, a Swedish-printed, but internationally created masterpiece with 1,550 superbly detailed drawings, colored and produced with the greatest taste, authority and gusto; $23.95. Of comparable quality is James Fisher and Roger Tory Peterson's great work on *The World of Birds;* Doubleday, $22.95, an atlas of bird migration with expert illustrations of birds, living and extinct.

These admirable special applications of visual techniques are tempting, but we must stick to art, and to these categories: General Art (Painting and Sculpture, monographs and surveys); handicrafts; photography; architecture; albums (at best a fuzzy category: the subjects span from Confederate side arms, well rendered, to a complete visual report on Marilyn Monroe).

Virgil Thomson once said that too much music was being played and recorded; who needs twenty-five volumes of Vivaldi with complete miniature scores? Libraries, colleges, a few amateurs. Similarly, there is entirely too much art-book publishing. The very expensive books that grace and disgrace our bookstores, that look like a de Mille orgy in a library, technicolor covers and all, must be published for somebody. But for whom?

Aside from a certain number of libraries, museums and colleges which have funds for the automatic purchase of any book on any subject, and aside from some university presses, which publish elaborately embellished Ph.D theses (often indifferently edited and produced) in the interest of local prestige, these books are manufactured for the coffee-table trade. It has been suggested that the heavier art-gift and/or conversation book, of which there are many more each year, be equipped with screw-in brass legs and a plastic top, so that in addition to being looked at after the coffee has been cleared, they can support the drinks before dinner is served.

However, there are also, believe it or not, many small, inexpensive books of high quality, the object of which is the responsible enhancement of the visual capacity. Scholars—notably in museums, whose budgets are small because most of the money goes to purchase enduring works of art—let their brains be picked for our instruction and pleasure. The best books in the three lists that will be offered to the readers of *The Nation* this year derive from the almost anonymous staffs of specialist scholars (who are also critics and poets of a sort) at The Morgan Library, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Museum of Modern Art, The Hispanic Society, The New York Historical Society, The Museum of the City of New York, The Cooper Union and the New York Public Library. These institutions all have well-run sales desks; many supply cheap and beautiful monographs and glorious Christmas cards. The cost of the volumes and their ultimate worth (paper-bound as they may be), far exceed in value the Swiss, German, Italian and new Spanish Cadillac-type unreadable book tonnage that is less expensive than diamonds, but heavier and not as pretty. The recently opened book counter at the New York Public Library has some very beautiful and extremely cheap leatherette binders for treasured pocket books. Immaculately stamped in a Renaissance design, gold on white, red or ivory, they stand comparison with leather.

Books on Photography

The problem of the photograph has baffled the world for a century. It was supposed to have solved the need for realistic rendering and digital mastery in the observation of natural forms. It was supposed to have provided an incorruptible document proving that history is historical. Then it even turned into art, with a big A, and spawned Departments of Photography in every major museum in the nation. Museums whose philosophy is mostly moral, responsible and traditional, classify photography as a division of graphics, like lithographs, serigraphs, etchings and wood-block engravings. Now with the aid of the publishers, photography has achieved a precious liberty, a passionate license to do anything and be nothing. For whom are the photographic monographs published?

Really gorgeous ones with delicate pictures of three leaves of grass imitating Japanese brush drawing (like the monograph on Harry Callahan), are printed for the gift trade, the museum libraries and, one suspects, other professional photographers. What can you do with a photograph? Just look at it; if you hang it on a wall, it shrinks; if you make an album, ten to one, it's a bore. There are a few cheap paperbacks of Brady's pictures of the Civil War: *The Civil War As They Knew It*, with an excellent commentary by Abraham Lincoln, is a real service.

Really disgusting ones, unnecessary, vulgar, provocative, daring and beautifully produced are assured of a big sick-joke divinely off-beat Christmas killing. The prize for unworthiness is won this year by *Nothing Personal*, the coffee-table horror supreme. Jacketed in an immaculate white shiny cover with silver stamp, this album is the work of two great American artists, James Baldwin, author of *The Fire Next Time* and *Blues for Mister Charlie*, and Richard Avedon, a skillful photographer of luxury products for the Seventh Avenue trade. An odd combination? Ah no, gentle reader (looker?)—it celebrates Way-Out America. Employing the slick *Vogue-Playboy* technique of double-page coverage, it is a Shocker. It has the continent as well as the incontinent insane; it has George Nelson Rockwell and four dear little juvenile hustlers posed like models from Givenchy; it has Allen Ginsberg as guru, pubic hair exposed, but decently guarding his genitals; it has at the end—a real heterosexual-type wind-up — a young man, patting the very pregnant tummy of a pretty girl. James Baldwin adds these words to show how Beautiful Life Can Be (after the insane asylums and the Nazis): "In that darkness of rape and degradation, that fine, flying froth and mist of blood, through all that terror and in all that helplessness, a living soul moved and refused to die. We really emptied oceans with a home-made spoon and tore down mountains with our hands. And if Love was in Hong Kong, we learned how to swim." That's what the man said.

There are six new or newish books on the City of New York, published, presumably, on the assumption that, since there are a lot of New Yorkers somebody will surely buy them. Though why New Yorkers, who can go out and look at their city, should want them is a mystery. One by Fred W. McDarrah, *New York, N.Y.: A Photographic Tour of Manhattan Island from Battery Park to Spuyten Duyvil* is very satisfactory to give to a visitor.

Harry Callahan. *Photographs.* El Mochuelo Gallery. $25.

Mathew Brady (Commentary by Abraham Lincoln). *The Civil War As They Knew It.* Bantam. 213 pp. $1.45 paper.

Richard Avedon and James Baldwin. *Nothing Personal.* Atheneum. $12.95.

Fred W. McDarrah. *New York, N.Y.: A Photographic Tour of Manhattan Island from Battery Park to Spuyten Duyvil.* Corinth. $4.50 cloth. $2.50 paper.

William Klein. *Tokyo.* Crown. 184 pp. $10.

Robert Capa. *Images of War.* Grossman. 175 pp. $15.

Beaumont Newhall. *The History of Photography.* Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by Doubleday. 215 pp. $12.50.

John Szarkowski, editor. *The Photographer and the American Landscape.* Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by Doubleday. 48 pp. $2.25 paper.

Berenice Abbott. *The World of Atget.* Horizon. $20.

A big book on Tokyo pretends to show the largest city in the world in its ceremonial aspects: the ceremony of baseball, and of the modern dance (a phonied-up Genet-type film), the ceremony of the railway platform and the Emperor's departure; the ceremony of a bourgeois wedding as in a Tanizaki novel or a Kurosawa film. The great ceremonies of bu-do, of sumo, of kendo, of karate, eiki, eho, saragama —the ritual samurai arts which still exist in the body and mind of every Japanese schoolboy—are fubbed and made "artistic," like a fashion-magazine blur.

Images of War by Robert Capa offers a difficult human problem; he was a brave man who was in combat, and John Steinbeck writes an appreciation that recalls him as a fine human being. But there is absolutely no way of knowing whether his pictures show Omaha Beach on D-Day, or Darryl Zanuck's whiz-kids reproducing it twenty years later for still-publicity shots for *The Longest Day*. During the Second World War, *Life* magazine used to publish double-page spreads of big blurs labeled: "This Great Picture of Tarawa; Bastogne, Bataan, etc." It showed a real explosion, some flying something—a man who had risked his life to take the snapshot, had taken a snapshot. Now here are Capa's pictures with his commentary, and there is hardly a memorable image. Even John Huston and a poet as great as James Agee, turning Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* into a movie, couldn't make Audie Murphy look like a Brady. This book is a waste. Cartier-Bresson made memorable images: the confrontation of a stool pigeon for the Gestapo, in a displaced persons camp: Dessau, 1945 (Plate 36, in the not very good Grossman cheap monograph on the greatest historian-photographer of our epoch) could not have been faked by Zanuck, Huston, or Kurosawa. It was the bloody fact.

Beaumont Newhall's *The History of Photography* (original edition, 1937), has been brought up to date, expertly presented and beautifully reproduced. Once the head of the Department of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art, Newhall now heads Eastman House in Rochester, N. Y., where he has achieved a magnificent archives and publishes admirable monographs. The Museum of Modern Art itself of-

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fers a beautiful small souvenir of a very fine exhibition, *The Photographer and the American Landscape,* edited by John Szarkowski. On the back cover is a magnificent color photo by Eliot Porter, a man of birds and redwood forests and cliffs, who has done as much as any man living for the preservation of our last natural wonders. Mr. Szarkowski has found in pictures of the American landscape, all of them practically unknown and almost all extremely beautiful, the indestructible record of a life we have forgotten, the life expressed in Jack London, Theodore Roosevelt's early books, Edwin Muir, Whitman and Mark Twain.

I have saved the best for last. Berenice Abbott, herself a great photographer, has written *The World of Atget,* magnificently produced, designed and presented. Her verbal portrait of Eugène Atget is as frank and passionate as Atget's pictures of Paris—without sentimentality, with vast information and with a lifetime's devotion to this greatest of visual documentors of the Paris of Baudelaire, Balzac and Colette. He was no Proustian; recent silly attempts to pair Atget and Proust are a characteristic example of the clever dishonesty of some junior wise guy in a gift-house packaging department. Miss Abbott, encouraged by the munificence of a genuinely institutional publisher, has been able to print 176 of the finest Atgets, the plates of which she took the trouble to purchase and which, until today, no French or American publisher has had the courage to print. At $20 the book will make a deserved fortune, proving that some great editing, designing and publishing still goes on. A word of praise must also go to the designer, Coburn Britton, who is not named in the book. Only the fact that he spent six months at the press, saw every plate through to its ultimate perfection (in halftone; none of your shoddy offset or phony gravure), made possible, at what is a very low price, a book one will want to keep, not as documents of Baudelaire or Balzac, but as a portrait of the sites where Madame Sabatier held her salons, where Rastignac knew the truth of power and where Colette killed Cheri.

Next week, I shall cover books on drawings, graphics and handicrafts; the following week, architecture and general art history.

RECORDS of the YEAR

Benjamin Boretz

Since there are a number of possible reasons for considering a record noteworthy amid the year's production, the following list includes some descriptive notes for items not previously reviewed in The Nation. *In other cases, dates in parentheses at the end of a listing refer to* Nation *issues in which reviews have appeared. An asterisk designates the reissue of a historic recording.*

BACH: Cantata Nos. 43 ("Gott fähret auf mit Jauchzen"), 182 ("Himmelskönig, sei willkommen"), 80 ("Ein' feste Burg"), and 87 ("Bisher habt Ihr nichts gegeben"). Soloists, Heinrich Schütz Chorale, Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra, Fritz Werner, cond. Epic LC 3876/BC 1276; LC 3857/BC 1257. (6/22).

BEETHOVEN: The Complete Piano Concertos:* Nos. 3, 4, and 5. Artur Schnabel, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Issay Dobrowen (in Nos. 3 and 4), Alceo Galliera (in No. 5), conds. Angel COLH 3, 4, 5. (5/18).

Fidelio. Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Gottlob Frick, Walter Berry; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 3625. (2/10).

Fidelio. Birgit Nilsson, James McCracken, Tom Krause, Kurt Boehme, Graziella Sciutti; Vienna Philharmonic, Chorus of the Vienna State Opera, Lorin Maazel, cond. London A 4529/OSA 1259.

Diametrically unlike the marvelously intelligent and intelligible Klemperer recording, Maazel's Fidelio *is sensational in its theatrical, orchestral and vocal excitement; and Maazel's consummate skill in finding sonorities that brilliantly realize his often singular ideas makes them sound absorbing and convincing. The rhythm, balance and pacing indicate that Maazel has a phenomenal operatic flair, and the sounds he is able to get from Nilsson, McCracken and the orchestra would alone have justified the entire production.*

Piano Sonatas: in b-flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); in E, Op. 109; in a-flat, Op. 110; in c-minor, Op. 111. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 18944/138944; 18945/138945.

BRAHMS: Intermezzi, Op. 117; Klavierstücke, Op. 118; Klavierstücke, Op. 119. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 18903/138903.

Kempff's awareness of connective formal ideas, especially in the linear dimension, gives considerable strength to both his Brahms and Beethoven playing, which emerge much more cleanly on records than "live," although with correspondingly less flexibility. Of the sonatas heard both at his Carnegie Hall recitals and on these records, the Hammerklavier, *a frequently incoherent disaster under the punishing physical conditions of live performance, is firmly, if still somewhat narrowly, controlled on the recording (although Kempff remains an incorrigible A-naturalist in the first movement). But the Op. 109, relatively undemanding in a purely mechanical sense, was given a beautifully articulated performance at Carnegie Hall, of which the recording seems a close duplication. In the Brahms works, Kempff avoids the salon overlay imposed by many pianists on Brahms's hardheaded ideas, while maintaining a subtly nuanced and timbrally lovely piano sound that is transparently reproduced in the recording.*

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7. Columbia Symphony, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia M2L 290/M2S 690. (6/22).

THE COLUMBIA-PRINCETON ELECTRONIC MUSIC CENTER: Babbitt: Composition for Synthesizer (1961); Ussachevsky: *Creation-Prologue* (1962); Arel: Stereo Electronic Music No. 1 (1964); Luening: *Gargoyles* (1962). Columbia ML 5966/MS 6566.

The Babbitt is a major foundation work in the electronic medium which established, at its first appearance, an entirely new sense of the potential for significant compositional development made possible by electronic resources; more important, it is a beautiful realization in electronic terms of the qualities of Babbitt's other recent work. Vladimir Ussachevsky was one of the important pioneers of American electronic composition, and remains one of its most adept and resourceful practitioners, particularly in finding electronic equivalents for large-ensemble music in the traditional sense. Bülent Arel is the brilliant technician of the group, a manipulator of electronic resources in tours de force of sheer sonic *exuberance. Mario Davidovsky's work is a personal synthesis of the "sound" and "structure" polarities of the electronic medium which has quickly established him as one of the most mature and developed of our younger professional composers. Otto Luening, the benevolent and musically knowing father figure of the American electronic-music development (as he has been of the entire experimental-music tradition since the thirties), has a characteristically witty-wise and occasionally farcical approach that makes capital of the oddness of the relationship between traditional musical qualities and their perceptual effect in electronic surroundings. This is a treasurable and probably historic record.*

COPLAND: Piano Sonata (1941); Violin Sonata (1943); Trio-*Vitebsk* (1929). Hilde Somer, piano, Carroll Glenn, violin, Charles McCracken, cello. CRI 171.

The Piano Sonata is perhaps the most fully realized work in the "declamatory" instrumental style of the "abstract" post-Piano Variations style; the Violin Sonata, though not the best Copland, is one of those forties works that have a sense of secure self-discovery and full mastery within an individual musical territory; Vitebsk *is a searching prefiguration of the skeletal manner of the Variations, impressive in its gritty toughness and unrelieved expository aggressiveness. Having all three on a single record, well performed, is a compelling attraction.*

DEBUSSY: Three Preludes; Chopin: Three Etudes and Scherzo in b-minor; (with Beethoven: *Pathétique* Sonata). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Columbia ML 5941/MS 6541. (5/18).

DVORAK: Quartet in C, Op. 61. Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2524. (6/22).

FOSS: *Echoi; Time Cycle.* Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University (in *Echoi);* Improvisation Chamber Ensemble (in *Time Cycle).* Epic LC 3886/BC 1286. (3/16).

IMBRIE: Violin Concerto. Carroll Glenn, violin; Columbia Symphony, Zoltan Rosznyai. Columbia ML 5997/MS 6597. (12/7).

LISZT: Piano Music; Bartok: Etudes; Improvisations. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3878/BC 1278.

MAHLER: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.* (with Brahms: *Alto Rhapsody and Schiksalslied*). Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano: Columbia Symphony, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia ML 5888, MS 6488. (6/22).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 2 in c-minor *(Resurrection).* Jennie Tourel. Lee Venora: New York Philharmonic, Collegiate Chorale, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M2S 695.

This, at least, is one Mahler symphony whose qualities are precisely what Bernstein conceives them to be, so that his customary flair makes things happen in the right places and most effectively; and his sense for the special sound of the piece is, for-once, stunningly projected without hoarse strain or distortion. It might be especially significant to note this recording's superiority to Klemperer's, which succumbs to its own mercilessly analytic exposure of the work's deep-seated weakness.

MENDELSSOHN: Quartets in a-minor and d-major, Op. 13 and 44, No. 1. Juilliard String Quartet. Epic LC 3887/BC 1287.

As with the Dvorak listed above, the Juilliard's intense, alert playing restores to arresting life some of the most brilliant and original works of the 19th century, too long moldered beyond hearability under the thick fuzz of a parlor Romanticism they never possessed.

POULENC: The Art of Francis Poulenc: Three Songs; Sonata for Two Pianos; Sextet for winds and piano. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Bernstein, piano; Gold and Fizdale, duo-pianists; Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, Francis Poulenc, piano. Columbia ML 5918/MS 6518.

A definitive representation of the decidedly ephemeral qualities of the last of the drawing-room composers, containing all the Poulenc any record collection will ever need.

PUCCINI: *Il Trittico (Il Tabarro, Gianni Schicchi, Suor Angelica).* Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena; Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Lamberto Gardelli, cond. London 4364/1364. (9/14).

SCHUMAN: *A Song of Orpheus* (with Barber: Piano Concerto). Leonard Rose, cello (in the Schuman); John Browning, piano (in the Barber); Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Columbia ML 6038/MS 6638.

The Schuman is a much more authentic and thought-out idea than such of his more pretentious works as, say, the rather stridently muscle-bound 8th Symphony. Although Orpheus *is still a bit too abstract and schematically neat (a set of "characteristic" variations according to an a priori formal plan that seems superimposed on the inherent tendencies of the materials), it has many sonically gracious passages and some genuinely attractive sounds and textures, especially the focal "Orphic" idea of a "singing" (usually cello) sound against a lutelike "plucking" in various orchestral groups.*

STRAUSS: *Arabella* (1930-32). Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Munich Opera, Joseph Keilberth, cond. DGG 18 (138) 883-85.

Die Frau Ohne Schatten (1914-17). Inge Borkh, Ingrid Bjoner, Martha Mödl, Jess Thomas, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Munich Opera, Joseph Keilberth. DGG 18 (138) 911-14.

Symphonia Domestica (1904). Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Columbia ML 6027/MS 6627.

The Strauss Centenary seems a good time to become acquainted with the immense range and extent of Strauss' production. These are all "shadow" works to the towering landmarks of his output: the Frau Ohne Schatten *(no pun intended) is on the far slope of the* Salome-Elektra *period, where the sensationalism and dark mysteries have become somewhat routine if no less resourceful;* Arabella *is like a wise old man's remake of* Ariadne

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(1911), with a few special qualities of its own, especially in the continuity; the Symphonia Domestica *has virtually an "and-then-I-wrote" relation to the earlier tone poems, and recapitulates many of their salient characteristics with nice accuracy—this composer always knew not only what he was doing, but precisely what he had done. It must be noted that the two opera performances are unremarkably sung and played, but the Cleveland Orchestra sounds superb in the* Symphonia.

STRAVINSKY: Stravinsky Conducts Favorite Short Pieces: Greeting Prelude; *Dumbarton Oaks* Concerto; Eight Instrumental Miniatures; Four Etudes for Orchestra; Circus Polka; Suites Nos. 1 and 2 for Small Orchestra. CBC and Columbia Symphony Orchestras. Columbia ML 6048/MS 6648.

Stravinsky Conducts Ballet Music: *Jeu de Cartes;* Tschaikowsky (*Bluebird*) Pas de deux (arr. Stravinsky); *Scènes de Ballet.* Cleveland, CBC, and Columbia Symphony Orchestras. Columbia ML 6049/MS 6649.

Stravinsky Conducts His Choral Music: *Zezhdoliki (Le Roi des étoiles)* Anthem (T.S. Eliot); Bach-Stravinsky Chorale Variations on "Von Himmel Hoch"; *Babel* (Cantata); Sermon, Narrative and Prayer. Festival Singers of Toronto, CBC Orchestra. Columbia ML 6047/MS 6647.

I haven't yet heard these recordings, but they contain some important recent music (notably the "Von Himmel Hoch" variations, Sermon, Narrative and Prayer, and the T.S. Eliot Anthem), as well as essential earlier Stravinsky either inadequately or not at all represented in the current catalogue, especially the Dumbarton Oaks, Jeu de Cartes, Scènes de Ballet, Zezhdoliki *and* Babel.

THOMSON: *Four Saints in Three Acts.** Original Cast. RCA Victor LM 2756.

Whatever its intrinsic value, this recording, like the opera itself, is a deeply imbedded event in the history of contemporary American composition, and one hopes that it will henceforth remain available as a necessary document of our recent musical past.

ART

Max Kozloff

THE BRITISH IN BUFFALO

Less publicized than the "brain drain" of England's scientists has been the visitation of its artists to these shores. Part of the growing exodus from Europe, as an indirect result of Paris' forfeited vitality, the English painters are remarkable, not only in numbers, but in their enthusiastic and facile rapport with the New York scene. Of course London, like Los Angeles, is an emergent, steadily vying center of art, and it is perhaps characteristic of the present time that much traveling occurs between these cities, and that their more noticeable idioms and patterns are instantly mutated by contact with New York. Like some huge fleshy flower, the latter is browsed by hordes of artistic bees. What results, certainly, has a sweet *taste,* but perhaps not that singularity or visual freshness that can be appreciated independently in itself.

This may be an insular opinion. For New York art, with a pretty tyranny, tends to render impotent images whose only fault may be that they are less brazen than its own. I found myself trying to resist that tyranny when I visited the "Contemporary British Painting and Sculpture" show at the Albright Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo. (A much larger and more ambitious display of contemporary British material will be circulating next spring in Minneapolis, Washington and Boston.) Evident from this and previous exhibitions, as well as from a rash of one-man shows here, is the stylishness, the talent and the proliferating ideas that make English art contemporary in the sense that our own reactions to Abstract Expressionism have defined the term. But the present exhibitors have formed their directions in opposition, not to the narcissistic gymnastics of action painting, but to an inhibited neo-Cubist abstraction or figuration. A typical statement of the fifties would be a stunted bronze figure by Reg Butler or Kenneth Armitage, or the rounded-off blue rectangles of William Scott; a characteristic expression of 1964 appears in the somber color-field, painting-objects of Peter Stroud, the gimcrack pinball polyptych of Peter Phillips, or the eye-dazzling, but fine-grained optical patterns of Bridget Riley. Yet, no matter how familiar the look and feel of the compositions of these younger people, their work behaves differently from what one initially expects.

For one thing, they are far more vagrant, kinky and eccentric in their structures—even when these are ostensibly repeating—than is a standard New York approach. An irrational element intrudes, not so much in response to bizarre or implausible surroundings, as in America, but forming itself naturally from an indigenous tradition. A concomitant of this—one sees it in Bernard Cohen and R. J. Kitai—appears to be a considerable explicitness of motif, whether it be looping, jewellike coils of color, or sinister human silhouettes. Then too, some of the works betray a quite childish fascination with the uttermost ranges of sophisticated technology.

I remember a well-known architectural critic and friend, himself a member of the younger generation, commenting that as a North country boy, his only contact with the outer world was the monthly appearance of *Mechanics Illustrated.* There can be no more apt illustration of that persistent, highly romanticized infatuation with industrial processes than Eduardo Paolozzi's machine-casted robots. Literal enthusiasm for the look of graphic techniques and media (for example, in the remarkable Royal College of Art publication, *Ark*), hip phraseology, cinematic expertise, these are the dynamics which drive younger British artists, far more than their American colleagues, to invest and keep energy on the surface of their work. But this, in turn, does not lend their art any greater sensuality, despite their self-conscious and hard-won professionalism (a sore point in current British art polemics). Here I am not referring to the Anglo-American taboo on brush marks (overdone in any case), but to the underlying formal conviction of the current work. With the exception of Harold Cohen and Allen Jones, both oriented toward New York abstraction, none of the British artists can be considered devoted or knowing colorists. The absence of any lushness or spontaneity (good taste is another matter) in British abstraction of the fifties—itself an ambivalent reflection of the "New York School" which was first comprehensively presented there in 1956—has not benefited the latest wave of artists. For they could not be meaningfully contrary, and hence responsive to something that did not exist.

Ironically, Pop art, so prominent as an American sensibility, originated in British circles—if only as a discussion topic — considerably earlier, around 1953. A kind of philosophical, engineering, intellectual mentality, cross-referring, but thinning out the most disparate topics (among which was popular culture), arose during those years at the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA). From the "Dimensions" exhibition catalogue of British Abstract Art 1948-1957, one gets an egghead bibliography of their readings which almost suggests that words and ideas were more influential for the artists than images. Shortly afterward, there seems to have occurred a strongly moralistic shift in mood, possibly affected by the criticism of Clement Greenberg and the presence of paintings by such Americans as Ellsworth Kelley and Barnet Newman—that is, a highly reductive, plane-conscious art, and its dialectical apology. In accepting such self-convinced examples of work in magnified scale and two or three colors, the British were recognizing only what confirmed their own taste. (The French, at the time, were acclaiming Mark Tobey.) There is something unmistakably puritannical, but thin, of low voltage—without the American repressiveness — about the resulting color field or "hard edge" paintings that came out of Denny, Stroud or Turnbull.

The history of new British art, at least that which quickens interest at Buffalo, dates back to about 1959. Today's bumper crop of English artists have mostly forsworn the bookish or prophetic poses of their elders, and move briskly, with a grace that is sanguine, uncommunicative, and on-the-make. "Mod," said Jonathan Miller nicely, "is the word one is groping for, since it gets, better than the overused 'pop,' the emotionally indifferent swish of these paintings, so many of them decorative in a camp sort of way. There is now a curious cultural community, breathlessly à la mod, where Lord Snowden and the other desperadoes of grainy blow-ups and bled-off layout jostle with commercial art school Mersey stars, window dressers and Carnaby Street pants-peddlers."

Yet it would be easy to exaggerate the contemporaneity of their mood. From the viewpoint of iconography alone, this art is far less articulate about the modern condition than one supposes. The American Civil War, World War I, *The Rake's Progress* updated, are as likely to be on the agenda as motorcycles or dynamos. Furthermore, the manner of presentation can be picayune or small-minded, quaintly reminiscent of Victorian almanacs. In a Pop art canvas by Richard Hamilton, shown at the Carnegie International, a kind of airless and anemic nostalgia for movies of the forties does not succeed in breathing life into a pictorial montage. One suspects that however particular their motifs, the artists still feel an inseparable distance between themselves and the outer world, a gap which manifests itself by the curiously retrospective, vicarious atmosphere of their work. These artists are not opening, nor do they consider it their job to open, any new realms of perception. It is as if they could not muster enough conceptual pressure to tackle the immediately topical, as do the best of their American confreres. Or rather, that they seem able to deal at first hand only with things sentimentally removed from their actual experience.

For some such reason, one notices a considerably weaker quotient of irony and metaphor in British than in American art. Even if the painters at Buffalo maximize the artificial glamour of their motifs, they are never so much in time with the 20th-century technological beat as to feel deeply its ambivalences, or even a healthy disrespect. Conceivably, this may also explain the lack of any significant British assemblage (although a continuous British discomfort with Surrealism and Dada, upon which assemblage depends, may be instrumental here). In any event, the pattern of the relations of modern British art to the past is not so inevitable or coherent as to make one feel the inner justification of much of the work produced. Delaunay or Chagall or Mondrian may be quoted at random, but they are not systematically displaced or subverted by broad currents that elicit original combinations. Aiming at the light, the tripping tone, only too many of the young British artists achieve the lightweight.

As for the inspiration they draw from American art, this too contains difficulties. Two very able "mod" artists, Derek Boshier and Allen Jones, have recently moved out to approximately optical or color-field positions aligned with developments in New York. In doing so, however, they risk becoming satellites of our art—a displeasing act—at the same time that they tend to give up what previous individuality they had. So far, only the resourceful Dick Smith has made progress in feeling his way along these lines. I don't pretend to know what the solution is, but concerning the spectacle at Buffalo, at least, one is mildly bemused, faintly depressed. In the end, tyranny speaks.

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1964 by writers who also contributed to The Nation *in that year: also a few books a substantial part of whose contents first appeared in this magazine. This compilation has become a year-end feature of the magazine — a service to readers and authors. Books published in England are listed for the record. However, they are available on special order from most booksellers.*

A. R. Ammons. *Expressions of Sea Level.* Ohio State University Press. $4.

Eric Barker. *Looking For Water.* October House. $4.50. $1.95 paper.

Marvin Bell, editor. *Iowa Workshop Poets / 1963.* Midwest / Statements. $1 paper.

Merton C. Bernstein. *The Future of Private Pensions.* The Free Press. $12.50.

Wendell Berry. *The Broken Ground.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95. *November 26, 1963.* Braziller. $5 and $15.

John Berryman. *77 Dream Songs.* Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

Albert A. Blum. *Management and the White Collar Union.* American Management Association. $4.50.

Germaine Bree. *Albert Camus.* Columbia University Press. 65c paper. *Camus.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $2.25.

Hayden Carruth. *North Winter.* Prairie. $4.50.

Harry M. Caudill. *Night Comes to the Cumberlands.* Little, Brown. $2.45 paper.

Fred J. Cook. *The FBI Nobody Knows.* Macmillan. $5.95.

Barry Goldwater: Extremist of the Right. Grove. 75c paper.

James Desmond. *Nelson Rockefeller: A Political Biography.* Macmillan. $5.

Isaac Deutscher, editor. *The Age of Permanent Revolution: A Trotsky Anthology.* Dell. 95c paper.

Richard Eberhart. *The Quarry.* Oxford University Press. $4.75.

Colin Eisler. *Flemish and Dutch Drawings.* Shorewood Press. $4.95.

German Drawings. Shorewood Press. 95c paper.

George P. Elliott, editor. *Types of Prose Fiction.* Random House. $5.95.

A Piece of Lettuce. Random House. $4.95.

Fourteen Poems. Goosetree. 30c (pamphlet).

Amitai Etzioni. *Winning Without War.* Doubleday. $4.95. Anchor. $1.25 paper.

The Moon-Doggle: Domestic and International Implications of the Space Race. Doubleday. $4.50.

Social Change, editor. Basic Books. $6.95.

Modern Organizations. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. $1.50 paper.

Richard A. Falk. *The Role of Domestic Courts in the International Legal Order.* Syracuse University Press. $6.50.

Thomas J. Fleming. *All Good Men.* Macfadden-Bartell. 75c paper.

The God of Love. Macfadden-Bartell. 75c paper.

One Small Candle: The Pilgrims' First Year in America. Norton. $4.

Norman Friedman. *E. E. Cummings: The Growth of a Writer.* Southern Illinois University Press. $4.50.

Bruce Grant. *Indonesia.* Melbourne University Press. $5.50.

Nat Hentoff. *The New Equality.* Viking. $4.95.

Anselm Hollo. *Heads To Appear on the Stands.* Ambit Press. 50c. paper.

Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky. Grove. $3.50.

Arthur Hoppe. *Dreamboat.* Doubleday. $4.50.

David Ignatow. *Figures of the Human.* Wesleyan University Press. $4. $1.50 paper.

Josephine Jacobsen (with William Mueller). *The Testament of Samuel Beckett.* Hill & Wang. $3.95. $1.65 paper.

LeRoi Jones. *The Dead Lecturer.* Grove. $3.50.

Dutchman & The Slave. Morrow. $3.75.

Yale Kamisar (with others). *Constitutional Law: Cases, Comments & Questions.* West. $15.

Constitutional Rights & Liberties. West. $10.

Constitutional Criminal Procedure. West. $2.50.

Martin Luther King, Jr. *Why We Can't Wait.* Harper & Row. $3.50.

Lincoln Kirstein. *Rhymes of a PFC.* New Directions. $3.50.

Woody Klein. *Let in the Sun.* Macmillan. $5.95.

Louis W. Koenig. *The Chief Executive.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $9.50.

Hans Koningsberger. *I Know What I'm Doing.* Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Leonard Kriegel. *The Long Walk Home.* Appleton. $4.50.

William M. Kunstler. *The Minister and the Choir Singer.* Morrow. $5.95.

Arthur Larsen (with John B. Whitton). *Propaganda: Toward Disarmament in the War of Words.* Oceana. $8.50.

Questions and Answers on the United Nations (revised edition). World Rule of Law Center. 25c paper.

Denise Levertov. *O Taste and See.* New Directions. $3.

Joel Lieber. *Israel on $5 a Day.* Frommer. $1.95 paper.

Charles Marowitz. *Stanislavsky and the Method.* Citadel. $1.95.

Vivian Mercier, editor. *Great Irish Short Stories.* Dell. 60c paper.

Eve Merriam. *After Nora Slammed the Door.* World. $4.95.

Warren Miller. *The Siege of Harlem.* McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

Looking for the General. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Frank Musgrove. *Youth and the Social Order.* Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

Robert Presthus. *Men at the Top: A Study in Community Power.* Oxford University Press. $8.50. $2.95 paper.

Kenneth Rexroth. *Natural Numbers: Selected Poems.* New Directions. $1.75 paper.

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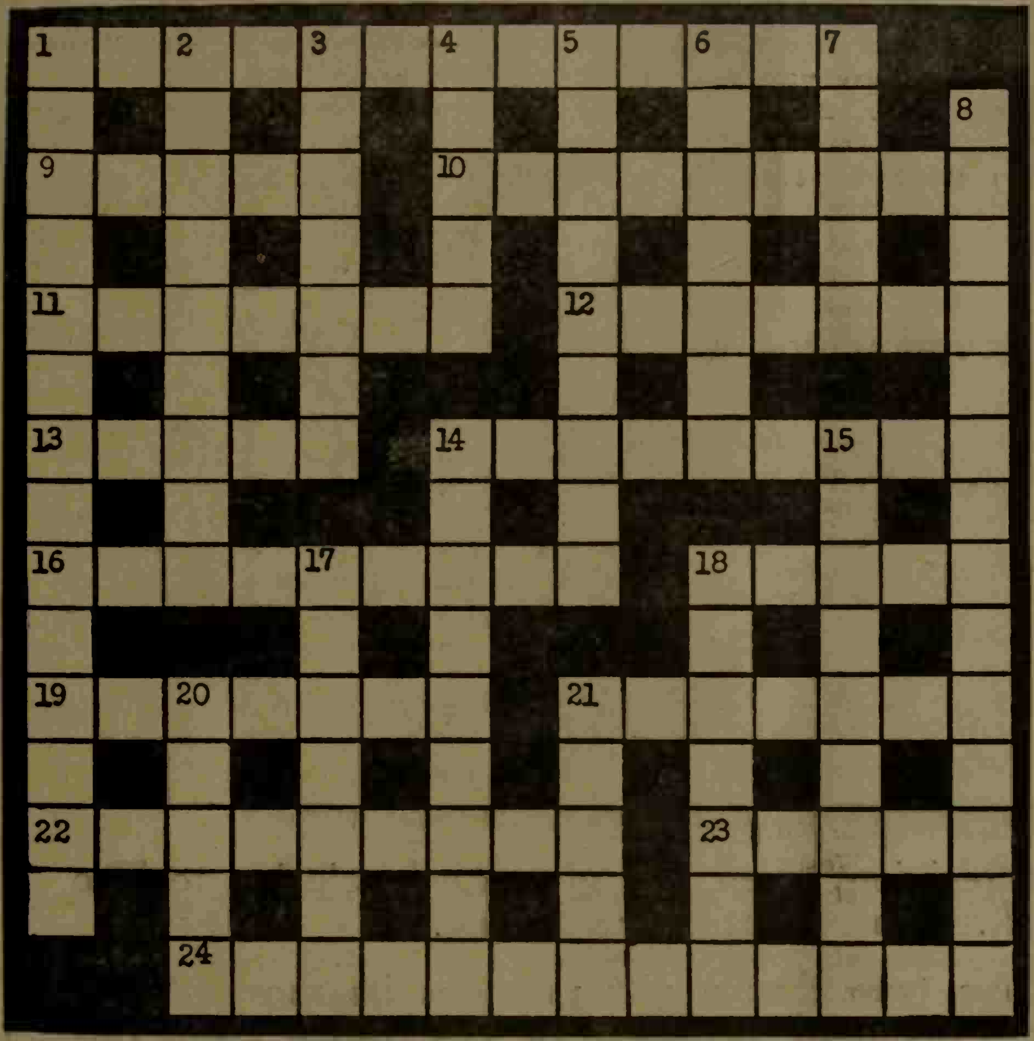
Crossword Puzzle No. 1084

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Charge! (It might show strength on the other side.) (5, 2, 6)
9 See 13 across
10 Where there might be a certain amount of reflection on what we'll have for dinner. (5, 4)
11, 17 down and 24 across Those who discover the guard rings one who doesn't win white-wings, possibly stated in the possessive case. (7, 7, 6, 7)
12 A friend and I got in one, with a rather stony look. (7)
13, 6 down and 9 across Implying the conversations cause a near beating? (5-2-5, 5)
14 Took a picture of one with pull in the old munitions plant? (4, 5)
16 Where one might appear before the bar and talk free from restraint.
18 Drink might have been responsible for the downfall of a very big man.
19 How can you have cones be in such foul shape! (7)
21 Signal. (7)
22 Does a hell of a business with what the tenant might have! (9)
23 Hop to an order? Snap out of it, rather! (5)
24 See 11 across

DOWN:

1 How a sword hilt is made to be romantically beyond comparison. (3, 2, 4, 5)
2 Portray ideal teen make-up? (9)
3 One of the things paid by the caller sometimes? (It's just a detail.) (7)
4 Gray landscape now this? (5)
5 Literally a flower-gathering, but it might make the log hot in any environment. (9)
6 See 13 across
7 A spell of something possibly found in 5, though it suggests a diplomatic agent. (5)
8 Questioning the activity at such times? (14)
14 Cast out this way? (5, 4)
15 Otherwise confused as the sign of faction. (5, 4)
17 See 11 across
18 It is not necessarily pointillism when one does. (7)
20 Where stock is put, or put off. (5)
21 Will a chair, possibly, at college?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO 1083

ACROSS: 1 Nasturtium; 6 Pass; 10 Tea-ball; 11 Crenate; 12 Roof; 13 and 2 A Man For All Seasons; 15 Cistern; 16 Yucatan; 17 Embolus; 20 Toenail; 22 Square deal; 23 Imps; 25 Infidel; 26 Soprano; 27 Ends; 28 Promenades. DOWN: 1 Nutcracker Suite; 3 Utah; 4 Telamon; 5 Uncanny; 7 Adamant; 8 Spelling lessons; 9 Retouched; 14 Telluride; 18 Bluffed; 19 Saddler; 20 Transom; 21 Armband; 24 Span.

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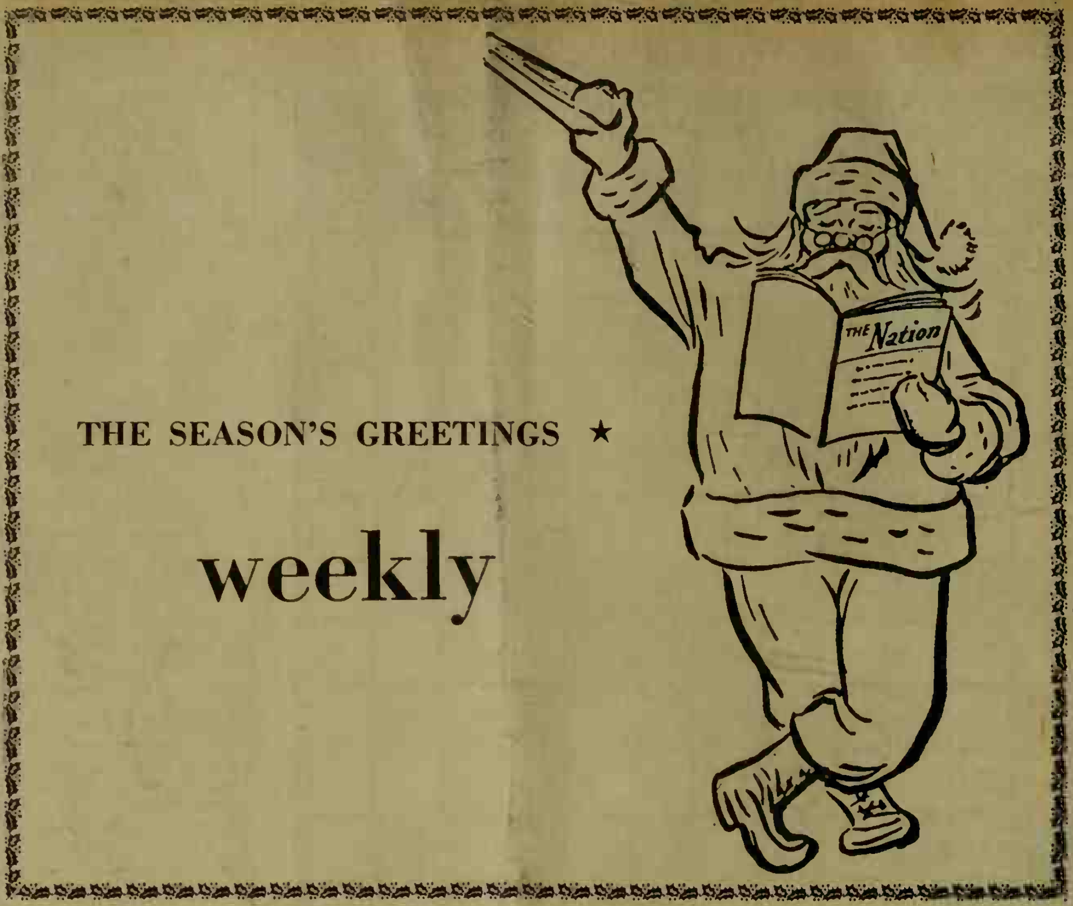

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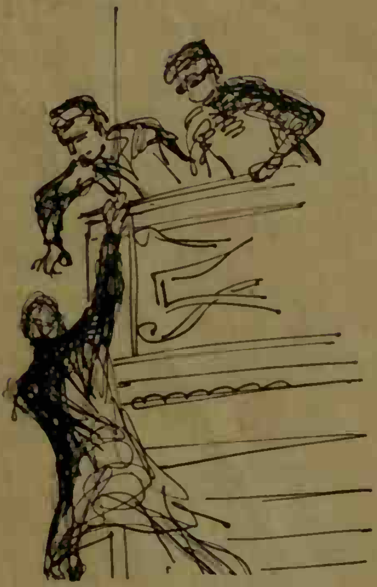
THE NATION

December 21, 1964 . . 35c

NO FAIR!

The Student Strike At California

GENE MARINE



The St. Croix

WHO OWNS A RIVER?
Alfred D. Stedman

'THIS LITTLE LIGHT . . .'
Peter de Lissovoy

Reviews & Essays

Isaac Deutscher on EHRENBURG

COMMUNISM AND THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS: Harvey Goldberg

'INCIDENT AT VICHY': Julius Novick

LETTERS

Word for Hoover

East Chicago, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Just read the editorial on Hoover the Vulgarian [*The Nation*, Nov. 30]. Imagine anyone saying out loud that Mr. Hoover is an oaf. It's about time we called attention to the king's nakedness.

Rose LeVan

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Hoover the Vulgarian" was inspiring. It has been my feeling that as the Soviet Union fights against the cult of personality, we in this country have been deifying government and industry people. Hoover should be retired and possibly could be made useful as a consultant to the movie industry—you never know when the G-Men movies will catch hold again.

G. A. Caparelli

San Juan Island, Wash.

Dear Sirs: It gave me great pleasure and satisfaction to read your fine editorial criticism of J. Edgar Hoover in the Nov. 30 issue. . . . The Shakespearean lines, "As who should say, I am Sir Oracle and when I ope' my lips let no dog bark," are so apt to J. Edgar. Now at last someone has had the courage not only to bark at him but to bite.

F. R. Scott

Floating on top

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Robert G. Sherrill's piece on Sen. George Smathers (*The Nation*, Dec. 7) reveals which elements of our "Great Society" float to the top. . . . With Senators like that at the helm what chance is there for peace and decency? Not to mention Vietnam and the Congo. . . .

How I wish more people would read *The Nation*.

John Z. Gelsavage

Who smells a plot?

Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Shortly after the publication of the Warren Commission's report, a friend brought to our attention a syndicated article by William F. Buckley. That master of the innuendo had written, essentially, that the report did not exclude the possibility of a conspiracy. Anyone who thought our plotters could be right wingers was clearly an idiot; hence, it must have been a leftist conspiracy.

Our friend then stated that he expected to see the same comments in *The Nation*, with the words "Left" and "Right" interchanged. Imagine the glee with which we showed him the next issues of both *The Nation* ["The Warren Report" by Herbert L. Packer, Nov. 2] and *I. F. Stone's Weekly!* Here, contrasted with Buckley's outlook, we found realistic attitudes: while responsible criticisms of the commission's efforts were valid, wild theorizing, by the Right or the Left, was uniformly condemned.

And now we read in *The Nation* three letters that do not even bother to criticize Professor Packer's defense of the report, but rather are a weak echo of the irresponsibility our friend had expected to find in *The Nation*.

Mr. & Mrs. Matt Young

In vino . . .

Torrington, Wyo.

Dear Sirs: Dr. M. E. Chafetz's comparison of the drinking customs of various nations is quite enlightening ["The Puzzle of Alcoholism," *The Nation*, Nov. 30]. But where in the world he found in it a basis for the statement that "alcohol does more good than harm" is beyond me, unless he includes industrial uses—which he did not mention.

The only candidate for "positive benefits" I have run across is that drinking loosens tongues. There may thereby be released an occasional body of wisdom for the benefit of mankind—but most of what finds voice by the removal of inhibitions . . . is garrulous nonsense, more impressive to the speaker than to his hearers. Locate a few other possible benefits, and they don't seem to stack up against the contribution to accidents, crime, ruined homes and persons that are the record of alcohol, even in countries where the customs are different from ours.

Howard Osborne

Reviving the shelter

Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Early this fall the American Society for Engineering Education announced that it had been awarded a contract by the Office of Civil Defense to schedule and administer Summer Institutes on Nuclear-Defense Design. These institutes are planned as "guides for architectural and engineering faculty in the presentation of similar courses."

As a member of the society I have voiced opposition to . . . what I consider a most insidious form of collaboration of an academic professional society with the Department of Defense, through the Offices of Civil Defense, to promote a fallout shelter mentality among students and faculty in this country. . . . Since the military establishment was not successful in its direct public campaign to develop a full-scale fallout shelter program throughout the country, it has now shifted the program to a "higher" level—and this is via academia.

In voicing my opposition to the main officers of the American Society for Engineering Education I received a most disturbing reaction from these people who could see no conflict of principle. This indicates to me that the brainwashing job of the military on certain segments of academia has been most effective. . . .

Steve M. Slaby, Chairman
Dept. of Graphics and
Engineering Drawing
Princeton University

THE NATION

Monday, December 21, 1964
Volume 199, No. 20

In this issue

EDITORIALS
477

ARTICLES

479 Vietnam: In the French Footsteps
Jonathan Kapstein
482 No Fair!: The Students Strike at California
Gene Marine
486 Moments in a Southern Town: "This Little Light . . ."
Peter de Lissovoy
490 The St. Croix: Who Owns A River?
Alfred D. Stedman

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

494 Survival's Favorite Son
Isaac Deutscher
496 Le Parti d'Intelligence?
Harvey Goldberg
498 The Latest Word (poem)
Theodore Weiss
499 The Arts in Yugoslavia
Arno Karlen
500 On Stuffing a Goose (poem)
Theodore Weiss
502 Art Books of 1964: Part II
Lincoln Kirstein
504 Theatre
Julius Novick
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 504)
Frank W. Lewis

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EDITORIALS

Fulcrum of the United Nations

Recently we commended John Kenneth Galbraith for his reminder that a practical understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union is the "fulcrum" of this country's foreign policy, although there are times when one would never guess it. Such an understanding is also the fulcrum of the UN as a viable institution—a fact which the controversy over the Soviets' payment of UN assessments has brought into sharp focus. The simplicist view of this argument is that the dirty Russians are welching on their just debts and Uncle Sam, played by Adlai Stevenson, is telling them to pay up or be shut up. Actually, some other nations, including France, are nearing the point of no Assembly vote, and the only reason why the U.S. has been in the prosecutor's role is that, in the past, it could rely on the Assembly to follow its lead obediently. But with 115 nation-members—most of them small, poor, and weak, yet each entitled to a vote—a new situation is arising, and this accounts for our reluctance to let matters come to a showdown. From a seemingly obdurate stand, we have retreated to a sensible proposal for a special committee of about twenty members, including the five permanent members of the Security Council, to take charge of future UN peace-keeping operations and prevent, as far as possible, imbroglios of the present sort.

This plan is not a mere temporizing or face-saving device like the current moratorium on votes in the Assembly. In the proposed committee, a two-thirds majority would be required to authorize assessments for intervention in threatening situations. Any seven members could prevent action and demands for financial participation. But, as Crosby S. Noyes points out in the Washington *Star*, this constitutes a veto, which was so repugnant to us when the Russians exercised it in the Security Council that we in effect supplanted the Council with the Assembly. The multinational veto may prove unfortunate in some future crisis when prompt action is needed to preserve the peace. But the lesson of the Congo intervention—which started with the UN's gallant attempt to avert chaos and ended in near-chaos for the Congo and near-bankruptcy for the UN—is that no great power is going to pay for an operation of which it disapproves, or that runs counter to its evaluation of its own vital interests. The special-committee proposal is a recognition of international realities and of the present limitations on UN action—a setback from the standpoint of world government, but better than wrecking the organization by overextension.

Rather than weakening the UN in the exercise of its present limited powers, the impasse may strengthen the organization. Both the Soviet Union and the United States evidently value its functions—short of coercion applied to themselves. Something else that they recognize is, in Noyes's words, that "the great powers—including Russia—do have interests and responsibilities in common which are not shared by lesser powers, even acting as a group." The debt discussions may in consequence result in a *modus vivendi* within the UN which will improve the international atmosphere generally. The original UN concept, when Roosevelt and Stalin were planning the postwar future, was that the United States and Russia would continue to collaborate. They were unable to do so and the cold war followed. Now there appears to be recognition on both sides that while the one-nation-one-vote setup of the General Assembly is international democracy, it gives the Assembly power to start things that it is impotent to finish. So, circuitously, we are getting back to the original idea of the UN and the original theory of the Security Council. If it can be remembered that the fulcrum of American-Soviet understanding is a prerequisite, the Council may turn out to be a useful instrument on the second attempt. Even great powers can learn something in twenty years.

More Than Restless

A year ago, Dr. Clark Kerr warned that "the undergraduate students are restless." He turned out to be a prophet, the more so because when he spoke the impression was still widespread that the dominant mood of undergraduates was one of conformity and willing acceptance of the standards of the affluent society.

This year has been called the "Year of the Protest." The demonstrations at Berkeley [see p. 482] have been the largest and the most spectacular, but many other protests have drawn only local headlines. A survey by Paul Danish of the Collegiate Press Service lists some of the major actions. At Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., the uprising was directed against new regulations governing student drinking. Several hundred nature lovers at the University of Pennsylvania demonstrated against the construction of a new fine arts building because it would destroy one of the few tree-shaded areas remaining on the campus. At the University of Texas the local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society picketed against an *Amos 'n Andy* type of minstrel show. At City University of New York, students organized to defeat candidates for the state legislature who did not take a stand in favor of free tuition. University of Michigan students demanded "campus democracy now"—a package which included more money for teaching, new student housing, increased student wages and lower living costs.

The variety of protest suggests an underlying dissatisfaction which may not be clear even to some of the most active participants. In fact, there are convincing signs of a negative or passive protest in which no banners are carried and no one takes a sock at the campus police. This inversion, which may be related to the earlier conformity, shows up as "apathy," being "cool," pseudo-beatnik attitudes and antics, and "alienation" from the world outside the campus and often from the campus and the faculty. This condition, also described by the Collegiate Press Service, is reported by Roger Ebert to be especially prevalent at the big universities. "At this moment," he says, "there are hundreds of students who have lost all contact with the world their fellows inhabit and who wander helplessly from classroom to dormitory room, not even aware that they are searching desperately for a way to unlock these prison cells."

While no single explanation can cover such a wide spectrum of protest, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, something serious is obviously afoot. A large proportion of undergraduates are devoid of "motivation"—a favorite inspirational word of some industrialists and also a certain type of faculty member. They seek relief in demonstrations, which are certainly healthier than catatonia, random sex arising from boredom, alcohol or drugs. The traditional values of hard work, hard thinking, piety and constructive behavior may still be strong in some of the students, but to others—and their number is large—they have become irrelevant. These students manifest openly something that also afflicts many of their elders. They are rejecting the values of the affluent society (affluent materially and poverty-stricken spiritually). On whatever level the protest is made, it is an important syndrome which society cannot afford to ignore, still less try to suppress.

Out in the Open

One of the ironies of the tragic sequence of events in Mississippi is that they should have centered in a town called Philadelphia—"city of brotherly love." But perhaps there is something appropriate about the symbolism, for at last some signs are emerging that Philadelphia, Miss., wants to be no worse than Philadelphia, Pa., which is not free from race hatred but where Negroes vote and cannot be murdered with impunity. Given time, Philadelphia, Miss., may acquiesce in the rule of law, and this novel acceptance may spread to other towns. Eventually—God willing—it may encompass the whole state.

At the moment, national opinion oscillates and is influenced by group opinion. First the FBI was condemned for not turning up the culprits. Now, after twenty-one arrests, the forecasts are, in effect, that there will be at best belated indictments and, if there are indictments, no one will be convicted. That is only too probable; the bizarre refusal of the local commissioner to hold nineteen of the men arrested—a temporary but psychologically important setback—is an example of what to expect. Understandably, a kind of despair may seize any American who takes the Constitution seriously and knows that in some two or three states murder, as long as it is racial murder, is not regarded by the white citizens as a crime. Yet the punishment of the guilty is not the only factor involved.

If one is not to take a stand which bears some resemblance to that of the Ku Kluxers, one must acknowledge that some of those arrested may not be guilty. They must have a fair trial. If they need funds for their defense, those who wish to contribute must be free to do so. If the trials are a travesty of justice, as in similar situations in the past, the fact will not go unnoticed in the world outside Mississippi, nor in Mississippi, nor in the town that has become a symbol of lawlessness (although by all indications it is no worse than many other towns in the Deep South).

Very slowly, and not at all surely, the processes of law are being applied. This is the new element in the Mississippi situation. For years it has been no offense for a white man to kick a Negro off the sidewalk or, given ritual provocation, to kill him. The dominant mores have sanctioned this behavior and they sanction it still, but now a Philadelphia clergyman can preach a sermon on the Schwerner-Chaney-Goodman killings which, he says, could not have been preached three months ago, nor even three weeks ago. The case is out in the open. Says the Rev. Clay Lee of the First Methodist Church: "People you'd never expect would want to talk about responsibility in this light now stop you on the street and declare themselves in favor of it."

The reasons vary with the individual. Some have found that the mores do not still the voice of conscience. For others, the arrests have had a salutary effect. Arrests, even if nothing worse follows, are unpleasant, and the seizure of twenty-one individuals, including law-enforcement officers, emphasizes the federal presence in the county and state. Then there are the commercial and psychological aspects. The banker knows that as far as industry is concerned Mississippi has become virulent. Perhaps worst of all, federal funds will shortly by-pass his state, one of the poorest in the Union.

The immediate outlook is one of further frustration in the more enlightened parts of the country. No early victory is in sight. But Mississippi is inhabited by human beings who, in the long run, will bow to the forces that have molded the rest of the United States.

The Fortunes of NASA

The flight of the Mariner IV spacecraft to Mars may be regarded in two ways: for what it tells us about the current state of space technology and for what it tells us about the agency responsible for the project. Even if full success should not be achieved, the operation is a marvel of science and engineering. It puts a 575-pound vehicle and instrument package into an orbit diverging sufficiently from that of Earth so that, after 325 million miles and 228 days, it will pass within a few thousand miles of Mars. After performing various experiments en route, if all goes well Mariner will take twenty-two pictures of the Martian surface, change the optical pattern into electrical signals, record these on tape, and transmit them slowly to Earth for the best photographic results. Each picture will require eight hours of transmission time. Again if all goes well, the pictures will resolve objects about 1 mile apart—about as good as telescopic views of the moon.

The details of this feat—and if Mariner IV does not succeed a later probe will—would stagger the imagination of a Jules Verne, even if he were educated in modern jet propulsion, telemetry, computation and electronics. The orientation of the vehicle alone involves problems of fantastic complexity. It must be nicely adjusted so that the solar panels face the sun and generate full power, that at the fly-by the cameras point toward Mars, and that throughout the journey the transmitting and receiving antennas point toward Earth for commands from NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and the transmission of the pictures.

The complexity of NASA's political and public relations problems is almost as great. In general, space projects involve compromises, or victories and defeats, for a variety of contending factions—scientists and engineers, military men, politicians, industrialists. The flight to Mars is to the liking of scientists, at least to those working on projects that require observations in outer space. It is less admired by those who are interested mainly in lunar exploration, and still less by the Air Force, which would prefer to rove in low orbits where reconnaissance is taking place today and, some think, bombs will be flying tomorrow.

Who gets what in space depends to some extent on publicity and NASA's front-page space suffers sharp decline whenever it has no manned flights to stage. The role of the public is mainly one of "gee whiz" incomprehension, a vague assumption that in some way they are being protected from the Russians, a vicarious pride when we do something better than they and, when the astronauts go up, a kind of gladiatorial show. The spectators are patriots all, but sooner or later an astronaut will burn.

But, little as the public has to say about it all, it does pay the bills and NASA wants to keep its own image clear and bright, lest curmudgeons start wiring their Congressmen about that $5.5 billion a year. With all these distractions, and with none of the problems of life support, propulsion, equipment design and reliability and re-entry beyond an early-study stage, NASA is hoping to send Americans to Mars around 1985. Even those who would prefer to see more of the national income spent for human welfare here on Earth must feel a grudging admiration for such enterprise.

VIETNAM

In The French Footsteps . . . . Jonathan Kapstein

In the pleasantly dim officers' club at Vinh Long, South Vietnam, a 25-year-old U.S. Army lieutenant described what he had seen one time when soldiers of the Vietnamese 7th Infantry Division captured prisoners. "They had four, all suspected of being Vietcong—the first prisoners they had taken in a long time. They lined 'em up and shot the first man. Then they questioned the second. His answers were unsatisfactory, I guess, because they shot him too. The third man talked freely."

A helicopter pilot looked up from his Jack Daniels-and-Coke to relate what had happened to a captive he had been flying back from a battle area. A Vietnamese army officer yelled in the ear of the suspected guerrilla who was tied hand and foot. The man did not respond, so the officer and a Vietnamese soldier heaved him, struggling against his ropes, out of the UH-1B helicopter from 2,900 feet. Then over the roar of the engine, the officer began to interrogate another prisoner who had watched wide-eyed. The answers must have been satisfactory, the flier said, because, though kicked and roughly handled, the guerrilla was alive to be marched off when the helicopter landed.

"But there's nothing we could do," said the American. "Over and over we're told that we are advisers and only advisers. I know it sounds silly when we fly combat missions and U.S. infantrymen go out on patrols, but we don't command the Vietnamese. If we interfere once in their chain of command, we are out."

His explanation for the callousness of the Vietnamese troops was nothing so glib as Oriental cruelty. What he described was a reaction to frustration. Vietnamese regulars have been fighting this war for twenty years, but they have rarely met the enemy face to face. They get shot at from all sides, ambushed on any road, attacked at night after conspirators inside a village have opened the gates; they hit back at the empty air. Small counterattacks are ferociously chopped up, larger ones—too large for the Vietcong—find only peasants working in the rice paddies, elephant grass or still forests. Another reason why the Vietnamese soldiers are brutal when interrogating the few they manage to capture is that the Vietcong, traveling fast and light, take no prisoners themselves, except those they need as political hostages.

The 1946-54 Indo-China war and the French inability to learn about the jungles and the people cost France 100,000 soldiers killed or missing, 140,000 wounded and $5 billion. The French found that so-called conventional warfare as fought in World War II, or even Korea, was of little use where the terrain was as effective as the guerrillas themselves in resisting armored sweeps and paratroop drops. The French could not believe—until it was too late—that peasants armed with old rifles could whip the products of St. Cyr and Sidi-bel-Abbes. It was only at the end that they set up mobile native commando teams in the Viet Minh rear, and then they had to abandon them at the armistice. The United States, meanwhile, suddenly afraid of the dangers of communism in Asia after the Korea experience, filled the gap left by the

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Jonathan Kapstein recently returned from South Vietnam, where he was on assignment for the Houston Chronicle.

departing French. Only the nationality changed; the tactics remained much the same.

The U.S. Army, despite its vaunted tradition of military flexibility, has never learned the French lesson. As a result, any threat to the South Vietnam Government has been met from the United States with more men and ever more military equipment. The number of advisers rose from 600 in 1955 to 6,000 in 1962 to 21,500 today.

One of the most dramatic military failures took place on January 2, 1963. American helicopters landed a 2,000-man Vietnamese force at Ap Bac in the Mekong River Delta. In the now-famous battle that followed, 200 Vietcong shot down five helicopters, killing three Americans, and then fought their way intact out of the encirclement.

But the American advisers seemed incapable of learning. Late last month, nearly two years later, 150 helicopters put down 1,100 Vietnamese 30 miles from Saigon in Binh Duong Province, while another 6,000 troops charged up in armored columns. When the napalm and rocket explosions cleared, the Vietcong were nowhere. They had left three days before. A stay-behind group killed ten Vietnamese soldiers on the ground and knocked down a helicopter, killing eleven more. The Vietnamese captured two guerrillas and three rifles.

Shortly before Operation Brushfire failed so spectacularly, I talked with one of the few advisers trying to beat the Vietcong at their own game. A 26-year-old Army lieutenant and a graduate in civil engineering, he looked 19 and all dressed up for his first ROTC drill. As an adviser to the commander of a Vietnamese Ranger company, he spends three weeks out of four on long-range patrols in the mountain rain forests of Central Vietnam near the Cambodian and Laotian borders. "We hike and hike and don't make much contact with the Vietcong," he said. "We meet them when they want us to—in an ambush. And we're not very successful at ambushing them either, for this is their countryside."

Gesturing at the mountains, he called the terrain a natural man trap and said his company could make half a mile an hour on a good trail; off the trail, they have made as little as 6 yards in a day. In the rain forests, a fighting front is 18 inches wide, the width of the trail. Soldiers are on the go, day after day, watching for camouflaged bamboo "punji" spikes in the paths, listening for the snick of a bolt, knowing that an entire battalion could be invisible on a parallel trail 10 yards away. It all takes its toll in the morale and nerve and lives of an elite force.

"What really hurts," the lieutenant said with the wry grin all combat men seem to affect when describing close calls, "is when we've needed air strikes, but the leaf canopy in the forests was too thick for us to see the planes or for them to see us. Even firing smoke grenades does no good. The colored smoke dissipates under the leaves." He candidly admitted there was little he could teach a Vietnamese army veteran of twenty years about jungle warfare. But he accused the Vietnamese troops of lacking initiative, then apologized saying that they had been fighting for too long without really knowing why. Commanders have no real links with Saigon, except the terrible link of realizing that they are fighting for a governmental vacuum.

What it comes to is that the Vietnamese and their American advisers are not fighting poor guerrillas, but a well-financed, well-armed, well-trained national revolution. And the gulf between the government and the people is often the result of an option taken by the people themselves.

In many areas of South Vietnam, the populace has not seen a government representative in a decade, except perhaps a tax collector accompanying troops. Much of the Delta and "Zone D," 45 miles northwest of Saigon, are wholly under Vietcong control and the Vietcong successfully infiltrate some 80 per cent of the nation while collecting taxes openly in twenty-nine provinces. One Buddhist in Saigon, a man employed by the Americans, estimated that 90 per cent of the guerrillas were fighting first as Vietnamese and only incidentally as Communists, despite the constant indoctrination from their cadre. Meanwhile, the Vietcong movement is now self-generating. Even the rare tactical victories for the government often result in psychological victories for the Vietcong.

Incident after incident is cited by U.S. Psychological Warfare experts in which the Vietcong have distributed leaflets and even photographs throughout a province after government troops have burned a village suspected of harboring Vietcong. A U.S. infantry adviser summed up the situation in Tay Ninh Province, not far from Saigon but held by the Viet Minh or Vietcong since 1945: "We shoot at anything that moves in Tay Ninh. We figure the whole place is Vietcong." A pilot in Can Tho, down south in the Delta, echoed him: "I've gotten so good with machine guns, I can knock off a Vietcong at the tiller of a sampan without coming near his woman or kids." He did not say how he distinguished a guerrilla from a farmer going to market, but presumably he agreed with his fellow adviser in Tay Ninh—"the whole place is Vietcong."

Often Vietcong terrorists will infiltrate a neutral village, fire at U.S. helicopters from that haven and run. U.S. helicopters bomb and strafe the village, leaving the survivors from these non-selective weapons converts to the Vietcong. In the same manner, terrorists will hurl a grenade into the market place of a loyal village. The immediate explosion kills villagers or troops or both, but the long-range effect is more deadly, for it proves to the villagers that government troops cannot protect them. Members of a Vietcong arm called the Dich Van have this job of ruining civilian belief in the Saigon government. Their mission is to isolate rural Vietnam, some 80 per cent of the people, from the towns. After a five-year lull from 1955 to 1960, the Dich Van reopened its push by murdering mayors, teachers and administrators at the rate of twenty-five a month in the beginning; the figure reached 6,000 by the end of 1960.

One result in the north was that Vietnamese troops could no longer hold the large, fertile Phuoc Valley. They pulled out last month and destroyed what was left of troop morale in the area, as well as the willingness of the people to believe in the central government. Anyone who cooperated with the government is probably on an execution or—at the least—re-education list. In the same area, a U.S. Army medic bitterly related the results of a day he and his team spent with 600 villagers: "We passed out medicine and soap and human care. All

Associated Press

it would have taken was one man to whisper 'Vietcong tonight' or 'Be careful.' But no one did, and that night the Vietcong came through the village and nearly overran my camp. We fought hand to hand and took bad casualties, but finally beat them off."

The medic, like so many U.S. advisers in Vietnam, was aware that the war cannot make any headway without first winning the people. But no one is sure how to do it. The ill-fated Strategic Hamlet plan fell apart because many relocations were only on paper, many new villages were indefensible, and above all, to many of the peasants involved, it resembled a concentration-camp scheme. After two years, only 15 per cent of the Strategic Hamlets were still in existence and Ngo Dinh Diem had fallen.

Today the Strategic Hamlets are called New Life Hamlets and the latest tactic is the "Oil Slick." Americans and Vietnamese have finally realized that vast military sweeps through an area do little good—though Operation Brushfire showed that they still cling wistfully to the idea. What counts is not simply clearing an area, but holding it firm to the government, then spreading the area of influence, much as an oil slick spreads across concrete. The scheme, however, probably will not work. The French did well with the Oil Slick against the Riff rebels in North Africa in the 1920s, but it requires open spaces and an ability to cut off guerrillas from their bases. In the jungles and mountains of Vietnam the guerrillas and the population base are one and the same.

Vietcong guerrilla units have meanwhile continued the tactic of isolating the cities from the countryside, particularly around the large port of Da Nang. While the heavily mechanized Vietnamese units, under the guidance of American advisers who remember Korea, keep looking nervously north across the 17th Parallel, the Vietcong are now drawing them into pitched battles, instead of the usual hit-run tactics. "They're either matching us man for man out of desperation because they're losing, or out of confidence because they're winning. I think they're winning," said a grim, realistic U.S. Army colonel. "If they're willing to stand and take losses like that, they must be sure they can get replacements from the villages."

U.S. military men are aware of some disquieting facts. One is the discipline of the supposedly ragged and untrained guerrillas. To an unusual degree, the Vietcong carry off their dead and wounded when forced to retreat. Vietcong intelligence and counterintelligence are magnificent: Operation Brushfire fizzled because the Vietcong had been tipped off. Furthermore, captured U.S. arms are rarely recaptured. The few guerrilla weapons picked up on the battlefield are usually a Chinese-made mass-production model of a simple Russian carbine (not at all the reported homemade weapons). Somehow and for some purpose, U.S. weapons and ammunition are being stockpiled.

U.S. intelligence experts also have nightmares over the fact that the 30,000 Vietcong regulars who are organized into forty-five battalions rarely give battle; the 80,000 Vietcong regional and local guerrillas do most of the fighting. Ironically, the 30,000 regulars advise and support the guerrilla militia to much the degree that U.S. advisers work with Vietnamese troops.

Guerrilla warfare experts figure that ten government soldiers are needed to tie down one guerrilla. But Vietnam now fields only 250,000 regulars and 250,000 regional and local militia against a Vietcong strength of 110,000. And the present five-to-one advantage is slipping fast. One U.S. Marine major estimated that 90 per cent of the 33,000 who deserted last year from the Vietnamese army went over to the Vietcong.

The United States military, despite its public claims, does not know how to deal with the social and political problems of the nation. Where Army Special Forces employ civil and psychological action full strength, as with the Montagnards, it has some success. But these mountaineers are not much moved by blandishments from Saigon. There may be some progress in making anti-Communists out of the tribesmen and some in improving their standard of living, but none in eradicating their hatred of the lowland Vietnamese, who regard them as savages and still forbid them to own land. [See "With the 'Redskins' of Vietnam" by Daniel F. Ford, *The Nation*, July 27, 1964.]

The nonmilitary portion of American aid comes through the U.S. Operations Mission. The goal of USOM has been simply to help the Vietnamese wherever aid was most needed. The theory behind this is that any sort of improvement should wean the disaffected away from the Vietcong. "We aid those who respond," said a high source in his mahogany-paneled, air-conditioned Saigon office. Nevertheless, Bernard Fall cites USOM figures to show that in the three years of comparative peace before war broke out again in 1960, 50,000 square meters of movie houses and dance halls were constructed, in contrast to 6,500 square meters of hospital space and 3,500 square meters of rice mills. Only 86,000 square meters of school space were built, but 425,000 square meters went into high-priced housing. Says Fall, "This is the sort of thing that makes Communist guerrillas out of peaceful peasants."

Official Washington betrayed its

continuing failure to understand the situation when it appointed a retired general as ambassador to Vietnam. The situation is neither conventional nor even primarily military. The appointment of U. Alexis Johnson as deputy ambassador did reveal some understanding that the problem must be solved by political means, but the question remains, whose politics and whose politicians? It must be remembered that General Taylor, who now discusses spreading the war to the north as well as full mobilization of the Vietnamese people, filed a surprising report to the President after a fact-finding mission in November, 1961. He had little to say then about the military emergency, but was extremely specific and hard-hitting on the need for civil liberties and social reforms. It would be a mistake, thus, to class Taylor with the usual military mastodons, but the fact remains that he sees the war in terms of attack and counterattack now that he is running the show.

On the other hand, the Vietcong link every military action to an overall political plan. As true followers of von Clausewitz, they use warfare as an extension of policy.

For these reasons, the Vietnamese war is frustrating to official Washington, to advisers on the scene, and to the poor Vietnamese soldiers. Expedient action in Vietnam and the constantly changing programs have not developed from any workable policy. The stated policy of helping the Vietnamese to create a viable, non-Communist democracy for themselves runs afoul of two facts: The population wants peace now, even with the Vietcong, and the Vietcong themselves are more generic to the Vietnamese people than any government in Saigon. Is U.S. aid now building up a plum for a Vietcong take-over? USOM administrators admit privately that it is a strong probability. Despite official USOM protestations, the $242 million allocated for aid in the last fiscal year was spent on a number of shotgun programs, many of which may have aided the Vietcong locally more than they helped establish the reality of the Saigon government to the peasants.

Dean Acheson once described the downfall of the Chinese Nationalist Government by saying that the people did not overthrow it, for there was nothing to overthrow. "They simply ignored it throughout the country." That could well be the fate of any government in Saigon, daily more isolated from the people and even the army, despite massed American support and "advice."

NO FAIR!

The Students Strike at California

Gene Marine

San Francisco

The Free Speech Movement (FSM) at the University of California burst into headlines across the country with the sit-in by 1,000 students in Sproul Hall on Wednesday afternoon, December 2, and with the arrest, on Thursday, of 800 of them. The issue underlying the sit-in we can reserve until this story of The Day of the Cops is told.

At first it looked like a weak protest. FSM leader Mario Savio came out of Sproul Hall—the administration building on the Berkeley campus—to call for more support. But by mid-afternoon, about 1,000 students occupied all four floors. At 7 P.M. the building was officially closed, and the law, students were told, was officially violated. Campus police guarded every door, but no attempt was made to remove the students. Inside with the demonstrators were several reporters (some with tape recorders) and one attorney.

Before the building closed, students left aisles for movement and were careful not to block doorways. After 7 o'clock, they set up their own "press room," a food distribution center and a communications system. Jewish students conducted a Chanukah service. Two locked rest-rooms were opened, but carefully, by removing the hinges.

Off the campus, about 150 deputies from the Alameda County Sheriff's office gathered, along with a contingent of Berkeley police and a sizable group from the California Highway Patrol. Also among the poised group of lawmen were about 200 policemen from neighboring Oakland—a police force notorious throughout northern California, particularly among Negroes.

University President Clark Kerr and Gov. Edmund G. Brown were both, as it happened, in Los Angeles. As the sit-in continued in what all witnesses agree was an orderly manner, Edwin Meese, deputy district attorney of Alameda County, phoned Governor Brown that the situation was out of hand and that enforcement action was imperative. Brown consulted with Kerr and with the president of the university's Board of Regents, department-store magnate Edward V. Carter. The three agreed that intervention by the police was necessary, and Brown gave the order.

Meese and the army of policemen moved onto the campus. FSM leaders, who had set up a public-address system inside the building, advised all demonstrators under 18, all foreign students, and one who might be on probation to leave. Meese then pointed out the first arrestee: the attorney, Robert Truehaft.

With him out of the way, the police began at the top floor, arresting one demonstrator at a time, varying the order only to single out leaders. Carrying tape recorders, they addressed demonstrators individually, taking the name, then offering the option of dispersal, then making the arrest. Refusal to get up and walk (most refused) was also recorded. Students weren't advised at this point, however, of their right to counsel—an omission on which some law professors believe their cases may eventually turn. Each arrestee was photographed with a number and taken to the basement.

Months of civil rights demonstrations have taught metropolitan police officers everywhere to handle "limp" demonstrators; it requires two officers per demonstrator, and it can be efficient and painless. In Sproul Hall, however, police chose to drag the students, male and

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female, by twisting their arms into hammer locks, bending their wrists cruelly backward, and hauling them so that the pressure was on their twisted wrists and their shoulder sockets. One girl was pushed into the elevator on her face from several feet away. It should be stressed that there were reporters on the scene—but the police didn't always know it. Downstairs, they were letting no reporters go up.

After about forty arrests had been made, the police saw that the process was taking too long. They withdrew temporarily (the students now call this "the coffee break"), and when they returned had apparently decided to get rough. The new plan was to bring women down in the elevator, and men by the narrow marble stairs, although a few unfortunate women also made it down the stairs. Some were brought down by arms or shoulders, but reporters present say that most were hauled by their feet. One conscientious reporter counted the marble steps as he followed a girl whose head jarred sickeningly as she was dragged down. There were ninety.

As buses were filled, the men were taken to the Alameda County Prison Farm at Santa Rita, the women to Oakland County Jail (until it was full—then they too went to Santa Rita). The first busload of male demonstrators, whose arrests had begun three hours before, arrived at Santa Rita at 6:20 A.M., Truehaft among them. They were placed in a large cage, or bull pen, and Truehaft again asked, as he had in the Sproul basement, to make the two telephone calls which California law grants all arrestees as soon as is reasonably possible after arrest. He was refused, and when he insisted he was placed in an isolation cell. A judge's phone call got him out at 10 A.M.

Booking involved a long questionnaire, which included questions about religion and nationality, and the arrestee's signature to a statement authorizing Oakland police to open his mail. Students who balked were told that unless they cooperated and answered all questions "correctly" and signed the form, their booking would not be considered complete and they would not be allowed telephone calls or bail.

Back in Sproul Hall, the students' public-address system was still functioning, with the microphone located near the head of the stairs on the second floor, and protected by a mass of demonstrators. As a reporter stood by describing the scene into a tape recorder, the police undertook what the students now call "the charge of the Highway Patrol." (The reporters on the scene seem to have assumed that they were highway patrolmen without making positive identification.)

In any case, a mass of police suddenly burst up the stairwell from the first floor, in a flying wedge aimed at the microphone. Whether by accident or design, they crowded students against the stairwell walls and formed a double line, with a space between, down to the first floor. At the top, moving toward the microphone, they simply took each demonstrator who was in the way and shoved him or her down the stairs. Policemen on the double line operated as a gauntlet. A student whose body stopped halfway down the stairwell was picked up and thrown again. At the bottom, witnesses saw a deputy sheriff raise one limp girl as she landed, say something to her and when she shook her head, smash his fist into her face.

At the top, the policemen had their clubs out and were pounding furiously on the demonstrators around the microphone. Witnesses outside the building, in the plaza, could see through the huge second-floor windows, and insist that the clubs were used not sporadically and at random but slowly, methodically, repeatedly. As quickly as the charge began, it ended. They got the microphone, but the students had another.

On Thursday afternoon, I watched the end of The Day of the Cops. There was no civilian authority anywhere on the campus. President Kerr was still in Los Angeles. Chancellor Edward Strong, chief Berkeley administrator (Kerr runs all nine university campuses), had disappeared. The University of California was completely in the hands of police. In every window of Sproul Hall a police guard was visible. There were guards on every door. Police patrolled the campus.

The Free Speech Movement

Student groups at the University of California have for years used an area at one of the principal campus entrances, Sather Gate, to set up tables in support of candidates or, more often, ideas: to distribute materials, to collect money, to recruit members for campus organizations, etc. Technically, there has long been a rule against such "political" activity, but the administration has pretended not to notice.

In June, during the Republican National Convention, "Students for Scranton" set up a table at Sather Gate. The head of the California Goldwater delegation, William Knowland—publisher of the Oakland *Tribune*, former United States Senator, and dominant figure in East Bay politics — protested to Chancellor Strong. When the fall semester began, Dean of Students Katherine Towle announced that the old rule would be strictly enforced: no recruiting, fund raising or "mounting political and social action." The outraged cry of "No fair!" was the beginning of the Free Speech Movement—originally, and still in part, an organization of campus organizations.

The groups hardest hit were those supporting civil rights activity, especially SNCC and CORE. Knowland's newspaper is the target of a months'-old anti-discrimination picket line, and most FSM members believe that the publisher complained, not to protect Goldwater but to protect the *Tribune*.

Also, U.C. students had participated in sit-in demonstrations in San Francisco earlier in the year, and subsequently stood trial. Seri-

ous political pressure was brought to have the university discipline them—even expel them—but Kerr, backed by many of the faculty, took no action. Some observers saw the new decision as a protection against any future accusation that such activities had an on-campus origin.

At any rate, the students resisted, and on September 30 the university "indefinitely suspended" six of them for "illegal" activity at tables near Sather Gate, and two others for participation in "illegal" meetings. The next day, Jack Weinberg, a graduate student in mathematics who had dropped out of U.C. to give his full time to civil rights, manned a CORE table in the plaza (an open area near Sather Gate) and was arrested for trespassing and taken to a campus police car.

A crowd of angry students, eventually reaching 3,000 (one of every nine enrolled) surrounded the car and refused to let it move. It stayed there for thirty-two hours, while hundreds of police massed on nearby streets and student speakers used the car itself as a platform to address the gathering. Simultaneously with the "police-car protest," a Sproul Hall sit-in took place.

The protest persuaded the administration to negotiate with the students, which it had previously refused to do. The demonstration was called off and Weinberg released when an agreement was reached on October 2. Principally it provided that the fate of the eight students would be turned over to the Academic Senate Committee on Student Conduct, which would recommend action to the administration (many students missed that point); and that a student-faculty-administration committee would examine the whole question of "political behavior on the campus."

But the Academic Senate (i.e., the tenured faculty) didn't *have* a Student Conduct Committee. The Chancellor therefore appointed a Faculty Committee on Student Affairs to hear the cases of the suspended students; he also appointed the Campus Committee on Political Activity, with four members each from administration, faculty and student body—two of the student seats being given to the FSM.

Students complained that the administration was not showing good faith. The FSM refused to recognize the administration-dominated CCPA as meeting the terms of the October 2 agreement. But in mid-October, Kerr restored hope by asking the Academic Senate to appoint its own Student Conduct Committee to handle the suspensions (which the senate could have done on its own, but hadn't), and enlarging the CCPA to eighteen members, with four seats for the FSM.

The worst of the storm seemed to be over, but the public, at least, was seriously confused. So far, it had read of an argument over whether student groups could put up tables and collect money. Nobody said "civil rights" out loud. When the CCPA meetings started, however, the FSM quickly discovered that its administration and faculty members insisted on regulating the *content* of the "free speech" involved. This issue was "not negotiable"; in fact, the FSM insists that the administration refused to negotiate at all—that they merely proposed various formulas on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. The students continued to insist that they could advocate as they saw fit, without arbitrary curbs from the administration.

It must be stressed that setting up tables was never the real issue. The real issue was, and is, the civil rights movements. Therefore, it was over "advocacy" that the talks broke down.

If a student, on campus, recruits others for an off-campus activity which the student knows to be illegal, the university claims the right to punish him. Students argue, however, that the university has no right to punish the student for what amounts to criminal advocacy until the civil authorities charge him and find him guilty. If civil authorities don't find the advocacy illegal, or don't act against it, then the student should be immune from university discipline.

To make it more involved: suppose nobody knows whether or not the advocated off-campus action is illegal? Some of those at the San Francisco sit-ins were found guilty, others innocent, by different juries. Was advocating the sit-in "illegal"? And the question becomes all but hopeless if the student is recruiting for a probably legal activity—like a picket line—which later turns into a possibly illegal one—like a sit-in. How can the university, on its own, arbitrarily decide when a student is "advocating unlawful off-campus activity"? Guilt, the FSM argues, must be judicially determined. ("Judicially determined" is taken to refer to final determination after all appeal possibilities are exhausted.)

Hidden in the question of setting up tables is the idea that even the United States Supreme Court has had a great deal of difficulty over the link between advocacy and action. If the Supreme Court hesitates to make this connection, the FSM argues, the university administration is certainly not qualified to make it arbitrarily.

Finally, in early November, the FSM withdrew from the CCPA, calling it "already deadlocked over the issue of political advocacy." Tables went up again; deans took the names of students manning them; tension rose. The CCPA's six faculty members then proposed that the tables, fund raising, etc., be allowed, but that if off-campus action were *judicially determined* to be illegal, its on-campus organizers should be subject to university discipline. The FSM rejected this, because it still allowed the administration to judge "advocacy"; but both sides seemed to regard it as a possible basis for more discussions. At about the same time, the faculty's Student Conduct Committee recommended that the suspensions of the eight students be lifted, with only mild notes in the record, and criticized the administration for "gratuitously" singling them out.

With at least the principle of judicial determination apparently recognized, and with the conciliatory Student Conduct Committee report (many students thought that the administration had agreed in advance to accept it), the FSM looked forward to a regents meeting in Berkeley on November 20. Three FSM leaders, including the dynamic Mario Savio, planned to speak there. Hopes were high.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 students—15 per cent of the student body—gathered on a lawn opposite the building in which the regents meeting was held. Inside, the regents first refused to hear the FSM leaders. Then Kerr recommended more severe penalties for those suspended than had been recommended by the faculty group. And, ignoring the ten-point proposal of the faculty members and the whole concept of judicial determination, he offered a single new rule, providing that certain campus facilities

". . . may be used . . . for planning, implementing, raising funds, recruiting participants for lawful off-campus action, not for unlawful off-campus action."

"Students," said the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "stood and sat in stunned silence, and many of the coeds burst into tears." Thousands of students were (and are) convinced that the regents and Kerr had revealed themselves as "finks"—that they betrayed completely any trust the students or faculty may have placed in them. The assembled students voted for a sit-in the following Monday, and they conducted it in Sproul Hall for a few hours to show their indignation.

There seemed no place to turn. In the eyes of the public, the students appeared to have won. They had protested about the tables and the fund raising—well, they got the tables and the fund raising, didn't they? Few understood that the real issue was advocacy.

At that point, the FSM may have been beaten, but on November 27, the university sent letters (now called "The Thanksgiving Letters") to four FSM leaders, summoning them to disciplinary action for their roles in the "police-car demonstration" two months before. The initiation of disciplinary action against six campus organizations, including SNCC and CORE, was also announced. All except die-hard anti-student forces now agree that the FSM had every reason to believe it had been outrageously tricked. In bitter, frustrated anger, with hundreds of students cheering, FSM leaders presented five demands as the price of avoiding a sit-in:

(*1*) The dropping of all charges against FSM leaders and organizations;
(*2*) a guarantee against further disciplinary action until a final settlement;
(*3*) no *unnecessary* regulations against political activity on campus;
(*4*) an attempt by Kerr to persuade the regents that only the courts should regulate the *content* of on-campus political expression;
(*5*) agreement that the *form* of such expression (location on campus, use of sound equipment, etc.) should be determined by a student-faculty-administration committee.

The demands were ignored, and The Day of the Cops began.

Graduate students, assembled into an astonishingly democratic

body, called a strike as soon as the police moved in—a strike certainly effective enough to be seriously disruptive. A large segment—almost certainly a majority—of the faculty was sharply critical of the administration. A much-heralded "peace plan" a few days later turned out to ignore the advocacy question, and further offended students because it was worked out in detail and handed down from on high without any consultation with them.

The fight is not yet over. As of this writing there is a lull, for the Academic Senate on December 8 offered a new compromise settlement that was enthusiastically endorsed by the students. Kerr, however, has said that the proposal involves basic changes of policy which will have to be studied by the board of regents. The regents meet on December 18, so Berkeley could have fireworks for Christmas.

But whatever the outcome, one already evident result is that the faculty is awake and involved—The Day of the Cops did that. When the university has to be turned over to the Oakland police, something must be seriously wrong—and many faculty members think they know what it is.

The Multiversity

The word is Clark Kerr's. He also speaks of "the military-industrial complex"—not with the faintly derogatory tone which even Dwight Eisenhower gave it, but as a simple description of what's there. And the multiversity, Kerr says, must not only come to terms with the complex; it should "invite" collaboration.

The role of the multiversity, he said in the 1963 Godkin Lectures, is that of a "factory," which produces ideas in the form of research, and idea men in the form of graduates for the use of the military, industry and the government. In return, the multiversity is paid in grants and contracts. The university president's role, he said, is that of mediator in this process—and mediator to the community, because the multiversity "is particularly sensitive to the pressure of its many particular publics."

The administration of the University of California *is* Clark Kerr. Chancellor Strong, a distinguished philosopher, is as an administrator little more than a rubber stamp; to know Kerr is to know "the administration." Assistant Professor John Leggett, of the department of sociology at Berkeley, believes that in Kerr's writings lie the keys to the FSM and The Day of the Cops.)

All of us who witnessed that day were puzzled to understand how such a situation could have come to pass. That it involved "administrative ineptitude," in one professor's phrase, was undeniable; whatever their motives, Brown, Kerr and Strong were all convicted of ineptitude by the fact that the police were not only present on the campus but in command of it. That it involved student intransigence was equally undeniable; at the very least, there was little honest effort in the FSM to see the other side objectively. But why the ineptitude and why the intransigence?

The key to the first question, Leggett suggests, is in the relationship between Kerr's multiversity and the civil rights movement. As a number of observers have pointed out, the civil rights movement is genuinely revolutionary; it threatens a number of established standards. As one example, a completely new look at the economy is necessary if we are genuinely to open the job market to Negroes at a time when automation dominates the future.

This, in turn, is an open threat to the military-industrial complex. In the process of Kerr's "invited" collaboration, the civil rights movement on campus is disruptive, and being disruptive, it must be stopped.

Clark Kerr is far from being an evil man; few university presidents, in California or elsewhere, have shown as much concern for freedom. But he is caught, it would seem, in the dilemma of his concepts. He would doubtless be horrified at the idea of deliberately collaborating with racism; but from the point of view of the civil rights movement, that is what his concept of the multiversity requires. "There are some things," he said in the Godkin Lectures, "that should not be compromised—then the mediator needs to become a gladiator." The point is as valid as it is apt. But Kerr also says that students may not use the university as "a fortress from which they can sally forth with impunity to make their attacks on society."

Perhaps the best comment on those two quotations is in a statement adopted unanimously by the anthropology faculty on The Day of the Cops, in which they said that the issue on the campus is the civil rights movement, and that the administration must recognize its dynamism and decide clearly whether it is for or against—without hiding behind euphemisms like "off-campus political activity." Or, one might add, "attacks on society."

There are, of course, matters of law and order, and democratic procedure. But to the FSM, it seems that *their* appeals to law and order and democratic procedure go unheeded. The administration, they argue, has all the power—arbitrary power, from the students' point of view—and, like Negroes, the students are not treated as equals, not allowed a sufficient governing role in their own affairs, forced into a second-class status. Thus, like Negroes and their supporters, the students turn to new weapons—the mass demonstration, the march, the sit-in. Yet, rightly or wrongly, most of us (or perhaps most of us over 30) would have bent a little, would have sought the common interest, would have worked at the behind-the-scenes political side a little harder. Why insist on a total victory which is so hopeless from the start?

Leggett refers — not without amusement, but yet seriously—to a paper co-authored by Kerr and dealing with the relative propensity of some labor unions to become involved in protracted, class-struggle-type strikes. The paper examines the characteristics of those workers—longshoremen, miners, loggers — who tend to be most militant as union members, whose labor disputes become polarized, who are disposed, in a word, to be intransigent.

First of all, their working conditions are usually terrible—they have the hardest, dirtiest jobs. Second, they tend to be isolated from the "respectable," middle-class elements in the community. Third, they are apt to be homogeneous—frequently there is an ethnic identity. Fourth, as a result of these factors, they form closed communities — they have their own folk-dancing groups or hang out in their own bars or whatever, so that there is a lot of internal communication to counter the isolation from the community.

It needs little imagination for anyone who has ever been on a university or college campus to apply these criteria to that group of students who tend to be well informed and what we used to call socially conscious. The conditions under which they can pursue their own intellectual and political interests are abominable. They're isolated, often voluntarily, from the fraternity-sorority, rah-rah life of the "respectable element." In their isolation, they form their own groups; their talk is cross talk; they dig music and poetry, political theory and political action that is foreign to the middle-class orientation of most students and most faculty members.

And out of this isolation comes distrust — distrust of a university administration that can bend to a Knowland, distrust of anybody over 30, distrust of anyone who seems to be paternal or patronizing. A promise is a promise, and fair is fair, and why all this pussyfooting around?

Balance and perspective, and a willingness to look at the other guy's side, do not come from such an environment. The tragedy of the University of California would seem to be that there was no third force—one is tempted to say, in Clark Kerr's words, no "mediator"—to bring balance and perspective to the polarized positions. The role would seem to have belonged to the faculty—not a few individuals, but the body as a whole; certainly many faculty members now think so. But beyond that, there are a few who have a more radical position (a position, incidentally, with which Mario Savio appears to agree): that the university ought in fact, not merely in principle, to be run by the students and the faculty. In Savio's phrase, the job of the administration should be merely "to see that the sidewalks get swept."

"We on the faculty," Leggett says, "have allowed the administration, over the years, to take the university away from us, to turn it into the multiversity. It isn't easy, but we're going to have to try to take it back. The students and the faculty, together, should control the university. The administration should administrate."

Moments in a Southern Town

'THIS LITTLE LIGHT . . .'

Peter de Lissovoy

Two hours after the President put his name to the civil rights bill last July, Nathaniel "Spray-man" Beech pulled open the wood-and-glass front door of the Holiday Inn restaurant in Albany, Ga., and dashed, like musical chairs, to the very first table he saw. In a near corner, a plump, brown-suited woman popped a white hand to her full mouth, but let escape: "Oh my soul and body!" To the right, a child pointed, and its mother slapped the tiny hand and whispered urgently. Spray-man tucked a shirt wrinkle into his black, high-pegged trousers, removed his shades, studied a water glass.

In the split moment that the door stood open, Phyllis Martin, a SNCC field worker from New York, had slipped in before him. Her skin is soft mahogany, her hair natural, a silver-black bowl about her head. She stood, dark-eyed, staring around the dining room, and I came up, after Spray-man, and stood next to her. When the wax-smiling head waitress approached, Phyllis raised her eyes a little and pointed sternly, and the waitress obediently led the way to a central table. After a mo-

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ment Spray-man summoned up his long limbs, rose, breathing deep and joined us; and by the time we had ordered he was holding down a nervous grin.

But when his steak arrived, Spray-man could hardly eat it. "Jus' ain' hungry," he apologized, more to the meat than anything else. He mopped his forehead with a handkerchief, and leaned over to explain: "What it is, I was expectin' everything but this. I was expectin' this waitress to say, 'Would y'all min' fallin' back out that door you jus' come in at?' The niceness got my appetite, I guess."

At this time, Spray-man was operating a shoeshine stand—among other things, for to "spray" is to hustle—in the entrance way of the Beehive Bar in Albany's Harlem. In his few years, he has seen a great deal of this country and taken his meals from many tables; yet here was one at which he had never expected to sit—nor ever wanted to. The white man could walk as he pleased on *his* side of town, but let him watch his step in Harlem: that was the geography of Spray-man's pride. And yet, improvised from a harsh reality though his was, pride hates all boundaries, and I was hardly surprised when he told me he wanted to come along when we tried out the new law. If he was supposed to have a right, he would enjoy it—once anyway. In the car, he was full of cracks; and then, in front of the restaurant, I felt him grow tense. A sense of Southern realities deeper than his pride told him he would have to fight, go to jail perhaps, and he was ready.

But the waitress was icily gracious all during the meal. Such was the strength of the President's signature. Nobody sat at the tables directly adjacent to ours, but nobody got up and left. Everybody stared or took pains to avoid staring. Nearest to us, a family of five giggled and glanced as if galloping through some marvelous adventure.

"Reminds me of up North," said Phyllis.

"What—the stares?" I suggested.

"Yeah . . . and the music." From some hidden orifice, the tensionless, sexless music that you hear in airplanes before take-off was falling like gray rain. We decided that the next thing would be to integrate the *sounds* of places.

Spray-man gave up on his steak about halfway through. When Phyllis finished, the waitress descended upon her plates like a cheery vulture, hurrying us. Abruptly, we were weary. "You 'bout ready?" Phyllis asked. I scraped up a little more and we rose. Spray-man left the waitress an exorbitant tip.

All heads turned to watch us leave. Several white men followed us from the foyer into the parking lot. I started the motor and we rolled out into the street. Spray-man looked out the window. "Well . . ." he started; and then again, "Well . . ." Phyllis turned to him. "What's the matter? Doesn't progress make you happy?"

* * *

At about 2 in the morning, Sunday, July 12, Bo Riggins, manager and part-owner of the Cabin in the Pines, tapped me on the shoulder and nodded toward the door. The "Pines" is a bar and dance hall, a key club, a motel, and a restaurant all strung out beneath some scraggly Georgia pine on a lonely road just south of the Albany city limits. With some white money behind it and Bo Riggins fully at the mercy of the Dougherty County police, who are a good deal more rabid than the very rabid city cops, the nightspot had formerly been "black only." When the civil rights bill became law, I took a certain pleasure in seeing it integrated.

But, following me outside this night, Riggins was a frightened man. Sure, he conceded to me, though I had said nothing, there was the new law; but since when had *law* meant anything around here? Somebody might not know who I was. I might get cut, or shot, and where would he be then? He didn't have anything against me personally—nor my color—but he had to think of his business. Couldn't I understand? He paused; but before I could respond, he blurted, "Ah! Here the police now."

Sure enough, a county patrol car had rolled up, and two uniformed men were sauntering over.

"This boy causin' any disturbance?"

"No suh, but I'm scared they be some trouble. It's late. . . ."

"You want him off yo premises?"

"He ain' did nothin', but ita be bes' I think. I don' want him aroun'. . . ."

My mouth full of the irony of it all, I was packed off quickly to the county jail, charged with trespassing and drunk-and-disorderly—the latter a simple frame and the former a matter of law. The chief deputy told me that he didn't know what the country was coming to, and he grew red in the face. He introduced me at the "tank" door ("Comin' up, anothuh nigguh-lovuh . . ."), and I was pitched, biting my lips, into the company of a check-artist, an escapee, a dognapper, two mattress thieves, a wife-beater, a safe-cracker and assorted winos—all very white and proud of it.

The next day, in Harlem, a collection was started for my bond money; but that was going to take time. A friend of mine, a Baptist deacon and old schoolmate of Bo Riggins, paid the man a call to bawl him out and ask him to drop charges: "Now the whites startin' to do right, we can't one of us keep the wrong alive." This was simplifying matters somewhat, because it was white pressure of course that made Riggins do what he had done; but he was the visible opposition. And he was obstinate. Indignation spread in the black community, and was frustrated.

But the reaction among Negroes might have been anticipated. The sentiments of the white men with whom I had to live for a week in jail were a bit more complicated. Had I been arrested while participating in the standard sort of demonstration or sit-in, their response would have been straightforward: open hostility and perhaps the convening of a kangaroo court, with a beating or jail fine as sentence. But as it was, the two initial reactions were a sneering, almost moral disapproval, as if I had been arrested for public indecency, and a simple, stark astonishment that I could have been so stupid, so lacking in imagination, as to think that I could get away with "mixin'" in south Georgia.

Jail is a place for talking, like a barbershop. In a south Georgia jail, all are friends, if not kin, and the jailbirds pass their time reminiscing, berating mutual acquaintances, and reassuring one another of their deeper innocence. There were three real talkers in the cell with me: the escapee, who had sawed through the bars with a file smuggled to him in a bag of crushed ice, only to trip over a sleeping dog a few feet from the jail; one of the mattress thieves, who claimed to have stolen all manner of valuables in his career, only to suffer the irony of being framed as a $5 mattress-pincher; and the fat, hairy safe-cracker, who spent the time he wasn't talking trying to seduce the dognapper, a rosy-cheeked 18-year-old, who threw shoes and tobacco cans at him. Inevitably, my presence injected "race" into every day's bull session. I remember one fragment. The safe-cracker was off chasing his indignant prey; the unsuccessful escapee, the mattress thief and I were leaning on an improvised sofa at one end of the cell:

UE: The new law . . .

MT: What new law?

UE: The nigguh *law. Jesus! The civil rights law. It's gonna change* some *things, but mos' alla life down heah gonna go on jes' the same. . . .*

MT: It ain' gonna change me. It ain' nothin' but anothuh civil wah gonna change me an' then they hafta shoot me 'fo I sit down t' table with one a them.

UE [turning to me]: *You see how it is down heah?* [He reached over and pinched the thief's cheek.] *This heah a Southern white man. But overlook it. S'posin' it works an' we all mixed up in the hotels an' restaur'ants. So what? After a while, somebody gonna get tired a the bad feelin'—nigguhs or the white folk one—an' they'll stop comin'. This law ain't gonna mean shit along the whole run a life.*

I had to agree; after all, I was in jail because of my little bit of confidence in the new law. I didn't tell him that I wished the act had some teeth in it; I didn't tell him that I wanted federal armies to make it work, that I wanted stronger, wider legislation in the future. As a matter of fact, there were a whole lot of banners I wasn't waving. I was doing what in a black man would be called "Tomming"—and I was glad I knew how. I wasn't going to get my head broken trying to reform men that nobody—from Jesus to Johnson—could have swayed.

Later in the week, a tall, solid fellow with snakes inked up and down his arms was led in to "sober up." He never got the chance—or perhaps it was a ruse from the start. One of the deputies took a good look at his face and build and promised him a pint of whiskey if he would knock me down a few times. But the others were not much for it; they had gotten used to me and, if they weren't about to lay hands on him in my defense, they weren't going to encourage him either. Most of the fun for him would have been in the applause, so I got off with *buying* him a pint. Liquor can always be had for a price on the Dougherty County Jail black market, though you can't be too sure of your brand. It came in a large, waxed dixie cup. He got properly loaded then, and it was necessary to lose heavily at blackjack to keep him peaceful.

In the end, most of the jailbirds came to pity me. "Boy, that ol' judge gonna hang yo' ass. This south *Georgia*, boy, you can't get away with things like maybe in New York. . . ." And when it came to the pinch, it was the law that was the enemy. They kidded me almost warmly when I was called out for the commitment hearing that Attorney C. B. King had arranged. "'Lessen that nigguh lawyer a yours do some mighty fine talkin', we gonna see you back 'fo long. Save you a place in the game."

The judge dismissed both charges. Bo Riggins couldn't remember anyone who had seen me "drunk and disorderly" and I had several witnesses to swear that I was neither. The judge did not seem to have heard of the civil rights law—or at least considered it irrelevant and inapplicable to the trespassing charge; but he had to dismiss it when Riggins admitted that he never actually asked me to leave, but rather just complied with the apparent wishes of the police in the matter.

It seemed to have gone amazingly smoothly. Outside, Attorney King explained why: An election was imminent. My case was virtually unknown in the white community; the newspapers had made nothing out of it. So the judge could gain nothing by sending me back to jail, and he just might catch a few black votes if he did the "nigguh lawyer" a favor. I wondered if the jailbirds would figure it out. A little later I sent them some ice cream. I was going back to the "Pines" and I didn't know but that I would be seeing them again.

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Early on a Saturday afternoon some days later, a dark, gawky boy in jeans and sport shirt was rigging a microphone and amplifier in the barren front yard of an unpainted clapboard house in Harlem. He placed two boxes before the mike, sat upon one, lowered the silver head of the device to the level of his mouth, and then produced a guitar which he picked idly until a great, black woman in pink flowing robes and blue-cloth crown poured suddenly from the house porch and heaved down beside him. She took the guitar and commenced tuning it, hummed and tuned, hummed and tuned, until a crowd had started. And then she sang.

Her voice was weary but warm, thick but expressive, a blues voice. She sang religious songs and old ballads and songs made popular by the Movement. Her favorite, the one she repeated most often during the day and evening, was a talking blues that roved around the chorus: "Oh, there was a death in Dallas that day. . . ." It was not so much ominous or foreboding as just terribly regretful, a sighing, head-shaking exclamation of loss. Like each of her songs, the Kennedy-blues worked into a sermon, the substance of which was invariably "trust in the Lord, who giveth and taketh away, for they ain't nothin' else trustworthy" (with a few minor forays into such areas as the evil inherent in woman). Then she passed the hat.

The crowd of listeners was always large. I was in Harlem that day and stayed until nearly midnight, listening to her. At about 8 in the evening, the size of her audience reached its peak, spilling over a curbstone in one direction, backing into a gas station in another. There were sharecroppers, factory workers, housewives; dancing, scurrying children; the celebrated and gently lunatic old woman who checks the doors and windows of all the business establishments in Harlem shortly after midnight every night and reports to the cop on the beat any unusual discoveries, happy tonight, shouting, grinning; and the occasional hipster, sheepish at being in this crowd, at wanting to be there, an eye cocked for the running mate who would most surely call sarcastically, "Hey baby, got 'ligion? Go on now—get happy!" About 8:30, a late-model Chevrolet rolled to a halt at the edge of the gathering, and three young white men got out, slamming doors, and moved into the singing crowd.

One of them immediately engaged a Negro youth in nervous, eyes-flicking conversation. The second, a tall and rake-thin fellow, with long, narrow sideburns, began, modestly, to enjoy himself, clapping and singing in perfect rhythm, his face glowing slightly. The third was drunk. For minutes, he seemed uncertain about what was happening or where he was; then, when things began to clear, he started singing and clapping too—or rather shouting hoarsely and beating his hands together at arbitrary and irregular intervals. At this display, his tall friend was shocked to the point of fright. He tried to get the drunk to the car, gave it up when he grew red and loud and stiffly resistant, and then simply moved away, attempting to dissociate himself.

For a long time, the drunken white boy was merely a tiny shallows in a great, fast river, really offensive only to the thinning few around him. Then, suddenly, as if responding to some vision or internal force, he strode violently forward and demanded the microphone from the ironically—and tolerantly—smiling lady preacher, to ask: "What y'all starin' at us fo'? We white—sho. But that ain' no reason to stare. The bill a rights done been pass'! We got a right. We gonna stay, an I'm gonna as' this kin' lady to sing *This lil' light a mine* fo' the white people a Albany, G-A, who need it, God knows. . . ."

The drunk's two friends were visibly mortified. Not at what he had said, but at his having said anything at all—at his having drawn unnecessary and additional attention to their presence. The first intensified his dialogue with the Negro youth as if to shut out the awful reality of what had just happened. In a moment, the taller, side-burned white man had seized his swaying buddy around the shoulders and bundled him, yelling and protesting, off to their car. The talker trotted to catch up. The car roared and the tall white waved an apologetic and helpless goodby from the driver's wheel. The drunk was slumped in the seat, whooping: "Hooray fo' the nigguhs! Hoo-hoo-hooray fo' the nigguhs!"

But already the singer had taken up where she had left off. Nobody much bothered to hear the drunk's rantings; it was a matter of discipline, a very old discipline.

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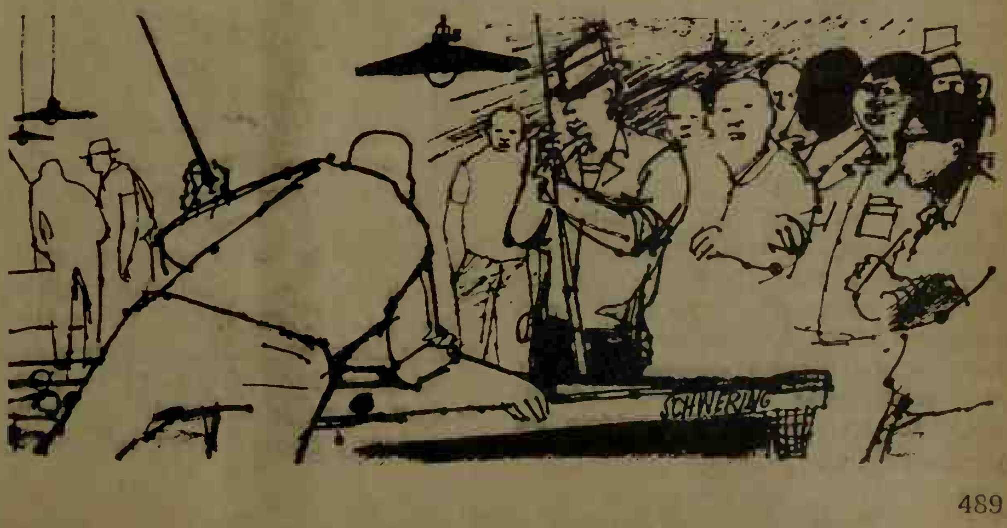
I was shooting nine-ball in a Harlem poolroom. It was dinner time, family time, on a Friday night in America, and the room was filled with people who had no better place to go. I powdered my hands and sank the winning ball in a combination with the two—and looked up to see five white hustlers appear in the doorway like apparitions out of the foggy night, combing their hair, wiping the water from their foreheads.

"Who wants to shoot?" drawled the skinniest. His voice cracked at the end, and so he repeated the question with force. It sounded belligerent, so he smiled, stupidly.

Eyes blinked. Bodies stirred. Butterball, who had been napping in the corner, rose up and stretched his bulk. He settled his red baseball cap over his eyes. "You got any money, Whitey?" When the white boy flashed a roll, I stepped back from my table. Butter' picked up a stick and called for the houseman to rack.

"What's your name, Whitey?"

For a moment, the white fellow wondered how to answer this question most forcefully, and then he simply let it out, a short nasal squeak. Butter' looked down the row of tables: "Hey, Rut! You hear that? Go on look up his daddy in the phone book, fin' out how much coin he got. I'm gonna take all



Whitey's money tonight!" He leaned back on the heels of his tennis shoes and laughed with all his weight.

"No you aint!" Rut, just as heavy as Butter' and infinitely meaner in the eyes, was heaving down the aisle. "Whitey got way more money'n you can have by y'self, big as you *is*." He stood before the rest of the white team. "Which one a you boys gonna put a ten down on this first game?"

On a Friday night, the poolroom is always crowded by 8. Tonight, when word got around what was happening, old men and young poured in until the house had to close its doors, so that the players might have space to shoot. It looked like the Olympic games; and, in a sense, it was.

Butter' and Whitey were a good match. They played past midnight, and, as it turned out, Butter' lost a little. On other tables, "Schoolboy" Terry and Peter "Rabbit" Harris skinned a blond-headed boy whose nickname really *was* "Whitey," and a laconic, bespectacled, middle-aged hustler with a beautiful if inaccurate stroke. Side bets went round and round. On the whole, the whites lost money, but not nearly as much as would be claimed the next day. When it was all over, Butter', gentleman that he is, took the crew around the corner for drinks. "How 'bout it Whitey?" he asked. "We gonna shoot a little over your side tomorrow?"

"Sure."

"Won't be no shit?"

"Not if you bring your money."

For weeks, the game ran on—the white hustlers appearing in Harlem, black hustlers visiting the white poolrooms. "It's the new law," said Butter.' "Integration always starts over sport."

But not every small-town hustler can shoot nine-ball for $5 and $10 a game. Most make their little money disillusioning country boys, in from the dim lights and hacked tables of south Georgia's tinier hamlets, or the Albany workingmen, tanked up and sure that they are the greatest. "Integrated pool" was only for the best, who could win, or lose big money at big matches. The best soon knew one another and were wary; the novelty wore off and the poolrooms, white and black, returned to their normal, and tedious, business.

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It is November. The man who signed a bill and integrated the poolrooms is retained in power. I wonder if Butter' voted. Or Spray-man, taking time off from shining shoes.

That first night, after the Holiday Inn, he had been confused; the experience had not had any immediate meanings. But a few hours later, outside a Negro bar in south Albany, called the Playhouse, he had nodded at the crowded doorway: "Lookit all them Negroes, don't know nothin' bout what's happened yet."

A few minutes and a few beers later, he was checking the hand of a girl who was about to drop a dime in the juke box. He carried a chair to the center of the floor, climbed atop it, shouted the crowd silent and the dancing to a halt, and related, in a loud, laughing voice, the events over on the white side. A few applauded. Most listened politely for a minute or two, but soon conversation started again, and Sprayman was struggling against an indifferent current. He looked over at me, apologetically I felt. I waved with great emotion for him to forget it, but he had his hackles up and went on.

A young man with ironic eyes nudged me. "It's fine," he said. "Fine, if you got plenty money to eat at the Holiday Inn. Me, all I got's this one little quarter, an' I ain't expectin' nothin' soon. Tell y' frien' I'm sorry, but I gotta put it in the piccolo. I'm gonna have me 25c worth a soun', an' no history. . . ."

When the music started, Sprayman glanced around angrily. But, when it was clear he was overcome; drowned in sound, he grinned reluctantly, then wide. He shrugged, stepped across the floor to replace the chair and, in a moment was dancing.

THE ST. CROIX

Who Owns A River? . . . .

Alfred D. Stedman

St. Paul, Minn.

Until it loses itself in the foul and polluted Mississippi a few miles below Minneapolis and St. Paul, every thing about the St. Croix River is lovely: its source in cold northern Wisconsin springs and lakes, its long quiet southward meanderings that for 100 miles form the boundary between Minnesota and Wisconsin, its incoming trout brooks and bass streams, the overlooking hills, the gorge near its midpoint known as the Dalles, and the broad expanse called Lake St. Croix that lazes for more than 20 miles from the fine old historic Minnesota town of Stillwater to the mouth.

And it is right here on this beautiful lower expanse that a fight presently centers between the onward push of industry and the stubborn defenders of a river and valley they love. More and more people among the Twin Cities' 1½ million feel a deep personal appreciation of their great luck in having so fine a stream so near at hand. It is called the cleanest large river left in mid-America, with Stillwater (1960 population 8,310) as the largest center on its whole course. To it come more and more visitors from Wisconsin as well as Minnesota to sail and swim and water-ski and fish and play. More and more year-around or summer homes peep from the timbered hills. Right now the upper reaches of the St. Croix and its main northern tributary, the Namekagon, are among twelve U.S. streams being studied by a team of national experts for possible designation as "wild rivers," suitable to be preserved for recreation in the years to come.

That study may be extended to include the lower St. Croix. But cut-

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ting across the beginnings of plans for tomorrow's conservation needs there is today a Northern States Power Company project that opponents say (and backers deny) would open a door to industrial degradation of the lower St. Croix valley. At the village of Oak Park Heights on the Minnesota shore just below Stillwater, the company is petitioning to build an enormous coal-burning electric generating plant at a cost of $68 million. This would be a 550,000 kilowatt station, larger than any that had been installed anywhere in the United States prior to 1961. Later a second unit of even larger capacity would be added.

It is sad that the same cool clean waters where thrive game fish like walleyed pike and smallmouth bass, and which outdoorsmen love best for boating and bathing, are also especially prized by power companies. The cooler and cleaner the water, the more efficiently it will cool electric generators.

The St. Croix runs consistently cooler and far cleaner than either the Mississippi or the Minnesota that joins the murky Father of Waters near the Twin Cities. But if the power project wins official approval, the lower St. Croix valley and Lake St. Croix will never be the same. Homes dotting the hills below Stillwater will look down on a power plant 350 feet long and 200 feet high, flanked by a coal pile nearly half a mile in length, with the layout to be vastly expanded later. A stack 600 to 800 feet tall will belch smoke into the sky. To bring coal upstream from the Illinois coal fields, those placid waters will be plied each week through the navigation season by three huge tows of fifteen barges per tow, or by larger numbers of smaller tows. Though the company promises to hold barge traffic to a minimum on summertime holidays and weekends, the question of barge-traffic dangers to boaters and bathers, especially children, is a live issue.

In times of lowest water, when the weather can also be the hottest and natural water temperatures the highest, the amount of water to be drawn from Lake St. Croix to cool the power plant might equal most of the river's flow into the lake. The record low-average flow for July is 783 cubic feet per second, and the maximum use by the proposed plant (first unit) is placed at 660 cubic feet. At the point of their return to the St. Croix, the waters would be warmed 10° to 17°— up to hot-weather maximums of 84° to 99°.

Every major effect on aquatic life and human recreation of both the warm-up of waters by the plant (thermal pollution) and of air pollution from the stack is in dispute. Scientific studies by federal, state and power company experts are under way.

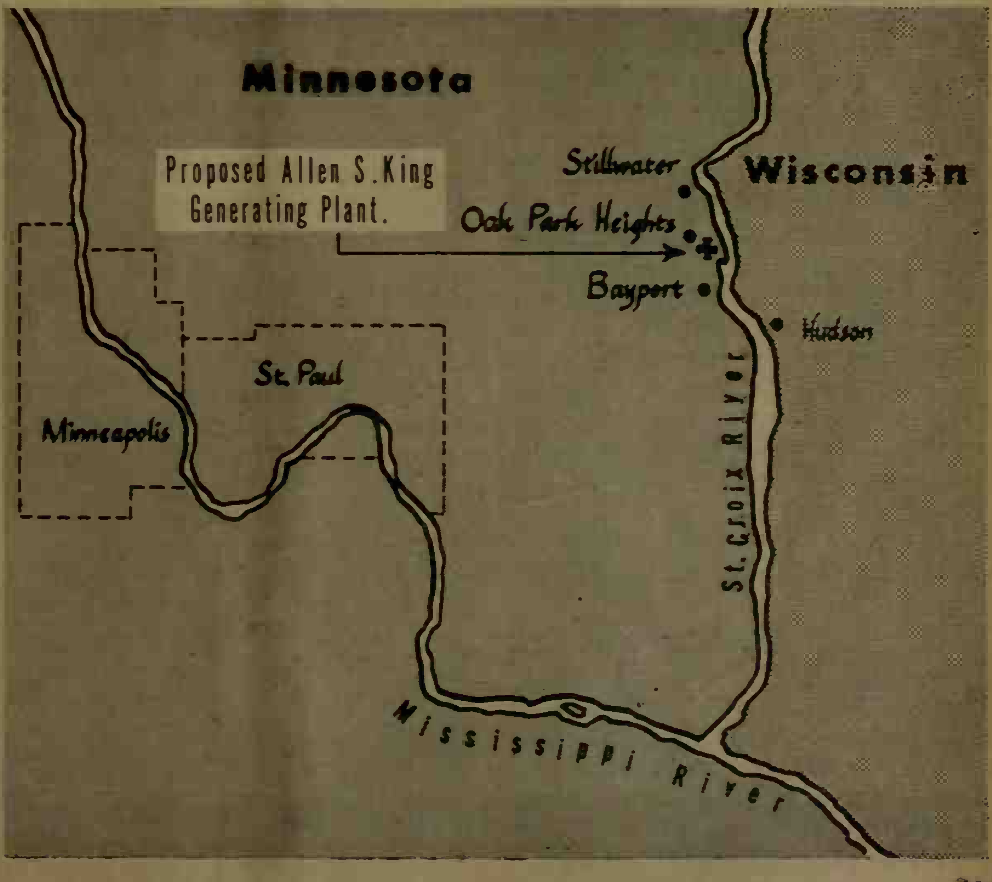
The economic push to get official sanction for the plant is tremendous. The need for additional power in the Twin Cities area has hardly been challenged, and the business and political interests of Stillwater would be more than human if they didn't thrill to the promises of a $7 million construction payroll, an annual operating payroll later for sixty employees of $500,000, and a 64 per cent jump in local tax revenues.

Backing the project are nearly every chamber of commerce in the immediate Washington County area of Minnesota, nearly all official governing bodies of county, towns and villages, luncheon clubs, veterans' groups, the county unit of the National Farm Organization and the central labor union, AFL-CIO.

But the opposition also is militant and sturdy; in number and in scope as well, it is rising. It is led by an organization called Save the St. Croix, Inc., made up of valley residents and people from Wisconsin, Minnesota and elsewhere who cherish the river. Save the St. Croix now has several hundred members and is raising funds for attorneys' fees and other costs of fighting the project. More than twenty groups, including the Minnesota division of the Izaak Walton League of America and the Minnesota Society of Architects, have expressed concern about the project or have come out against it. Petitions of protest are declared to have gained more than 10,000 signatures.

Right now supporters and opponents are scrambling to be ready for concurrent hearings by two Minnesota agencies beginning January 13. University of Minnesota thermal pollution studies financed by the Northern States Power Company are due to be presented. The company asks one permit from the Minnesota Department of Conservation for continuous diversion from the St. Croix River of water in an amount that in a year could cover to 1-foot depth an area of 631,000 acres, or nearly 1,000 square miles. It asks a second permit from the Minnesota Water Pollution Control Commission to discharge the same water back into the river in a heated and chlorinated condition.

The opposition centers, not against building such a plant somewhere near the Twin Cities, but specifically against the St. Croix as a site. It contends that since the plant



could be located on the Mississippi, already polluted by human and industrial wastes, it is not necessary or excusable to contaminate the only major stream hereabouts that is still cool and clean.

The Northern States Power Company makes a sweeping defense of its first unit plan. "We are convinced," it says, "that operation of such a plant as we propose to build will not be detrimental to the interests of residents of the St. Croix valley nor detract from the pleasures of those who use the valley for recreation. We would not be building a plant here if we thought it would mar the beauty of the valley or restrict or interfere with activities in the area."

Concerning the feared effects on fish life or other river biology, the company says that the rise of temperature will average only about 10° and will decrease sharply within a short distance downstream as the discharge mixes with the river water. It asserts that there will be no pollution from the cleaning of barges, and that the initial barge traffic of 2 million tons of coal a year won't disturb boaters or swimmers. As to air pollution, it says that 98 per cent of the fly ash will be removed from the smoke and that the stack exhaust, mostly water vapor, will be dissipated high in the atmosphere.

But opposite views as to the initial plant's effects are argued by champions of the St. Croix. They contend that warming the river is sure to multiply nuisance fish, hurt game fish, and spur growth of green scum algae. In summer, they say, the waters will be made too warm for swimming on such nearby beaches as Bayport. They point out that on the Mississippi and Minnesota warm water checks freezing for considerable distances below power plants, and foresee that the St. Croix will be lost to winter sports for comparable distances below any new plant that warms this river. They warn that leaching of sulphur from the huge coal pile could produce dangerous acid pollution.

As to air pollution, Save the St. Croix describes the real danger to people and vegetation as arising from poisonous gases, especially sulphur gas, which can be converted to acids and brought back to ground levels with the rain.

On such immediate effects of the new plant, the power company has gained a degree of avowed or unannounced support in official conservation circles. Some agree that injury to the river will be minimal, and a few say openly that, as between more business and beauty or recreation on the St. Croix, they vote for business.

But overshadowing all issues of immediate effects on recreational and scenic values of this first power unit is the great question of whether its location on the lower St. Croix would start a march of heavy industry through the valley that in the long run could be revolutionary. If this huge plant attracts an influx of heavy industry, still graver troubles with water and air pollution and serious shrinkage of outdoor values would be the prospect. The power company acknowledges that it will have no control over what other industries may do about following it into the valley, but it makes two comments.

One is that the St. Croix has been historically a commercial stream, with some industries operating there now. True, long ago the fur traders used it as the shortest water route from the Mississippi to Lake Superior, canoeing all the way north to Upper St. Croix Lake, then portaging to the Bois Brule and descending that tumbling stream to the Greatest Lake. True, also, the lumbermen made a shambles of the region's forests before their sawmills vanished, along with the logs that once jammed the St. Croix, and nature began a century-long job of reclothing the denuded lands. So, though perhaps open to other interpretations, history along the St. Croix seems to suggest that unguided exploitation of nature's bounties can lead to public costs as well as private profits.

But the company also doubts that it would lead other heavy industry into the valley. In its experience, the company says, "our power plants do not attract other industrial establishments to their immediate area. As far as power rates or service are concerned, there is no advantage in being located next to a generating station. In the nearly twelve years that it has been in existence, our [Minnesota River] Black Dog plant, for instance, has not attracted industrial plants as next-door neighbors."

Opponents answer that the Northern States Power Company itself, by planning now to follow up its first generating station with another unit of even greater capacity, is already taking an important step toward industrializing the lower valley. They add that, once the company wins a test case for its first station, chances of heading off that next step toward more industry will be poor. As for the Minnesota River, they describe industrial development there as having been well advanced before the Black Dog power plant was ever built. Whatever special factors may be keeping other industries at a distance from the Minnesota River plant area, they are regarded as unlikely to apply on the St. Croix.

Instead, if once the mammoth new power operation gets under way on the St. Croix, strong forces toward further industrializing are considered by Save the St. Croix spokesmen as almost certain to be generated. They foresee that the heavy upstream coal movement will induce the barge operators to seek cargo for the downstream haul. That in itself could attract industries, and the enlarged barge traffic would almost certainly produce enterprises for the cleaning, servicing, loading and fueling of the tows.

"In actuality," says State Representative William J. O'Brien of St. Paul, a staunch conservationist with deeply rooted interest in the St. Croix, "I am not terribly concerned about the power company project itself. The number of cement plants, oil refineries and other industrial establishments which I fear would undoubtedly follow a new power plant give me great concern."

Not the wastes of a vast human population but industrial wastes would seem the most likely threat to the now cool and fresh St. Croix. Twin Cities people know that one in every twenty oil barges is a "leaker," and they commonly see oil slicks on their rivers. They hear that far down the Mississippi any fish caught taste of petroleum. They know that industrial accidents happen, that last year, for example, two oil spills killed 8,000 ducks and greased bathing beaches for 100 miles along the stream. They know that the Minnesota River, like the Mississippi, is heavily polluted by industrial wastes.

And all this devastation occurs despite the fact that most industries

cooperate with the Minnesota Water Pollution Control Commission and that the total bill for building sewage systems in the Twin Cities area is expected to exceed $200 million in about thirty-five years. So far as industrial wastes are concerned, what has happened before can reasonably be expected to happen on the St. Croix.

Thus momentous questions arise out of the fight over the fate of the St. Croix. Essentially similar questions are coming up in other struggles to save for general enjoyment some natural treasures: remnants of giant redwoods in California, the Indiana Dunes, Storm King Mountain on the Hudson, the Great Falls of the Potomac, Fire Island of New York, tracts of wilderness and wild rivers elsewhere.

What limits are to be placed on industrial invasion in America? What guidelines are to be established? Who is to determine where, when and how a public resource can be used by industry? Is that to rest with the industry or local municipality immediately concerned? Or should final decision be reserved to a national or interstate agency?

On the St. Croix, as elsewhere, defenders of natural resources find that no general forum exists for hearing and deciding such questions. To be sure, as to all effects on navigation, the Northern States Power Company will require a permit for its project from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. And as to the effects on recreation, the Corps will be "advised" by the Interior Department's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wild Life. But these are not general forums for broad decisions on the questions at stake.

Some Minnesota officials are fond of saying that nobody can stop the Northern States Power Company from building any plant it wants on St. Croix shore property it already owns. Smoke rising from the stack will float around in Wisconsin as well as Minnesota skies, but as yet the only public body having legal power to control air pollution by the plant is the village council of Oak Park Heights, with a 1960 population of 332. Federal and state agencies by the dozen are now empowered to study, to report and recommend state or local controls of air pollution, but none has power to decide, to act and to enforce.

Northern States Power, up to this writing, has not acknowledged any Wisconsin jurisdiction over its project. Yet the St. Croix rises and flows for a fourth of its course in that state. Half of the water to be used would seem to belong to Wisconsin. And that state has never admitted that issues of pollution on the St. Croix should be decided on one side of the river alone.

In fact, Wisconsin Governor John W. Reynolds, before his defeat for re-election, directed a task force of four state agencies to study the power project's effects on the St. Croix basin as a natural resource and recreational asset. And Governor-elect Warren P. Knowles says that "I would expect to continue the investigation and make every effort to see that the recreational values of the St. Croix River are fully protected, and take such further steps as may be required to safeguard the interest of boaters from pollution of the river."

"If the [Save the St. Croix] charges should be proved," said Wisconsin Sen. Gaylord Nelson in calling a public hearing by his Senate Air and Water Pollution subcommittee in Stillwater on December 10 and 11, "I cannot believe that Wisconsin should be powerless to act in this case."

Thus the groundwork for interstate action is already laid. In fact, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is specifically empowered by the Federal Water Pollution Control Act to draw up programs and support interstate compacts for water-pollution control.

Against a backdrop of hurry, hurry to get Minnesota's January 13 hearings over and the Northern States Power plant under construction on a basis of permits from one state only, Congress itself is being urged to establish a federal authority with powers to act and to define clear guidelines for decisions on questions like those about the St. Croix. Senator Nelson seems to be moving in that direction.

"Isn't it about time," asked *The Washington Post* recently in an editorial that drew commendation from Senator Douglas of Illinois, "that Congress and the Administration took a systematic look at this problem?" And it said that "If and when choice recreation areas and unspoiled lakes and rivers are wholly invaded by industry, it will not be because anyone planned it that way. It will be simply because in area after area long-term conservation interests are subordinated to short-term commercial interest."

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Survival's Favorite Son

MEMOIRS: 1921-1941. By Ilya Ehrenburg. Translated by Tatania Shebunina in collaboration with Yvonne Kapp. The World Publishing Co. 543 pp. $6.95.

Isaac Deutscher

The present volume of Ilya Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* is an eye-witness account of two crowded and stormy decades in Soviet and European history. For the Soviet Union the period began with the aftermath of the Civil War; it was to end with the Nazi invasion. In between lay the close of the Lenin era, the rise of Stalinism, the upheavals of industrialization and collectivization, the suppression of literary and artistic freedom, the Great Purges, and the Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939. Within the same span of time bourgeois Europe recovered from the revolutionary shocks of 1918-21, enjoyed a spell of semi-illusory stabilization, and succumbed to the Great Depression and to fascism and Nazism, until it was engulfed by the Second World War.

Of the Russian scene Ehrenburg gives us only intermittent glimpses; he concentrates on the events, personalities and political climate of Western Europe. He lived most of the time in Germany, France and Spain; he was little more than a tourist in his native country. Even while active as a propagandist for the Kremlin, he felt more at home in the cafés of Montparnasse than within earshot of the Kremlin bells. The topsy-turvy Berlin of the early twenties, the Rome of the time of Matteoti's assassination, the Paris of the Popular Front, and the Barcelona and Valencia of the years of the Civil War come more easily to life in his pages than does either Moscow or Leningrad. Nevertheless, his is a Russian writer's view of Western Europe, for he has been ever sensitive to the winds blowing over Russia and the moral pressures they bear. He always feels and makes us feel Russia's spiritual and political presence in Europe, though he portrays Russian personalities more often against French or Spanish backgrounds. His pages are crowded with character sketches of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Poles, Czechs and Jews. The pen portraits, to mention only those of Antonov-Ovseenko, the hero of 1917, who represented Stalin in Barcelona in 1936; and Durutti, the Spanish anarchist of legendary fame; Ernst Toller, the German revolutionary playwright; Julian Tuwim, the Polish poet; and Peretz Markish, the Yiddish poet, are extremely well drawn and even moving. (Though I knew most of these men and my images of them differ somewhat.)

It is easy to see why these *Memoirs* must have excited and thrilled Soviet readers, especially the young ones; Ehrenburg has revealed to them a world which they had not been allowed to know, a world doom-laden yet magnificent, decadent yet still creative and capable of heroism. Western readers too will find this book instructive and pleasant to read, for Ehrenburg's style is easy, fluent and at times imaginative.

Yet his defects are not less evident here—the defects which once caused the tolerant and generous Lunacharsky to remark: "Ehrenburg is the *best* type among the *worst* of our fellow-traveling literati." Ehrenburg's writing is indeed too easy and too fluent. One feels as if one met the author in one of his favorite Montparnasse cafés and listened to an immense, rambling *causerie,* a *causerie* which never ceases to be vivid and intriguing, but is often superficial and less than candid. He would like us to accept his book as a weighty testimony but he wonders himself whether he is not asking too much. "I said at the beginning that . . . I wanted to write a confession: I probably promised more than I can fulfill. . . . Having come to my adult life, I pass a great deal over in silence, and the more I advance the more often I have to omit events in my life about which it would be difficult for me to speak even to an intimate friend."

"Yet in spite of this," he insists, "my book is still a confession." Obviously, a "confession" in which a great deal is "passed over in silence" arouses distrust. If all that the author omitted were incidents of his private life or intimate emotions, one would not mind. Unfortunately, his silences cover many important events of public interest; not delicacy of feeling but political shrewdness dictates his discretion.

Repeatedly Ehrenburg deals with Soviet critics who long ago (in the twenties) used to reproach him for his "skepticism" or "nihilism." In the rather congenial atmosphere of the post-Stalin era he is not really embarrassed by these labels. "Of all the apostles," he says with a touch of solemnity, "doubting Thomas seems to me the most human." He is quite glad to be described as a "romantic ironist." No doubt, these labels suited in some measure the young Ehrenburg, the author of *Julio Jurenito* and *Thirteen Pipes,* books of his that were already famous forty years ago. But the point is that the "skeptic" or "romantic ironist" of those years was subsequently eclipsed by a very different character, the Stalinist sycophant of the 1930s and the Stalin Prize-winner of the 1940s. And, of course, in the last ten years or so Ehrenburg has been the reputed herald of de-Stalinization, the author of *The Thaw,* the champion of artistic freedom. In the *Memoirs* it is this last Ehrenburg who "defends" his "skeptical" and "ironical" self of the early twenties as if to make us forget the Stalinist hack and toady of the middle years. We are given to understand that the youthful "doubting Thomas" somehow survived intact and unharmed in the veteran memoirist of today.

One would like to believe this. Yet as one ponders Ehrenburg's reminiscences one cannot help being aware of the hidden and wretched presence of the Stalinist hanger-on, eager for self-exculpation. This book has in it much of the ambiguity that has been inherent in the whole process of de-Stalinization, the ambiguity which derives from the fact that de-Stalinization has so far been the work of men who were once Stalin's underlings and accomplices. In this respect Ehrenburg's writing has been the characteristic literary *pendant* to the politics of Khrushchevism.

"Ehrenburg lifted the iron curtain that concealed the past from the pres-

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Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

ent everywhere," says Louis Fischer, himself an ex-admirer of Stalin. ". . . he is restoring to human life and dignity . . . the martyred men and women of Russia," writes an innocent young American Sovietologist. Yet another critic speaks of these *Memoirs* as a "feat of courage, a near-revolutionary act." How easily a legend can be launched!

Far from lifting any iron curtain over the past, Ehrenburg lifts only that corner of it that others, those in office, have already raised. Of the truth about events and men he never offers us more than a licensed dose. He does not, for instance, tell us anything about the Great Purges that Khrushchev and other party leaders had not said. To "human life and dignity" he "restores" only those of the "martyred men and women" who had already been officially rehabilitated. With a remarkable presence of mind he does not allow the name of a single unrehabilitated victim to slip into his narrative. He devotes warm-hearted, even sentimental passages to Tukhachevsky, Antonov-Ovseenko, Isaac Babel and others; and he conveys to us a chilling whiff of the terror-stricken Moscow of 1938. But he has nothing to say about the Great Trials of that time. Their defendants, Bukharin, Trotsky, Radek, Rakovsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev and the others —most of whom he knew well—still remain "unpersons." His capacity for remembering the past corresponds to the twists and turns and the tempo of the official de-Stalinization with startling precision. One may wonder why he never refers to someone like the now rehabilitated Krestinsky, an outstanding Bolshevik, whom he must have known in Berlin as Soviet Ambassador. The answer is simple: Krestinsky's rehabilitation was brought to public notice just after Ehrenburg had completed writing his *Memoirs*. This is only one of many possible illustrations.*

What is worse, Ehrenburg still vents something of the old rancor against the as yet unrehabilitated victims of the Stalinist terror. In his description of the Civil War in Spain one looks in vain for any hint at the terror the GPU spread there, at the suppression of P.O.U.M., the abduction and assassination of its leader, Andres Nin, and of other anti-Stalinists. One need only compare Ehrenburg's Spanish recollections with Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* to grasp the meaning of such omissions. Or take his recollection of André Gide, who in 1936 went to Russia as a sympathizer but returned disgusted with the Stalin cult, which he denounced in a memorable little book *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.* Ehrenburg's comment: "I do not know what affected him. Another man's heart is a dark continent." He admits that he slandered Gide at the time; but even now, after "calm reflection," he still compares the change in Gide's political attitude with the "erratic flutterings of a moth"; and like a provincial Philistine, he cannot contain his indignation, almost horror, at the thought that Gide, going to Russia, had intended to raise with Stalin himself (!) the question of the legal position of homosexuals in the Soviet Union. ("Although I was aware of Gide's abnormality, I did not immediately grasp what he meant to speak to Stalin about.") He is similarly still quivering with malice toward Panaït Istrati, the pathetic "Gorky of the Balkans," as Romain Rolland described him, because Istrati had rejected the Stalin cult from the outset. These, by no means exceptional, examples of old Stalinist spite stirring in the *Memoirs* contrast curiously with eulogies for such Western European stooges of Stalin as Marcel Cachin, Dolores Ibaruri, and their like.

Explicitly or implicitly, Ehrenburg is justifying Stalin's major policies in Europe. True, he often pleads ignorance of politics as a mitigating circumstance for himself, a strange plea for someone who has been so prominent as a political propagandist. But he is not so modest as to refrain from passing political judgments and verdicts. He blames Leon Blum (and his "stupid bleatings") for the defeat of Republican Spain, but has nothing to say about Stalin's share in that defeat. He presents the French and Spanish Popular Fronts as heroic epics; he does not seem to suspect even now that those fronts brought about their own undoing, because they were, on Stalin's promptings, all too eager to appease the Western bourgeoisie and to curb the revolutionary energies of the French and Spanish workers and peasants. He describes with justified sarcasm the cowardice and the surrender of the German Social Democrats in the face of Nazism. But he makes no mention of the perverse Stalinist policies which had done no less to paralyze German labor in the early 1930s. Did he not, as an eye-witness, watch the *Rote Volksentscheid*, that infamous plebiscite in which, two years before Hitler became Chancellor, the Communists marched with the Nazis against the Social Democrats and called for the "*national* and social liberation of Germany"?

Only when he comes to the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 does the author of the *Memoirs* put aside pretense and make-believe and describe convincingly the shock, the humiliation and the horror with which that act of "Soviet-German friendship" had filled him. (He seems to suggest that some repercussions of that act are felt even now in the undercurrents of anti-Semitism in the USSR.) Here, evidently, his deep and wounded Jewish emotion gets the better of him; and instead of the slick raconteur, a suffering and frightened human being speaks to us.

What is one to make of this strange *mélange* of sincerity and cant? Ehrenburg relates that a young Russian, listening to his tale of the Stalinist terror, asked him: "How is it that you have survived?" "I shall never know," he replies, ". . . I lived in times when the fate of men was not like a game of chess but like a lottery." But this is surely not the truth of the matter. The fate of those of Ehrenburg's countrymen—and they were many—who had the courage to oppose Stalin was not at all like a lottery: none of them survived. Life was a lottery to quite a few Stalinists, however, for even Stalin's servants and flatterers could not be sure of their fate; many of them were disgraced and perished. In some cases—Ehrenburg's is one—a man's fate was rather like a strange combination of "a lottery" and "a game of chess"; these *Memoirs* occasionally show how the author played his hand at the game.

Should he on this account be condemned beyond redemption? In quite a few countries and in many ages thinkers and writers, from Galileo to Goethe and Pushkin, bowed to the despotism of rulers and paid a moral ransom in order to save themselves as scientists and artists and to get on with their work. Posterity, which honors

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*The nimbleness with which Ehrenburg moves between the ghosts of the "rehabilitated" and the limbo of the "unpersons" was evident in the first volume of the *Memoirs*, in his description of the editorial team of *Nashe Slovo*, a Russian revolutionary (non-Bolshevik) *émigré* journal published in Paris during the First World War. He managed to describe in loving detail almost every member of that team, without mentioning even once its editor and moving spirit—Trotsky.

heroic fighters against oppression, does not invariably condemn those who have bowed to a *force majeure*. Supreme heroism is rare, and its absence need not in itself be a vice.

Ehrenburg's misfortune was not so much that he lacked the character to resist Stalinism, but that he submitted to it so completely and even zealously that he thereby corrupted his own work and nearly destroyed himself as novelist and poet. He himself refers ruefully to his "hastily written" and "badly constructed" propagandist novels. He resembles in this the chief character of his own *Thaw*, the painter Vladimir Pukhov, who through opportunism and servility wasted his artistic personality. The writing of the *Memoirs* was for Ehrenburg an opportunity to cleanse himself, test his wasted talent, and regain something of his artistic quality. To a very limited extent, he has succeeded. He might have succeeded more genuinely and fully if he had not tried to impress us with his moral courage; if he had given up his posturing, his attempts at self-exculpation and his old rancor; if he had told us as much of the truth about the Stalin era as he knows instead of deliberately purveying half-truths.

Yet, Ehrenburg's role in the Russian "thaw" has been considerable—not for nothing have the crypto- and neo-Stalinists attacked him repeatedly. But it is not easy to assess his role, for it bears on the complex relationship between half-truth and truth. I am not speaking here of the Truth of the metaphysicians, but of historical truth, which bases itself on ascertainable and undeniable facts. Soviet society needs that truth as much as it needs air to breathe. Without a genuine knowledge of the record of the Stalin era, it cannot overcome its present ideological confusion and cannot advance. Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*, like Khrushchev's revelations, offer a lot of clues to the record. But the clues are not the record. A half-truth may sometimes be a useful introduction to the truth; it may even represent an installment of the truth and stimulate a creative ferment in minds avid for knowledge. But all too often a half-truth can divert such minds from the truth or block access to it, depending on the maturity or immaturity of the audience to whom is is aimed.

Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* are undoubtedly exercising a dual and ambivalent influence. They represent a transient phase in the development of a new social consciousness in the USSR, the phase in which Soviet thinking has painfully outgrown the Stalinist mythology but is still shrinking from perceiving the realities of the recent past and of the present.

Le Parti d'Intelligence?

COMMUNISM AND THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS: 1914-1960. By David Caute. The Macmillan Company. 413 pp. $10.

Harvey Goldberg

The last half dozen pages of Mr. Caute's long book, when he tries to grasp the problem whole, are his most sensitive. Looking squarely at French intellectuals, who have made their way to communism over a forty-year span, he links their choice not to "blind faith" or "opiates" but to "cerebral, empirical judgments made within the framework of certain social and moral beliefs." In evaluating their hard and demanding choice and in suggesting the alternative, he unhesitatingly adds:

> *The French intellectual, in accepting broadly the Third or Fourth Republics, has had to do so* despite *Versailles, the domestic policy of the Bloc National, Morocco, Syria, Indo-China, the regime of Chiappe, unemployment, parliamentary corruption, the abandonment of Republican Spain, Munich, McCarthyism, Suez, Algeria.*

This is strong meat after so many years of a starvation cold-war diet, bracing after countless wearisome clichés about "true believers" and "Gods that failed." One might then have expected much, perhaps too much, from Caute's book. But his deepest insights unfortunately outdistance his demonstration. If he has taken a first bold step toward understanding this passionate problem of our times, he has not, for all his hard work and intelligence, produced a comprehensive history. Nor perhaps, in its most meaningful sense, a history at all.

Mr. Caute engages his problem at three points: the convolutions of the party's attitude toward intellectuals; the fluctuations of the intellectuals' commitment to the party; the productivity of Communist intellectuals within the ambit of their Marxism. In general, party officialdom, as Caute points out, beckoned the intellectuals into the fold. If there were short stretches of glaciation (especially in the late twenties and early fifties, when intellectuals were eyed as unstable and undesirable) most of the time the party sought them out and used them. Indeed, exploited them: for prestige, journalism, political propaganda, front organizations. "A subsidiary function," Caute observes, "namely the raising of the Party's own ideological level, was naturally regarded in practice with suspicion."

Yet intellectuals came, committed Communists or supporting "idealists," in a trickle at first, in a flood during the Popular Front and the Resistance. Why? The First World War, that senseless and endless carnage, formed the first generation: men consumed with the fraud of patriotism and the bankruptcy of bourgeois society. The Russian Revolution, that light from the East, turned *revoltés* into *révolutionnaires*, ready to accept the discipline of a Bolshevik party. Not all of them marched in file; in documents which have lost none of their relevance, Rolland and Barbusse fervently debated the issue of ends and means. Rolland could not accept violence *à la russe;* while Barbusse scored the tenderhearted and insisted upon "the other part of duty." By the late 1920s a second generation emerged; "a new more romantic and less disciplined generation of quasi-Marxist intellectuals, who unlike the Rollandists tended to find the PCF not uncompromising enough." The Surrealists were among them (Aragon, Eluard, Breton) and the *philosophes* (Lefèbvre, Politzer, Nizan), young men in total revolt against the artistic and academic standards of the bourgeoisie.

But the first big influx came with Hitler and the depression. Then the stream of intellectual collaboration widened; in the common struggle against fascism, and in the relevance of Soviet economic development, leftish intellectuals found reason enough to support the party. When the party was "national" and "patriotic," Caute observes, its fortunes waxed. For the new Communist intellectuals (the best of whom clustered around the review *Commune*), the Spanish Civil War was the great passion, and appeasement

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the great frustration. They made pilgrimages to the USSR and, as Caute emphasizes, ignored the Stalinist purge trials and Communist machinations in Spain.

Again the Russians pulled the strings. With the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939, the French Communist tide receded. The idealists departed, and even some of the most dedicated party men such as Nizan, Georges Friedmann. Only the hardest of the core could bear the burden, accepting ostracism, imprisonment, suppression of the party and, worst of all—the line. Yet the capitulation wasn't complete (it rarely is) and even before Hitler's attack on the USSR, some French Communists (albeit as individuals) began their resistance.

After June, 1941, that resistance became a movement, large, heroic, patriotic. It was the era of martyrdom (Caute estimates 60,000 Communist dead during the war) and unmodified courage. So Gabriel Péri, on the eve of his death at Nazi hands in December, 1941, reiterated his belief that "communism was the youth of the world and that it was preparing tomorrows that would sing."

The Resistance record magnetized intellectuals in the first postwar years. But with the cold war the party line narrowed and hardened. In those years of Zhdanovism, the Tito heresy, the East European purge trials, the party held on to its wholly committed intellectuals, but beyond those ranks, squandered its Resistance credit. Caute recalls those years with telling detail—the tortuous defenses by party intellectuals of Stalinist practices, their strange blindness to colonial revolutions. *Le grand tournant* came with the 20th Congress, a shock certainly, but possibly a new beginning. "By and large," Caute observes, "Khrushchev's revelations did not evoke despair; on the contrary, they awakened hopes of imminent reforms, of the self-adjusting potential of Communism."

From his research, Caute has rescued many pieces of the complicated story from obscurity and set them in some order. If his evidence of the party's convolutions lacks novelty, his illustrations of the depths to which its propagandists might sink are painfully revealing. So he quotes Ramon Fernandez after the February riots of 1934: "We ought to have rifles and go down to the rich quarters. . . . Then we need a man to march at our head, a leader. . . . A fellow of Gide's type." Nor is it the least of Caute's merits to remind us of the party's sporadic wisdom in animating rather than alienating the community; or of its cruelty toward its own (Paul Nizan as the classic case). For all that, and recognizing the merits of the book, I am left with questions and a certain disappointment.

At the most elementary level, my strictures are technical. Simple errors of fact appear often enough to suggest some unfamiliarity, at least with the remoter parts of the terrain. (Strange that a student of James Joll, who has written a reliable account of the Second International, should locate the 1907 Congress in Strasbourg and put the Basle Congress in 1913.) Working solely from published sources, Caute consulted many books; but I can only puzzle at the absence of the most important self-revelations of Rolland, Sadoul and Raymond Lefèbvre; of Nizan's powerful *Antoine Bloyé;* of the several significant works of Friedmann on the crisis of technology; or of *La Révue Marxiste*, the first serious philosophical effort to diffuse Marxist culture.

The book suffers also from the "catalogue fallacy." We find scores of men and women, named and briefly quoted, as though the roster of Communist intellectuals were then complete. The inevitable result is too little and too much. We are offered pages on Souvarine, but only a mention of Rappoport; some words of Dunois, but none at all of Rosmer (the same Rosmer who commanded the respectful attention of Camus). We learn something about the Surrealists but not nearly enough about the evolution from Tzara's Dadaism to communism; and nothing at all about that remarkable revolutionary *foyer*, the weekly meetings during the First World War at 96, quai Jemappes. The history of ideas, the subtlety and complexity of their diffusion, is somehow obscured in a forest of names and quotations.

At the CGT Congress of Lyon in 1919, Pierre Monatte, the straightest back among the syndicalists, recalled Renan's *Life of Jesus* in analyzing the betrayal of labor leaders during the war: "We are told that Mary Magdalene was washing the feet of Jesus with oil when Judas said: 'But that is too expensive!' Renan explained Judas' treason: 'The bureaucrat in him had killed the apostle.'" Because of a conceptual weakness, Caute fails to operate on that insight and distinguish clearly between those who responded first and foremost to their party function and those who lived primarily as intellectuals. He seems to understand the distinction: "It could be plausibly argued that the real gulf . . . was between the hard Stalinists and the rest." But again his organization fails his insight. Intellectuals are treated en bloc, their words quoted together, their actions lumped together. The transformation from intellectual to party bureaucrat is a crucial part of the story; but so, equally, was the delicate, intricate conjuncture of politics and creativity in the lives of most Communist intellectuals. In his failure to delineate both groups, Caute has weakened his understanding of either.

Nor does his book guide us firmly to those reaches of human psychology where commitment is the point of contingency between personal need and social reality. First, because the context is too thin, the "history" dubbed in. We have the *philosophes* without the *ancien régime*. For the intellectuals the choice was always difficult; their rupture with bourgeois society had its price. "I have had to cut myself off from my whole way of life," Raymond Lefèbvre confessed at Strasbourg in 1920, "amidst so many tears and so much pain." Why then? What explains it? The rage in the wake of the First World War means little without the blood of the war and the stench of the postwar. Without the twenties—the dismal politics, the concentrated economic power, the neat corporatist design—we can scarcely fathom Sartre's description of that intellectual era: "The beautiful period of our refusals, the time of our hate, of unassuaged desire, of destruction."

But if the history seems two-dimensional, so do the characters; we can't sense the feelings, the complexities of these men. Recognizing the problem, Caute seeks to resolve it by close examination of three case histories—Gide, Malraux and Sartre. He tells their stories well, but they are oft-told tales, even the details are not new. Nor was any of the three ever in the party. He might more fruitfully have given us a Rappoport—the permanent exile, the richly endowed philosopher, the perpetual wit (*"le bolchévisme, c'est le blanquisme à la sauce tartare"* is his mot). Or a Nizan, almost a paradigm of our times, as Sartre perceived: "To today's Angry Young Men, who will speak? Who can explain their revolt? Nizan." Doris Lessing, who is penetrating on communism, once observed (in *The Golden Notebook*): "The Communist Party is largely composed of people who aren't really political at all, but who have a powerful sense of service. And then there are those who are lonely and the Party is their family." But we don't come close enough in Caute's book to find out.

Communism is a choice in an age when the alternatives have not been brilliant. As Caute wisely points out: "Economic and political facts which Communist intellectuals are accused of blindly disregarding exist only in a limited degree of independence apart from a sense of purpose . . . of what ought to be done for one section of the community at the expense of other sections." He is right to insist upon it. But by removing the intellectuals from their ecology, the complex dialectic is obscured, and we don't see them confronting a shattered community or choosing a way out, but only advocating in a vacuum. We are left with words, often empty after years; or worse, the impression becomes a distortion.

In his *Histoire de Dix Ans, 1927-37,* Jean-Pierre Maxence expressed some of the revulsion of young intellectuals at the end of the 20s: "National Union—politics without youth, without hope, worn-out politics, for the old and by the old." That for such well-styled politicians as Poincaré and Briand. How to measure, then, the outrage of the 30s when France faced crisis under the flag of Sarraut, Flandin, Chautemps, Doumergue? Over all of Europe loomed Hitler; over France loomed semi-fascism and the revenge of counter-revolution. Intellectuals had to choose, and not all, not a majority, chose the Left; not even, I would wager, among the *normaliens* (in whose group were not only a Nizan and Sartre, but a Brasillach and Déat). Like Maxence, some enrolled in the *ligues,* others, great names of the Academy, saved their allegiance for Pétain. A frustrated Paul Reynaud, watching the anti-Communist, anti-Soviet antics of 1938, could only exclaim: "But it is not Stalin who is in Vienna today and who will threaten Prague tomorrow. It is Hitler." To have chosen the Popular Front, to have accepted Communist guidance in it, to have supported the Soviet Union uncritically—all of that, in brutal retrospect, seems the source of self-deception. But the hindsight implicit in Caute's description distorts as well as clarifies. For Communist intellectuals, in or out of the party, the issue was (and remains) as Sartre posed it in his impassioned "Réponse à Albert Camus":

> *It isn't a question, you see, of putting my contemporaries in a cage. They are already in a cage. It is a question rather of joining with the people to break the bars. . . . To enjoy the right of influencing men who struggle, one must first join their fight. One must accept many things if he wishes to try to change some things.*

If we ask what that commitment yielded, we have to pose the question in terms larger than Caute's. What did it mean to intellectuals as men? What did it mean to break barriers of isolation, to reach out to a larger community? Or again, how did it affect their creativity as artists and thinkers? Caute mentions the "freshness and spontaneity" of Taslitzky's painting and the "extremely high intellectual level" of *Commune;* in referring to the late poems of Vaillant-Couturier, he tells us that "he did not allow his organizational duties to dull his lyricism"; he shows us Vercors and Elsa Triolet finding in the Resistance material for sensitive novels. Tantalizing data, but never carried to the level of consistent analysis and generalization. What did it mean, this service of intellectuals to the party, for the movement of our times? To illustrate the party's use of intellectuals, Caute writes:

> *Here Barbusse tirelessly gave a lead, supporting the causes given priority by the Party, praising the Secours Ouvrier International and the Comité pro-Hindou, creating committees for the defense of victims of the White Terror in the Balkans, denouncing Pilsudski's treatment of political prisoners and Poincaré's occupation of the Ruhr, mobilizing intellectuals against the Moroccan War.*

But if we view all this as part of "the fourth principle of utility," we forget that these are *acts* and *causes,* we ignore their intrinsic worth. Shouldn't we ask, in an age of incessant struggle, what it meant for learned men to speak on the side of the victims? All of these questions bear not only on the past but equally on the future. To some French intellectuals and a mass of non-intellectuals, the challenge beneath the false euphoria of the Fifth Republic remains as Sartre defined it in 1960: "Fifty years in this arrested society which has become France is degrading!"

The French Communist Party has been a mess. Too often, as Guy Mollet once quipped, it has stood neither to the Right nor the Left, but to the East. But as Claude Bourdet has just written in *Les Chemins de l'Unité,* it is a powerful reality: "No reconstruction of the Left is possible without it." The problem still turns on the potentiality of the party's evolution, and institutions do evolve. The core of the matter was touched by Jules Humbert-Droz, Moscow's early agent in Paris, in a letter to Zinoviev in 1922, when the Third International still recognized debate: "What is essential is not to dwell forever on the past and condemnation of past policy; it is to prepare a future where the errors of the past will no longer be committed." That won't be easy in a party whose present leadership strikes me as about evenly divided between hacks and thugs. But the Communist Party is more than its bureaucrats. It is also a legacy of saying "no" when almost all other organized groups have assented; it is also a working-class mass and a body of intellectuals.

The Latest Word

The language goes on,
learns new words, new meanings
in the old,
as though a chaffinch
out of some faraway spring,
chirping its other-world patter
as it perches on the nearby bough,
revises via bare sprig, bole,
and root the whole commonwealth.

The language, all of it
alive, goes on, a rabbi, straggly
beard a twilit-flaming bush,
hunched over you, thumbing through,
then concentrating on a passage
understandably obscure.
His village,
in its local seasons and occasions
collaborating with the stroller
seasons as they hold forth, throws
curious, kind light on the black-
and-white until,
his absentminded
drone a tantalising promise
in your ear (thick flocks perhaps,
their pre-dawn maple-chittering
the rudiments of music making
in the air),
the stiff lines,
cracking, blaze like branches
(the village fled in flames,
regained the glimpse of paradise
lost, in cries, floating heaven-
ward, the soot of flesh and terror,
then settled into roots and out
in leaves, thoughts, flowering).

A new word sounds, so meant
for you both, so loose, so taut
through your body, you cannot tell
one from the other, two at least
caught in one breath.

Theodore Weiss

In his moving essay on Togliatti ("Les Temps Modernes," October, 1964) Sartre exercised, at its best, the intellectual function; though writing of Italian Communists, essentially he criticized the French. The unique qualities of Italian communism—its distance from Moscow, its dialogue with reality—were missing in France:

> *And who, if not Togliatti, understood that a Party must live in symbiosis with the people? . . . Marxism became with the Italians what it should be: an immense and patient effort of research, linking theory to practice. . . . Unlike France, where conservative or reactionary intellectuals are a real force, Italy has few intellectuals of the Right. Communism has absorbed them. Most haven't entered the Party but they share with it leadership in most of its struggles. So, as it should be, but often isn't,* le parti des exploités est aussi le parti d'intelligence.

That question, whether the French party can become also *le parti d'intelligence*, remains deeply important. In Caute's book there are few clues to the answer.

History, above chronicle and narrative, is the most delicate negotiation: of feelings and motives, ideas and events, action and interaction. Mr. Caute's book, good and searching, still doesn't meet it. Yet the author's very special gifts are evident in its pages. A young man (not yet 30, already a novelist), he has hard intelligence and a kind of *Menschlichkeit*, which puts him well above that army of Ph.Ds who would advance scholarship with no better resources than well-padded haunches and 20-20 vision.

The Arts in Yugoslavia

Arno Karlen

Zoltan Kodaly, the Hungarian musician and folklorist, once said of Socialist realism: "You can't make love and read the newspaper at the same time." Yugoslavia has had the courage to fold up the pages but not to drop them by the side of the bed. The subject of a work of art may or may not be meant as a political gesture; there is an excellent chance that, in any case, it will be taken as one.

The officially approved art is Socialist realism, and its ubiquitous masterpiece is Tito's portrait, hung in almost every store, office and hotel. You can make a game of counting the ways he is represented—as marshal and as executive; realistically and idealized; in company or alone; benevolent and stern; builder of dams and cities; center of a fugue of scenes from the partisan revolution—in an aureole of grim minuscule peasants carrying rifles through magic-realist woods and mountains. These aren't as irritating as would be similar representations of Ulbricht or Novotny—both of whom recently appeared in the flesh in Belgrade and received the People's studied apathy. For Tito is in fact most of the things the pictures make him out to be.

Expectations of museums full of stalwart tractor drivers die fast. My first day in Yugoslavia, as I walked down Rijeka's main shopping street at *corso* time, I came to a gallery where a dozen people were looking at bold red-and-black abstractions that would stand with the better Abstract Expressionism of New York. The range of art in Yugoslavia runs from the slavishly doctrinaire to the almost free, in the Western sense. The extremes are results of the same history.

Under Turkish, Austrian and Italian domination for the better part of a thousand years, Yugoslavia was cut off from the mainstream of European life. It is the youngest country in Europe and suddenly undergoing rapid industrialization. The population of almost every city has at least doubled since the war, as peasants flock from some of the West's most primitive country into schools and factories. What urban tradition existed before the war came from a small upper class, educated abroad. Most of them are killed or gone now. The new urban life is being shaped by people with roots in peasant life, who have the paranoid patriotism one would expect from a small developing country finally free from foreign control. They are deeply attached to their land and their traditions, and to the unique communism they have developed. But they are also defensive about their lost time in history, and eager to seem modern Europeans. The result is a defensive-aggressive complex, existing not only among camps of artists but often within each artist.

Yugoslavia, Land of the Southern Slavs, has made Italy its touchstone. The goal post is across the Adriatic. Italy presents a more realistic economic level to aim for than Germany or America (consumer goods are already better and more plentiful here than in Russia or Poland). The national cliché is, "We are Mediterranean, like the Italians—emotional, musical, lazy, maybe even lazier."

All over Yugoslavia there are shabby, barrackslike buildings of concrete, resembling the mass housing of other Communist countries. But outside many of the ancient white-walled towns of the Dalmatian coast are new office and apartment buildings copied from Italian models—neat and attractive, with balconies painted bright yellow and red and blue. Nervi and Niemayer are the most admired architects. Yugoslav fashion magazines show Italian styles, and bureaucrats wear suits hand-tailored after Italian prototypes. Italian films are popular, but opinion divides on Italian painting and sculpture.

Since Yugoslavia is half peasant and half citybilly, even many of the high bureaucrats sometimes exhibit only slightly modified peasant mentalities. They patriotically encourage peasant art, which is highly stylized, but their taste in canvases is staunchly imitative; they put pressure on all art but Socialist realism, which is ideologically correct and corresponds to their simple idea of museum art.

Peasant art is dramatic and strongly Slavic. It is becoming increasingly popular all over the world. In the past, one of its greatest achievements was embroidery; in ethnographic museums, such as that in Split, you can see peasant costumes of the last hundred years covered with designs as lovely and sophisticated as decorative art can be. You can look as long and wonderingly at the complex red needlework on a Dalmatian blouse as at a great painting. During the last few decades the art is being lost as city values percolate into the countryside.

Peasant sculpture and painting are having what will probably be a last flowering before being engulfed by city culture. There are villages in Slovenia and Serbia where it seems that almost everyone paints or carves in wood. Some primitive sculptors, such as the Serbian Bogosav Zivkovic, have become quite famous.

Until the postwar bloom of paint-

Arno Karlen, author of White Apples *(Lippincott), has just concluded a visit to Yugoslavia. He is now in Greece working on a new novel.*

ing, sculpture was considered the national art. Mestrovic represented it to the world, trying to synthesize folk and Byzantine traditions with European modernism. Above Split on Mount Marjan is the Mestrovic Museum, donated by the sculptor to his native Croatia. Much of the work in it is sentimental or academic—forbearing mothers and squatting personifications in fancy stone drapes. There are also some stunning successes: a Joyous Youth that is all fleshless eroticism and dance; a Job all sinew and scream; a fine bust of the Dalmatian poet Vladimir Nozor, his plump old face smiling in meditation (he became a Partisan at 70).

There seems to be a Mestrovic statue donated by the artist in every corner of Yugoslavia, setting the tone for subsequent Slavic shouting in stone. His oversized statue of Bishop Gregory outside Diocletian's Palace in Split, and his figures representing the Yugoslav republics at the grave of the unknown soldier outside Belgrade, make one admire and shrink, just as one would at a fine voice being used many decibles too loud. His love of the gigantesque was passed on to the men who designed the monuments to the war dead—bronze soldiers and citizens, stand in almost every town, all bullishness, bulk and aggression. Many are redeemed by their sentiment; they show men not carrying banners to victory but crumpling to death.

On Stuffing a Goose

(after overhearing some students talk knowingly about D. H. Lawrence)

Is this fame then and what it is to be
really alive, to go on living after flesh,
having failed, has been officially
hauled away?
To cast a moment's spell
upon some distant man and girl, a feeling
of familiarity in a gust of fragrance
in a summer's night,
of loneliness
made roomier as they recall his anguish,
as though flesh alone, one time and place,
one wife, a single set
of friends
were too confining and that life must be
let out to mine its basic cadence finally
in our pondering of it,
free of any
obligation save the pleasure that we take
in it. . . . My father was a great hand
at stuffing geese.
In the cellar dark
he'd keep one penned. Knees grappling it,
he'd ram a special mash with dippers
of water down its throat.
In time
that crate began to bulge; past waddling,
goose managed only belchy squawks.
We knew it ready.
Somewhere in all this
I have a sense of what it is to be really
alive. Somewhere in the celebration
of that goose,
throned on a shiny
platter, for its mellow crackling skin
a jovial martyr, piping savors of a life
well lived,
our heart's gladness
in the occasion of picking the juicy meat
from the sides and the bones, in that
and remembering the sense abides.

Theodore Weiss

Now the trend is away from folk, Byzantine and self-consciously nationalist art. In the apartments of bureaucrats, journalists, actors, doctors and other members of the elite you can see excellent paintings influenced by the surrealists and Abstract Expressionists. Doctrinaire and literal-minded guests sometimes make the usual Philistine wisecracks, but they seem conscious of being on the cultural tailgate.

In Zadar this past summer the third Yugoslav Biennale filled two public halls with works by painters from all over the country. A small number portrayed toilers and soldiers in the old *Saturday Evening Post* manner. Another small number were representational; another group safely Impressionist and Post-Impressionist. In all of these—about a quarter of the show—the level of craftsmanship was high. Another quarter of the paintings were skillful but predictable abstract and semi-abstract works, or Fauvist adaptations of peasant art. The remaining half of the show could compete with the usual run of exhibitions in New York and Paris. They showed influences from Klee and Tobey to action painting. If no single painter's work was of first world rank, that of quite a few was solidly of the second.

It's often difficult to tell whether citizens and bureaucrats are proud or embarrassed by their large crop of excellent abstractionists. It may depend on whether they're talking to a Russian or an American. Tito has chided artists who ignore the "reality of revolutionary socialism." Harrying him to clamp down are hard-liners, definitely a minority in Yugoslavia after fifteen years of steady de-Stalinization, but still a force. Yet Yugoslavs are also proud that they are doing the same things as New York and Paris, and doing them well. To my knowledge there has been no recent attempt to actually hinder or punish artists, or even a direct threat.

Not long ago a Zagreb newspaper ran a letter objecting to conventional party art criticism. The convoluted rejoinder is worth looking at:

> *The right of criticism is no privilege, but our common obligation. . . . If at last the socialist world has been freed of the terror of a single psychopathologic personality; if the myth of the infallibility of anybody's "wise leadership" has vanished; if the Yugoslav road to socialism has anticipated everyone's right to go his own way without subordinating himself to any authority but the revolutionary necessity for progress; if*

> *even in some Stalinist strongholds champions of Marxism began only yesterday to see that questions of aesthetics and taste are not also questions of political tactics and ideological strategy—then it is really the right moment to open still another front in the permanent fight for democracy, liberty of artistic creation and philosophic reasoning where this was least expected: a front against those anti-dogmatists and "free thinkers" who supported freedom and criticism as long as (it) did not jeopardize them. . . .*

It becomes clear from this anti-Stalinist speech what even the conservative wing is saying: "free thinking" has become so widespread and is so generously tolerated that hack party critics are outnumbered. The letter is a placating wheedle from an academy on the defensive. It is more a plea than an attack: "Please fellas, don't slap the hand that loosed the reins, there's room for all of us." It ends with a request not to abuse the fact that:

> *Freedom of opinion and right of criticism are no privileges, but on the contrary an obligation of all of us equally to participate actively in the strengthening and further development of the great gains of our revolution . . . direct democracy.*

Bookstore windows in Belgrade contain English and Serbo-Croat versions of *1984* and *Animal Farm*, and works by Henry James, Twain, London, Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Salinger, Baldwin and C. Wright Mills. Westerns and detective stories (Agatha Christie, Ellery Queen) are the most popular books in the country and are printed in first editions of up to a few hundred thousand —quite substantial for a country of 19 million, with many illiterates. Some of the Westerns are written by Yugoslavs; but since they might seem unconvincing if authored by a Miroslav Jovanovic, American pen names are used.

The difference between official and unofficial views of American writing became clear to me when I spoke to both an English teacher and a successful young poet. The English teacher, having gone to the state pedagogical school, had studied mostly English writers. She considered Mark Twain and Jack London America's greatest writers, had never heard of Melville, James, Pound, Dos Passos, Steinbeck or any poet since Whitman. The poet, on the other hand, said that among his friends the favorite American writers were Hemingway, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. His own favorite poets were Leopardi, Lorca, Alberti, Stefan George. Like many in the vanguard of Serbian poetry, he is most influenced by the Spanish surrealists.

He gave me a batch of his poems, which I showed to several Yugoslavs. All were quite impressed. No one pronounced himself unable or unwilling to read and judge them. A farm girl in her 20s, with four years of school, read and reread the poems, many of which sprawled without capitals or punctuation about the page. She soberly nodded and said authoritatively, *fino, fino.* Half the young men who come on strong trying to impress foreigners put themselves forward as poets.

Ivo Andric, who won the Nobel Prize in 1961, is unanimously considered the country's greatest writer. There is almost as much agreement on giving the second place to Miroslav Krleza who is highly regarded as a playwright, and whose novels have been translated into many European languages, though not yet into English. Some consider him rather metaphysical and difficult to read, but that doesn't seem to threaten his popularity.

The underground hero of many is Djilas who, besides his political writing, has produced an excellent autobiography. When I mentioned his name, Yugoslavs generally looked around, broke into nervous laughter and changed the subject. One man did not. We had just been speaking about Kennedy, who is the object of a cult in Yugoslavia as in the rest of Europe. "Kennedy was a great man," said the Yugoslav. "I cried when he died. Djilas is our great man, our Kennedy. A real Montenegrin hero. I admire all his books tremendously." It turned out that he has never read them, for they are not available in Yugoslavia.

Literary censorship varies. Last summer in Ljubljana, the Slovenian capital, a review called *Perspective* was banned; then a play was closed, after half a performance, for satirizing rigid bureaucrats. There was a public outcry the government was either unable or unwilling to conceal. It is difficult to tell whether such events are setbacks or merely jolts along the road to more freedom. There is no doubt that the postwar generation lacks the revolutionary fervor of Tito's contemporaries; they care less for ideological purity, more for a higher standard of living and for the latitude dissent provides.

Party hacks continue to fill popular newspapers and magazines with tales of partisan heroes and other egregiously good citizens. Literary reviews and private circles are very different. The difficulty in generalizing about them and comparing them is that they are in so many languages. The whole political and social nature of the country springs from its Balkan fragmentation among various South Slavs and other ethnic groups. Each of the six major republics—Croatia, Serbia, Slovenia, Montenegro, Bosnia-Hercegovina and Macedonia—has in the past been independent of the others. A Serb or Croat can understand only scraps of Slovenian; the Slovenian can't understand Macedonian. Macedonia, in fact, has so long been a subject and backward land that the first Macedonian grammar was not published until 1952 in Yugoslavia, and the first Macedonian dictionary in 1961. Croatia, on the other hand, had a thriving literature in the Renaissance. A literary renaissance began in Montenegro more than a century ago with Njegos, who wrote what is considered Yugoslavia's national epic. The beginning of this century saw a flowering of lyric poetry in Slovenia. There are 1,400 public schools in Yugoslavia, conducted in Albanian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Italian and many other languages; and numerous newspapers and magazines publish in these as well.

Serbo-Croat, though, is the dominating language by a small edge. In that and the other major south-Slavic tongues many poets and novelists work in a range from Socialist-oriented fiction to surrealist and expressionist poetry. Some of the most widely read are Miodrag Bulatovic, Oscar Davico, Branko Copic, Dobrica Cosic and the Macedonian Slavko Janevski. Some would interest only Yugoslavs, but one of the important jobs (among many) undone by American publishers is a solid sample of 20th-century Yugoslav poetry and prose in translation.

Belgrade is still an overgrown concrete village. Zagreb is the only city that feels cosmopolitan. It has a civic symphony, opera, ballet, several theatres and the Soloisti di Zagreb. Concert programs there run from pre-Bach to Schoenberg, Webern, Bartok, Martinu and contemporary Yugoslav composers. The Yugoslav music has hardly been noticed outside Yugoslavia; doubtless one of the reasons is the names of some of the compositions—e. g., *Partisan Yugoslav Rhapsody*.

There are more than fifty state-supported theatres in the country, and opera and folk-dance groups perform frequently. They are bringing art to masses for whom it was previously unavailable, but most of it remains of local interest, except the music festivals at Dubrovnik and Split.

The Yugoslavs are very proud of their film industry, especially their animated cartoons and documentaries, some of which have won prizes and honorable mention at international film festivals. The only one I have seen was on the life cycle of artificially bred salmon. Despite the excellent color and professional production, it wore thin quickly, and the forty-minute viewing seemed to take just this side of forever.

Last year an independent film company made a full-length movie called *Face to Face,* based on the case of Dusan Travica, a workman and member of his factory's workers' council. Travica was a tough-minded and idealistic Communist who took the party at its word when it called for direct workers' democracy. He ran into trouble with bureaucrats and was expelled from the party committee. In the film he was shown as heroically standing up to lazy, entrenched party bosses resisting democratization. As a result of the film, Travica's case has been reopened. *The Yugoslav Review,* the country's foreign-language public relations magazine, has publicized both the film and the case.

This is all as unlikely in Eastern Europe as are the widespread reading of Orwell and the friendly talks from bureaucrats assuring one that "Big Brother days are over, we want the best from both East and West." Artists and intellectuals, at the same time genuinely patriotic and eager for contact with the West, have a great stake in this. To an American, the restrictions and the phantom of state control seem unendurable; but conditions in Yugoslavia provoke envy elsewhere in Eastern Europe. Kodaly's point of view seems still to be only slowly gaining ground.

The commissar to whom Kodaly had made his comment on Socialist realism was puzzled and asked for clarification. According to the story, Kodaly said, "You can't run your toaster on a bolt of lightning."

Art Books of 1964: Part II

Lincoln Kirstein

DRAWINGS

The Fogg Museum at Harvard University, under the leadership of Paul J. Sachs, is responsible for the very great augmentation of interest in drawing as a distinct category—as independent to the curator and collector as painting or sculpture. Dr. Sachs's students in the thirties (the late John Newberry in Detroit, Agnes Mongan at Harvard, Elizabeth Mongan in Philadelphia and Washington) began to gather and comment upon the art of draftsmanship. To a more limited, but perhaps more profound degree, W. J. Ivins at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his successor A. Hyatt Mayor, whose books on baroque drawings have long been models of humane and poetic scholarship; and Belle Da Costa Greene at the Morgan Library have formed great working collections, and established a succession of curators to follow them.

It is also only fair to name Philip Hofer, discriminating collector of out-of-the-way drawings, calligraphy and manuscripts at the Houghton Library, Harvard; John Thacher of Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, some of whose best drawings have already gone to Yale; Harry Francis of the Cleveland Museum, and Winslow Ames, a free-lance expert, all past or present enthusiasts, collectors or custodians who were directly or indirectly inspired by the emphasis on drawing during their student days at Cambridge. These men have made America, comparatively late in entering this field of collection, an incomparable repository. Walter Baker's stupendous collection, not widely known, but deeply respected among connoisseurs, has a modest catalogue which, while by no means the equivalent of the collection, is useful; it may be obtained at low cost from the Metropolitan Museum.

As a result of this activity, drawing is no longer listed as a sub-section to Prints; the Metropolitan will shortly open a new gallery devoted to prints *and* drawings; young artists, scholars and collectors are absorbed by drawing, partly because they are original works that inspired or subsumed great painting, architecture and sculpture, and partly because in many divisions they are still available and can be bought by people with low incomes. Hence it is natural that there should be an increasing number of books on drawing as an independent craft. Some of the books are very good and some very bad. Last year, a commercial house specializing in calendars and industrial brochures, Shorewood Publishers, printed four massive volumes which purported to be the world's greatest drawings, selected by the world's greatest experts, no less. Costing $200, the venture was a great commercial success. Artistically, the choice was indifferent, much of the printing sloppy, the essential verisimilitude to the originals sketchy, and the whole thing a rather pretentious and silly monument. Now, in order to cash in further on what must have been a large investment, Shorewood presents reduced volumes in a series that utilizes the original color separations and is produced at a reasonable price. It may be carping to say that the resulting volumes—Flemish and Dutch, French, Italian (from the 15th to the 19th century), French Impressionists, and 20th Century Drawings (Part I)—are an improvement over the original publications: since they are far less pretentious and fairly cheap, one is better prepared to accept haphazard choice, false color and fashionable academic opinion. But save your money for some of the following:

Janet Cox Rearick's careful study of drawings of Pontormo (1494-1556) in two well-printed volumes may be for the specialist, but it is academic work at its best. This eccentric Florentine is like nothing seen before on land or sea; the volume of illustrations is, naturally, of documentary importance, but the cheap portfolio (No. 1, in "Disegnatori ed Incisori Italiani," edited in Bergamo in 1943) has large good plates and can be found in art bookstores often for under $5.

The World's Greatest Figure Drawings, a modest enough title (*nicht wahr?*), is a West German-printed book for English-speaking (and multilingual) distribution. It costs $25. It is innocent of taste, scholarship, or pictorial responsibility. Stay away.

One Hundred European Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is quite another matter. It costs only $12.50, is magnificently produced, printed and edited, and marks an event of historic importance: the establishment of an independent Department of Drawings at the Metropolitan. The author, Jacob Bean, is the new department's director, a young scholar of vast information and an eye fresher than many Fogg-bound experts. His book is a model and a joy. Incidentally, the Metropolitan has gathered not only a few extremely famous and expensive drawings, but some very beautiful unfamiliar ones, which have been lost to view for years in the confusion of rebuilding and the combination of Prints and Drawings.

While it is not an American book, the work is of such topicality and outstanding importance that one must at least call attention to the stunning collection of fine reproductions of the treasures of the Albertina in Vienna, prepared by the recently departed and greatly lamented Dr. Otto Benesch. It has just appeared and is available from Wittenborn and the better art bookstores. The Albertina ranks with the Louvre, Windsor and the Morgan Library as one of the greatest collections of Western drawings in the world.

The Morgan Library has an excellent cheap catalogue of the drawings (now on view there) from the Walraff Richartz Museum in Cologne which, circulated by the American Federation of Arts, will be seen in Washington, Baltimore and Kansas City as well. An inexpensive pamphlet, *Recent Acquisitions by The Cooper Union Museum*, is a picture book in honor of its long-time and distinguished curator of drawings, Calvin S. Hathaway, who has taken the place of Carl Zigrosser as Curator of Drawings in Philadelphia. It not only shows some magnificent new objects, among them a fine drawing by Girolamo da Carpi (1501-56), but calls attention to the fact that The Cooper Union has the greatest collection of theatrical and decorative art drawings in America, and that it is still in danger of losing its independent existence as a great institution.

A well-printed, inexpensive catalogue of *Northern Baroque Paintings and Drawings* contains unusual and excellent individual pieces. One of the finest gifts for this Christmas to a friend interested in drawings, is a subscription to *Master Drawings*, a superb quarterly, edited chiefly by Miss Felice Stampfle, the curator of the Morgan Library Drawings, and Jacob Bean of the Metropolitan. Of comparatively modest format, but showing increasingly well-printed plates, it is an example of specialist scholarship at the service of a generalist public. Subscription is $10 a year, and worth twice the sum. (In all fairness it must be said that *Master Drawings* is now printed by Shorewood Publishers, about which unkind words were spoken above. However, there is no color, and the editors are great scholars and not commercial calendar manufacturers.)

Flemish & Dutch Drawings from the 15th to the 18th Century. Text by Colin Eisler. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

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20th Century Drawings. Part I: 1900-1940. Text by Una E. Johnson. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

The Drawings of Pontormo. By Janet Cox Rearick. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. $35 the set.

The World's Greatest Figure Drawings. By Roswell J. Harrison. Atlantis Books. $25.

100 European Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By Jacob Bean. The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Distributed by New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

Master Drawings in the Albertina: European School from the Gothic to the Classic. By Otto Benesch. Galerie Welz. $26.50.

Recent Acquisitions by The Cooper Union Museum. Compiled and published by The Cooper Union.

Northern Baroque Paintings and Drawings. From the collection of Mr. & Mrs. Henry H. Weldon. Rhode Island School of Design.

Liturgical Manuscripts for the Mass and the Divine Office. Text by John Plummer. The Morgan Library. $1.75 paper.

The Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves. Text by John Plummer. The Morgan Library. $5 cloth, $3 paper.

Art Tours & Detours in New York State. By S. Lane Faison, Jr. Random House. $4.95.

Two more books that derive from the Morgan Library must be mentioned for their intrinsic interest, their cheapness and their beauty: *Liturgical Manuscripts for the Mass and the Divine Office*, with a masterly essay by John Plummer, beautiful plates and a fascinating critical apparatus; and *The Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves*, the original of which, when it was revealed as the latest incomparable treasure of the Morgan Library in November, drew crowds to see a single book. John Plummer is also responsible for this splendid, cheap book.

As a postscript, one must mention *Art Tours & Detours in New York State* by S. Lane Faison, Jr., of Williams College, whose previous *Art Museums of New England* is already indispensable. It is illuminating to find how many museums are now interested in drawings, or have inherited them and are now presenting them as important objects in their own right. Finally, the Pierre Matisse Gallery has an excellent inexpensive catalogue of its present show of drawings by one of the greatest of contemporary painters, sculptors and draftsmen, the Swiss, Alberto Giacometti.

While I had intended to record new books in graphics and handicrafts in this report, the subject of drawings literally took over. Architecture and general art history will be covered in my final installment next week.

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THEATRE

Julius Novick

INCIDENT AT VICHY

Arthur Miller has employed in his new play the assistance of a powerful collaborator: history. The mere invoking of the Nazi horror is enough to arouse emotion in many people; the rabbi of our synagogue, years after the war, had only to scream "Dachau!" from the pulpit on Yom Kippur to start the pledges rolling in for the U.J.A. *Incident at Vichy* (ANTA Washington Square Theatre), like other anti-Nazi plays, will probably appeal more to the middle-aged than to the young, and more to Jews than to gentiles.

But Mr. Miller unlike the rabbi, has not merely relied on history to do his work for him. He has contrived a simple situation which serves, like a burning glass, to focus and concentrate the horror. In a detention room at Vichy in 1942, a group of men, mostly Jews, sit and wait. They have been rounded up by the Germans and their French collaborators, and now they wonder what will become of them. One by one they are taken inside for interrogation, from which most do not emerge. It is like a sinister and desperate slow-motion game of Ten Little Indians; it can be felt in the pit of the stomach even by one who is left unmoved by ordinary Nazi-horror-mongers; it is in the highest degree dramatic.

Unfortunately, Mr. Miller is not primarily interested in this kind of drama. He does not precisely scorn and spurn his situation, but he seems to be using it mainly as a pretext, almost a come-on. It seems as though Mr. Miller does not really want to write plays any more; he wants to talk to us directly. The impulse behind *Incident at Vichy* appears to have been primarily ideological—ideological, not didactic, because Mr. Miller would much rather explore a question than enforce a conclusion about it.

Now I do not mean to do a Walter Kerr, and imply that the worst thing the theatre has ever done was to go whoring off after the delusive delights of ideology. The ideological drama, the drama of George Bernard Shaw, is an honorable, an indispensable genre. It is just that Mr. Miller is less than a first-rate ideologue. Many of Shaw's ideas-that-walk-like-men have more life in them than most conventionally "rounded" characters; Mr. Miller's have less. Shaw was a master at making a conflict of ideas dramatic: his arguments *progress;* Mr. Miller's (as Mr. Kerr has pointed out) go around in circles.

And so we have to listen at length to a Communist spouting Communist clichés; to a gentle Austrian prince who believes at first that no aesthete could possibly become a Nazi, who realizes the inaccuracy of this belief shortly after the audience does, and who thenceforth asseverates repetitively that human decency still exists; and to a psychoanalyst who insists that all men are guilty. (As everybody knows, Mr. Miller is feeling pretty guilty himself these days; and while all forms of misery love company, none is quite so compulsively sociable as guilt.)

Mr. Miller's ideas do not insult the intelligence but neither are they very stimulating. Great plays have been built on ordinary, familiar ideas, but it is difficult to debate such themes dramatically; they lend themselves rather to dramatization through action. If Mr. Miller, in his present mood, had written, say, *Romeo and Juliet* (to take a great play built on familiar ideas), its whole structure of action would have been merely a pretext to get the lovers to sit down with their parents, the Friar, the Prince, the Nurse and Mercutio for a long, deadly earnest colloquium on Absolute Love vs. the Social Context. The results would probably not have been an improvement on *Romeo and Juliet* as we have it.

Harold Clurman has directed Mr. Miller's current colloquium with absolute, total fidelity, as if determined that the audience should accept it on the author's own terms or not at all. The play is given without intermission (it lasts an hour and three-quarters). Mr. Clurman has ignored the temptation to constant movement imposed by the open stage of the Lincoln Center Repertory's temporary home near Washington Square; his staging could be transferred virtually intact to a proscenium house. It takes courage to allow half a dozen or so performers to remain static for so long in a row on a bench; and Mr. Clurman's courage is in large part rewarded. Insofar as the play is capable of doing what Mr. Miller wants it to do, the direction is successful.

In climactic passages, however, the director's fidelity serves only to aggravate the author's pretentiousness. Mr. Miller's prose only occasionally catches the sound of human speech, tending instead toward abstractness, sententiousness and self-consciousness, with a particular weakness for the pseudo-apothegm. "We've learned the price of idealism." "But can one wish for a world without ideals?"—so runs a typical exchange. Now this is not terrible—compared, for instance, to much of O'Neill—but Joseph Wiseman as the psychoanalyst and David Wayne as the prince bring out its worst qualities by belting it in the most earnestly self-indulgent oratorical style, with plenty of the histrionic equivalents for italics and exclamation marks and capitals and triple underlinings.

This leaves David J. Stewart in an awkward position, since he is *supposed* to be playing a ham actor. But Mr. Stewart projects his character's false attitudinizing and genuine fright with great clarity and tremendous conviction. And it is only fair to remark that Mr. Wiseman does convey an impression of strength, and that Mr. Wayne's peculiar, effortless charm —which is highly relevant to the character Mr. Miller has written—seems to be not merely a theatrical commodity but a genuine attribute of the soul.

I ought also to note that when the playwright thinks to punctuate his discourse by tightening his dramaturgical screws, he does it so successfully that the tension holds through long stretches of idea-mongering, almost until he is ready to tighten them again. In overvaluing himself as thinker and stylist, Mr. Miller neglects his greatest gift, which is precisely for dramaturgy in its best sense: for creating meaning through *action.*

He seems to have largely forgotten that the theatre—and he in particular —can communicate truly and profoundly not only to the brain, but to the nerve endings. He will not recover the full use of his magnificent talent until he realizes that the Nazi "professor" in his new play—who comes out of the interrogation room to the frightened line of victims and says "Next!"—is not only more dramatic than all the sententious lucubrations in the script; his appearances also *say* more about the implications of Nazism. Actions, in the theatre, do not always speak louder than words; but in Mr. Miller's plays they do.

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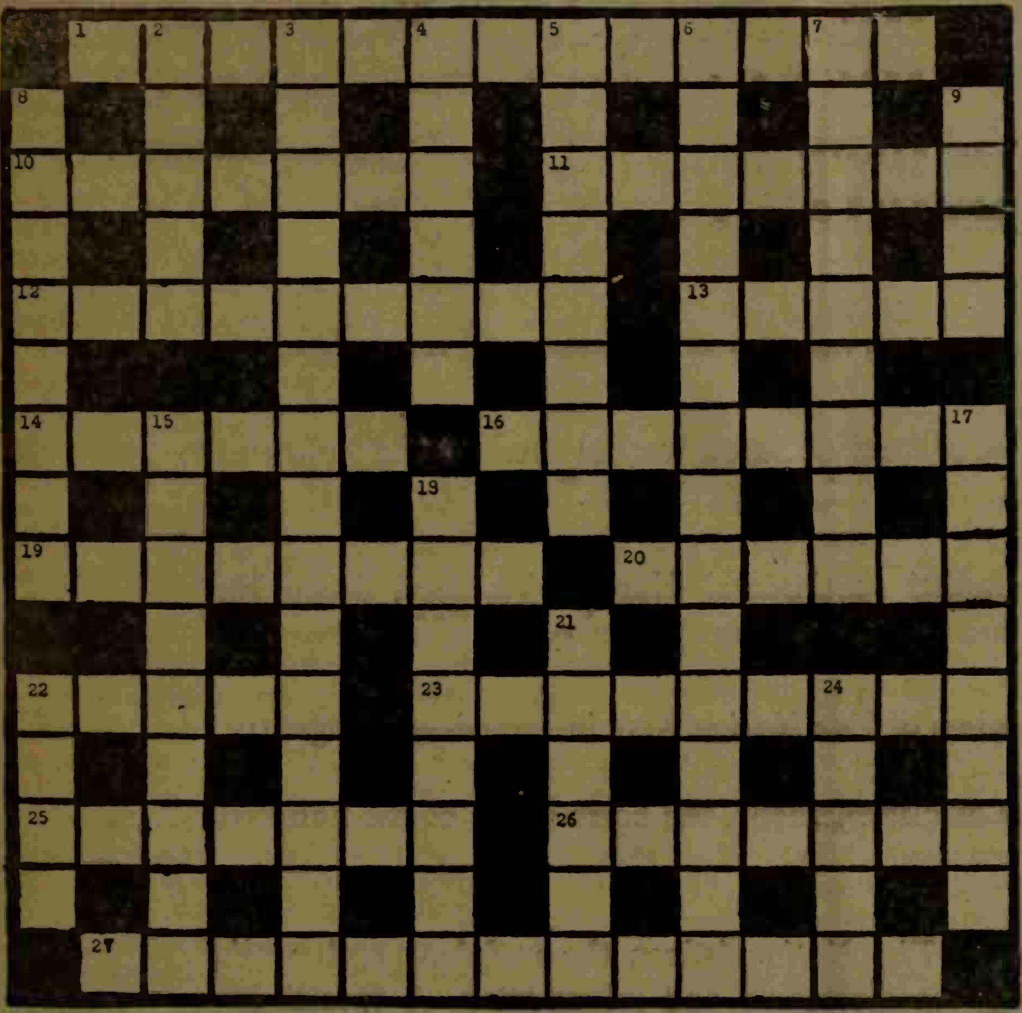
Crossword Puzzle No. 1085

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 22 down
10 Ground sausage, made to satisfy! (7)
11 Tell a hero in his work? (7)
12 When the stomach is upset, one probably has to suffer. (9)
13 Is it all right in the latter part of the day to call up? (5)
14 Is each likely to be the original of what Holmes implied was drawn by one? (6)
16 Sad or not, they're still touch-and-go affairs. (8)
19 Writer improperly set on very loud types. (8)
20 Measure nothing but modern sound with it? (6)
22 Arguments about someone's ankles, possibly. (5)
23 You might find one in case of simple quarrel. (9)
25 Style that gave its name to the ragtime dance. (7)
26 You might have made it a one with quite a line! (7)
27 But one doesn't have to be brave to eat it! (6, 7)

DOWN:

2 Tries to make a clue for it? (5)
3 It's proper for some in order to see him founder. (7, 2, 6)
4 Like it sour? Just one shake! (6)
5 The relative value in color should be continuance in time. (8)
6 and 9 down Oriental Flag Day, perhaps? (7, 8, 4)
7 Post Command? (Little counteraction with it!) (4, 5)
8 A traditionally bad actor scorns such slings, possibly! (8)
9 See 6 down
15 See 22 down
17 Such a force set out of it with some difficulty (hoping to get off so?). (4-4)
18 Shot over the head, commonly, as a vegetable. (4, 4)
21 Site of a poetic Fun House? (6)
22 1 across and 15 down Ticking, perhaps, if soft? (4, 5, 2, 6, 3, 4, 2)
24 He was bound to turn! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1084

ACROSS: I Order of battle; 10 Dutch oven; 11, 17 and 24 Finders keepers, losers weepers; 12 Opaline; 13, 6 and 9 Heart-to-heart talks; 14 Shot tower; 16 Speakeasy; 18 Sling; 19 Obscene; 21 Eminent; 22 Leasehold; 23 Photo. DOWN: 1 Out of this world; 2 Delineate; 3 Respect; 4 Fades; 5 Anthology; 7 Envoi; 8 Interrogations; 14 Stage door; 15 White rose; 18 Stipple; 20 Stall; 21 Endow.

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Journey to Understanding

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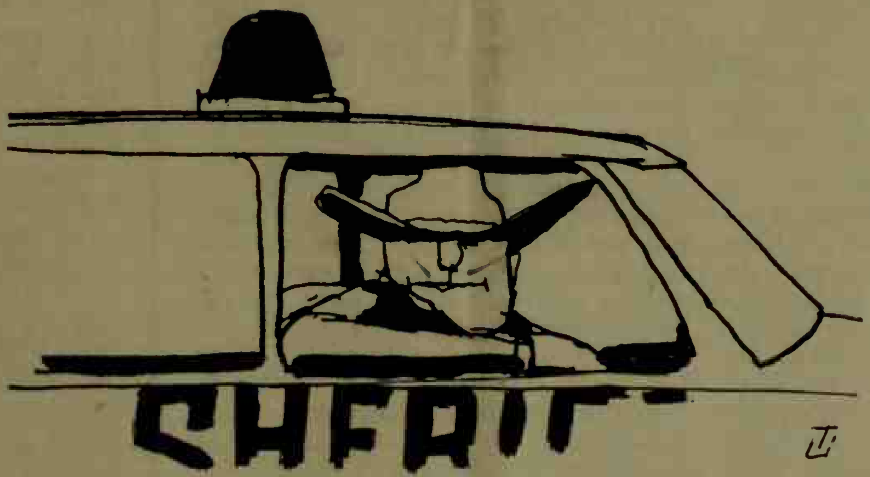
FOUR WITNESSES TO A MISSISSIPPI SUMMER



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LETTERS

What a cop believes

Victoria, B. C.

Dear Sirs: Paul Hoffman's article, "The Blue Backlash" (*The Nation*, Dec. 7), disturbs me. . . . For instance, he states:

> *Deputy Commissioner Walter Arm said earlier that he knew of no Birchites on the force and did not plan to look for any—virtually an open invitation to the society.*

Does Mr. Hoffman suggest that all police commissioners be encouraged to investigate the political affiliations of their officers—and dismiss those whose precise leanings do not gibe with his own? This, it would seem to me, is an open invitation to far more horrifying possibilities. . . .

Witch hunts, whether urged by the Right or the Left, should be opposed. A police officer, like a college professor, has certain duties. If he fails to perform them adequately or fairly, he should be relieved. But it is certainly dangerous to suggest that guilt by association is any more valid in one spectrum of the political scale than it is in another.

George Cuomo
Department of English
University of Victoria

Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Sirs: I read Paul Hoffman's article with interest, and not a little concern. However, police sympathy for the John Birch Society and other right-wing groups and movements should not be too surprising. . . . Policemen, like professional soldiers, are recruited very disproportionately from among "authoritarian personalities". . . whose character structure combines high conventionalism and identification with established authorities and the prevailing social system, on the one hand, with a certain attraction to violence, brutality and bossing people around, on the other. . . . *T. Peter Park*

Coexistence in Hell

Los Altos, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Not having read the book, *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (fine title that), I am in no position to evaluate Webster Schott's review of it (*The Nation*, Dec. 7), beyond saying his own excitement over the book roused my interest in a figure new to me. But no discernible connection exists between his examination of the book and his various shotgun charges against what he apparently thinks of as the literary "establishment." ("While the palefaces have gone off to Stanford or the Iowa Writers Workshop. . . .") With *successful* people like Mailer, Baldwin, Burroughs, Rechy, Updike, O'Hara and Donleavy around, it seems curious, even eccentric, to suggest a lack of literature "written from the gut," still less that it is in especial disfavor. Worse, it is depressingly provincial to attack writers indiscriminately because they occupy different circles of hell from one's favorite. It smacks too much of accepting *Time's* very own aesthetic. The bitterest work of all may yet come from the academic writers; where the best will come from, even the most astute critic cannot say.

R. D. Lakin

Rosenberg footnote

New York City

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation*, many of whom must have read Fred Cook's excellent *The FBI Nobody Knows* (Macmillan) were, I regret to say . . . misinformed on the nature of my intervention in the case. In a footnote on pp. 411-12 Mr. Cook states: "The theory that the Communists wanted the conviction of the Rosenbergs and actually conspired to get it has been forcibly expounded by Irwin Edelman, a former West Coast Communist. . . ." Nowhere in anything I have written on the case have I stated or implied anything of the sort. . . . The American Communist Party and its press played an ugly part in the Rosenberg case, but the motivation was not at all what Mr. Cook assumes.

Readers of *The Nation* can get a correct summary of my views on the Rosenberg-Sobell case by reading a transcript of a forty-minute broadcast I delivered last June over radio station WBAI. I shall be glad to mail a copy to anyone in the United States, Canada or Mexico upon receipt of 25c to cover cost and postage. My address is: G.P.O. Box 463, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Irwin Edelman

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San Francisco, Calif.

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Monday, December 28, 1964
Volume 199, No. 21

In this issue

EDITORIALS

505

ARTICLES

Journey to Understanding:
Four Witnesses to a Mississippi Summer
507 Introduction
Howard Zinn
507 The Lawyer
William M. Kunstler
509 The Minister
Beverly Allen Asbury
512 The Educator
Richard J. Bernstein
513 Dream in a Bean Field (letter)
Abe Osheroff and *Jim Boebel*
515 The Doctor
Aaron O. Wells

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

517 Notes on Burroughs
Marshall McLuhan
518 Present (poem)
Frank O'Hara
519 Art Books of 1964: Part III
Lincoln Kirstein
522 Theatre
Harold Clurman
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 524)
Frank W. Lewis

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The Pause

Conferring in Paris on the ills of NATO, Secretary McNamara revealed that the United States and the Soviet Union already possess nuclear capacity to inflict 100 million casualties on each other in the event of war. "He indicated," the reporter writes, "he did not see much need to improve on this." To assure the Europeans that they are not being neglected, Mr. McNamara pointed to 800 U.S. intercontinental missiles targeted against the Soviet bloc; 300 Polaris missiles especially reserved for use by NATO, and hundreds of B-52 and medium bombers held in readiness for the "sole defense" of European cities and installations. If weapons bestow security, these are surely enough to quiet the apprehensions of the most nervous Europeans and Americans.

The Russians appear to be calm, too, despite their manifest inferiority in nuclear arms. According to a Washington *Star* roundup by Richard Fryklund, based in part on an analysis by Thomas W. Wolfe of the RAND Corporation, the United States now has a four-to-one lead in ICBMs, a ten-to-one lead in long-range bombers, a two-to-one edge in numbers of submarine-launched nuclear missiles. The Soviets are not trying to catch up. Why not?

The answer to that question reveals a great deal about the armaments race and presents an opportunity that may not recur. Broadly, American capitalism, operating under a permanent or at least long-term war economy, has demonstrated far greater productive capacity, in weapons and almost everything else, than has Soviet communism. Under these conditions, the Soviets are not in a position to close the military gap and at the same time meet the rising expectations of their people. They are far from impotent militarily—100 million dead or disabled Americans is not a negligible stake in the deterrence game. But is there really need for more? With the most intensive effort, Russia would need a long time to catch up, and would incur serious domestic risks in doing so. Meanwhile, the Americans could always redouble their efforts and keep the upper hand.

Nor are the American leaders inclined to press their advantage. The point of diminishing returns has been reached for both sides. In the White House, in the Pentagon, even among the more level-headed arms suppliers, the opinion is gaining acceptance that no one is going to start an all-out war deliberately. The chances of accidental nuclear war are also regarded as technologically remote. Both sides will exert local non-nuclear pressures in one place or another, but each regards the other's nuclear armaments with wholesome respect.

The area in which the armaments race will continue is research and development. But while the pause in the production of existing weapons continues, there is a chance to slacken hostility and improve the international atmosphere generally. If the Soviet Union and the United States take advantage of this opportunity, the *détente* may be extended even to the laboratory, and research eventually diverted to ends that serve life.

Speaking Out

In the November 2 *Nation* Chandler Davidson commented on the contrast between French reaction to the atrocities perpetrated by the French military in Algeria, and "the strange silence of Americans faced by similar brutalities" in South Vietnam ("America's Dirty War"). The fact is, however, that the French were silent for a long time. The spectacle of one's own countrymen engaging in atrocities in an effort to win an atrocious war is so unpleasant that people avert their eyes as long as they can. But now Americans are beginning to take a hard look at the situation in Vietnam, to feel disgust and horror and to speak out.

There is only one way to end the atrocities and the routine deaths in combat, and that is to end the war. The voices must grow louder and louder, more and more people must join in, until finally the Johnson Administration is forced to listen. An example of how to do it comes from the University of Pennsylvania, where seventy faculty members and 200 students signed an open letter to the President urging him to initiate steps toward a negotiated settlement.

In New York a call has been issued for a negotiated peace by a group including Dorothy Day, head of the Catholic Worker movement for many years; Bayard Rustin; Dagmar Wilson; Lewis Mumford; Father Dan Berrigan, S.J., and other members of the Catholic and Protestant Episcopal clergy. This group seeks to give "a public voice to the conscience of America."

Gen. Maxwell Taylor has practically admitted that military victory cannot be achieved, either by continuing operations in South Vietnam with increasingly disaffected government troops, or by extending the war to North Vietnam. The latter course is being taken in a tentative way, by operations against the Vietcong supply routes through Laos. But the importance of North Vietnamese aid to the Vietcong is grossly exaggerated in official U.S. and South Vietnamese reporting, since the one crucial fact that must be kept from the American people is that we have intervened in a civil war.

The French artists and intellectuals were largely responsible for ending the war in Algeria, but President Johnson need not fear that he would lack popular support if he took steps to act as sensibly in Vietnam as General de Gaulle did in Algeria. The latest Gallup poll shows that 50 per cent of those interrogated, or 60 per cent of those who had an opinion, felt we are handling affairs in Vietnam badly. It is time for Mr. Johnson to show leadership and make a determined effort to end a futile, squalid conflict.

Alexander Meiklejohn

His influence was even greater than his achievements. The achievements—as educator, as social philosopher, as theorist of freedom and democracy—were deeply impressive, but his influence was incalculable. Through students and colleagues whose lives and outlook had been transformed by their association with him, his influence radiated outward in ever-widening circles. His intelligence—his capacity to illuminate—was incandescent. Well before the domestic witch hunt that accompanied the cold war got under way, he had foreseen that it would strike us and why. *What Does America Mean?*, published in 1935 by W. W. Norton, is one of the great testaments of American freedom.

Our frontier experience, he argued, had blinded us to the distinction between freedom and independence (Senator Goldwater please note), and this confusion kept us from acknowledging that we love freedom more than anything else. Our commitment is to freedom, not to independence; freedom implies an obligation to respect the freedom of others; independence is self-assertion. Because of this failure of insight, "there has come upon us, in recent years, a vivid sense of having been disloyal to our own purposes. In many ways we are obsessed by the fear of having betrayed ourselves."

The capacity to make distinctions of this sort was typical of his way of examining what appeared to be the insoluble dilemmas of democracy. The teacher's responsibility, he once wrote, had two aspects: "responsible for" and "responsible to." The teacher is responsible for the students, not to them. He is responsible on behalf of parents, but not to them. No teacher worth his salt would ever agree that the success or failure of his teaching was to be judged by what parents thought of it. Nor was the teacher responsible to the public. "More than anything else," he wrote, "the public interest of a democracy demands that its learning and teaching shall be free, shall not be subject to popular pressure or review. . . . No democracy can afford to have either its courts or its learning subject to its own whims, its caprices, its ignorance, or even its common sense." To whom, then, is the teacher responsible? "As against the truth which scholars have there is the truth for which they strive." It is rarely achieved but ". . . somehow in the very nature of the world itself there is a meaning which we seek, a meaning which is there whether we find it or not. That meaning is the final standard of our work, the measure of all we do or hope to do or fail to do. To it we are responsible."

Alexander Meiklejohn was an American idealist in whose presence "realists" and "pragmatists" seemed shortsighted and naive. His courage was intellectually and morally exhilarating. At a time when other philosophers were cashing in on the cold war by hedging their commitments to freedom, he proudly reaffirmed his commitment and thereby gave courage to the legion of the faint-of-heart. At 92, frail but indomitable, he was active in the campaign to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Last December, President Johnson awarded him the Medal of Freedom the nation's highest civilian honor; for once the right honor was given to the right man.

Dangers of Hairsplitting

The nuclear tests which the French announce they will conduct in the atmosphere over Mururoa atoll, about 775 miles southeast of Tahiti [see editorial, *The Nation*, July 27] is already involving the U.S. State Department in a rain of political fallout.

John W. Finney reported in *The New York Times* (December 6) how the embarrassment arose. A clause in the test-ban treaty which was signed by a hundred-odd nations, including the United States and the Soviet Union, but not including France, specifies that the signatories will "refrain from causing, encouraging or in any way participating in the carrying out of any nuclear weapons explosion" in the atmosphere, under water or in outer space. Last August, the French requested permission for one of their military transports said to be carrying "naval stores" from France to Tahiti, to land in the United States for refueling. The Atomic Energy Act interdicts the transport of foreign-owned fissionable materials over our territory, but the French gave assurances that the cargo did not include such items. The State Department, eager to avoid further French-American exacerbation, did not probe further into the nature of the "naval stores," and does not to this day know whether they were for use in connection with the forthcoming test. Transit rights were granted.

Basing the decision on the domestic atomic energy law rather than on the international obligations of the test-ban treaty was an obvious piece of legal legerdemain. In plain English or French, by giving transit rights and providing fuel to an aircraft on such a mission, the United States may well have encouraged and participated in the carrying out of a forthcoming nuclear explosion in the atmosphere. In good faith, the signatories to the test-ban treaty should, so far as lies in their power, discourage tests in the atmosphere by non-signatories. If the Soviets did what we did, we should be deeply angered.

We were less permissive in a case of another sort. The French were having technical troubles with their gaseous diffusion process for producing enriched uranium. This method, originated at Oak Ridge, involves pumping a uranium gas through a porous barrier in several thousand successive stages. Any appreciable leakage is fatal. The French bought sealing devices from a Philadelphia manufacturer who had developed them privately. The Atomic Energy Commission, in line with the policy of discouraging N-power proliferation, imposed government secrecy on the devices, thus stopping their exportation. That was a few years ago, before the signing of the test-ban treaty. Now there is the more reason for not giving assistance in the Mururoa project, which everyone in the area but the French looks on with disfavor.

Journey to Understanding

FOUR WITNESSES TO A MISSISSIPPI SUMMER

Introduction . . . . Howard Zinn

Neither a small army of newspaper correspondents, nor all the power of the electronic mass media, has been able to convey to the country at large the reality of Mississippi. Perhaps our senses have been bludgeoned in this century by too many images; fact and fiction have become indistinguishable, and now even the starkest horrors are only scenes in a global theatre of the absurd.

So it was not only desperation, but genius, that inspired the Mississippi civil rights workers a year ago to call for help from Northern ministers, lawyers, doctors, students, teachers, laborers. Their arrival last summer meant that a line of 1,000 people would begin moving back and forth across that desert of indifference (or worse: token concern) which has always separated the rest of the nation from the Deep South. Now—except for the 150 who insisted on staying—they are back North, creating little circles of unrest wherever they move, trying to communicate, as only one living being can to another in the freshness of his own astonishment, what it was like to be in Mississippi.

Those of us who have spent some time in that state return in turmoil and in awe. It is a place that stretches ceilings to their limits. There, in one place, you find the worst and the best of this nation: malevolence matched by courage, life confronting death. What one feels most is not despair, however, but indignation, because Mississippi, unlike South Africa, is part of a nation that professes liberty. Someone returning from Hell might want to convey to the world, not the nature of the Devil, which is already known, but the fact that what he endured took place within sight of God. Those home from Mississippi try to explain to their friends why it is not enough to belabor the warped officialdom of that state and its murderous deputies, and why the citizenry must press the point of moral responsibility hardest against those in the nation who have both the knowledge of right and wrong, and the power to change the situation. That means the President of the United States and the Department of Justice. There is too little outrage in the country to waste it on less than the federal government which, tomorrow, in all legality, could begin to transform the state of Mississippi as a model of purposeful social change.

In some ways, we ought to be grateful for Mississippi. A nation needs to look at itself in the most revealing of mirrors, and Mississippi is just that for the United States—not an oddity in a glass case, but a particularly ugly reflection of the rest of the country. Because of this, the sojourn there of 1,000 Northerners could have a special value. Prodded by what they saw, they now might begin to look with new vision into the mississippian crevices back home: into the back rooms of police stations, the municipal courts and the jails, the ghettos, the factories, the unemployment offices.

Rousseau once wrote: "We have physicists, geometricians, chemists, astronomers, poets, musicians, and painters in plenty, but we have no longer a citizen among us."

Who could have dreamed up a better plan to destroy popular government than to divide us all into self-sealing occupational groups and professional societies, each diverting civic energy to its own narrow end? But last summer some uncommon common purpose brought to various Negro communities in Mississippi a New York lawyer, a California carpenter, a Southern white minister, a Negro physician, a Yale philosopher. If we keep rubbing away at the traditional lines that divide us, we may yet build a body of citizens in America powerful enough to make democracy work.

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The Lawyer . . . . . William M. Kunstler

It is impossible for one man to analyze the feelings of others in a given situation. As one of the many lawyers who spent part of the climactic summer of '64 in Mississippi, I can speak only in the most subjective terms. I hope, though, that from my personal experience I can strike chords common to those members of the bar who, like myself, found that being a civil rights lawyer was much more than knowing statutes or understanding precedents.

Recently, I was exchanging views with one of the many young lawyers who had volunteered to serve in Mississippi. "I didn't get a chance to practice much law," he said, "but I never felt more like a lawyer in my life."

In a phrase, this probably best expresses the feelings of every out-of-state attorney who responded to the call of the National Lawyers Guild and the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee for legal help for the Council of Federated Organizations last summer. The opportunity to participate usefully in a profound social revolution more than made up for the limited access to its courts permitted by the state of Mississippi. And no lawyers ever had finer clients than the hundreds

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In all reason, the practice of law in Mississippi should have been depressing. Lawyers look upon the courts with a respect born out of centuries of the common law, and it came as a bitter surprise that the judicial system of the Magnolia State is quite unable to be impartial in cases involving Negroes. Prisoners of the system, its judges and jurors are not free, in the context of race, to apply the law without fear or favor. The result is a total perversion of justice.

Yet despite the obvious hopelessness of every such case in which I was involved I found that, far from becoming morose, I was moved and exhilarated. The judge who valued his membership in the White Citizens Council more than he did his oath of office, the frankly prejudiced jurors, the openly hostile court attendants—none of them really counted because they were only temporary barriers on a broad highway that led inevitably to the triumph of morality. To survive as a human being, one had only to look beyond them to the road ahead.

But it took me some time to attain this spiritual resilience. In August of 1961, as I waited for the jury in the first Freedom Rider case to return its verdict, I was certain that it could not find a man guilty of breaching the peace who had done nothing more criminal than quietly ride a bus. I can still remember the paralyzing shock I felt when that all-white jury, in violation of every concept of American jurisprudence, arrived at a decision in which racism overrode the Constitution of the United States.

Three years later, I had come to realize that victories were not always triumphs, that a state of mind could mean more than a jury verdict. This ability to surmount "what is" by contemplating "what shall be" is, I am sure, the result of a metamorphosis that had taken place in me, both as a lawyer and as a man.

But Mississippi has done more than implant in me some philosophical shock absorbers. It has taught me that, to be a surrogate to the movement, one has to be a member of it in every sense of the word. In other words, the lawyer no more and no less than the Freedom School teacher or the voter-registration canvasser, possesses a skill which must be put to use in pursuit of the mutual goal.

In private practice, the lawyer is a detached being who views the conflicts that swirl about him as laboratory problems to be solved by the arts of his ancient profession. He is the ringmaster who, by the toot of his whistle or the snap of his whip, brings order out of chaos. For this performance, he expects and receives recognition in the form of money and prestige.

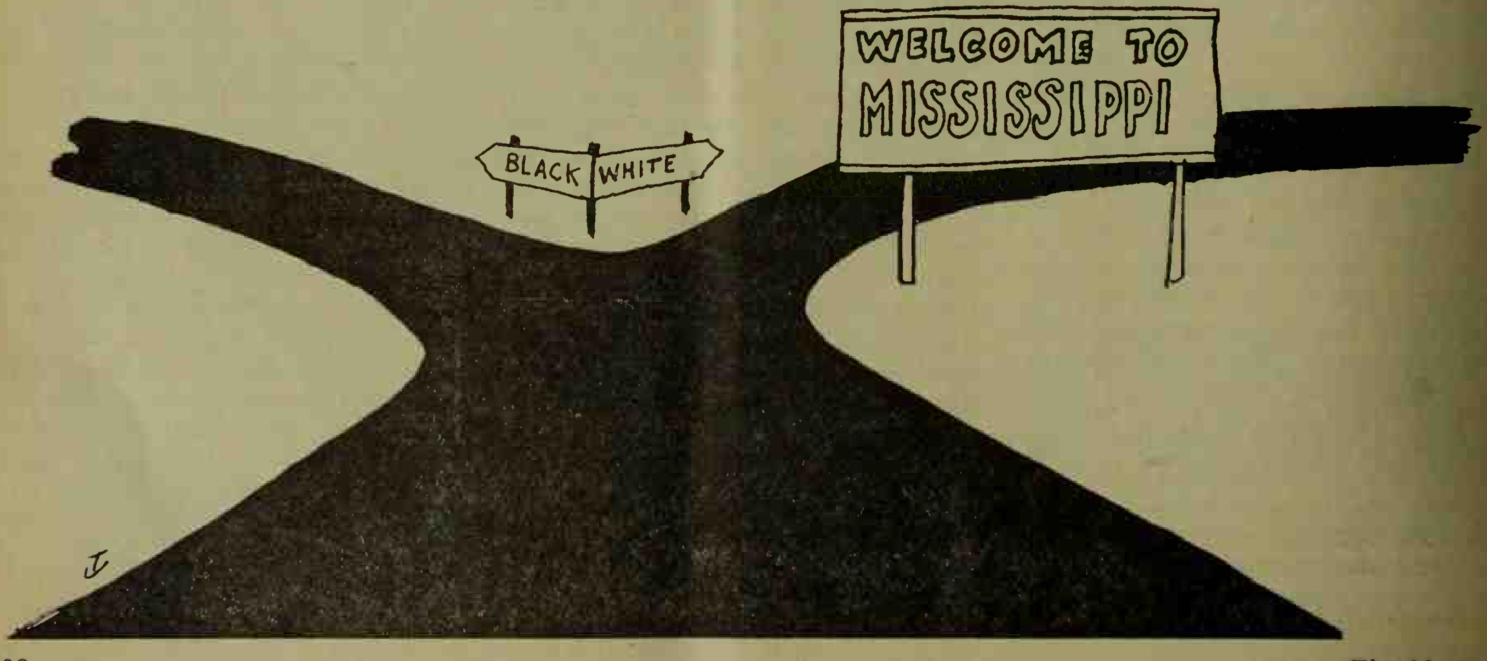
But the movement lawyer, once he has acclimated himself to the demands and dimensions of his new practice, sees a horizon utterly different from the one that defined his activities back in New York City or Chicago. He is activated, not by the promise of fame and fortune, but by the sharing of a common cause with those he represents.

The transformation does not come overnight. I can still recall with shame my earnest recommendation to a brother attorney during the Freedom Rider trials that he not address our clients at a mass meeting. "A lawyer must remain aloof," I told him. "If we become emotionally involved in our clients' problems we will not be able to be dispassionate courtroom advocates."

Three years later I realized that I was playing a fool's game and that my advice was worse than worthless. No member of a great social movement can remain untouched by the forces that drive it. When Clarence Darrow left his lucrative job as general counsel to the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad to defend Debs and his American Railway Union, his resignation was testimony that attorneys who would serve humanity rather than individual clients must do so with their hearts as well as their heads.

There is, of course, more to lawyering in Mississippi than exultation. The need to adapt legal principles, which are hardly geared to urgency, to the swiftly moving panorama of COFO activities was a most compelling challenge. The dynamics required to meet arrests in McComb, an injunction in Belzoni and a rash of unjustified traffic offenses in Greenwood, all occurring within hours of one another, confound prior experience.

Yet lawyers who had known only the leisurely pace of commercial practice quickly accustomed themselves to an emergency program of legal assistance. I can remember sitting in a Negro restaurant in



Jackson one evening as the various attorneys came in from the field. Their vivid tales of drawing writs of *habeas corpus* in speeding cars, or of roaming through the back roads in search of Negro property owners willing to go bond, were the measure of their transformation.

Mississippi in the summer of 1964 was the catalyst of a growing awareness that the law does not exist in a vacuum but is grounded in life. The young men and women who offered their bodies as a witness to the attainability of a just society shamed the American bar into standing beside them. For generations lawyers had looked aside while Negroes in the Deep South had been systematically dehumanized. All in the name of the law, black men had been driven away from the polls, segregated out of community life, forced back into a slavery every bit as intense as that which had theoretically been lifted from them 100 years earlier. Yet the legal profession uttered not one word of collective protest.

That lawyers should have ignored the plight of the Negro is the bitterest of paradoxes, for lawyers have a special obligation to create and preserve the equality on which our entire system of jurisprudence is expressly founded. On courthouse friezes across the land is engraved some form of the motto: "Equal Justice Under Law."

The law did not change in Mississippi last summer, but the lawyers who journeyed there did. All of us, suddenly and starkly conscious that we had failed in one way or another to live up to the solemn responsibilities of our profession, were grateful for the chance to justify our existences. What had started out as an adventure for many of us had abruptly changed into the lesson of our lives.

When I reflect today on my own involvement, I do not think of the courtrooms, the clerks' offices or the judges' chambers. I think of the young college girl manning the Jackson end of the WATS telephone line which brought news, good and bad, from the projects in the field. Or of the California carpenter pounding nails into the roof of a half-finished community center in Mileston. Or of the law student from New York being beaten to the ground by a Philadelphia ruffian.

I no longer know where the movement ends and the law begins. In fact, for me now there is no significant dividing line. The movement has given my life heightened meaning and purpose. In return, I have put at its disposal all the energies I possess. I hope that the exchange is not too greatly in my favor.

The Minister . . . Beverly Allen Asbury

Hundreds of clergymen of every faith have been to Mississippi in the past year. Almost all of them tell the same story, and I assume that, speaking for myself, I speak for many of them as well. However, I do not want to write about Mississippi; I want, rather, to tell what happened to me as a result of going to Mississippi. And before doing that, I must relate something of what was involved in my going.

Speaking before groups in recent months about my experiences in Mississippi, I have often started by presenting a "set of credentials." These have nothing to do with the experience itself but they bear significantly on my reasons for going, and they influenced my reactions when I returned North. I was born in Georgia and educated in the public schools there and at the state university. My family accepted segregation and taught their children to accept it. The training was more by attitude and act than by word. While most of the members of my family could be called "moderates," there was never any doubt that they felt segregation to be the proper system for the South. We had a Negro maid, a Negro cook, a Negro yard keeper; we even had occasional Negro playmates, until we went into the first grade. In our middle-class family we learned courtesy and politeness, but we never questioned our superiority to anyone of dark skin.

Once we were in school, we seldom saw Negroes of our own age. The only ones with whom I had contact were the servants around our home and the employees in my father's business. It now seems incongruous that we were able to love (within limits) those whom we knew personally, yet despise all those whom we did not know; but when I lived in this segregated system, I accepted it and believed in it —insofar as I thought about it at all.

My ideas began to change soon after I entered the University of Georgia. World War II had just ended and the place was overflowing with veterans. Those were unusual college days, and movements and organizations in the entire South were undergoing their first great changes in generations. Almost by accident, I became involved in the Student Christian Movement and, as a freshman, was invited to attend a conference in Atlanta where certain aspects of student Christian life across the South would be reorganized. When we arrived in Atlanta, we went to Morehouse College, and I mark my arrival there as the beginning of my slow evolution to a new life and a new perspective.

At this outstanding Negro college, I encountered Negro youths of my own age. I was assigned a room with two Negro students, and found that they were as intelligent, as human, as concerned as I. In a matter of hours, many of the stereotypes and fears of the segregated society collapsed. The water in their drinking fountains was like the water in fountains marked "white"; I caught no diseases using their toilets.

The agenda at Atlanta had to do with desegregation of the Student Christian Movement over the South. The conference introduced and educated me to the aspirations of the Southern Negroes of the postwar generation. The logic of their position and the appeal of their convictions seemed to me nothing less than what Christianity required.

Other things over the next few years altered my thinking. In junior year, I entered the Junior Orations and advocated the admission of Negro students to the University of Georgia—ten or twelve years before such an admission actually took place. During those same years it seemed to me, as it does now, that the church is one of the key institutions that must work to further the ends of social justice and human brotherhood. Despite what some of my Southern friends choose to think, my convictions in this regard were formed before I

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ever attended Yale Divinity School. In other words, when I left the South for the first time, I had already become an "integrationist."

The first three and a half years of my ministry were spent in a small town in eastern North Carolina. My relationship with the people in that community was good, although they knew my views. However, after the Supreme Court decision of 1954 and its implementation in 1955, things became more difficult, especially when several of us "younger ministers" openly advocated compliance with the desegregation decision. For a number of reasons, I finally felt called upon to move to Missouri in 1956. I say all this simply to establish the point that what I believe I have believed in the South; that what I speak I have spoken in the South; that what I practice I have practiced in the South. I still love the South. I respect and admire many of my friends who are in the South and who minister there under constant pressure and harassment. I have never felt that a Christian could do other than love those who through segregation deny love to others. However, as a Christian, as an American and as one raised in the South, I feel that the South is profoundly wrong in its racism, and that its racism has distorted the Christian message both in the life of the church and in society at large. I am no longer able to live and work in the South if it means soft-pedaling these convictions.

I have been outside the Deep South for the past eight years, first in Missouri and now in Ohio, and working for racial justice wherever I've been. As president of the Ministerial Alliance in a St. Louis suburb, I worked with other ministers and with CORE to achieve the desegregation of restaurants and public facilities in that community of 30,000. Last winter, when the United Presbyterian Church's Commission on Religion and Race became involved in Hattiesburg, Miss., an official of the denomination asked me if some of the ministers in Ohio would visit Mississippi to show our church's ongoing concern for the rights of all men. Another minister and I decided to go, as representatives of our Synod and our denomination. The Presbytery of Wooster, of which I am a member, acted through its General Council to support my decision and to stand ready with bond money if I were jailed. I had not expected such action, but it was a great support when our turn came to leave for Hattiesburg at the end of February.

This was a journey into a strange land which was not so strange after all. It was *not* strange because it was where I had been born, raised and educated. It *was* strange because, psychologically, morally and theologically, it stands at the opposite pole from where I now live. This land strikes one as strange because the only song one hears is for a war that was lost, for a day that is gone (if it ever existed), for a people who have died (if they ever lived). This land hopes to share in the prosperity and progress of a great and powerful nation, but it becomes foreign soil when it rejects the consensus of understanding of freedom, justice and fair play. This land threatens and intimidates; its ideology is fixed, and it closes out anyone who would dissent. The land that gave me life, I suddenly saw, would reach out and take that life away—for the sole reason that I was a traitor to the "holy cause of segregation."

The trip into this land reopened the past for me. I saw more clearly than I had in a number of years how the orthodoxy of segregation twists and perverts the minds of its young. I saw how the militancy of the armies of the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Council silences or crushes those who dare to raise a voice of opposition. I witnessed again the easy acquiescence of the clergy in a pattern which they dared not challenge lest they sacrifice their "world." Much more significantly for me, for the first time I stayed in what we were taught as children to call "nigger town." I found that among the Negro people there were voices of dissent which echoed the voices that had come from within me in my later experiences of the South.

And as I walked around the Forrest County Courthouse in Hattiesburg, I found two symbols. One was the Confederate monument, the Forrest County pillar of salt, the spirit of segregation, stale, static and lifeless. But in the middle of that lawn was also the American flag, at first tattered and torn, but later in the week replaced by a new Stars and Stripes, representing for the Negro people of that community, more certainly than the crosses on the white churches just a few blocks away, the hope of the future for themselves and their children. At night, I discovered in church the real meaning of the Christian gospel—not in the white churches (if there be such a thing), but in the Negro churches, in the churches no "self-respecting" Hattiesburg white man would dare to visit. But if he dared, he might have found there, as I did, the genuine humanity which the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ discloses. Perhaps the Old Testament stories of Moses would have taken new meaning for him as they did for me when the people sang, *Set My People Free!*

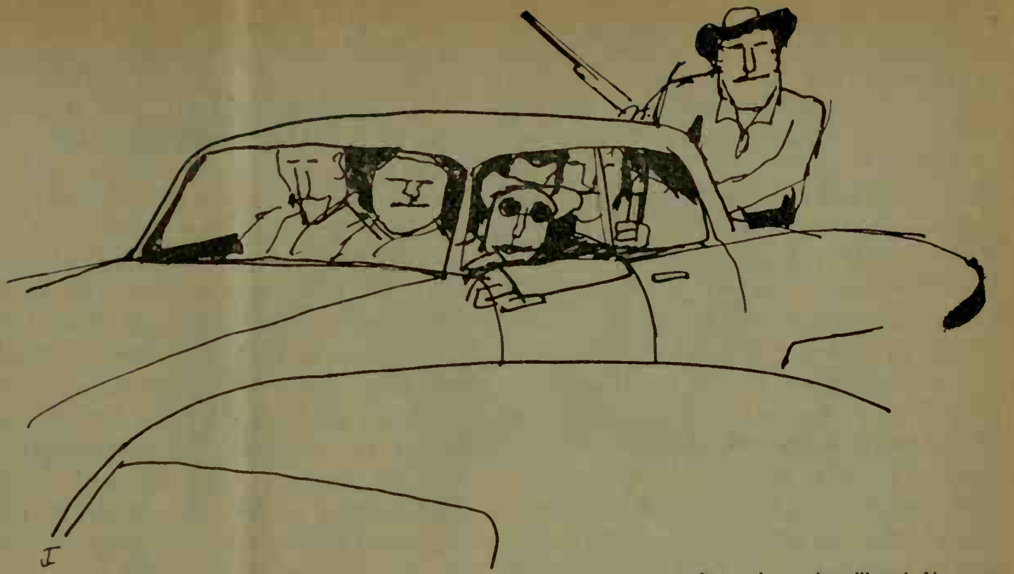
As I heard the Negro people of Hattiesburg talk and sing, I went through an experience not unlike the one at Morehouse College some eighteen years earlier. This time it was not a matter of breaking down stereotypes and beginning to build convictions. Rather, it was an opportunity to put new personal content into already expressed convictions in word and action. It was an opportunity to come back and talk to students and adults throughout Ohio about what was going on in a section of our land. It was a time to remind Christians that there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all."

If I had ever felt that those going into the South to witness for racial justice were "outside agitators," I felt that way no longer. While I had the "credentials" to speak as a "Southerner," I knew that one did not need them to have the right to speak. I cannot accept the notion of anyone's being an "outsider." Anyone who allows that label to deter his involvement must face the question posed by Father Ricardo Fontana in Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*: "Let us admit at last; these flames are also *our* trial by fire! Who will, in times to come, respect us still as moral arbiters if in *this* time, we fail so miserably?" That is the question that must be asked as Mississippi churches burn.

After coming back from a week in Mississippi, I was, and continue to be, invited to speak before a great number of groups, both inside and outside the church. I've encountered some hostility, but overwhelmingly the attitude has been an open-minded interest and eagerness to learn. Some of my friends and acquaintances in the South have criticized me because I was willing to go back, but seemingly unwilling to go back to live. But many here in this college community feel that I represented them in an important witness. Since March, a large number of Ohio clergymen have made trips, and now almost every area of our state has been represented in Hattiesburg, Jackson, McComb, Canton and elsewhere. Students from Wooster, Oberlin and many other colleges went to Mississippi for the Council of Confederated Organizations' Summer Project. Professors and ministers from this area have come back deeply impressed and have joined in the local witness to the cause of human rights. Together, we are creating a new climate of concern, compassion and commitment. We find that many people are moved because our words have been backed up by our actions. And the interest we arouse is being translated, not only into new forms of action in the South, but into new dialogues in our own cities and churches.

All this has affected me in a good many ways. First, by going to Mississippi I have become more involved in the activities for racial justice in the state of Ohio. I have taken a more active and leading role within the cities of our Presbytery and in developing a Presbytery program which is well under way and producing good results. I have become better trained in the problems of and possibilities for residential desegregation and fair housing. I have found new friends, new allies, and I have discovered the effective centers of opposition to an open and equitable society. I know anew that changes do not occur unless you organize to create the conditions for change. Through membership on the new Ohio Synod Commission on Religion and Race I have met leaders of both races from every area of the state, and together we find that what we discovered about our nation, our faith, our churches and ourselves by going to Mississippi helps bind us together in a new commitment and understanding here.

Second, I find that something important has happened in the life of the congregation I serve and the campus to which I minister as a result of my having gone to Mississippi. And my experience has become a point of contact with those who are interested in human rights, but who for various reasons stand outside the life of the church. Before going to Mississippi, I discussed the venture with the officers of the church and with the congregation. A majority of the officers voted to support me, and stated their conviction that by taking part in this witness I was participating in a ministry of our congregation and denomination. In other words, I was given the time and the endorsement to go and to stand for them at this significant juncture in our national history. Not everyone in the church agreed with the officers, but within the church, and outside it, so many people approved what I was doing that sufficient money was contributed to offset almost all my expenses. The church has lost no members, and we seem not to have suffered financially, or in any of the other statistical ways about which so many church members seem to be concerned. On the contrary, we have discovered a deepening of our life together and a greater understanding of why the church exists and what its mission is in and to the world.



Drawings by Tomi Ungerer

Just a few weeks ago, I presented some of my concerns before a meeting of our congregation. I asked those present how they would feel if I were called upon again to represent the church in Mississippi. I told them that I had received one such call and had decided after a great deal of soul searching not to go. I went on to say that I was certain other calls would come and that I should feel the duty to respond immediately and positively to some of them. I asked how they would react if in an emergency I decided I must go without waiting to consult anyone.

Quite a few people spoke up; and some who were silent then, came to me privately later. Not one person asked me not to go South again. Rather, there was an overwhelming feeling in our church—expressed clearly and unequivocally by retired ministers and missionaries and their wives, students, faculty members and their wives, professional people from the town and others—that any such decision would be both trusted and supported. These people astounded me with their concept of the church as a community that exists for mission and *is* mission. They wanted it expressed in their pastor's life as well as in their own lives. I know now what I did not know before, that when the time comes for me to go to Mississippi again, I shall have the backing of close to 90 per cent of the congregation and the college community. So one of the things that has happened to me is to experience what I never experienced when I lived in the South—a community of support, encouragement and commitment. I have now met a people who ask not quantity of a minister's time but quality of leadership in a significant and relevant ministry.

Third, something has happened to my theological thinking as a result of the trip to Mississippi. Nearly twenty years ago at the University of Georgia I started considering the Christian ministry from a real concern for human beings. Later I found a theology to express that concern and to give it definition. Later still, perhaps, theological considerations somewhat replaced the human concern, but Mississippi brought me back to people again and helped me put the theological understanding in a new perspective. The "established" churches I saw in Mississippi, and many of the "established" churches I see in the North, can be described only as religious ghettos. They have to be endured with a great deal of fatigue and boredom, and if I were faced with the attitude which exists in so many of them, I doubt that I could "go to church." I see in them too much of a desire to evangelize the world only when it will yield a direct return to the church in increased membership and financial contributions. The established church I saw in Mississippi holds itself aloof from the world, and the established church I see in Ohio and elsewhere too often refuses to risk itself for the sake of the world.

What I saw caused me to turn, as I turned years before, to an understanding of Jesus. My present theological mood looks increasingly to this Man, the "Man-for-Others." I look to Him as the paradigm of my faith, as the one who gives Himself to suffer at the hands of a godless world precisely out of love for that world. The church must use the persuasion and power of love to bring about reconciliation at every level of human and national life. It must pay whatever the price may be to create a faithful and effective structure for the alleviation of every human need. When it becomes the Church of Jesus Christ, it can do no other than follow its Lord into the suffering of those who cannot cry out for themselves. From my experience in Mississippi and from all the experiences which preceded it, I realize again that God can be known only through what Bonhoeffer called the participation "in the sufferings of God at the hands of a godless world."

No white person can speak for the Negro, describe what he feels, or tell what he wants. I know that I don't have the "credentials" to do that. But I have the "credentials" to identify with what the Negro tells us about himself. I have the "credentials" to stand with him—as a brother. I also learned that again, by going to Mississippi. And I learned that every human being has those "credentials." It is just that he must use them.

The Educator . . . Richard J. Bernstein

In the early fifties, when I started teaching at Yale, there was a general uneasiness among the politically liberal members of the faculty. The lament at that time centered upon the state of mind of the students. They seemed intimidated by, or indifferent to, the poisoned atmosphere created by McCarthy, they were "out for themselves," lacked a developed social conscience, were without a cause. Many of the liberal teachers — the attitude was characteristic of campuses throughout the country—were nostalgic for the thirties. That had been a time of heated political discussion, with students in the thick of radical movements. Why wasn't this generation of students more like what we had been (or like what we conceived ourselves to have been)?

There was an element of bad faith in this pose. Besides romanticizing and exaggerating the effectiveness of the radical past, it betrayed an unwillingness and inability to come to grips with new political realities. It was a time when liberals, of whatever generation, were seized by political impotence. They talked about the ills of modern society and were vociferous in decrying the forms of alienation and estrangement, but when it came down to what to do, they offered few concrete proposals.

In the decade since then, the outlook of American youth has changed dramatically. Out of a generation that never knew the depression, out of a generation nurtured on the myth of American affluence, has emerged a group sensitive to social injustice, committed to do something about it, and with a good practical sense of what must be done. I believe that the influence of this group is far greater than its numbers, and that their activity is reeducating America, reawakening our social conscience, and most important, pointing the way toward effective social action. It is from this perspective that we can begin to appreciate the value of the Mississippi Summer Project.

The situation in Mississippi last summer was fully reported, but the press did a good deal to distort what actually took place. The incidents judged noteworthy were those of violence and intimidation. In part, the Council of Federated Organizations was also responsible for playing up this aspect of the situation. Violence is nothing new in Mississippi, but for the first time the national spotlight was focused on it. However, the real heart of the project hardly ever hit the news; that was the day-to-day interaction between COFO workers and the Negro community working together for a common cause. Furthermore, the significance of the experience for the doctors, ministers, lawyers and others who went to participate, or just to see the project in operation, cannot be underestimated. My few days in Mississippi last summer were among the most intense, vital and meaningful in my life. And my experience was certainly not unique. Almost everyone I have met who spent some time in Mississippi, no matter how brief, came away with a similar feeling. This project did as much for the participants as for civil rights. It re-educated us about what civil rights really are. And through those who participated and observed, the spirit of the project is spreading across the country.

Many of us, even those who have been most sympathetic to the civil rights movement, have had their doubts about the value of such activities as the Mississippi Summer Project. First, there have been questions about the response of the Negro community itself. We may not accept the "official" Mississippi position that the Negroes are basically content with their lot and that all the trouble is being stirred up by outside agitators, but there is a more sophisticated version of the same argument. After all, isn't it true that the Negroes of Mississippi have been so intimidated that they lack the necessary consciousness and drive to achieve genuine freedom and equal rights? Isn't it true that a "slave mentality" still prevails among these Negroes, and that the hard-core leadership in COFO, especially SNCC, is responsible for the agitation? Of course, there is a determined, aggressive and militant leadership among Negro youth and without it little would have been achieved. But the most impressive

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Richard J. Bernstein teaches philosophy at Yale University.

accomplishment of the summer was the positive response of the Negro community in its entirety. The so-called uneducated Negroes whom I met were articulate, self-respecting and courageous. Many spoke of democracy, freedom and rights in a far more meaningful and vital way than the cliché-ridden talk so characteristic of our political discourse. One couldn't help feeling that these Negroes, who have been systematically denied the benefits of the democratic community, had an astonishingly acute grasp of the meaning of democracy and the ideals on which this country was founded.

True, the COFO workers reached only a small segment of the Negro population, but the numbers of those who identified with the freedom movement were constantly growing. The pattern of response was typical—it moved from initial fear, suspicion or indifference toward positive, active participation. The Mississippi project would never have gotten off the ground if the Negroes themselves had not been willing to risk their jobs, property and lives. It was they who found the churches and other buildings for the Freedom Schools and community centers, who attended the schools in the oppressive summer heat, who took the COFO workers into their homes. The courage that this required can scarcely be estimated: every Negro who became identified with the freedom movement was risking economic and physical reprisal. In Mississippi there is no sanctuary for the Negro; the "law" is not a source of protection but the chief instrument of intimidation and persecution.

Everyone who was down in Mississippi will have his own stories to illustrate what I have been saying. When I first arrived there, I was told that the best way to find out what was going on was to join in the daily activities of the COFO workers. I went to Hattiesburg where the entire project was functioning with great success (more than 600 Negroes were attending Freedom Schools and more than 4,000 were registered in the Freedom Democratic Party in a city with a total population of 40,000). Within fifteen minutes of arriving in the Hattiesburg office, I was sent out to help with voter registration. The first precinct meetings of the Mississippi FDP were to be held the next day and our task was to get last-minute registrations and to tell everybody we saw to come to the meeting. I was taken to Morningstar Baptist Church, the headquarters for Eaton precinct of Forrest County. The COFO worker in charge, a white student from California, sent me out with a 14-year-old Negro boy, one of a group of local kids who were working with COFO on the drive. At first I was a bit apprehensive (a worker had been beaten up in this neighborhood a few days before) and I wondered how my guide was going to handle the job. But when I heard him deliver his "pitch," talk about freedom and what it would mean for Negroes to vote, chide his elders when they were hesitant to sign up, I was overwhelmed by his articulateness, earnestness, native intelligence and humor. And this boy was typical of a growing number who were working in the freedom movement. Talking with him, watching him function, I realized that there is no going back in Mississippi—these adolescents simply will not accept what their parents have accepted.

After a day of voter registration, those of us who worked along with the regulars began to identify with the precinct, and we looked forward to the meeting next day. It was the culmination of weeks of work, and there was something approaching the nervousness of an "opening night" when it was called to order at 4 o'clock of a sweltering Saturday afternoon. For the COFO workers this meeting was a test of what they had achieved. It was the point, they felt strongly, at which the local Negroes had to take over. Would they show up for the meeting? Would they make a mess of it? That meeting turned out to be one of the most impressive political gatherings that I have ever attended. Following parliamentary procedures, the session opened with a benediction, a keynote address, the democratic nomination and election of a permanent chairman and secretary, and proceeded to pass resolutions and appoint delegates to attend the district meeting. As the woman who was chairman said, we were all a little nervous because this sort of thing had never been done before in Mississippi. It was the first political meeting open to everybody who wanted to come. Whenever in future I think of what democracy can mean in the concrete, the image of that meeting in Eaton precinct will come to mind.

But what about the COFO workers themselves? Who were these people who came from all over the country to work with the Negro community? Again and again, one heard from white Mississippians (who had no contact with the workers) that they were "beatniks, weirds and degenerates." Even in the North, I have heard similar appraisals. After all, weren't they in it for kicks, for a little adventure? It is important to keep in mind that a substantial proportion of the summer volunteers were not college students, but teachers and other professionals committed to the civil rights struggle. And every COFO worker in Mississippi was risking his life. There were some "fringe" people in the project, but I came to feel that the great majority of workers were perceptive and level-headed. They had an acute sense of the dangers of the situation and of what they could honestly achieve. They were neither rabble rousers nor starry-eyed idealists. They were idealists, but idealists without illusions. Many of them were living in primitive conditions and a good deal of their work was drudgery. In many places they lived under constant harassment, with no opportunity to let off steam or to escape the constant pressure. Yet, despite the discomfort and the tensions, they performed their tasks efficiently and intelligently, with even a healthy sense of humor.

I returned from Mississippi convinced that this sort of project — working directly with the Negro community in a program of self-help — is one of the most important activities in the entire civil rights movement. The great insight of the COFO workers was that help must be genuine help. It cannot be paternalistic, for that only offends the dignity of the Negroes. It can work — and it is working — when one is willing to move in with and function directly with the Negro community. One of the few times in my life when I could meet Negroes, not as Negroes but as men, was when I was in Mississippi. I was constantly struck by the warmth, affection and sense of common purpose that united the COFO workers and the Negro community. It is still a frightening possibility that the civil rights movement will some day turn blacks against whites. If this doesn't happen, it will be because of projects like that in Mississippi last summer. For many Negroes it was the first time that they had ever encountered whites who neither despised them nor intended to "save" them, but who rather respected them as persons. But one could detect even in Mississippi a difference between some of the SNCC leaders, in whom there is a great deal of bitterness for anything "white," and the adolescents who were at once more naive and more open to the friendship of the white COFO workers.

Even if one is willing to grant all this, however, there is still one more myth to be faced. Wouldn't it be better to let up, to give Southern moderates a chance to improve the local situation? Hasn't the presence of all these "outsiders" jeopardized the situation of the moderates and played into the hands of extremists? There is no doubt that the white community was annoyed and irritated by the influx of civil rights workers dur-

DREAM IN A BEAN FIELD

The authors of this letter are two Los Angeles carpenters who raised the money and contributed their skills to build a 32-x-84' community center for Mileston, Miss., an all-Negro community that is otherwise entirely without recreational or cultural facilities. They were helped by Tom Edland, a Negro electrician from Chicago, and by the local residents.

The center is now being run by Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzi, a white couple, and by Mrs. Lewis, a retired Negro schoolteacher. It is used for movies and plays (Free Southern Theatre Group), for teen-age dances, classes for younger children, a permanent Freedom School and a health clinic run by a volunteer registered nurse from New York. As the letter mentions, there is a small library and more books are urgently needed.

This integrated project has roused the hostility of whites in the region. In addition to more serious incidents mentioned in the letter, the center is harassed in petty ways: during construction, suppliers' trucks sometimes refused to unload when they saw whites and Negroes working together. The building is equipped with a modern heating plant, but local suppliers will not deliver canned gas. On a recent visit, Mr. Osheroff installed a wood-burning stove for temporary use. The building is guarded every night by armed men, a fact well known to the whites of the region.

Mileston, Miss.
Sept. 5, 1964

Dear Friends: Please forgive us for not writing sooner. The tempo of work, the extreme heat and humidity, and general conditions of life here, have not been conducive to letter writing. But finally here we are.

In the middle of a bean field, deep in the heart of the Delta, a dream is coming true. A lovely building has arisen in the past six weeks, a sharp contrast to the adjacent church and farmhouse. The roof and outer walls are complete, and we are now working on the interior. It is already in operation: three teen-age dances have been held, and not long ago we had a county-wide Freedom meeting to which 250 people came from 20 to 30 miles away. It was a great jubilee, a source of pride and joy for all concerned.

The building has an assembly hall for 200 people, a library for 10,000 volumes, bathrooms and kitchen with running water, a medical clinic and sleeping quarters for some of the staff. Six will live there on a year-round basis.

It was hard. We suffered from heat, humidity and harassment. One of our cars was fire bombed, a dynamite bomb was exploded 30 feet from our building site. Local volunteers were threatened. But the project has become a center of community life, a beacon of hope and love, in a sea of oppression and hatred. So vital indeed, that the community has mounted an armed guard to protect the center every night. It would have brought tears of happiness to your eyes to have witnessed our Roof-Raising Ceremony, which closed with 200 people locking arms and swaying to the beautiful chant, *We Shall Overcome.* All the sweat and toil, the fear and the tension, the sleepless nights and the crudities of daily life—all paled in the bright light of love and pride which filled our hearts. What a joy!

By Southern California standards our life would seem bleak and empty. No running water, no toilets, no ordinary amusements; nothing but simple, semi-literate, down-to-earth, wonderful black people, who surround us with love and respect. We live with Hartman Turnbow, a legend in Mississippi, a real man. In May, 1963, after he attempted to register, his home was fire bombed at 3 A.M., and while his wife and daughter fought the fire with water buckets, he held off four armed men. The next day, he went to the sheriff to report the incident and was arrested for arson. He went to jail, but was finally freed on appeal. And now we share his home, his food, his courage and wisdom and his daily peril. It is a deep and vitalizing experience. He may come to Los Angeles this winter and then you will have the opportunity to share him with us.

Our deep gratitude, and that of a small host of freedom fighters for helping make our vision a reality. Soon we shall tell you all about it.

Abe Osheroff
Jim Boebel

ing the summer. But in Mississippi the moderates are intimidated by extremist elements. And there will be significant progress only when the more responsible element is willing to risk speaking out. No doubt the national publicity, the influx of COFO workers, doctors, lawyers and others has riled native white Mississippians, but it is just this sort of stimulus that will cause the more rational elements in the "closed society" to open it up. Although progress is painfully slow, it continues to be made.

Still one may ask, why all the attention on Mississippi? Don't we have race problems in our own backyards? I have never been able to see that the existence of prejudice, hypocrisy and *de facto* segregation in one's local community is an argument against participating in something like the Mississippi project. On the contrary, I think we have all learned something from Mississippi. Too often we become jaded in the face of social injustice or despair of doing anything about it. The civil rights workers have helped to arouse our sense of injustice; they have taught us that there is something that each man can and must do. Those of us who went to Mississippi returned home with a greater awareness of the need for local work and a better appraisal of what can be accomplished. And this new spirit, which is spreading across the country, is affecting attitudes toward other deeply ingrained social ills. We all owe a great debt to these civil rights workers. They have forced us to take seriously our own professed ideals about democracy, freedom and the rights of man.

The Doctor . . . . Aaron O. Wells

One evening early last June, I received an urgent call from a colleague and lifelong friend to attend a meeting, mostly of physicians, that had been called to answer a request for emergency medical aid for civil rights workers in Mississippi. The original appeal had come from persons working in the voter-registration summer project. I was unable to attend that first session, but assured my friend that I would be available for the next one.

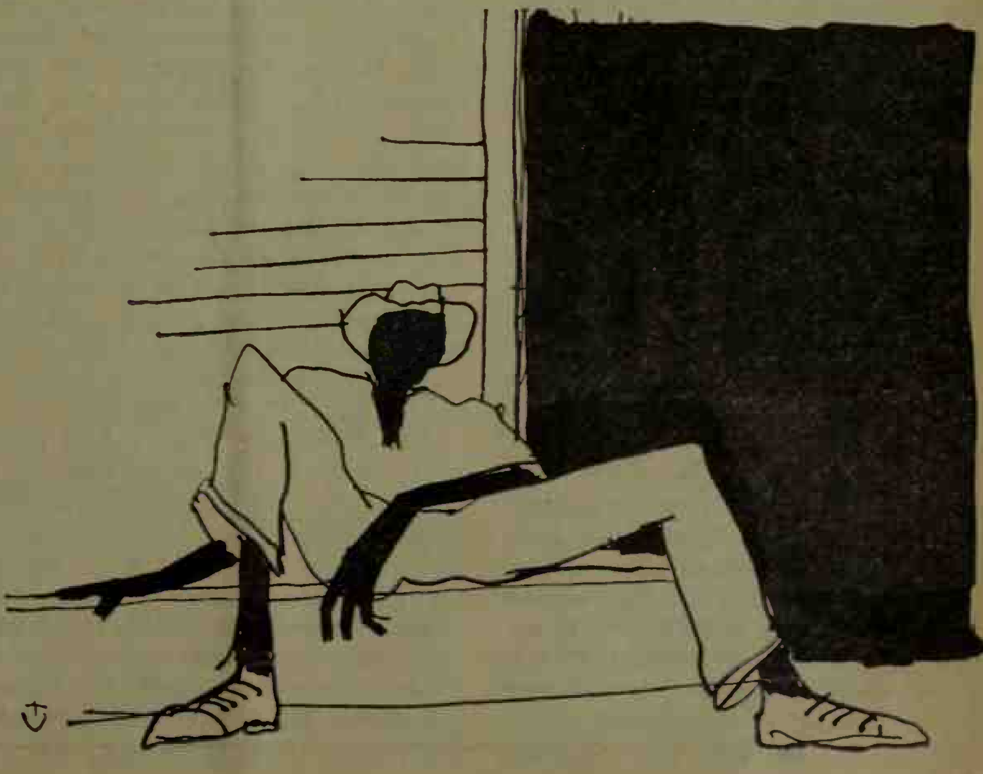
The first meeting I attended made a tremendous impression on me. I listened to determined and enthusiastic discussion from twenty to thirty persons who sought a program to meet the needs of volunteer workers. (Once in the field, it expanded to consider the health, not only of the freedom workers, but of those whom the workers had gone South to help.) A number of the participants were personally involved, in that they had sons and daughters active in the summer project. We were concerned that here again, in a situation primarily involving Negroes, Negroes were a minority of those seeking solutions to the problems. In less than a week we had decided that the request could be met, and I volunteered to serve with the group, which at that time was so new it had no name.

Four physicians were selected as an advance committee to confer in Mississippi with leaders of the Council of Federated Organizations, the National Council of Churches and other leaders in the state. Their task was to determine how our medical presence in Mississippi could be made most effective. They returned with an enthusiastic report, and we assigned medical teams to initiate the program. Before the first team entered Mississippi, this nucleus of dedicated persons found a name—the Medical Committee on Human Rights.

Looking back, I realize that I was slow to decide how I could best serve these obviously dedicated people. A woman colleague whose opinion I have always held invaluable was one of the original members, and her enthusiasm and interest influenced me. Then, too, I had asked my wife, who is a registered nurse, to represent me at an early meeting. Her immediate reaction was to enlist in the project, and soon thereafter she was in Mississippi as the nurse with a medical team.

The response of these two women forced me to consider very seriously my own level of participation. I asked myself whether financial contributions to the various civil rights organizations was sufficient. Would attendance at conferences and occasional health lectures in the context of civil rights fulfill my moral obligation to my people? I decided that these responses were not enough, that I must go to Mississippi.

In the first days there were numerous consultations in New York to secure the approval of the civil rights leadership. At the same time, we were working out a tentative health program which would be applicable to the overall situation, yet flexible enough to meet the needs of each community to be visited. Long hours were spent on the telephone, settling such mat-



Aaron O. Wells, a physician practicing in New York, is National Chairman, the Medical Committee for Human Rights.

ters as recruitment and legal advice, but this administrative detail seemed only to heighten our enthusiasm for the main job ahead.

Finally, on August 7, I boarded the plane for Jackson, Miss., assigned to the post of field coordinator for a period of two weeks. During the flight I met Dr. David Spain, the noted New York pathologist, who was going South to observe the autopsied bodies of the three civil rights workers, Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman.

Even while deep in conversation with this fascinating man, I began to grow fearful. I visualized a hostile reception at the airport, for I am a Negro and Dr. Spain is white. My anxiety increased when the stewardess announced that, due to mechanical difficulties, we would be detained in Birmingham, Ala. We were now scheduled to land in Jackson at 10:30 P.M., and it is particularly hazardous for an integrated group to travel after dark.

Dr. Spain and I registered at a newly integrated motel. Our arrival was observed with hostile glances, and we heard angry epithets. We had been prepared for this reception, and it did not change our respective plans; but neither did it do much to ease my mind.

Until early morning, we conferred with Dr. Charles Goodrich, a friend and colleague from New York, on the problems he was having to secure permission to see the bodies of the three murdered young men. Later that day, as the vocal attack increased, I decided that the situation was becoming dangerous and I moved the Negro members of the medical teams from the motel to homes in the community.

This was my first trip to the Magnolia State. I was struck by the physical beauty of the rolling, green countryside, the vast cotton plantations, varied by rotating crops of soybeans, and the ever blue sky. This physical loveliness makes more incredible the brutality which the state imposes on the mass of its impoverished people.

I was fortunate to be given lodgings by one of the Negro ministers of the community. He and his family were warmly hospitable, and it was obvious that they, like others in the area, were determined to assist the movement wherever and whenever they could. Much honor should be paid to the families who temporarily housed us. Without their courageous assistance we would have been unable to organize and develop our program as rapidly as we did. Many of our hosts have since been subjected to harassment and intimidation, but they continue to assist whenever needed.

After much conferring with local and state authorities, we were granted permission to view the bodies of Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman. Our integrated team drove to the University of Mississippi, dreading the mission, and worried as to how we would be received. This was one of many times when I suspected that we were being followed, and wondered what our fate would be if the authorities decided to prevent us from reaching our destination.

I cannot speak in detail of the actual examination, which was conducted by Dr. Spain, for the sight of those dreadfully mutilated young bodies put me in a state of emotional shock. It was at this moment, though, that I resolved finally to dedicate myself to active participation in the Medical Committee for Human Rights.

The following morning, which was Sunday, I completed the orientation program for the medical teams at MCHR's office in Jackson. They were all eager to reach their posts and begin work. Each team was made up of a doctor, a nurse and a driver.

Sunday evening I was asked to discuss MCHR's origin and program at Tougaloo College with newly arrived voter registration volunteers. Most of these people had been unaware of our existence, and they were extremely interested to know how we would participate in the health programs that they hoped to set up in the various communities. They asked about immunization, nutrition, eyesight and dental problems, prenatal and postpartum care, communicable diseases and child care. No one doubted the need for health education in the state.

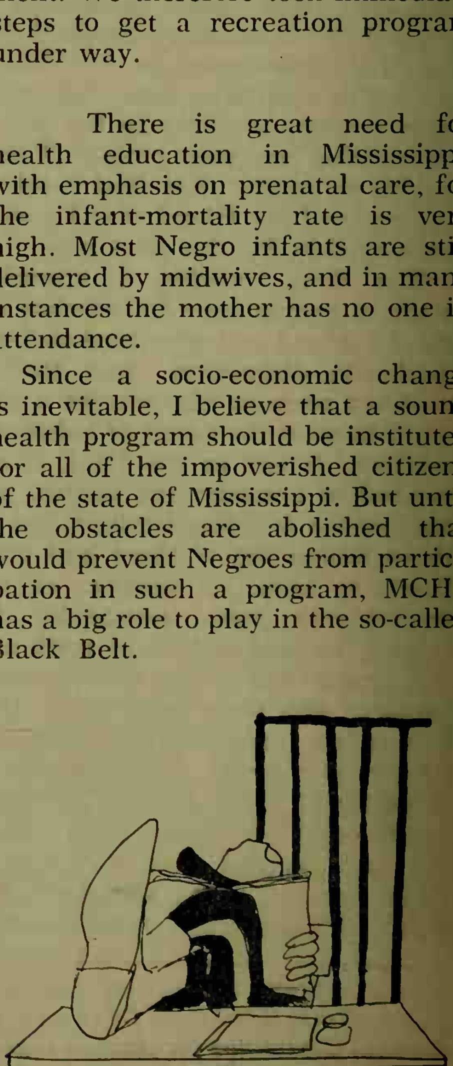
The following week I had many such conferences with groups of volunteers, and learned from them more details of the health needs in the areas where they were setting up programs. I also made daily visits to the COFO office, to be sure that the volunteers knew of our medical presence and to answer questions about their own health needs. For those in need of specific medical attention, I enlisted physicians from within the community to participate in MCHR's program, since we are not licensed to practice medicine in Mississippi.

I was able to establish good relations with the doctors in Jackson, both white and Negro. Most of them were glad to have our objectives clarified; they agreed that the group was necessary and offered to cooperate. The assistance of the National Council of Churches was also invaluable. This group had wide experience of social conditions in Mississippi, and it gave expert advice as we began to put individual health programs into operation.

We decided that a scheme of health insurance should be worked out for the civil rights workers. Most of the summer volunteers lived on extremely small budgets, and so that no one would hesitate to seek care when he needed it, we sometimes assumed payment of medical bills incurred in Mississippi. It was also obvious that most of the volunteers had been under great emotional tension and needed rest from active duty with a change of environment. We therefore took immediate steps to get a recreation program under way.

There is great need for health education in Mississippi, with emphasis on prenatal care, for the infant-mortality rate is very high. Most Negro infants are still delivered by midwives, and in many instances the mother has no one in attendance.

Since a socio-economic change is inevitable, I believe that a sound health program should be instituted for all of the impoverished citizens of the state of Mississippi. But until the obstacles are abolished that would prevent Negroes from participation in such a program, MCHR has a big role to play in the so-called Black Belt.



Notes on Burroughs

Marshall McLuhan

1. Today men's nerves surround us; they have gone outside as electrical environment. The human nervous system itself can be reprogramed biologically as readily as any radio network can alter its fare. Burroughs has dedicated *Naked Lunch* to the first proposition, and *Nova Express* (both Grove Press) to the second. *Naked Lunch* records private strategies of culture in the electric age. *Nova Express* indicates some of the "corporate" responses and adventures of the Subliminal Kid who is living in a universe which seems to be someone else's insides. Both books are a kind of engineer's report of the terrain hazards and mandatory processes which exist in the new electric environment.

2. Burroughs uses what he calls "Brion Gysin's cut-up method which I call the fold-in method." To read the daily newspaper in its entirety is to encounter the method in all its purity. Similarly, an evening watching television programs is an experience in a corporate form — an endless succession of impressions and snatches of narrative. Burroughs is unique only in that he is attempting to reproduce in prose what we accommodate every day as a commonplace aspect of life in the electric age. If the corporate life is to be rendered on paper, the method of discontinuous non-story must be employed.

3. That man provides the sexual organs of the technological world seems obvious enough to Burroughs, and such is the stage (or "biological theatre" as he calls it in *Nova Express*) for the series of social orgasms brought about by the evolutionary mutations of man and society. The logic, physical and emotional, of a world in which we have made our environment out of our own nervous systems, Burroughs follows everywhere to the peripheral orgasm of the cosmos.

4. Each technological extension involves an act of collective cannibalism. The previous environment with all its private and social values, is swallowed by the new environment and reprocessed for whatever values are digestible. Thus, Nature was succeeded by the mechanical environment and became what we call the "content" of the new industrial environment. That is, Nature became a vessel of aesthetic and spiritual values. Again and again the old environment is upgraded into an art form while the new conditions are regarded as corrupt and degrading. Artists, being experts in sensory awareness, tend to concentrate on the environmental as the challenging and dangerous situation. That is why they may seem to be "ahead of their time." Actually, they alone have the resources and temerity to live in immediate contact with the environment of their age. More timid people prefer to accept the content, the previous environment's values, as the continuing reality of their time. Our natural bias is to accept the new gimmick (automation, say) as a thing that can be accommodated in the old ethical order.

5. During the process of digestion of the old environment, man finds it expedient to anesthetize himself as much as possible. He pays as little attention to the action of the environment as the patient heeds the surgeon's scalpel. The gulping or swallowing of Nature by the machine was attended by a complete change of the ground rules of both the sensory ratios of the individual nervous system and the patterns of the social order as well. Today, when the environment has become the extension of the entire mesh of the nervous system, anesthesia numbs our bodies into hydraulic jacks.

6. Burroughs disdains the hallucinatory drugs as providing mere "content," the fantasies, dreams that money can buy. Junk (heroin) is needed to turn the human body itself into an environment that includes the universe. The central theme of *Naked Lunch* is the strategy of by-passing the new electric environment by becoming an environment oneself. The moment one achieves this environmental state all things and people are submitted to you to be processed. Whether a man takes the road of junk or the road of art, the entire world must submit to his processing. The world becomes his "content." He programs the sensory order.

7. For artists and philosophers, when a technology is new it yields Utopias. Such is Plato's *Republic* in the 5th century B. C., when phonetic writing was being established. Similarly, More's *Utopia* is written in the 16th century when the printed book had just become established. When electric technology was new and speculative, *Alice in Wonderland* came as a kind of non-Euclidean space-time Utopia, a grown-up version of which is the *Illuminations* of Rimbaud. Like Lewis Carroll, Rimbaud accepts each object as a world and the world as an object. He makes a complete break with the established procedure of putting things *into* time or space:

> *That's she, the little girl behind the rose bushes, and she's dead. The young mother, also dead, is coming down the steps. The cousin's carriage crunches the sand. The small brother (he's in India!) over there in the field of pinks, in front of the sunset. The old men they've buried upright in the wall covered with gilly-flowers.*

But when the full consequences of each new technology have been manifested in new psychic and social forms, then the anti-Utopias appear. *Naked Lunch* can be viewed as the anti-Utopia of *Illuminations*:

> *During withdrawal the addict is acutely aware of his surroundings. Sense impressions are sharpened to the point of hallucination. Familiar objects seem to stir with a writhing furtive life. The addict is subject to a barrage of sensations external and visceral.*

Or, to give a concrete example from the symbolist landscape of *Nova Express*:

> *A guard in a uniform of human skin, black buck jacket with carious yellow teeth buttons, an elastic pullover skirt in burnished Indian copper . . . sandals from calloused foot soles of young Malayan farmer . . .*

The key to symbolist perception is in yielding the permission to objects to resonate with their *own* time and

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space. Conventional pictorial and literary perception seeks to put diverse objects into the *same* time and space. Time and space themselves are subjected to the uniform and continuous visual processing that provides us with the "connected and rational" world that is in fact only an isolated fragment of reality—the visual. There is no uniform and continuous character in the non-visual modalities of space and time. The symbolists freed themselves from visual conditions into the visionary world of the iconic and the auditory. Their art, to the visually oriented and literary man, seems haunted, magical and often incomprehensible. It is, in John Ruskin's words

> . . . *the expression, in a moment, by a series of symbols thrown together in bold and fearless connections, of truths which it would have taken a long time to express in any verbal way, and of which the connection is left for the beholder to work out for himself; the gaps, left or overleaped by the haste of the imagination, forming the grotesque character* (Modern Painters).

The art of the interval, rather than the art of the connection, is not only medieval but Oriental; above all, it is the art mode of instant electric culture.

8. There are considerable antecedents for the Burroughs attempt to read the language of the biological theatre and the motives of the Subliminal Kid. *Fleurs du Mal* is a vision of the city as the technological extension of man. Baudelaire had once intended to title the book *Les Limbes*. The vision of the city as a physiological and psychic extension of the body he experienced as a nightmare of illness and self-alienation. Wyndham Lewis, in his trilogy *The Human Age*, began with *The Childermass*. Its theme is the massacre of innocents and the rape of entire populations by the popular media of press and film. Later in *The Human Age* Lewis explores the psychic mutations of man living in "the magnetic city," the instant, electric and angelic (or diabolic) culture. Lewis views the action in a much more inclusive way than Burroughs whose world is a paradigm of a future in which there can be no spectators but only participants. All men are totally involved in the insides of all men. There is no privacy and no private parts. In a world in which we are all ingesting and digesting one another there can be no obscenity or pornography or decency. Such is the law of electric media which stretch the nerves to form a global membrane of enclosure.

9. The Burroughs diagnosis is that we can avoid the inevitable "closure" that accompanies each new technology by regarding our entire gadgetry as *junk*. Man has hopped himself up by a long series of technological fixes:

> *You are dogs on all tape. The entire planet is being developed into terminal identity and complete surrender.*

We can forego the entire legacy of Cain (the inventor of gadgets) by applying the same formula that works for *junk* —"apomorphine" extended to all technology:

> *Apomorphine is no word and no image. . . . It is simply a question of putting through an innoculation program in the very limited time that remains—Word begets image and image is virus. . . .*

Burroughs is arguing that the power of the image to beget image, and of technology to reproduce itself via human intervention, is utterly in excess of our power to control the psychic and social consequences:

> *Shut the whole thing right off.* Silence—*when you answer the machine you provide it with more recordings to be played back to your "enemies." Keep the whole nova machine running—the Chinese character for "enemy" means to be similar to or to answer—Don't answer the machine—Shut it off—*

Merely to be in the presence of any machine, or replica of our body or faculties, is to close with it. Our sensory ratios shift at once with each encounter with any fragmented extension of our

Present

The stranded gulch
**   below Grand Central**
the gentle purr of cab tires in snow
and hidden stars
**   tears on the windshield**
torn inexorably away in whining motion
and the dark thoughts which surround neon

in Union Square I see you for a moment
red green yellow searchlights cutting through
falling flakes, head bent to the wind
wet and frowning, melancholy, trying

I know perfectly well where you walk to
and that we'll meet in even greater darkness
later and will be warm
**   so our cross**
of paths will not be just muddy footprints
in the morning
**   not like celestial bodies'**
yearly passes, nothing pushes us away
from each other
**   even now I can lean**
forward across the square and see
your surprised grey look become greener
as I wipe the city's moisture from
your face
**   and you shake the snow**
off onto my shoulder, light as a breath
where the quarrels and vices of
estranged companions weighed so bitterly
and accidentally
**   before, I saw you on**
the floor of my life walking slowly
that time in summer rain stranger and
nearer
**   to become a way of feeling**
that is not painful casual or diffuse
and seems to explore some peculiar insight
of the heavens for its favorite bodies
in the mixed-up air

Frank O'Hara

being. This is a non-stop express of innovation that cannot be endured indefinitely:

> *We are just dust falls from demagnetized patterns—Show business.*

It is the medium that is the message because the medium creates an environment that is as indelible as it is lethal. To end the proliferation of lethal new environmental expression, Burroughs urges a huge collective act of restraint as well as a non-closure of sensory modes—"The biological theater of the body can bear a good deal of new program notes."

10. *Finnegans Wake* provides the closest literary precedent to Burroughs' work. From beginning to end it is occupied with the theme of "the extensions" of man—weaponry, clothing, languages, number, money and media *in toto.* Joyce works out in detail the sensory shifts involved in each extension of man, and concludes with the resounding boast:

> *The keys to. Given!*

Like Burroughs, Joyce was sure he had worked out the formula for total cultural understanding and control. The idea of art as total programing for the environment is tribal, mental, Egyptian. It is, also, an idea of art to which electric technology leads quite strongly. We live science fiction. The bomb is our environment. The bomb is of higher learning all compact, the extension division of the university. The university has become a global environment. The university now contains the commercial world, as well as the military and government establishments. To reprogram the cultures of the globe becomes as natural an undertaking as curriculum revision in a university. Since new media are new environments that reprocess psyche and society in successive ways, why not bypass instruction in fragmented subjects meant for fragmented sections of the society and reprogram the environment itself? Such is Burroughs' vision.

11. It is amusing to read reviews of Burroughs that try to classify his books as non-books or as failed science fiction. It is a little like trying to criticize the sartorial and verbal manifestations of a man who is knocking on the door to explain that flames are leaping from the roof of our home. Burroughs is not asking merit marks as a writer; he is trying to point to the shut-on button of an active and lethal environmental process.

Art Books of 1964: Part III

Lincoln Kirstein

Since the efficient staffs of the New York dailies and weeklies have already supplied their allotted, and limited, words on most of the art books advertised in their pages (and the omnibus reviews, particularly in the *Saturday Review* and the *Herald Tribune* have been unusually inclusive), the chief service *The Nation* can offer is to notice fairly unusual books, make a few nasty cracks, and praise the truly wonderful work of museum staffs in and out of New York City.

ARCHITECTURE

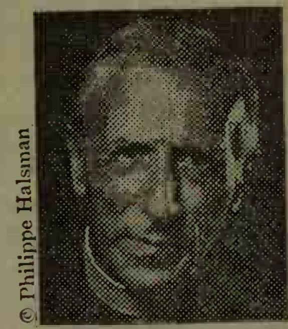
World Architecture: A Pictorial History, with a brief and extraordinarily cogent introduction by our most erudite, courageous and Olympian architectural historian, Henry-Russell Hitchcock, is the book of the year, and of many years to come, for the layman who wishes to compare excellent two-color plans with photographic views of great buildings on the site, in the round and in relation to the social and economic conditions which made their patronage and construction possible (good color and first-rate black and white). The editor, Trewine Copplestone, has done his work with breadth, dignity and enjoyment, and his Veronese printers, the famous house of Mondadori, paid full honor to his labors. At $17.95, this book tells an amateur of architecture (monumental building, not shelter) the basic story, and propels him on to more specialist studies.

Perhaps the most surprising architecture book of the year is *The Chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal.* Three great poet-scholars, Drs. Frederick Hartt, Gino Corti and the photographer and art historian Clarence Kennedy of Smith College have produced a capital work on a building erected (1434-1459) at San Miniato, Florence.

The Cardinal, cousin of the king and only 25 when he died, left in his will the desire for a tomb, by no means grandiose, but which in its achievement should employ harmoniously the finest architects, painters, ceramicists and sculptors of his epoch. This request gave him an almost accidental immortality by the glory which his death called into being. Rossellino's strong and elegant architecture, Baldovinetti's painted Annunciation, the altarpiece by Antonio and Piero Pollaiuolo (a good copy remains in the Chapel; the original is housed elsewhere for safety), the marvelous Cosmati-work mosaic marble floor by Stefano di Bartolommeo, and the celestial ceiling in fitted polychrome ceramic by Luca della Robbia—all combined into a plan of organic splendor—make this boy-cardinal's tomb a model for makers of monuments.

When the pitiful plan for President Kennedy's tomb was announced, it had been foreseen that no solution could be a happy one; John Carl Warnecke and his associates solved the insoluble by abdicating architecture in favor of landscape gardening. "The eternal flame" was to have sprouted from a suitable piece of sculpture, but even this touch of fantasy was abandoned, since no one of sufficient prestige (or indeed of power) could be agreed upon to make a source for the flame that would be better than nothing. A backstop marble wall makes a feeble focus. Kennedy will lie in the vacuum of a mystery, which his idolators will replenish.

Jaime of Portugal, prince of the church, cousin to a king, left detailed documents (which fill a third of this book) to show how practically the fact of the Kingdom of God can be embodied by His greatest servants (in the arts) on His earth. This memorial to an obscure young man demonstrates the unlimited power of man's handi-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Teilhard de Chardin
offers a luminous vision
based on science,
philosophy, and theology
THE FUTURE OF MAN
$5.00 at all bookstores
1817 Harper & Row

craft in the service of an earthly perfection and a heavenly hope. Kennedy—born into the same tradition of belief, but at the liberal unraveling of it rather than at its fullest flowering—is condemned to lie on a blank hillside with neat walks.

Dr. Clarence Kennedy's photographs are the result of a lifetime of devotion to the craft of the Renaissance stonecutter. Dr. Frederick Hartt's masterful presentation and the superb documentation by Prof. Gino Corti make this an important cautionary, exemplary and beautiful study.

Only a little less beautiful is the superb study of the British sculptor in wood, Grinling Gibbons. Perhaps this book should be included under "crafts," but anyone who looks with care at the magnificent staircase from Cassiobury House, installed in the Metropolitan Museum, will recognize Gibbons' spiritual kinship as wood carver and architect to the Florentines of two centuries earlier. David Green's absolutely first-class *Grinling Gibbons: His Work As Carver and Statuary* replaces the splendid but old-fashioned Country Life monograph by H. Avray Tipping (1914). Grinling Gibbons' honey-colored miracles in soft pine show what we have lost in digital mastery; how poor we are to be satisfied by the hunks of junk that are becoming mandatory as amends for the boredom of semi-monumental office buildings.

Twentieth-Century Engineering, the inexpensive catalogue of the stupendous exhibition (installed by Wilder Green) to inaugurate the enlarged Museum of Modern Art, is an excellent permanent record of a demonstration in what our century does best. Engineering, in choices shown here (reduced, naturally; in the exhibition the blow-ups knocked your eyes out), is our monument. Lacking a Charles Follen McKim, a Richardson or a Stanford White, we still have Philip Johnson, to design the space for this great display of monumental engineering. The area was transformed a month later (also by Wilder Green) into a garden-court as the perfect frame for the bouquets of Bonnard (so well described by *The Nation's* art critic in the issue of October 26), for which the museum also provides an excellent catalogue (see below).

The Chicago School of Architecture is a specialist's history which brings the subject down to the present by presenting Mies van der Rohe and Gordon Bunshaft as the logical heirs of the prairie pioneers Adler, Sullivan, Burnham, Root and Jenney. William Le Baron Jenney, an innovator in both design and engineering, but less well known than the others, at least in the East, is shown in his considerable importance. What is most remarkable about the Chicago School, compared to equivalent work on the Atlantic seaboard, is the absence, on the one hand, of Beaux Arts heaviness, symmetricality and exhausted ornament; and, on the other, of a conceptual license that ignores previous concepts of taste and structure. Chicago turned astonishingly early to curtain walls, universal fenestration and radical building methods; but it sustained an interest in ornament that was enriching, tireless and beautiful. An example is the unfamiliar "Rookery" by Burnham and Root (1885-6) with its fantastic dome and light court; shown only a photograph, one might think it dated from twenty years later. The placement of large theatres inside several office buildings is a most valuable precedent that the present largely ignores. The photographs in this book are serviceable, the text fluent; it is cheap for its wealth of material.

Fare Thee Well is a paste-up album of historic American hotels, so charmingly presented and full of such fascinating pictures, combined with anecdotal social history, that it completely disarms one, in spite of a certain amateur archness. Those who remember the old Murray Hill, the Waldorf on the site of the Empire State Building, or Saratoga Springs before its desolation, will find here some of the richness, ingenuity, splendor and heroic scale of 19th-century dining in public.

World Architecture: A Pictorial History. Edited by Trewine Copplestone. Introduction by Henry-Russell Hitchcock. McGraw-Hill. $17.95.

The Chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal. By Frederick Hartt, Gino Corti, Clarence Kennedy. University of Pennsylvania Press. $25.

Grinling Gibbons: His Work as Carver and Statuary. By David Green. Country Life, Ltd. Distributed by Taplinger. 207 pp. $30.

Twentieth Century Engineering. Selected by Arthur Drexler. Museum of Modern Art. 96 pp. $2.50 paper.

The Chicago School of Architecture: A History of Commercial and Public Building in the Chicago Area, 1875-1925. By Carl W. Condit. University of Chicago Press. 238 pp., 196 illus. $8.50.

Fare Thee Well: A Backward Look at Two Centuries of Historic American Hostelries, Fashionable Spas & Seaside Resorts. By Leslie Dorsey and Janice Devine. Crown. 328 pp., 321 illus. $10.

American Architecture. Text by Thomas H. Creighton. Illustrated by Paul Spreiregen. Robert B. Luce. $1.95.

American Crafts and Folk Arts. By Erwin O. Christensen. Robert B. Luce. 90 pp. $1.95.

Athens, City of the Gods. By Angelo Procopiou. Stein & Day. 246 pp. $15.

Greek Athletes and Athletics. By H. A. Harris. Hutchinson. Distributed by British Book Center. 32 pp. 35s.

Early Greek Armour and Weapons. By Anthony Snodgrass. University of Edinburgh Press. $12.50.

Roman Art and Architecture. By Sir Mortimer Wheeler. Praeger. $7.50.

Michelangelo, the Painter. By Valerio Mariani. Arti Grafiche Ricordi (Milano). 524 pp. $110.

The Art and Thought of Michelangelo. By Charles de Tolnay. Pantheon Books. 144 pp. $7.95.

The Berenson Collection. Published under the auspices of the Italian Commission for UNESCO and the National Commission for UNESCO of the United States of America. 452 pp. $100.

Francis Bacon. Introduction by John Rothenstein. *Catalogue raisonné* and documentation by Ronald Alley. The Viking Press. 292 pp. $25.

Jacob Epstein, Sculptor. By Richard Buckle. Faber. 5 guineas.

Epstein Drawings. Introduction by Richard Buckle. Faber. 50s.

Lautrec by Lautrec. By P. Huisman and M. G. Dortu. The Viking Press. 275 pp. $30.

Bonnard And His Environment. Texts by James Thrall Soby, James Elliott and Monroe Wheeler. The Museum of Modern Art in collaboration with the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Art Institute of Chicago. Distributed by Doubleday. 116 pp. $7.50 cloth, $2.95 paper.

Hosteen Klah: Navaho Medicine Man and Sand Painter. By Franc Johnson Newcomb. University of Oklahoma Press. 227 pp. $5.95.

There is a most interesting digression to cover a first-class French hotel in a small Rocky Mountain mining village. The book is well printed in burnt orange and black and the fussiness of the typography is somehow appropriate to the neo-Baroque period of American hotel architecture.

American Architecture is an inexpensive, well illustrated (by Paul Spreiregen) volume in "The America Today Series," which, with Erwin O. Christensen's excellent *American Crafts and Folk Arts*, cheerfully inaugurates a new publishing venture from the unlikely site of Washington, D.C. Creighton is an excellent architect (in Warnecke Associates): for an interested amateur there is no better introduction to American building design, principally of the last fifty years, but giving full honors to the 19th century.

Athens, City of the Gods (from prehistory to 338 B. C.) by Angelo Procopiou, is a pleasant if rather perfunctory compilation; it is not worth $15. It has good black-and-white photographs by Edwin Smith, but the color plates, which could be interesting since the whole question of Greek polychromy is so tantalizing, share the general disease of kodachrome backgrounds; the colors, against which the objects are photographed, are more important than even the shape, not to say the palette, of the objects themselves. Incidentally, there are two excellent books on Greece that either are or will be available here: *Greek Athletes and Athletics* by H. A. Harris, with an introduction by the Marquess of Exeter, chairman of the British Olympic Association (Hutchinson, London, but obtainable through the British Book Center), and *Early Greek Armour and Weapons* by Anthony Snodgrass, published superbly by the University of Edinburgh Press. If you would understand Greek sculpture and its importance to the Parthenon, and to later Greek and Roman architecture (down to our own Beaux Arts), these are two basic and unusual books. *Roman Art and Architecture* by Sir Mortimer Wheeler, an excellent addition to the Praeger World of Art Series, is a fairly inexpensive but very comprehensive, well-constructed, illustrated and presented brief history.

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS

Now we come to the big guns, and they are *big. Michelangelo, the Painter* by Valerio Mariani weighs (on my scales) 11 pounds and is priced at $110. Apart from the fact that the color plates are poor, the paper too thick, the material available in many cheaper and better forms (notably Phaidon), the sheer massive insolence of the product is boring. On the other hand, *The Art and Thought of Michelangelo* is a book worth having. In 1948, Charles de Tolnay, probably the greatest living authority on Michelangelo, gave these four lectures at the Collège de France; they distill a lifetime of thought about Michelangelo's political opinions, his so-called philosophy (if there was a coherent system), his religious attitude, and his artistic convictions. Within very small compass he presents an enormous amount of information, not merely as generalized conclusion but with each statement supported by contemporary documents or references to late Medieval and Renaissance thinkers and writers. There is a certain (contemporary) orthodox Catholic cast to the discussion of the late works which, while it is not disturbing in context, nevertheless somewhat removes the tone from absolute objectivity into the realm of faint polemic. It is a most interesting book, somewhat marred by rather mingy plates, lack of an index, and an inconsistent policy regarding the translation of original Italian excerpts. Also, the personality of Michelangelo does not emerge. Granted that the book is specifically about his art and thought, nevertheless, politics, philosophy, religion and art could have formed a kind of negative mold within which the man would have appeared.

The Berenson Collection came to this reviewer with a letter from the press agent of the Kimberly-Dorman Corporation which manipulates the gross tonnage of the massive gift crushers from Arti Grafiche Ricordi (Milano), requesting that the book be returned because of its "valuable quality." It weighs 10¾ pounds, several ounces shy of *Michelangelo*, and is therefore modestly priced at $100. Whether you think Bernard Berenson was the Sage or the Spider of Settignano, his collection contained a very few good Italian pictures, and a great many which were of custodial interest. His "I Tatti" was a pleasant large house with a good art historian's library; good, not great. It should have been merged with the German Institute in Florence, or given to the American Academy in Rome, which lacks enough books to service the scholars who work out from this valuable center. Instead, he deeded his self-made

They deserve more than sympathy

The Spanish Republicans were among the first victims of fascism. They had the dual misfortune to lose the Civil War and be forgotten by so many who were in their debt.

Today in France there are 10,000 Spanish refugees who live (or shall we say, exist) in bleak poverty, many on old age pensions of $23 a month. Home in Spain is barred to them.

Let us not forget them at Christmas. Brighten their existence with your remembrance. They need and deserve your friendship.

SPANISH REFUGEE AID, headed by *Pablo Casals* and *Salvador de Madariaga*, is a non-profit organization that has been helping Spanish Republicans for 12 years. Your Christmas contribution can mean an order of coal, a warm coat, medical supplies, dental care. $25 will help one old person live through the hard winter. Or you can "adopt" a Spaniard and send him monthly aid. $10 a month means a lot.

"CONSCIENCE . . . ITS IMPORTANCE IS ETERNAL." *Pablo Casals*

SPANISH REFUGEE AID, Inc.
80 East 11 St., Rm. 406, N.Y. 10003

Here is my Christmas contribution of $______. I can adopt a Spanish refugee and send $______ a month.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________

Contributions are tax deductible

shrine to Harvard, with insufficient funds to maintain it, and Harvard, not daring to risk the loss of prestige in refusing so churlish a gift, unwisely took it on. The chorus of apotropaic females who canonized Berenson toward the end of his life, will doubtless be made happy by this obese book, with poor reproductions and bad imitation gold, which is, nevertheless, fascinating enough as an X-ray view of the taste of this golden toad who fed off a single period of art and so magicked the taste of three generations of art historians that many American and English galleries are still paying the price. Berenson never fooled the French.

Francis Bacon, published by Viking (Studio), is a *catalogue raisonné*, with an extended "appreciation" by Ronald Alley. Bacon is a powerful artist, but as with many others whose energy goes into the development of a highly idiosyncratic style, the product tends to shrink both in shock and quality. There are two books on Jacob Epstein, the American-born Anglo-Jewish sculptor, for whom equally extravagent claims were once made. Both books are edited by Richard Buckle, the most enthusiastic, efficient, amusing and responsible of the British autodidact art historians. His massive *Jacob Epstein, Sculptor*, literally shows everything good and bad, with some fairly naive judgments. His *Epstein Drawings* is far less expensive and contains some surprisingly touching, delicate and beautiful drawings by a sculptor whom one might admire even less than Rodin as a draftsman, such being the cragginess of his modeling and the great slabs of stonecutting. His illustrations to Whitman's "Calamus" poems (1901), the many exquisite pencil drawings between 1906 and 1928, give a wholly new insight into a man possessed of incredible energy, not so much to think, it seemed, as to cut and model.

Lautrec by Lautrec costs $30 and is worth every cent of it. If you believe as I do that Lautrec was an artist greater than van Gogh, or Manet or even Degas—the greatest draftsman and one of the greatest painters France ever gave us—there is little to do but feast yourself on the documents of this humane aristocrat whose education, breeding and misfortune place him on the level of Balzac and Baudelaire. The monograph on Bonnard issued in connection with the recent triumphant exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is a miraculous bargain. The nearly 50 plates in color, printed not in Switzerland or Holland, but in Rochester, N.Y., the price in soft covers at $2.95, the beautiful production by Monroe Wheeler of the whole *oeuvre* of a supreme colorist at the lowest possible cost is a triumph of service to the public.

Although the space at my disposal is limited, I cannot refrain from mentioning one last unusual book, *Hosteen Klah: Navaho Medicine Man and Sand Painter*. This is a most touching, well-written and fascinating study of a powerful, wise and gifted artist-priest, who was observed over a long period by the wife of an Indian trader. Hosteen Klah (the Left-Handed), at the age of 70, was probably the most vocative and intelligent, if not the last surviving repository of a great Indian tradition of physical therapy through art: the creation of sand pictures, accompanied by spiritual exercises. With great dignity, sensitivity and good sense, Mrs. Newcomb tells the long story of the left-handed mage, and not the least part of it is the extraordinary friendship of the white intruder with the red natives. Beautifully presented and inexpensive, this book is highly recommended.

Early in 1965, Mr. Kirstein will report on the work being done by the great American museums and libraries in publishing bulletins, special monographs, calendars and other inexpensive but important art books.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MAN AND SUPERMAN
TWO NEW PINTER PLAYS
SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND

In one way or another Shaw has always been misunderstood. Either he is taken too seriously (that is, literally) or not seriously enough. In 1903, when *Man and Superman* was first published, Max Beerbohm said of it: "This peculiar article is, of course, not a play at all. It is 'as good as a play' . . . but a play it is not." Two years later Beerbohm remarked, "When *Man and Superman* was published I called it 'Mr. Shaw's Dialogues' and said that . . . it would be quite unsuited to any stage. When I saw it performed, I determined that I would not be caught tripping again. I found that as a piece of theatrical construction it was perfect."

So it goes: critics and aestheticians are forever setting up categories only to have us find that they do not correspond to the reality of creation. Shaw thought he was an English Ibsen. Most of his plays are fairy tales, super-real parables, earnest jests sometimes very close to comic opera.

Man and Superman is supposed to be Shaw's *Don Juan*. He tells us he named his hero John Tanner to remind us of Don Juan Tenorio, and the chauffeur Straker is his Leporello. Nonsense. Tanner is G.B.S. himself, brimming over with moral passion, a Puritan of inextinguishable good humor and wit, a bit of a mystic, earthbound by common sense, in whom reason is a foil with which to combat rationalism.

John Tanner reveals Shaw's almost total asexuality. The Irish tend to be skittish about sex, but in Shaw the roots of his "theatre without kisses" go deeper than that: they must be sought in the total composition of his personality. It is none the less true that *Man and Superman* says many shrewd things about women in our society and about the relations between "the artist man and the mother woman."

I repeat: Shaw never wrote a realistic play in his life, not even when he tried to in *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. That is one reason why so many critics thought he was not writing plays or creating characters. But he did write eminently theatrical plays and did create characters. The plays were tall tales, the characters exemplary images just as certainly as Cinderella, the Bad Wolf, Punch and Judy are characters. But Shaw's *personae* lack what is commonly called "psychology."

Shaw's plays and characters are animated by his twinkling — sometimes almost childlike — playfulness, his spry intelligence, his unabating purposefulness. Many of his heresies are now commonplace, but his exuberant spirit, his honest heart, his gift for expression—almost operatic, with one virtuoso aria following another—make his plays dance with a vitality so joyous as to make most others seem plodding.

Shaw is full of delightful blarney—one is not always sure that what he is saying makes good sense and one hardly cares — and his dialogue is sometimes nothing more than a remarkable rattle. His gay science and waggishness, his torrential garrulity, in short, his particular eloquence are great comedic assets amounting at best to both dramatic action and poetry. They induce a kind of euphoria about which we harbor no suspicion because we are sure that its source is benevolent and its effect salutary.

The A.P.A. production at the Phoenix Theatre, directed by Stephen Porter, is altogether creditable. It includes the famous Don Juan in Hell interlude in which Shaw's prose and gift for debate become superlative. The performance lasts three hours, and except for the interlude's introductory scene (like Gilbert without Sullivan) is rarely tiresome. The sets are abstemiously attractive, and in the main the cast satisfies.

I particularly liked Rosemary Harris who plays Violet, the lady unjustly suspected of improper conduct. She has the right kind of subdued humor and canniness. She speaks beautifully and looks nice. Ellis Raab does well with Tanner; to do the role much better would require some of G.B.S.'s own genius—which we probably have no right to expect from any actor.

The Room and *A Slight Ache*, advertised as the *New Pinter Plays* (Writers' Stage: 83 E. 4 St.), are not new at all. The first—Pinter's earliest piece—was written in 1957, the second was originally televised by B.B.C. in 1959. They make a very interesting evening. In fact I rate *A Slight Ache* as highly as anything Pinter has given us. It is a little masterpiece.

Both plays are "mysteries." Like most of Pinter's work they are sustained by suspense. Technically, they are melodramas, which is an excellent, indeed a classic, formula for playmaking, but I call them "mysteries" because there is something religiously ineffable about them. They speak a strange tongue but the effect is of saying things so fundamental that reducing them to concrete explanation is somehow to deform their relevance.

The Room is the more obscure of the two plays. It is not made to be "understood." It is intended as something to feel. It is all fun, folly and fright. The fun results from the language used by the drab folk huddling in a miserable room in an anonymous lodging house in a nondescript London neighborhood. This room, which should inspire claustrophobia (and pneumonia), is a kind of dank hiding place from the horror of the streets. Pinter is a past master at recording the inanity which marks the small talk of the English poor. Its repetitious monotony and ineptitude make us laugh to begin with and end by making us shiver. This speech is not merely characteristic of a locale or a class; it evokes a moral landscape.

In this landscape monsters appear: some eventually prove themselves harmless; in others the grotesque becomes murderous. They are emblems of the world's stupidity, unhappiness or insane violence. I will not disclose what happens in *The Room*, but if I were pressed I would say that the Room happens!

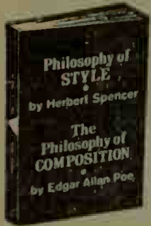
A Slight Ache is much more intelligible. But though it can be recounted as a story, odd but lucid, it is almost as mysterious as the first play. Edward, a middle-class husband, and his wife Flora, notice an old Matchseller who has chosen to post himself outside their house on a quiet country lane, close to a monastery where hardly anyone passes. No one ever buys the old man's matches or gives him alms, yet rain or shine he stands in the same place without a word or a gesture. Edward, suffering from a slight ache in his eyes, is perturbed by the Matchseller's peculiar presence, and insists on calling him into the house for questioning. The man enters, never utters a sound, barely moves except to sit down when he is asked to. This failure to respond to courtesy or to quizzing drives Edward into a frenzy, to breakdown, finally to a confession of abject impotence in everything. Flora receives the Matchseller in more kindly fashion, even feels toward him as a mother, and possibly as a mate. He is dirty, his smell is repellent, but he needs only a good wash and scrub (which she undertakes to give him) after which she will fondly keep him in the house.

Let us say that the Matchseller represents existence itself. It is ugly, it is uncommunicative, it is without clear meaning or specific identity—except that it is there. Edward contemplates it, finds it unsightly, tries to shut it from his mind, becomes fascinated by it, and finally succumbs in helpless awe before it. The actual confrontation with it makes a gibbering idiot of him. The woman, Flora, responds to it with an instinctive embrace: she accommodates herself to it and domesticates it with tenderness.

That is how I saw the play. You may see it quite differently and so may I on another occasion. Pinter may have had other ideas in mind. It doesn't matter. The play entertains, holds and moves us. Its vocabulary has moved upward in the class scale. Edward and Flora are literate folk but what they say is just as conventional and obtuse as the cockney talk in *The Room*. In Pinter, speech is always used as if it were an obstruction to human contact. But the play achieves a sort of poetry, the tension of a slight ache which adumbrates tragedy.

The performances are well directed by Word Baker—particularly in the better of the two plays. The set, too, in this play has been craftily designed by Ed Wittstein—excellent use being made of slight means and limited space. Frances Sternhagen is admirable in both plays, though certainly more authentic in the second. She is one of the many unheralded actresses of quality in which our theatre abounds but rarely employs to their (or our) advantage. Henderson Forsythe as Edward also serves with conviction and address.

In the past I called William Hanley, whose *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* (Plymouth Theatre) is his first play to reach Broadway, a promising dramatist. He remains so. He



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writes with vigorous fluency and ingratiating literacy. He is moreover thoroughly earnest; he means to say heartfelt things. Yet *Slow Dance* does not convince me. It is factitious, a "made-up" thing. One has only to set down the elements which compose it to understand what I mean.

It takes place in a dusty, bedraggled candy, soda and lunch store on a dark street in Brooklyn. Late one night an oddly dressed Negro boy named Randall bursts into the store in evident fear of some pursuer. Randall's speech alternates between the lingo of a well-read hipster—he claims to have an IQ of 187—and the dignified measures of a lay preacher. The jive talk is a mask the boy puts on to hide the frustration and hurt of his condition.

He is menacing at first—he carries various weapons—but when he realizes that the storekeeper, a German ex-Communist named Glas, is essentially benevolent, Randall shows his true nature. Glas is obviously anxious to be left alone with some dread secret and that makes him as fearful of contact with society as is the boy in his present and apparently perpetual flight. Randall indicates at regular intervals that the streets nowadays are a "killing ground," that there is "a *passion* loose in the world! A passion for the sounds of violence, for the sight of pain! A passion for death and disaster! We're up to the eyeballs in blood. . . ."

While the two men are lashing each other with partial self-revelation and heated aphorisms on the state of the universe, spiced with occasional humorous sallies that leaven their intensity with laughter, a girl suddenly appears with the astonishingly irrelevant question, "Where the hell is the goddamn Brooklyn Bridge?," and promptly faints.

This "chick" as Randall playfully calls her is pregnant from her first encounter with a man, and at the moment on her way to an abortionist. Apart from her lack of caution, Rosie is a bright, wise-crackingly blunt student at New York University with ambitions to become a novelist. She is pure in heart, utterly direct, disabused by city life under straitened circumstances.

Except for Rosie, "mystery" hovers in the atmosphere. When Randall's secret is at last disclosed, we learn that he has murdered his prostitute mother while she was in the act of plying her profession. But his crime is made to seem almost forgivable compared to the German's. So Randall, taking his place atop a high ladder, "sits" as judge in a mock trial over Glas. A gentile, he had been married to a Jewish woman in Germany and they had had a child. When the Jews were being carried off to extermination camps, Glas not only abandoned his wife and child so that he might carry on the fight for the Communist cause, but also served as an engineer on the trains which transported the Jews to their death. Randall and Rosie sorrowfully pronounce him guilty of the crimes for which, after his escape to America, he deeply desires to be condemned.

Each of the three characters in the play is a moralist. Glas, the most mature, pronounces the playwright's conclusion:

> *Don't you see, Rosie, Randall must die now, violently, because of what he is and because of what he has done. And I will* live, *without violence, because of what I am and what I have done. And you, Rosie, you will go to your doctor, up that dark street, and afterwards you will write books maybe . . . about how people should save each other. We choose, Rosie. We choose the dark streets up which we walk. We choose them. And if we are guilty of the denial of life, who is to save us from that but ourselves?*

In other words, we are the authors of our fate. To which Rosie's only response is "Goddamn it!," a sentiment which found thoroughgoing assent in my spirit except that I might have expressed it in one crude syllable.

There are two things patently wrong with the play. It develops entirely on the basis of largely unprovoked confessions. Each of the characters tells us the sad story of his or her life. There is barely a situation or a consequent action which necessitates and determines these confessions. Worse still, what is confessed is as trite as it is "shocking."

Yet these faults are not what is fundamentally amiss. The play does not spring from its author's experience. I do not refer to autobiographical experience, but rather that the play might have been written by anyone with a talent for dialogue, coupled with certain general notions, and a "religious" attitude about our horrid times. There is in it no particular, individual, specifically personal note. Its material and body are not quickened by a special voice or a way of seeing and feeling things which is its author's and his alone. What comes through at best is the will and the faculty to write serious drama.

Slow Dance is well directed by Joseph Anthony; technically speaking it is a "good job," it holds the eye. Clarence Williams as Randall moves interestingly, speaks well and is endowed with an arresting energy. Carolan Daniels makes an engaging Rosie, especially in her comedy; if she is less effective in pathos it is probably because the plot lacks authentic substance. George Rose as the German works manfully and ably at an empty role, less character than utility.

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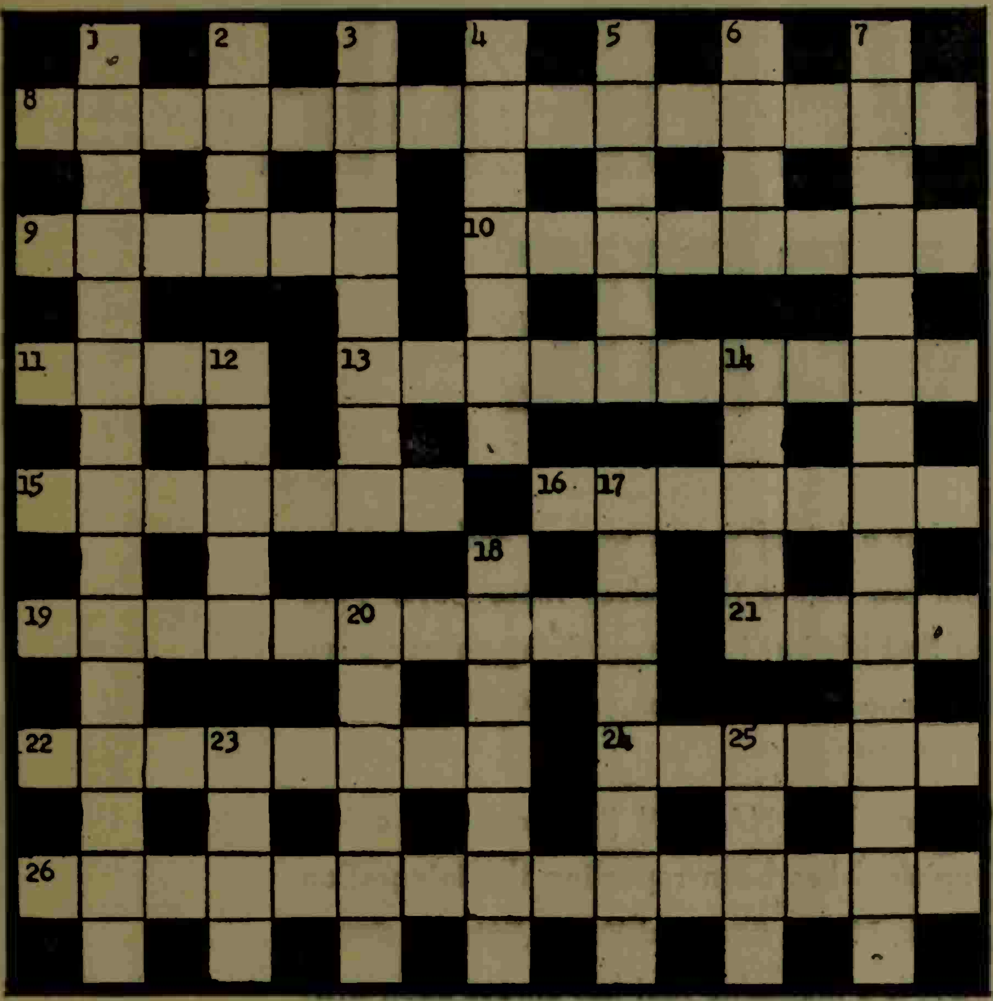
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 Were Von Weber and Rossini engaged in gestures this way? (6, 9)
9 and 26 Implying the traditional location of the heart is a unique spot. (6, 2, 5, 4, 4)
10 Thinks about what the pool does. (8)
11 An element of literal finality to what might go with a firm signature. (4)
13 What someone at the newspaper has to do before it can be published for all to read? (4, 6)
15 Beware those who might be expected to take care of you! They're deep! (7)
16 and 23 down Bill count, perhaps, as the output of one 8 across. (7, 4)
19 But it can't be washed down with his ale! (Bob might describe what it occasionally does.) (5, 5)
21 Appear, by the sound of it, to be one of the things girls used to have trouble keeping straight? (4)
22 A sort of double E with it, but not for an informal occasion. (5, 3)
24 Manifestation of a little Virginia tobacco residue? (6)
26 See 9 across

DOWN:

1 Not a very sophisticated twosome, but the last part was not uncalled for years ago. (7, 3, 5)
2 One certainly embellishes the story of a rising storm. (4)
3 Urges the flower of Italy on (as part of the British service). (8)
4 Shoved off, perhaps. (7)
5 At least one Dodger wasn't naive! (6)
6 A sand hill that could easily become bare. (4)
7 Sergeant M. Altman is one of forty serving the British crown. (9-2-4)
12 Skim milk, in a Pinafore masquerade. (5)
14 A 2 down might 23 them, leastways. (5)
17 Good for a head 25. (3, 5)
18 Pull out the stopper of 19 and shake well, with requests for review. (7)
20 Acts in peculiar fashion, and capers. (6)
23 See 16 across
25 A cheerful beginning might leave you somewhat less than cheerful. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1085

ACROSS: 10 Assuage ; 11 Rossini; 12 Masochist; 13 Evoke; 14 Chaise; 16 Tornados; 19 Steffens; 20 Stereo; 22 Spats; 23 Plaintiff; 25 Chemise; 26 Adamite; 27 Indian pudding; DOWN: 2 Tests; 3 Francis of Assisi; 4 Acetic; 5 Duration; 6 and 9 Eastern Standard Time; 7 Mail order; 8 Hammocks; 17 Scot-free; 18 Snap bean; 21 Xanadu; 22, 1 and 15 down Such stuff as dreams are made on; 24 Ixion.

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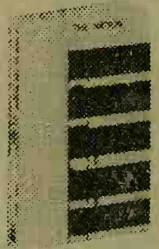

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